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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THEATRE AND FILM

ECONOMIC LIFE

ECONOMIC PLANNING IN GHANA

by

JÓZSEF BOGNÁR

Last summer Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, President of the Republic of Ghana, paid a visit to Hungary. During the course of his stay in Budapest he read my study, "Planned Economy in Hungary" (published in English by the Pannonia Press, Budapest). He expressed his appreciation in the form of a highly complimentary invitation: he asked me to participate in the preparation of Ghana's new State Plan. I was glad to accept the invitation and readily undertook to find a solution (perhaps I ought rather to say an approach) to what promised to be an extremely fascinating problem.

In order, however, to be able to make a better approach to my assignment, I had to undertake some preparatory work. I therefore decided not to set out for Ghana until the beginning of January and to devote the four months' time which I had thus gained to a study of the questions which would require concrete answers in the Plan, as furnished in the definition of its aims and the choice of its means.

Various procedures may be followed in preparations of this kind—depending on the goals, the nature and the scientific views of the investigator. All these combinative procedures may ultimately be reduced to *induction* and *deduction*. The *inductive* course would in the present case have meant beginning the analysis with a direct and concrete examination of Ghana's economic and social problems, then proceeding step by step to the broader and more comprehensive set of problems involved in the general question of the economically underdeveloped countries.

The *deductive* course, on the other hand, would have meant beginning by studying the problems of the economically underdeveloped countries and attempting to define their criteria and characteristic features, and the problem of Ghana would than be considered as a part, a particular case (furnished with certain individual traits) of this larger group of questions.

In practice, of course, there are no clear-cut cases and it is necessary to adopt a combinative procedure, for in the case of an inductive treatment it would not be feasible to neglect the conclusions and findings which international scientific research has so far yielded, while a deductive approach would still not permit us to do without an examination of the concrete and singular problems involved. In actual fact, therefore, we are concerned not with the inflexible confrontation of two methods but with weighting, having to decide which procedure should receive greater emphasis in the combination.

In accordance with the aims which arose from my assignment and the scientific conviction I have acquired in the course of experience, I laid greater stress on the inductive type of procedure.

Thus proceeding from the concrete to the general in my preparations, I studied the following groups of questions:

1) Ghana's natural, social and economic features, as reflected in the available figures, reports and analyses. Special attention had to be devoted to the dynamics of the social transformation and economic development carried out since the achievement of independence. The approach to this complex of problems involved scanning a large fund of international literature and detailed statistical reports. With the help of the available figures and reports it was possible to deduce conclusions (to serve as first hypotheses), while the hiatuses permitted the aims of further research to be established.

2) Ghana's international situation, her links with the industrially developed western States (particularly Great Britain), with the socialist countries and with the liberated African peoples and those now struggling for their independence, and the effect of these links on Ghana's economic development. Further questions here include the country's international obligations, the probable trend of development of her international relations, and its effect on the Government's economic policies.

3) The general problem of the economically underdeveloped countries. Involved here are the criteria in and the cumulative and subsidiary effects of underdevelopment, the possible methods of eliminating underdevelopment, the difficulties and present proportions of internal capital formation, the problem of foreign credits, economic growth and equilibrium, the centripetal factors of growth, achievement of the optimum distribution of productive accumulation for rapid increase of the national income, and the part played by international organizations.

An evaluation of the available literature and statistical material permitted a clear picture to be formed, even in the preparatory stage, of many of the problems of Ghana's economic life. In some cases (such as questions of

organization of the State and the administration), obsolete information in the available literature made it necessary to decide on detailed local investigation. Finally, in certain matters cognizance had to be taken of the fact that lack of essential statistical information (there are, for instance, no statistics on areas under cultivation or on births, deaths and marriages) would make it necessary to overcome grave uncertainties in planning. It is to be hoped that further expansion of statistical services will lead to a decrease in these uncertainties in the future.

Careful preparations made it possible to reduce considerably the amount of on-the-spot fact-gathering. It was not, of course, possible to avoid local checking of the figures that could be compiled from the various sources, to discover possible discrepancies or to omit a detailed study of those problems with respect to which no literature was available or the sources had—because of the rapid development of events—become obsolete. Finally, I made recommendations to the Ghanaian Statistical Service on the gradual elaboration (to be undertaken mainly by representative methods) of those facts and figures which are indispensable from the point of view of planning.

Social and economic situation

In the second phase of the project it was necessary, in order to obtain a correct point of departure, to establish the main features of Ghana's present social and economic situation. A brief summary of these features is, of course, difficult to achieve, but it is a precondition for the establishment of correct economic policies.

Ghana won her national independence a few years ago. Independence is not an ultimate aim but a precondition for a people to be able to shape their own lives freely, with dignity, and guided by the principles of moral responsibility. The structure of social and economic life cannot, however, be changed from one day to the next. The consequences of colonialism may therefore still be encountered in the social and economic life of the country. When colonialism arrived, social conditions were present that had remained immobile for centuries in the African countries.

Under conditions of developing monopoly capitalism it was not worthwhile for capital to establish highly developed processing industries on a continent where manpower was still unskilled. Opportunities were therefore created only for the production of raw materials and of foodstuffs which were important to the developed countries, while the colony was regarded as a market for the colonizing country's own products. This situation, in

which the colony had a one-sided economy for producing raw materials and foodstuffs, resulted in grave political and economic dependence.

As a result of the unilateral production of raw materials, the mass of the country's manpower remained unskilled, a vast chasm yawned between the living standards and way of life of the Europeans and those of the local population, and therefore cultural influences—insofar as they existed at all—were confined to a very small part of the population.

The colonizers wanted order and security of the kind that would best suit their interests. They therefore promoted the strengthening of the privileged classes rooted in the ancient social forms—the caste system, tribal system, feudalism—defending privilege, the ancient forms of exploitation, and the atavistic social order against the masses of the people and the awakening progressive movements. Consequently the struggle for independence also established a basis for national democratic revolutions.

In the case of Ghana too, this briefly outlined political and economic development over a period of several decades led to a one-sided economic structure in accordance with the interests of monopoly capital.

Agriculture is monocultural, and although cocoa accounts for 60 per cent of the country's exports it is not able to provide for the needs of the rapidly growing home population (there is a natural increase of 3 per cent annually). As a result, more and more foodstuffs have to be imported every year.

Industry produces raw materials almost exclusively. This circumstance increases the country's dependence on the world market, for the monocultural nature and the backwardness of domestic production force the country to import a great deal. The share of foreign trade in the national income (the sum of exports and imports as a percentage of the over-all new value produced in one year) is around 59 or 60 per cent.

This figure is itself fairly high, and considering Ghana's present level of economy and organization it is especially so. However, yet another circumstance has to be considered in its evaluation.

In an economically developed and differentiated country, the sum of exports and imports may, without further ado, be compared to the total of new values produced during the current year, because the overwhelming majority of the goods produced in the national economy become commodities. In an economically underdeveloped country, however, the units of natural economy remain almost completely outside the economic circulation. For this reason it seems more correct, when appraising the preponderance of foreign trade, to compare the sum of exports and imports with the product-quantity in economic circulation.

The proportion of foreign trade as a percentage of the product-quantity in economic circulation is—even according to the most cautious calculations —75 to 77 per cent!

Under such circumstances foreign trade will, for a relatively long time to come, play a determining and limiting part in the economy. These difficulties are augmented by the fact that during recent years the terms of trade have changed to the detriment of the raw-material-producing countries. It is in any case impossible to balance a comprehensive scale of imports, comprising mainly finished goods, with seven articles of export, all of which are raw materials or foodstuffs. As a logical consequence of this situation exports can hardly be increased, nor can a rise in imports be prevented.

Because of the low level of training and the poor nutrition of the working population and also because of deficiencies in its organization, the productivity of labour is very low. It will take a long time and require considerable financial sacrifices to bring about a change in this situation.

The process of getting rid of the heritage of the colonialist period began with the achievement of national independence. The centralized, anti-colonialist State power is the most dynamic factor in putting an end to the atavistic social heritage and creating the necessary conditions for economic development.

The Government, which is striving to establish a unified State and to prevent particularist, tribal trends from developing, is also endeavouring through political measures to accelerate economic development. Unfortunately there is little political tradition, and the State administration is not yet sufficiently experienced. Consequently the Government is frequently not able to take advantage of the available opportunities.

The policies of the Government are aimed at eliminating the country's unilateral economic dependence. In this endeavour it frequently clashes with those representatives of monopoly capitalism who have so far profited from the situation and are trying to turn public opinion in the former colonialist countries against the new independent States. Evidence of such activities may, precisely in the case of Ghana, be seen almost every day in the British press. The lack of understanding is aggravated by the fact that the representatives of monopoly capitalism have contacts mainly with the former privileged groups in the new States. These groups are themselves understandably afraid of change and endeavour to infect others with their own uncertainties.

In addition, it should be pointed out that the States interested in maintaining the status quo generally stick together and do not give sufficient aid to the new countries.

The most prominent part in the creation of the new State and the organization of the people is that played by national-democratic ideals.

Nationalism is, of course, by no means able to solve all the complex social and economic problems connected with the establishment of the new independent State. Nor can it be denied that its exaggerated growth is accompanied by certain dangers. It is obvious, however, to those versed in history and accustomed to scientific standards of thought, that ideas which mobilize and shape masses of people do not originate just when they appear on the surface. The main factor determining the origin and character of this nationalism has been colonial oppression—on the one hand, the continual affronts to the dignity of the individual and the community, the feeling of suppression and backwardness, and, on the other, the growing consciousness of solidarity born of a common fate and common suffering. In the present situation, nationalism has become one of the decisive motive forces in the formation of a unified State and, thus, the main cement in the building of the country.

Incidentally, the area over which this nationalism will exert its influence cannot yet be determined. One thing can be considered almost certain: it might well extend to larger geographic regions and ethnic groups than those of the present State boundaries. The latter, it should be borne in mind, were formed according to neither geographic nor ethnic considerations but to which great power colonized the particular area or ethnic group.

The character and role of this nationalism is primarily determined by the fact that in order to secure progress the State has to carry out a whole series of democratic reforms with a revolutionary content. The basic problem of all economic development is to raise the productivity of labour, but in the case of Ghana and other African countries there are social obstacles to this process. In the 20th century the productivity of labour cannot be increased in the midst of feudal or pre-feudal conditions. The social impediments to economic progress must therefore be removed. In Ghana there is no "national" capital and there is no bourgeoisie in the European sense of the word. The State itself is instrumental in the formation of a considerable part of the capital and thus inhibits the growth of a bourgeoisie and the development of the grave social inequalities that necessarily accompany the accumulation of private capital.

Foreign private capital has so far taken a large part of its profits out of the country. It is, however, impermissible for capital to be exported from a country which is itself short of it, and the Government has therefore obliged foreign firms to invest 60 per cent of their net returns within the country. The national and democratic strivings are characteristically inter-

twined in this wise and equitable measure, for the utilization of 60 per cent of net profits within Ghana is in the country's national interests, and at the same time it has become possible to exercise national control over the activities of foreign capital. These measures do not jeopardize the utilization of foreign capital within a limited scope and in accordance with the country's interests, although the movement of private capital on an international scale has manifestly tended to diminish during the past ten years.

Certain economists are wont, by way of analogy, to compare the economic role of the new States with that of the so-called "oppressor State" which preceded the age of liberalism.

The "oppressor State," it is pointed out, also played an important part in the achievement of primitive accumulation. Yet the similarity between the two types of state is only formal, in that both vigorously intervene in economic life. The task of the "oppressor State," however, is to provide the rich with privileges and protection against the poor, since the primitive accumulation of capital could only take place under such circumstances.

The State organization established in the new independent States not only expresses national aspirations but also carries out revolutionary democratic reforms which serve the interests of the masses, and is in the van of the struggle for social justice and equality.

In Ghana these national-democratic and social endeavours are fused into a harmonious union, as expressed in the political concepts and statecraft of Dr. Kwame Nkrumah.

The problem of economic growth

Many readers may wonder why it should be necessary, in the discussion of a plan for economic development, to devote so much attention to the problems and factors which economists call "non-economic" or "extra-economic." The treatment of a plan of economic development should surely be mainly concerned with such problems as how to increase the national income, what percentage of capital formation is needed to achieve a one per cent rise in national income, how investment resources must be apportioned between the various sectors of the economy, to what extent industrial output can be raised, and how the international balance of payments is to develop.

It is, however, my conviction as a scientist that every problem must be treated according to how it actually arises. There can be no doubt that the social and political problems I have mentioned arise together and simultaneously with the basic economic problems. Nor can it be denied that

groups of questions which were formerly regarded as "non-economic" (sometimes called exogenous) have become so closely intertwined with economic problems in the narrower sense of the word (sometimes called endogenous) that, in practice, they can hardly be separated from one another. That, in order to obtain a better knowledge of the specific laws of motion of the economy, individual phenomena are also examined in abstraction from their social und political background and determining factors, is another question. This is undoubtedly a justified and correct procedure, for otherwise it would be impossible to distinguish between general social phenomena and economic ones. At the level of government decisions and action, however, economic problems are inseparable from their background and their determining factors—the social and political problems. A government decision is not taken in a vacuum, and therefore all the circumstances have to be considered in the course of its adoption. An economic concept which is correct and sound in itself but which cannot be carried out because of the political and social circumstances which actually obtain is of no value at all.

Reference has already been made to the fact that the base and precondition of all economic development is an increase in labour productivity.

In societies where the trends and aims of economic activity have been shaped by tradition and privilege, the incentive to raising productivity is lacking; therefore an increase in productivity, as an economic aim, may be achieved and the conditions for economic growth secured only if the obsolete social conditions are replaced by new ones.

For these reasons I am convinced that the treatment I have adopted makes the approach to the problem not more general but more concrete—it leads us not further from but closer to reality. If the social and economic life of a country has become stagnant over a period of time and then developed in a distorted fashion as dictated by foreign interests, then the factors that cause the stagnation must be faced first. It is only after the discovery, analysis and appreciation of these factors that the aims, trends and possibilities of development can be determined. The majority of bourgeois economic theories developed in the past hundred years have fought shy of an examination of social and political circumstances and have upheld the so-called purely economic approach. Consideration of the development problems of the economically underdeveloped countries is, however, leading to changes in this respect. The predominant view in western economic thought has not yet changed, but there are by now a fair number of economists who have recognized the importance of "non-economic factors." It will suffice here to refer to Gunnar Myrdal, who in his excellent work, "Economic Theory

and Underdeveloped Regions," opposes the orthodox views which neglect factors extraneous to the economy.

The first question which has to be answered in the course of planning is that of the methods and means that make it possible to secure the development, i. e., the growth, of the economy. By putting the question in this way, an answer has also been given to the old dilemma of which is more important: balanced economy or growth.

Up to the Second World War bourgeois economic thought centred on the problem of balance, while Marxist theory, citing the example of the Soviet Union, has given prominence to the problems of growth (development)—in some phases even to the detriment of balance. Western critics have often asked how one can speak of planned economy in the absence of balance. It has indeed often been lacking and has expressed itself sometimes in a disturbed balance of payments, sometimes in the ratio of commodity supplies to purchasing power. Nevertheless, over the past 40 years the Soviet Union has become, from what was in the European sense an economically underdeveloped country, the world's second greatest industrial power. The economies of the People's Democracies have also expanded rapidly. After such preliminaries, western economic thought has also begun to concern itself more intensively with the factors securing or influencing growth and with the rate of development.

Now in the economically underdeveloped countries it is again growth that is the basic question. It seems obvious that rapid growth must be achieved, even, if need be, to the detriment of balance.

To consider growth as the main issue in economic thought does not mean that no great significance is attributed to the problem of balance—treated not as a static but as a dynamic problem. Under certain circumstances getting off to a start from a stage of stagnation is more important than the short-term balance. In my opinion the importance on a world scale of the problem of the economically underdeveloped countries—at present 46 per cent of the world's population live in these countries, but the proportion is still rising—requires that the main emphasis of international economic research should be centred on the factors of economic growth.

The basis and precondition for all economic growth is the raising of the productivity of labour. The question is, by what means can this be brought about?

Mention has already been made of one factor, so I shall now only briefly refer to the necessity of establishing social and political circumstances amid which the productivity of labour becomes an issue of decisive importance. If this is not done, stagnation will continue, since correct initiatives on

the part of the Government will enter a medium (e.g. a *natural* economy or large feudal estates) in which they are not able to induce a response or evoke beneficial activity.

Once the social preconditions exist or have been established, the productivity of labour may be increased by means of investments—primarily productive investments. The prerequisite for carrying out productive investments is accumulation (capital formation). A considerable proportion of the national income must be taken away from other purposes (mainly from consumption) and devoted to increasing and expanding production capacities.

Technical development, which is at present taking place at a tempestuous rate, helps increase the productivity of labour. Technologies, therefore—both as regards the implementation of productive investment and the replacement of obsolete production equipment—must be chosen to comply with modern requirements.

Increased productivity is, of course, also promoted by constantly improving the methods of economic administration and planning. The development of economic management is rendered possible by the application of up-to-date scientific research methods and results to the sphere of production, in the broader sense of the word.

Finally, the development of productivity is influenced by the skill and general education of the labour force. It is a familiar fact that the advance in agricultural productivity is closely linked with better schooling of the peasantry and that the growth in industrial productivity has also been given a new impetus by raising the educational standards of the working class.

These factors in increasing the productivity of labour are closely linked and supplement each other. But the greatest importance attaches to accumulation (capital formation), which must take place in every society, though its sources and the methods of implementation may be very different. The way in which accumulation is realized accurately reflects the entire nature of a particular social and economic system.

Methods of accumulation

Two types may be distinguished in the process of accumulation—the capitalist and the socialist methods.

We cannot here enumerate all the criteria and features of the two methods (patterns) of accumulation. In order, however, to cast light on the specific situation of the economically underdeveloped countries, an attempt must be made to summarize briefly the main features and differences.

The sources of accumulation in capitalist development were as follows:

1. Industrial profits derived from the exploitation of the indigenous working class and of the colonies.
2. Industrial and agricultural profits derived from ruining small businesses and a part of the peasantry.
3. Profit made in other ways, such as financial and bank manoeuvres and trade.
4. Movement of capital from more-developed to less-developed countries as a result of unequal development, under the influence of the centrifugal factors of economic growth.

The formation of capital and the expansion of productive capacities was mainly carried out by the bourgeoisie, with effective help of the "oppressor State."

It should be pointed out that after the development of monopoly capitalism the centrifugal factors of economic growth (the spread-effect) decreased, because it was not in the interest of the monopolies—especially where a greater element of risk was involved—to set up factories manufacturing their own products; the capital invested in the colonies was confined almost exclusively to the production of raw materials and foodstuffs, for the cheap and—in some cases—particularly high-quality raw materials strengthened the position of the monopolist on the market. The decrease in intensity of the spread-effect, under the conditions of monopoly capitalism, augmented the negative aspects of colonization and led to grave distortions in the economies of the underdeveloped countries.

The socialist type of accumulation differs radically from the above in respect to both its sources and the social consequences.

Its basic condition has been the nationalization of industry and a reform in land ownership carried out under the leadership of a strong, centralized and democratic Government.

The nationalization of industry made it possible to secure and to utilize the overwhelming part of accumulation on behalf of the unified national economy.

The agrarian reform made it possible for the peasantry also to contribute to accumulation.

Thus, a major role in accumulation has been played by the working people's State, which has not only prevented new social inequalities from arising but also eliminated most of the old ones.

Accumulation took place exclusively from internal sources, which means that there was no colonial exploitation. Foreign capital, moreover, played no part in the development of accumulation.

Following on this outline account of what have hitherto been the two basic types of accumulation, we must examine the problem of what sources and methods of accumulation can be utilized in the economically underdeveloped countries.

To begin with, it is obvious that the centralized State power here plays a leading part in economic life as contrasted with development under liberal capitalism. More and more countries are striving—in line with their own interests—to plan their economic development.

Second, it is equally obvious that in many African countries we cannot speak at all of "bourgeoisie" in the European sense of the word and that in other countries the economic role of the internal bourgeoisie is not significant in comparison with that of foreign capital. (While in some countries the influence exercised by the bourgeoisie through the State and the army is great, this circumstance only indirectly influences accumulation.)

Third, nationalization and the control of foreign and internal capital, prevention of payment of over-great profits, and utilization of the greater part of the net profits within the country, are necessarily and always topical. Nor indeed may a Government which is guided by the interests of the country and the people avoid facing this question, for it is hardly permissible, with—or despite—the limited accumulation opportunities available, for foreign capital to export the profits made in the country.

Fourth, the spontaneous movement of international private capital, the intensity of whose spread-effect has diminished, is minimal and the opportunities for its utilization under controlled circumstances are slight.

Finally, if an end is put to the large feudal estates and agricultural property relations in general evolve favourably, the peasantry can contribute in considerable measure to internal accumulation.

Considering the sources of accumulation in the economically underdeveloped countries and the attendant social circumstances, it may be stated that the capitalist type of accumulation is not practicable in their case. Rather, the various factors of the process of accumulation—the part played by the State, nationalization (even though its scope may as yet be narrow), and the contribution of the peasantry (where the development of agricultural property relations has been favourable) are all reminiscent of the process of accumulation in the socialist countries.

On the other hand, as distinct from the socialist type of accumulation, in these countries foreign credits play a very great part in ensuring economic growth. These foreign credits are derived from the Governments partly of the capitalist and partly of the socialist countries and are extended on the basis of bilateral inter-state agreements. The socialist countries, both

in the past and now, have extended credits to the Government. In the case of Ghana, the greater part of the credits from capitalist countries are also extended by Governments, or at least with Government guarantees, to the Government. These credits, in so far as they are extended without political conditions and do not strive by roundabout ways to change the trend of social development, may play a positive part in promoting the economic development of these countries.

The supreme aim of economic planning is to ensure economic development of a kind that will come close to fulfilling the requirements of a dynamic balance. The method of economic planning originated and developed in the Soviet Union, but at present it has gained ground over a far wider area. Most economically backward countries have development plans of their own.

Under the conditions of peaceful economic competition the economically advanced western countries have also been compelled to attempt to direct their economic growth. They undertake widespread economic calculations, set up prognoses, develop the system of balances for their national economy, decide on carrying out certain tasks and attempt to shape economic circumstances in accordance with them. In some countries there is explicit talk of planning; in others the enumerated activities are more carefully circumscribed.

In the economically underdeveloped countries planning takes place amid particularly difficult circumstances. I will mention only the two most important of these difficulties: the lack of reliable (statistical) base figures and the lack of machinery for planning. In Ghana, for instance, a number of statistical figures which are indispensable for planning, e. g., areas sown to crops or complete industrial census, are lacking. The demographic figures, moreover, are not fully reliable because there is no registrar's service. Beyond this, not only is there no planning machinery in the narrower sense but there are actually very few qualified economists.

Several persons in Ghana have voiced doubts on whether it is worthwhile or realistic, in such circumstances, to prepare a development plan. Indeed, a number of foreign experts have also mooted their benevolent misgivings in this respect.

For my own part, I have unequivocally supported the preparation of a development plan, for while planning can be halted life does not stop. Put more concretely, this means that the Government is obliged day by day to adopt a stand on numerous economic problems, to take the initiative or to stop something—in general, to make decisions. It may then be presumed that the possession of a coherent concept in regard to economic poli-

cies will render these decisions far better than they would be without. Because of the deficiencies in available facts and the lack of experience with the planning machinery, larger margins of error will occur than in other countries. These drawbacks, however, serve only to render it more difficult to formulate a correct concept for economic policy; they do not make it impossible. In other words, the margins of error at the level of Government decision-making that are due to the lack of a unified conception of economic policies are far greater than the margins of error necessarily arising from the unreliability of the figures and the lack of experience of the planning staff.

The objects and possibilities of planning in Ghana

Under the given circumstances planning thus became a necessity. The next problem was to decide what can be planned and how, in Ghana and in similar countries.

Obviously, planning cannot extend, and need not in fact extend, to so many factors and interconnections as in the socialist countries. It is also reasonable to anticipate later expansion of the scope of planning at a rate depending on the development of the statistical services and the acquisition of experience with the planning machinery.

It is, however, a *conditio sine qua non* that planning should, even in the first period, embrace these factors:

1. Sources and order of magnitude of accumulation.
2. Distribution of accumulation among the various sectors and tasks and determination of priorities.
3. Maintenance of a dynamic economic balance (international balance of payments, balance of the commodity fund and purchasing power and of the budget, and coordination of the physical and monetary tasks).
4. Formulation of the most important output directives and figures in industry and agriculture.
5. Requirements in and the training of labour power, with special respect to a high-level manpower.
6. Expansion and improvement of the health service.
7. Measures, reforms and means of exerting influence regarding economic policy with a view to securing or promoting realization of the plan.
8. Status of the various regions during the period of the plan: future distribution of the population among the regions, problems of migration, urbanization, municipal services and economic activities.

The social and political background to the problem of accumulation has already been discussed. Now the more concrete economic possibilities must be explored.

The main problem of every economically underdeveloped country is increase in interior accumulation. This task is, however, extremely difficult, for industry is almost exclusively of an extractive character and the greater part is controlled by foreign capital. (This foreign capital has remained from the period of colonization and took the "classical" form of expansion at the time—that of direct investment. Its activities were intertwined on a broad front with the political power then existing, for it was able in most cases to secure even the exclusion of other capital.)

A part of agriculture is still bound up with natural economy and therefore cannot yet contribute to accumulation.

There is no appreciable amount of internal capital in Ghana, only essentially petty capital of limited potential.

The State does not yet possess profitable enterprises. Its revenues are derived overwhelmingly from direct and indirect taxation, and there are important limits to raising tax revenues in economically underdeveloped countries. In the months preceding my visit to Ghana, for instance, the Government had raised the purchase-tax rates on numerous commodities. As a result the turnover of these articles decreased and the State revenues fell.

From what, then, does interior accumulation arise under such circumstances?

First, it derives from the contribution of the peasantry and other working people to the economic development of the country in the form of compulsory savings. In the case of the peasantry, the deduction is made from the purchase prices, in that of the workers and administrative personnel, from their pay according to pledges on the part of various organizations and offices.

Second, it is augmented by the 60 per cent of the profits of foreign-owned firms that must be invested within Ghana.

Third, foreign credits are being used to establish State enterprises which will be profitable and will pay for their costs within a short time. However, the profits of the State enterprises cannot be an appreciable source of accumulation within the next five years.

Fourth, the State obtains considerable revenue from the purchase tax on various consumer goods, but these revenues could only be increased if the turnover, i. e., imports, were raised. Then too, an increase in imports imposes a further burden on the balance of payments, which is already negative.

Account must also be taken of the fact that the recurrent expenditures of the budget are relatively high, as a result of which there is not much left for the development of the economy.

Ghana has, it is true, realized a considerable amount of accumulation during the past few years, but this was at the expense of the foreign currency reserves and of the budget. This path may, if there is no other choice, be followed for some time, but no firm accumulation policy can be established on such a basis.

It is, I think, obvious from this situation that Ghana needs credits based on bilateral agreements and furnished, or at least guaranteed, by the Governments of capitalist and socialist countries, in the interests of her economic growth. She also needs credits extended on favourable terms by various international organizations. In determing the conditions, the expiring dates and the interests on these credits, however, the specific problems of the economically underdeveloped countries must be considered. The international credit practices that have evolved in transactions between the advanced capitalist countries are an intolerable burden for the economically underdeveloped States. In the case of western credits, the rate of interest is on the average 5.5 per cent, the payment of interest must begin in the second year, and the repayment of capital in the third. It is my firm conviction that the economically underdeveloped countries can only begin the repayment of credits at a time when the object built with the credit has begun to operate and produce.

Would it be asking too much of certain international organizations, such as the World Bank, that they should show a constructive example in the determination of credit conditions?

It must also be borne in mind that in the case of investments from foreign credits, the infrastructure (roads, water, communal and health institutions, the solution of educational problems) must be provided by Ghana herself. This obligation means that the country must contribute £ 1.5 million to every £ 1 million of foreign credits. Apart from the fact that so large a contribution cannot be raised from the accumulation resources that have been enumerated, the various effects and consequences of building the infrastructure on other fields of economic life must also be considered. The building of the infrastructure is throughout the world, and particularly in Ghana, a process that requires large wage expenditures. If we examine the other side of economic circulation, wages appear as purchasing power. In order to absorb the purchasing power which thus arises, it is necessary to import further consumer goods. According to my calculations the building of an infrastructure to the value of £ 1.5 million (on the assumption of

foreign credits of £ 1 million) leads to the appearance of £ 0.8 million of additional purchasing power. But it is impossible to import more, for Ghana has only seven export articles—foodstuffs and raw materials whose price is relatively low and for which the terms of trade are unfavourable—while every possible kind of finished article must be imported.

This line of thought may be summed up in the seemingly paradoxical statement that an increase of foreign credits extended in investment goods causes a grave deficit in the current balance of foreign trade. Economic growth therefore results not in small, short-term disturbances of equilibrium but in grave, long-term difficulties which are at certain points of time insuperable.

It follows that Ghana needs credits of such construction that, in addition to increasing production capacities (this is a condition of all economic advance), they facilitate an increase in internal accumulation and serve to prevent the growth in imports which is attendant on an increase in investment activities.

Economic growth and balance are, to some extent, contradictory concepts and may become especially so in the course of practical economic policies. In the case of the economically underdeveloped countries, however, particular care must be taken to see that a form of growth is chosen which does not cause large and long-term disturbances of the equilibrium. Many people consider that a relatively underdeveloped economy is able to survive more disturbances than a more differentiated one. This is true only in the "vegetative sense" of the word, not in the case of growth.

It is necessary to distinguish between the vegetative and the dynamic (growth) sensitivities of different national economies. The vegetative sensitivity of advanced economies is great, for in a complex system of mutual dependence and inter-relations even disturbances of short duration can paralyse economic life. Their dynamic sensitivity on the other hand is small, because there is a considerable amount of accumulation reserve which may be used to balance rapidly the disturbances that may arise.

In the economically underdeveloped countries, the situation is reversed. The economy can, in the vegetative sense, weather disturbances even of prolonged duration, while a break or possible decline in the tempo of growth may be catastrophic for development, since there are no accumulation reserves with which a new impetus could be provided. Moreover, when a defective economic cycle has once more begun, it is harder to find a way out of it than it was on the first occasion—not to mention the fact that if there are difficulties in the process of growth it is harder to obtain foreign credits.

Hence, what is needed are foreign credits so constructed as to contain production equipment and, simultaneously, consumer goods that can be sold on the Ghanaian market. These consumer goods must be sold on the domestic market and the returns thus obtained collected in a single fund from which the Ghanaian contribution has to be financed. At the same time the consumer goods make it possible to prevent an increase in imports and, if circumstances are favourable, even to achieve a reduction. This practice must be continued until the internal accummulation opportunities have improved, and the construction of a more diversified home economy permits a considerable part of the consumer goods to be produced in the country.

It would be desirable for study groups to be set up by the international organizations to submit proposals for credit conditions and constructions that would best promote the development of the backward countries.

After the opportunities for accumulation had been investigated, an answer also had to be furnished to the question of what minimum increase in national income must be achieved in order to maintain the upward trend of economic activity. The rate of growth of the population is at least 3 per cent, which means that with an annual rise of 3 per cent in the national income (presuming no change in *per capita* consumption) there is not really any opportunity for increasing the accumulation fund. For this reason we must accept as a postulate that in order to augment the formation of capital a minimum annual rise of 5 per cent in the national income must be achieved.

Continuing the series of logical deductions, we next had to examine the problem of what percentage of investment could secure a one per cent rise in the national income. The ratio of increase in the national income to the magnitude of the necessary investments is generally more favourable in the economically advanced countries, varying from 1 : 3 to 1 : 3.5. In the economically underdeveloped countries, because of the greater requirements with respect to the infrastructure, the ratio is less favourable. In the case of Ghana, according to rough calculations based on not entirely reliable figures, the ratio is about 1 : 4 or 1 : 4.5. This means that a one per cent growth in the national income can be achieved by an accumulation of 4 to 4.5 per cent.

A 5 per cent annual increase in the national income as a postulate may therefore, because of the large infrastructure requirements of investments, only be secured if an accumulation rate of 20 to 22.5 per cent can (with the help of internal accumulation and foreign credits) be achieved without too greatly endangering the dynamic balance of the economy.

The obvious answer would be an increase in the ratio of productive investments to the detriment of the infrastructure or an attempt to increase accumulation at the expense of consumption. Neither is a popular economic policy, but their application is hard to avoid in some cases, particularly at the beginning of the period of growth (the take-off period). It should be pointed out, however, that in Ghana (and presumably in other economically underdeveloped countries), training in skills, raising of the level of training of the labour force, and improvements in health conditions and in nutrition are part of the preconditions for raising the productivity of labour. I have been strengthened in this conviction not only by various economic calculations but also by my personal impressions. The greater part of the labour force is subject to fatigue because of poor nutrition, and incapable of concentration because of the low level of skill.

Having determined the order of magnitude and sources of accumulation and worked out the measures and rules to secure it, we came to the second great dilemma of planning and economic policies, namely, how the accumulated resources are to be divided among the various tasks and objectives. The situation in practice is that the demand for investments is far greater than the actual possibilities, which are limited not only by the financial resources available but also by the degree and effectiveness of economic organization.

There is an optimum magnitude of investments: the quantity of material resources (expressed in monetary terms) which can be economically utilized at the given level of organization of the national economy. Investment requirements, on the other hand, are practically unlimited, because the available material resources can, if viewed in themselves, be invested usefully in every sector of the economy.

Though the demand for investments is greater than the possibilities in every healthy economy, in the economically underdeveloped countries the tension and contradiction are far greater.

The order of precedence—the determination of priorities for investment projects—is therefore one of the basic problems of all economic policies and when viewed in practice permits a very good assessment to be made of the objectives and endeavours of a particular economic policy.

The accumulation must first of all be divided up between productive and non-productive investments. Reference has already been made to the fact that the productivity of labour is directly increased by productive investments. I have also mentioned that in Ghana, as in many other economically underdeveloped countries, the proportion of unproductive investments is very high. This situation, which is unfavourable from the point of

view of rapidly increasing the national income, may for the most part be attributed to unavoidable objective causes. Education, health services and communal investments engage large amounts of State resources. The costs of establishing and operating the new State organization must also be taken into account. A strong, centralized State power is needed, for tribal particularism is still strong and unifying traditions are still few. In addition, the new State power is the most dynamic factor of development and, from the first day of its existence, has had to cope with problems that Governments of the advanced western countries do not have to deal with. There are not enough experts, so that many problems must be solved by the employment of large but inefficient staffs. New Government buildings must be erected, and offices and ministries organized. One or another of the new buildings may, under the emotional influence of the country's new status, have been furnished with extravagant luxury. Unjustifiedly expensive projects in the field of education may occasionally be encountered. The ratio of unproductive investments will, however, remain high even after these conspicuous features have been eliminated.

In allocating financial resources attention must also be paid to the proportion of investments with long-term and short-term amortization. It is necessary to examine this proportion in every country, but especially in economically underdeveloped countries. If much of the investment is financed by foreign credits, then the relation between the deadline for repayment of the credits and the date of amortization is very important. The need for investments with slow amortization is obvious, particularly in the fields of power and raw-material production.

Because of the high proportion of unproductive investments, and the fact that it is impossible to avoid building certain expensive objects where amortization is slow, increased care must be taken to see that the other productive investments may pay for themselves quickly and with high profits. If the opposite occurs, the level of accumulation will fall within a few years.

Finally, it must be borne in mind that productive capacity can only be increased by developing the sectors of industry which manufacture instruments of production. This aim can be realized in a variety of ways and in several phases. The socialist countries have chosen the direct approach in this regard. In essence, this means that the country concerned invests the bulk of its available accumulation resources in these sectors of industry and constructs directly the necessary enterprises.

The preconditions for adopting the direct approach in the socialist countries have been as follows:

1. Availability of the greater part of the necessary raw materials in adequate amounts secured over a long-range period (by means of development of the country's own raw-material bases or through international cooperation).
2. Presence of sufficient diversification in the economy to enable satisfaction of increased demand for consumer goods without a significant rise in imports.
3. Possibility of securing markets (through international cooperation) for the products of the new industry.
4. Presence of sufficiently high general intellectual standards to enable relatively quick elimination of the unavoidable shortage of experts.

Obviously these conditions are not available in the economically underdeveloped countries. For this reason it is necessary to apply indirect methods in the course of developing the sectors of industry which manufacture instruments of production. The "indirect method" means that the financial resources must be invested in such a way as to make it possible 1) to increase exports or improve the terms of trade and 2) to reduce imports. Next, the foreign trade returns thus obtained must be devoted to the purchase of instruments of production of the kind that will permit the indigenous raw materials to be processed as finished goods. During the preparatory stage provision must also be made for guaranteed markets for the finished products, since home demand will be limited for a time. In Ghana, moreover, and in many other economically underdeveloped countries, the exploitation of the country's natural resources has only just begun.

There are considerably greater opportunities for decreasing imports (if a more diversified domestic economy is gradually established) than for increasing exports. The scope of articles at present imported is so broad that each new plant which strives to satisfy the basic needs of the population will make it possible to achieve a substantial saving in imports. In agriculture too an effort ought to be made—at least in theory—both to increase exports and to save on imports. However, Ghana's main export article does not permit of elasticity: *per capita* consumption of cocoa throughout the world has been the same for decades, the supply has year by year been greater than the demand, and the price has fallen lower each year. Exports could be increased by establishment of new cultures, such as rubber, but the position of rubber on the world market has not been stable since the advance of synthetic rubber, and the old rubber-producing countries are in a more advantageous position because of greater experience and of existing trade contacts. Another circumstance which compels caution is that Ghana's dependence on the world market would increase still further—and that in a

country whose share of foreign trade in the national income already amounts to 59—60 per cent!

At the same time, however, the import of agricultural goods has risen sharply over the past few years. This increase may be attributed partly to growth of the population, partly to stagnation in the production of agricultural commodities for domestic consumption. If the effects of the rapid growth of the population are considered with respect to the import of foodstuffs, by 1970 (presuming no changes in *per capita* consumption or in agricultural-commodity production for domestic purposes) the import of foodstuffs will be three times what it now is. On the basis of this hypothesis, agricultural imports will begin to exceed exports by 1967.

These calculations further substantiate our view that in Ghana there are greater opportunities for reducing imports than for increasing exports.

In the first phase of the country's economic development, therefore, the available internal accumulation and foreign credits must be used to construct a diversified economy which 1) is capable of reducing imports, 2) provides greater accumulation opportunities for the State, 3) renders investments cheaper, 4) organically accumulates the resources necessary for the second phase of economic development.

In order to save on imports and increase accumulation, productive investments should therefore be devoted to the development of agricultural production for domestic purposes and the establishment of light industries, particularly textiles. Moreover, to render investments cheaper it is necessary to develop the building-materials industry, including the cement industry. And, finally, to provide the groundwork for the second phase of economic development it is necessary to develop power production (Volta project), to increase the domestic output of raw materials, raising the level of their processing, and to extend greatly the network of transport and ports.

It should be emphasized that the great majority of the leading personnel in the economically underdeveloped countries are apt to undertake spectacular projects which exceed the resources of their country and do not improve the productivity of labour. Thus there is particularly great significance in their adoption of a concept of economic policy based on the determination of priorities. Priorities, of course, tell you not only what investments can be undertaken but also that the rest must be shelved.

The plants to be built while the plan is being fulfilled cannot at the outset produce for sale at competitive prices. Some will—not for long, it is hoped—be operated at a loss, but in dealing with a national economy it is no use to think like an industrial capitalist. Every new plant will have

numerous additional effects, for example, reduction of imports, increase of State revenues, improvement of economic circulation, increase in the number of skilled workers, provision of more purchasing power for the population, improvement of health conditions and promotion of the development of modern social conditions.

Mention has already been made of the greatest drawback in Ghana's foreign-trade situation—that exports cannot be increased at the rate at which imports must rise. Therefore, the most important aim has been defined as the reduction of imports by diversification of the domestic economy. In exports, the main task for the time being is improvement of the terms of trade by increasing the extent to which the commodities are processed.

Of course the terms of trade have, during the past ten years, shifted, to the detriment of the raw-material-producing countries. In the case of Ghana this means that, if both the export and import prices for 1954 are taken to be 100, in 1960 the index of export prices was 53 and that of imports 103! It is obvious that under such circumstances a grave deficit had to ensue in foreign trade. The decrease in the prices of foodstuffs and raw materials is, according to all the indications, a lasting trend. The reasons for this trend are the following:

First, the agriculture of the economically advanced countries has developed rapidly, while their consumption of foodstuffs is inelastic.

Second, technical development has brought about a decrease in weight of machinery and a considerable increase in capacity per machine unit (an extreme example is in the armaments industry).

Third, the economically underdeveloped countries are vigorously expanding their output, and a surfeit of numerous foodstuffs and raw materials has resulted.

Fourth, the synthetic materials produced by the chemical industry are gaining prominence throughout the world.

Fifth, the modernity of the products offered for sale is playing an increasingly greater part in the formation of prices on the world market.

Under these circumstances Ghana must strive to obtain guaranteed prices, particularly within the Sterling Zone.

At the same time the country's economic contacts must be extended in every direction and alternative markets obtained, so that its unilateral dependence on the big monopolies may be reduced.

Special attention should be paid—and the African Economic Committee of the United Nations seems an appropriate forum for the purpose—to increasing the mutual trade between the African states and to the prob-

lem of the inter-African division of labour. As a result of the historically evolved division of labour and the traditional relations based on it, trade between the African countries is still in its infancy. An augmentation of the division of labour in Africa is a complex task, for these countries have very similar economic structures and it is therefore difficult for them to buy from or sell to their immediate neighbours.

Yet there will be an ever greater need for a division of labour, since all these countries are striving to develop, but all are deficient in capital and have limited internal markets. The division of tasks within a larger economic unit seems very much to the point.

Some methods of influencing the economically underdeveloped countries

The plan drawn up for Ghana contains not only aims of economic policies but also their means and methods. It is not sufficient to determine correct aims for an economic policy; the circumstances must also be shaped and, if necessary, altered to assist more appropriately in realizing the aims.

Even the majority of the bourgeois economists now admit that, as opposed to the classical theory, there is no automatic regulator of economic and social systems. The free play of forces on the market, moreover, does not help but hinders the growth of the economically underdeveloped countries. Certain economic methods and impulses, if applied in an expert manner, will promote the growth of the economically underdeveloped countries.

To begin with, price policies should be mentioned as playing a great part in the development of State revenues, in consolidation of indigenous industries and in distribution of incomes.

Reference must also be made to the familiar circumstance that the market of Ghana, as in many similar countries, is full of foreign commodities. Slowly, however, the products of the country's own industries are appearing on the internal market and, as historical examples show, it becomes necessary to adopt a policy of "protectionism." The home industries are, of course, not yet able to produce at competitive prices and the quality of the products lags behind that of the foreign commodities. The customary comparisons naturally do not take into account the additional considerations which I mentioned earlier. Protection of the home industries takes place for the most part through prices. In this way—and for Ghana this is a point of very great significance—it is also possible to reduce imports.

A Government which directs economic life must exercise control over credits and foreign trade, particularly over imports, for all industrialization

involves a gradual transformation of the pattern of foreign trade and a temporary growth of imports. A reduction must therefore be made in imports of luxury goods, for instance, while at the same time care should be taken to see that the items of equipment featured in the investment plan are imported.

It is of decisive importance that the responsible officials in the economically underdeveloped countries should learn how to apply these means and methods. At present there are still cases of voluntarism. Particular decrees by the Government on economic matters are frequently expected to work wonders, without anything being done to examine the means and methods that would make it possible to carry them out. There is, as yet, little experience available in this respect. "Things will get worse before they get better," as the saying goes.

It is to be hoped that, with increased experience, the state machinery will use those methods which permit increasingly better fulfillment of the aims of economic policy. At the same time, the courage, resolution and self-confidence of those responsible will increase.

Some thoughts on the advisory activities of the UN

I would like very briefly to summarize some of my experiences with respect to the advisory activities of international organizations, particularly the UN.

In the activities of the UN there are an increasing number of examples of interest in the problems of economically underdeveloped countries and research on appropriate methods of aiding these countries. Evidence of such interest must be welcomed, for the development of these countries is one of the most important problems of our age and of mankind.

Well-known are the worries and reservations which come up among progressive persons in connection with the UN advisory activities—and this on the basis of some regrettable experiences. I will not go into detail about these problems of a political nature, because I would like to treat the technique and methods of counselling and not its content and direction. Nevertheless, I would like to mention that the majority of the UN advisors working in Ghana, coming as they do from the most diverse geographical and political parts of the world, are not only outstanding experts but humanists as well. This statement should be interpreted to mean that the individuals do not completely identify themselves with the institutions in which their activities are centered and, on the other hand, that the institutions are stronger than the individuals working in them. There is a good

number of excellent human beings working in institutions about whose functioning we have our reservations; but the sense and consequences of the work of such individuals is defined by the institutions behind them.

In summing up my experiences, as well as while making my observations, I have been guided by the desire to help improve the advisory system and thus make some contribution to the development of these countries.

Three questions, closely related to one another, come up in connection with all advisory work on economic matters:

First, on what group of problems (in what special field) must advice be given, and is advice also being offered in the adjacent fields?

Second, to whom—persons or institutions—is advice to be given, and will the proposals reach those actually concerned?

Third, do the decision-making bodies take note of the recommendations, and is the advice in a state of "readiness for action"?

In regard to the first question, the present system of advisory activity is rather narrowly specialized, because of the contemporary specialization of experts. Every good and conscientious expert is, of course, able to offer useful advice on his own special field. Let us presume that it is desired to put this advice into effect. It will then be necessary to set certain economic factors into motion whose subsidiary effects are of great importance. Moreover, the measures taken will have their full value only if complementary decisions are made in the adjacent fields—otherwise the situation will resemble that in a mine where the coal is worked with cutter-loaders and transported to the surface by draught animals. Under such circumstances the capacity of the mine is determined not by the amount of coal which can be hewed but that which can be transported to the surface.

Thus the scope of advisory activity should extend to ways of solving all the contiguous problems and supplementary effects beyond the specific sphere of inquiry.

This aim can be achieved in one of two ways: through experts with broader training, or by advice that extends to all the related fields.

At present there are many technical experts who are not versed in the problems of economics and many economists who do not have a sufficient knowledge of the problems of agriculture. In the developed countries, no particular harm comes of this, since a "complementary" expert will be available next door or in the next building. In the economically underdeveloped countries, the situation is different, and more comprehensive advice covering a broader scope is necessary.

As regards the other two closely related questions, the essential issue may be put as follows: The experts in the various fields make recommendations

which are in themselves correct, wise and apposite. But which of the many correct proposals is the Government to accept? Suppose—ideally—that the recommendations are not at variance with each other (though this is hard to imagine); even so, they would compete with one another—for example, the financial resources already assigned to one investment cannot be used for another. In other words, a decision on priorities must be made. If, however, the delivery of expert advice is not unified by—and crowned with—general advice on a similar plane delivered at the level of the Government, then how can the priorities be correctly determined? General advice of a scientific nature on economic policies at the Government level is, after all, indispensable even in those countries where several hundred years' administrative experience has accumulated.

If the statement that the State—the Government—represents the most dynamic factor of development in the new countries is accepted, then methods and forms for giving advice must be sought that will meet the main aim of achieving correct Government decisions. It is not enough for excellent pieces of advice to be handed out at a level far removed from Government action, for, while successes of a local character may be achieved in some questions of detail, the actual formulation of economic decisions will nor be affected. Yet it is these decisions, made at the Government level, that clearly have the greatest and most comprehensive influence on the development of the national economy and the fate of the country.

In this context, the problems that arise must be examined by taking the Government level as the point of departure and must be worked out in such a way as to be ready for decision and action. There is not much use in compiling lengthy documents and reports that no one reads.

Of course, many persons, especially those scholars and experts who do not have much knowledge of life, will ask why they are not read. But anyone who is acquainted with the burdens devolving on members of Governments, the extent to which they are occupied, and the nature of their work will appreciate that they do not generally * have the time to read or the opportunity for thoroughly studying every voluminous document submitted to them.

Whether we like it or not, this is the situation to which we must adapt ourselves whenever we tender advice.

* I would like in this context to point out that the President of the Republic, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, read a report of about 110 pages on the guiding principles of the Seven-Year Plan in the space of 48 hours. However, this achievement, which was due to the President's extraordinary intellectual powers, his conscientiousness and expeditious nature, cannot be regarded as the norm, or as the practice of the near future even in the economically advanced countries. (Author's note.)

If the advisor's desire is to help, rather than to carry through ideas that he has been nurturing for a long time, then he will be able to adapt himself to this situation. I should point out that the problem of what science is able to let the active statesman have in order for his decisions to benefit the community has cropped up not only in the economically underdeveloped countries but even in the most highly developed ones. We are everywhere searching for and trying to explore the answer. Science and action are not yet the same thing. It is possible, however, that the ways, the methods and forms needed to establish this unity may most readily be discovered precisely in the economically underdeveloped countries. In the advanced countries the contacts between the statesman and the scholar take place through a whole system of complicated institutions and organizations, while in the economically underdeveloped countries they are direct. This does not, of course, imply that in the economically advanced countries the statesmen and scientists do not meet personally. Nevertheless, the directness of their intellectual encounter is diminished by the above-mentioned system through which the ideas of the statesman usually reach the scientist and the recommendations of the latter are forwarded to the statesman.

Various international organizations and individual States have already given much help to the economically underdeveloped countries. This help could be increased in its scope and intensified in effect if the problems of content and form were more profoundly and concretely analysed from the point of view of requirements and needs, making use of the experiences of those who have already worked in these countries.

It may seem immodest for me to have tried to generalize my slight experience to such an extent. I have nevertheless felt it my duty to make these observations, for they are concerned with an area where no one has had too much experience, and even the little that I have is significant.

*

The former Gold Coast—the new Ghana—has great political, social and economic achievements to its credit since it won its independence. There has been much arguing as to when a people are sufficiently "mature" for independence and how the new nation is born. Dr. Kwame Nkrumah expressed the belief and conviction of the entire Ghanaian people when he said in the National Assembly: "The right of a people to decide their own destiny, to make their way in freedom, is not to be measured by the yardstick of colour or degree of social development... Never in the his-

tory of the world has an alien ruler granted self-rule to a people on a silver platter. Therefore, I say that a people's readiness and willingness to assume the responsibilities of self-rule is the single criterion of their preparedness to undertake those reponsibilities." *

The people of Ghana have, both through their persistent, courageous and circumspect struggle for independence and their achievements since that time, proved that they are valuable members of the great family of peoples.

The new State must, with the devoted help and enthusiastic support of the people, solve tremendous tasks. They must set a society and an economy that, as a result of colonialism, were immobile for centuries and then developed in a distorted fashion, on the path of a rapid, healthy and well-founded advance. However, the way to social progress and economic growth is paved not only with achievements and results but also with problems and difficulties. Even though numerous worries and problems now belong to the past, there are always new ones to be faced.

In many respects the struggle is becoming more and more difficult and complicated, for it is with heavier heart that one faces one's own mistakes—alive and present as the products of historical development—than the foreign oppressors. Yet progress demands this struggle against faults and weaknesses, even though the friends and fellow fighters of yesterday may, as a result, drop behind.

The revolutionary enthusiasm that carried the people with it in the struggle for independence must be linked with constructive work, voluntary discipline, and the level-headed administration of an economic life based on rational standards. I am convinced that the people of Ghana are able to overcome the great difficulties in front of them and, through organized, tenacious work, to construct a highly developed society and a diversified, modern economy.

The achievement of progress is the responsibility and the task of the whole people and of the Government. It is also a matter of common concern for all progressive mankind.

* The autobiography of Kwame Nkrumah. Edinburgh, Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd., p. 159.

DOING BRITAIN WITH A GIRAFFE, II.

*(Concluding pages of a diary)**

by

IVÁN BOLDIZSÁR

My birthday. London, October 30th

The telephone rang at seven a. m. The young lady at the hotel switchboard, of whose helpfulness I have been taking advantage for four weeks now, was sorry to have rung so early. "A call from Budapest," she announced. While she was putting it through she found time—oh land of politeness and consideration—to murmur, "I hope there's nothing wrong."

No, thank you, there was nothing wrong except that I had grown a year older. My wife and children wished me many happy returns. I thanked them, delighted to have the call. My wife had only to begin the sentence: "Do you remember—?" She was referring to the first and so far the only birthday that we had not spent together. It was in 1942. We had been married for a year and one month, and the birthday happened to be my thirtieth. The tone of her letters to the front had been even more anxious than usual. Only later did I find out that it was a silly fortune-telling game which had made her afraid of this day. At about the same time of day as the present telephone call we had in fact undergone an extremely heavy artillery bombardment. It had still been dark beside the Don that morning. Twenty minutes later some scattered fragments of benches were all that remained of our quarters, the former school.

I felt like singing into the phone. A pity we are not together, but life is so beautiful! During the past few weeks life has been so concentrated and intense that every hour has consisted of a hundred and twenty minutes, each minute has had something to offer.

"What are you doing today, Dad?" asked my elder son.

"I'm being received in Parliament," I answered.

"Not a bad birthday present. Did they know it was today?"

"Of course. And they have put out the flags on the buildings."

* See No. 5 (January-March) of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.

"Quite right. It's the least they could do," replied my eldest, voicing the sentiments of the family. Then he told me that by way of a birthday present they would now hang up, because I would have to pay for the call when I came home.

Hardly had I replaced the receiver when the telephone rang again. It was a deep, hoarse, slowly speaking voice, with a slight roll of the "r"-s recalling a past even more remote than that bombardment. Z. Sz., who now called me, had been the Pollux of the child and the adolescent Castor that I once was—we experienced together the first poem, first short story, first love affair, first piece of published writing, first disillusionment, the literary magazine we founded together, the first journey we undertook to the villages which we were to discover, the first temptations, vacillations and recoveries, the first trials, failures and successes. And after the many "firsts" that we would never forget, how many more common undertakings, struggles and ordeals there had been, and how few successes we had had. Twenty years earlier no one would have thought, least of all the two of us, that by the time we reached the zenith of our manhood we would be so distant from one another, both in miles and in the circumstances of our lives. He has been a Londoner for over twelve years. When we first met again in London... But that is a subject about which we ought only to write jointly. Why jointly? In the old days we never did that with anything we wrote, but frequently we used each other's names because we knew that the other would write the same thing. Since we shall never write jointly in the future either, the story of how we met again will remain untold. Let's have dinner together, Z. proposed, and the thought suddenly came to my mind that as we would sit together, in the somewhat elated atmosphere of a birthday dinner, as we would survey the past—for both of us were in the last year before our fiftieth—I would tell him that I had chosen his life as a looking glass and that I had never had such peace of mind as when I looked into that mirror.

He had put down the receiver but I rang him again, for I did not want to be his debtor in friendly remembrances: "I am hardly likely to be here at the beginning of June. Let me wish you many happy returns in advance." We both laughed, but it was "as though I felt some bitterness in the wine." So long, then. So long. I wondered if he too recalled Arany's ballad in which old Márkus suddenly tasted a bitterness in his mouth. The comparison is bad, for the hero of the ballad had borne false witness—how on earth could it have crossed my mind? It was obviously not the contents of the poem that this experience cast up from the oceanic depths of memory but the words, the laughter that suddenly tasted bitter. If I had now been at

home I would have rung him up a second time and we would have had a good chat about the purely verbal magic of words.

I had to hurry now, for at eleven I had a date with the man from the Central Information Office who was to take me to Parliament. Before I met him I was to buy myself a birthday present, this was my wife's wish, she had written that I should and had also reminded me over the phone. I spent some time flirting with a light-weight suitcase in Southampton Row that had hangers in it for one's suits. Finally I made do with a clothes-brush gadget the bristles of which can be made to disappear by means of a clever device. It is like a flat, rectangular hedgehog. With the money I had saved I rushed off to Regent Street and went into a pullover shop by the name of Huppert. The price of the black lady's twin-set was pretty steep, but I could not go elsewhere because I have been racked by curiosity for the last three weeks as to whether this Huppert had come from Budapest. Once I had the bill in my hand I felt I had earned the right to put my indiscrete question. The owner smiled. "No, I'm afraid not. Nor am I Kulcsár."

My mouth dropped open in wonder. How could he have divined that I had supposed he was from Budapest because the name of Huppert had instantly become associated in my mind with the famous dry-cleaners of my youth, the firm of Kulcsár and Huppert, with branches all over the city?

"Many Hungarians have asked me, you know, and I owe many a good client to my namesake. Are you going back to Budapest? If you happen to know Mr. Huppert or Mr. Kulcsár, please give them my best regards."

(I have done so, and this was all the easier as Mr. Huppert's son still has a small dry-cleaning shop near the Opera and is the cleaner for the theatre and literary world. And to round the story off, Mr. Huppert Jr. has heard of his namesake in London and has even dry-cleaned a pullover that was bought there.)

The smart, feather-weight parcel—no one would have thought it contained both a pullover and a cardigan—dangled from my finger all day. It greatly contributed to bolstering up my birthday spirits. I went on wandering about town a little. This is what I have had least time to do in London. It is a good thing when kind and active hosts compile a rich program, but you have to have some hours, indeed half-holidays, when you don't do anything in particular but just lie back on the waters of the city and let the waves rock and carry you. I felt a strong ocean current trying to whirl me from the knitwear shop towards Piccadilly Circus, but I turned away because I wanted at last to have a leisurely look at the gentle and elegantly

curved sweep of Regent Street. Moreover, I had once read of an English actress who had given chase to the head-waiter at the Café Royal with a long hat-pin, and I really could not return from London without having inspected the scene of this incident. I had forgotten the name of the actress. And Regent Street is also the site of a host of shops and stores whose names I know well, from detective stories if nothing else. It was time, before bidding farewell to London, for my fancies and their objects to meet in my mind.

But for the time being I was at Piccadilly Circus, the world's most confused square. I think that is exactly why Londoners are so fond of it. There are elsewhere places with such proportion and charm in this immeasurably vast city that the topsy-turvy square was probably created to satisfy human nature's need of a wilderness. Indeed, all I can recall are walls. And when I stood at one of the corners—the whole place is all corners, as irregular as a forest clearing—I was still unable to see anything but walls, rendered uglier still by the glaring advertisements all over them. "Quite Italian, isn't it?" asked M., with whom I walked this way the day after my arrival. I had then let the remark pass, because I thought he was joking. Now I began to suspect what M. was driving at—the square is so irregular that even the disciplined Londoner becomes unruly here. A lad ran down the steps to the underground, shoving people aside as he went. A man of my own age bumped against my shoulder and did not say he was sorry. A hot-dog vendor snapped at a young customer. Two cars almost brushed against each other, and one of the drivers yelled angrily. All these were outbreaks of temper such as I have not seen anywhere else for nearly a month now, only on this round square which indeed almost seems to qualify for what we in Hungary mean by the word "circus."

The British, and the Hungarians who have become Londoners, do in fact appear to have a certain yearning for things Italian. It is now, nearly half a year after my visit, that I see this plainly from the London papers, which are full of schemes for the new lay-out of the square. They plan to have a Piccadilly Piazza, with a fountain in the centre surrounded by a small basin, just as in Florence, only very much larger—in fact, they intend to skate on it in the winter. The statue of Eros, which serves the same purpose for Londoners with a date as the clock outside the National Theatre in Budapest, would stand on the edge of the basin. The statue has become transubstantiated into a symbol. I passed by it several times — although unfortunately, I did not happen at any of those times to have a date with anyone — but rack my brains as I will, I cannot for the life of me comment on it as a statue.

I gazed away for half an hour at the people, the cars, the movement. The Quadrant of Regent Street offers a fine view from here. Since the occasion on the first day of my stay, when I happened during a walk to come across Park Crescent in Regent's Park and had allowed myself to be rocked on the gondola of its irresistible beauty (in this case it was the tender delicacy that was Italian and not the colours and turmoil as in Piccadilly Circus), I have found out how this Crescent, this terrestrial new moon, and its companion, the Quadrant, came to be built. I had no need to delve into libraries, for that has been done, on my behalf and on behalf of all Londoners and foreigners who love the city's stones, by Nikolaus Pevsner, the British equivalent of our Genthon. His two volumes on London are dedicated to those public librarians of the city without whose help he could not have written his book and whom we now no longer need to pester for various works.

Pevsner is marvellous, he knows everything, but keeps on grumbling, and nothing in London is good enough for him the way it is or the way it has developed. He is severe in his descriptions of streets, squares, buildings, styles and the changes inflicted on them, but he cannot refrain at the same time from including in both his volumes a bit of parenthesized gossip about John Nash, the architect of the Regent Street Quadrant and of Park Crescent. It so happens that the story of the building of Regent Street is told in the first volume, while that of Park Crescent is described in the second. Both events took place during the period of the Prince Regent, later to become the capricious King George IV, whose rather extravagant ambition was to have a *via triumphalis* built for himself. There was considerable delay over the elaboration of the plans, and finally Nash was commissioned to draw them up. But why he? He was the greatest architect of the period, and this may have been cause for esteem, but this was apparently not sufficient, for in the first volume Pevsner says that Nash's wife, twenty-one years younger than he, had had an affair with the Regent before he married her, while in the second volume he refers to "intimate private reasons." As I look at his schoolboy's head on the flap of his voluminous "London," he seems to wink at the reader from behind his old-fashioned wire-framed spectacles and to chuckle to himself over how much more he knows about London and Londoners, the dead—and probably also the quick—than what he has put down in these respectably terse books. Since my return, Pevsner's books on my writing table have allowed me to relive London. It was no use thumbing through them before I went—the real joy is that of rediscovery.

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Nevertheless it was not in Pevsner that I read of the actress who gave chase to the headwaiter. Let's find this Café Royal, or I'll miss it again. There it is, only a few paces from the Circus, a capital N with a crown over it above the entrance, and the date 1865. Surely not in honour of Napoleon III? In Paris I would look in vain for such persistent honour to a historical memory. I only went to the Grill Room, for that was where the headwaiter had had to run for it. He had plenty of room—it is an elongated quadrangle with tables in the middle, and if they were in the same place in the nineties the two of them must have had a pretty game of tag.

"It's a little early, sir, but if you want a quick lunch I'll show you to the other room." Standing before me was the present-day successor of the head-waiter who had been chased. "Or did you order a table in advance? Your name, sir?"

I was suddenly overcome by the unbridled birthday exuberance I had felt in the morning.

"Look, sir," I answered, "my name is such and such, but I have not ordered a table. What I'm after, however, is someone else's name."

His face assumed a stony rigidity. What on earth could this foreigner be wanting?

"You see, it's my birthday today."

"My most sincere congratulations, sir." His expression was more impassive than that of a minister being asked an awkward question in the House. (I hoped I would not be late for Parliament.)

"I would like to give myself a birthday treat by refreshing my memory. That is what I need the name for..."

"Very glad to oblige, sir, but you probably realize that without our guests' consent..."

"I know. But this guest used to come here in our grandfathers' days. Do you happen to have heard of one of your... how shall I put it... your predecessors and the long hat-pin..." I had to stop because I was afraid I would burst out laughing. I felt as though I were playing a part in the British film burlesque, "Carry on, Admiral!"

The headwaiter still did not bat an eyelid.

"I am acquainted with the case. An actress insulted him with a hat-pin."

"That's right. I've read about it and I would like to know the name of the actress."

"At your service, sir. Marie Lloyd. Marie, not with a *y* but spelt *i*, *e*, sir."

I was very grateful. And all of a sudden I was overcome with confusion. I had hardly been more courteous than the guest with the hat-pin.

"I must presume," I said, "that the actress was wrong."

At last his larva-like features moved.

"By no means, sir."

I had to say something more.

"And... and could you possibly tell me the name of the headwaiter?"

His face darkened, but this was no longer a mask. In fact he came a trifle nearer and bent slightly forward.

"No, sir. I'm very sorry indeed, sir. You're right, I ought to find out." He was smiling by now. "Maybe I'll ask the librarian in my union to look it up in the contemporary papers. Thank you very much for the good idea, sir."

*

I had to gallop now. It has been that way during the whole of my stay in London. My program has been as dense as a forest and I have had no time for the trees. But the forest has been beautiful and exciting. I could not afford to do more than look at the windows of stores whose very names were concepts in themselves. The fact that there is a shop called Jaeger's, which really sells woollen underwear, was almost as great a surprise as when I found out that *priznic* was not a Hungarian adaptation of the German word for compress but was named after a Dr. Priesnitz. The two words happen, by the way, to be close neighbours in my recollections—when as a kid I had a cold, my mother would put a compress on my throat and I had to put on the underwear that we called *jéger*. I had always thought that it was the kind worn by huntsmen (Jäger in German) and that that was how it had obtained its name.

I hurried off to Northumberland Street, where I was to meet young David Avery, a Cambridge law graduate. (Heaven help me if my memory deceives me and Avery is not a Cambridge man but an Oxonian, for then I have made a *faux pas* whose gravity would be hard to extenuate in Britain and impossible to explain in Hungary.) The choice obviously fell on this restaurant in Northumberland Street because it was near Parliament. The name of the inn is "Sherlock Holmes," the Central Information man explained over the phone.

"You've heard of it, haven't you?"

"No, not this inn."

"No, of course not, but the name."

On these occasions I always had to gasp for breath. What can be the image that a British civil servant, a hotel clerk, or a simple civilian entertains of us, if he is able to presume that a Continental visitor has never heard of Sherlock Holmes? Or was this merely another piece of automatic

politeness, intended to give your partner an opportunity to boast of his erudition?

The British do not know Frigyes Karinthy—this is one of their very few educational and conversational deficiencies—so that I could not ask the polite person on the telephone to recall Karinthy's well-known little devil, a miniature image of his ego, who whispers funny jokes in his ear during a visit of condolence to his aunt. All I could do, therefore, was answer my questioner by saying:

"Sherlock Holmes? No, I've never heard the name. I would be most obliged if you could tell me who he was. When did he live?"

At this last wicked sally I thought I heard a slight giggle at the other end. But a moment later the once again disciplined voice solemnly announced:

"Mr. Avery will give you full information on all your questions, including of course the last one."

Life, unfortunately, is cruel and deprives one of the most delightful moments. While I waited for the bus (with a feeling of admiration for the frequency of our much-maligned No. 12 in Budapest and finally deciding to foot it), I conjured up the picture of the conversation that must have taken place between my interlocutor on the phone and Mr. Avery. The young man from Oxbridge (I dare not take risks in matters so sacred) had known me for about a fortnight. How did he manage, I wondered, in his expression and in his "wells" to combine a gloat over the way his colleague had swallowed the bait, with his Camford-bred polite endeavour not to let him feel it, on being tactfully told to enlighten me as to when Sherlock Holmes had *lived?*

I was only ten minutes late at the "Sherlock Holmes," but young Avery was waiting stoically—as I say, he has known me for a fortnight. We shook hands, stood at the bar as we drank the usual gin and tonic—a beverage that has suffused the whole of my stay in Britain with a mild but persistent pink mist—and then I was made to realize that they must have had a better laugh at me this morning than I at them. For Avery now suggested that, as I had quarter of an hour to spare, I might care to have a look at Sherlock Holmes' room, it was just upstairs. I tacitly gave him full marks for his poker face, and we went up the wooden stairs.

One half of the space upstairs is a small dining room, but separated from it by a glass partition is Sherlock Holmes' room, just as his friend, chronicler and court jester, Dr. Watson, described it. The room is, of course, lit by a shaded petrol lamp, the "window" provided a view of Baker Street, and on the writing table are the thousand and one items with which the

master detective plied his craft—a row of magnifying glasses, an old-fashioned microscope, a concertina camera—I don't remember his ever taking any photographs, but I have probably not read all the Sherlock Holmes stories. In the corner is his bold-checked cape, beside it the peaked monkey-cap, the collection of intricate sticks and canes, on the floor a stand carrying a globe. There are travelling rugs on the couch, clasp-bound end-of-century portmanteaux, and books and manuscripts littered all over the place—a scene of masterly chaos to the uninitiated but of thoroughly considered strategy to addicts of the Sherlock Holmes craze. Something... something, however, appeared to be missing—ah, yes, the dressing gown in which he would receive Dr. Watson and lecture him, and which he could discard so swiftly when the moment for decision had come. Avery drew my attention to the hypodermic syringe—a prop that Conan Doyle had transferred to his novels from his own surgery. If it had not been for this, Conan Doyle would never have occurred to me: I had been there five minutes, but I was already thinking of Sherlock Holmes as a real person.

What is this—a plaything, a literary hobbyhorse, a clever publicity stunt, a tourists' attraction? At first I was inclined to say it was a bit of each, but then, sitting by the glass partition with a fine slice of salmon, a dish to which Sherlock Holmes had himself been partial, I decided it was none of these things. It is something for which you have to have the British climate, or rather—I must apologize—it is a Shakespeare that you need, a Midsummer Night's Dream, Macbeth's witches on the heath, a reading public with a heritage of three and a half centuries behind it, in whose minds the boundaries between reality and fiction readily disappear, and where the detective novel is not a literary slum-dweller but a member of the Athenaeum.

In the meantime it turned out that is was not at 12 but only at 1 that we were supposed to be in Parliament. Avery may have read law, but he is a born tourist's guide, though he is not too keen on this job—the first rung of his career as a civil servant. He asked me whether I wanted to look at the place whose minions Sh. H. always outwitted. I must admit I was more surprised at Scotland Yard's really being a building, though I had known it was, than at Sh. H.'s having a room in London. The Yard is exactly what the deprecating remarks of the master detectives in the thrillers would have one think—a bleak brick building, fortress-like, but reminiscent of the romantic knights' castles on Bavarian picture postcards. I would gladly have seen all of Sh. H.'s adversaries while I was about it, but even Avery could not tell me Prof. Moriarty's present place of residence.

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We strolled slowly down Whitehall. All of a sudden I saw the name "Downing Street." Why have I always imagined that this was a broad, important street with a great deal of traffic? It is no wider than our tiny Szép utca in Budapest, but I am sure it is even shorter. Avery told me it was not worth going in, I would not be able to see anything if we did, the whole place was being rebuilt, and Mr. Macmillan himself was living in the Admiralty House. The short little street was indeed full of scaffolding, dumpers and conveyor belts, as though I had landed in Kazincbarcika*. Workers were sitting at the foot of the scaffolding, eating bacon and paprika—what's this I'm saying?—it was fried fish and chips from pieces of newspaper, probably for my sake, so I should at last see this famous fare being eaten as it should be. I had seen the doorway to No. 10, Downing Street in the magazines, but I would never have dared imagine it to be so small and insignificant. Nikolaus Pevsner knows everything about London, and he knew in advance that I would be disappointed. When I looked at his book this evening, I found this remark there: "...but that appearance is deceptive. It deceives 99 out of a hundred who stand and stare at the humble house of Britain's Prime Minister."

The reason why that appearance is deceptive is that No. 10 forms a unit with the neighbouring houses and stretches far back towards the gardens. Now it is all being rebuilt and refurbished with such thoroughness that the famous, modest doorway has not even a wall left over it at the moment. Thought associations keep crowding through my mind. What, I wonder, has happened to our Sándor Palace on Castle Hill in Budapest—our former 10, Downing Street, which may not have particularly glorious memories attached to it but is architecturally more beautiful. All of a sudden I am assailed by a wave of homesickness. It is not so much that I would like to see whether there is any building going on in the palazzo on Szent György Square, but I simply don't know what has happened to it. Yet less than two months have passed since I sauntered about on Buda Castle Hill and felt almost a lover's satisfaction while registering the reconstruction of this or that old house. I stopped on Szent György Square as well—of that I am certain. But I cannot remember anything more. And now I recall the phone call early this morning. What does it feel like, when after one, three, eight or fourteen years you cannot recall the name of Haris Passage in Pest and whether there are benches along the lower embankment of the Danube? I don't know. I am glad I shall be home in a week's time.

* A new industrial city still in the process of construction. See the author's essay "The Adolescence of a Town" in Vol. II. No. 2. of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*. — The Editor

It was a very good idea to enter the Parliament buildings through Westminster Hall. A hundred out of every hundred of Pevsner's foreigners who stand about and gaze at the sights do not, in their minds, sort out all the many London buildings bearing the surname of Westminster; at best they will distinguish the Abbey and the Palace, that is the Houses of Parliament. I had read about Westminster Hall, I had even seen the magnificently assembled beams of its ceiling, but I had thought... In fact, I had not thought anything, I had not really known of its existence. It was the kind Mrs. MacLeod who, in the course of our first walks of discovery in London, had suggested having a look at it, but the spare half hour that I now had was never available. Yet how enthusiastically she had told me how those beams had in the nick of time been saved from destruction during the course of the German air raids. When Parliament was set aflame by incendiary bombs, all the firemen concentrated on trying to rescue the debating chambers and they did not notice that meanwhile the flames had penetrated into Westminster Hall, which stands beside the typically nineteenth century buildings of Parliament but was itself built almost nine hundred years ago. It was a Scottish MP who noticed the fire, Mrs. MacLeod told me, laying particular stress on the word Scottish as she glanced at me. I gave a silent and understanding nod. "Save this, it's irreplacable!" he shouted, but it took all his powers of persuasion to get the firemen to turn their hoses. That was how Europe's finest timbered ceiling and largest Roman-style hall came to be saved.

(Why am I recording all this, when the greater part of the readers of this diary will be British, and most of them Londoners? They probably know it a hundred times better than the hurried foreigner. If I nevertheless put it down, it is because Westminster Hall belongs not only to them but to everyone. Just as the incendiary bomb from which it had such a narrow escape was, in a reverse sense, everyone's too. And another reason why I am writing about Westminster Hall is that it is also mine and that I am anxious about the possibility of a future, different bomb, when not even the most eloquent Scottish Member's pleas would save the magnificent timber-beam ceiling.)

The time had come at last for us to enter Parliament. Avery, on my behalf as well, filled in one of those renowned "green forms" with which a constituent can ask his Member to come out to him from the Debating Chamber. We asked for Mr. Godfrey Lagden M. P., because, although we are not his constituents, he is chairman of the British-Hungarian Parliamentary Group and had gladly undertaken to receive us and show us round. The House was not in session and the honourable Member was

working in the Library, but he soon came out to the Central Lobby, together with two fellow Members whose names I failed to catch. To greet me he delivered a fine, well-rounded speech in which he mentioned the Quarterly. I did not doubt that he had read it, but in the course of our subsequent conversation I nevertheless put some cross-questions. He noticed this and asked me whether I was testing him. No, I replied, only I like to obtain repeated proof that my giraffe is really alive. It was at this point that Mr. Lagden promised to write an article, which has since appeared.

For the time being, however, we stood facing each other in the Central Lobby, which is the equivalent of the Cupola Hall in the Budapest Parliament, and said nice things to each other. I stressed that while as a non-member in my country I was not entitled to be received with such honours, it was nevertheless very gratifying. Fortunately we were both brief, the other two Members asked to be excused, and Lagden took me by the arm to show me the Mother of Parliaments.

In the Debating Chamber, Mr. Lagden asked me whether I didn't want to sit down in Churchill's place. No one, it is true, not even the Ministers, have permanent places here, in theory any Member can sit anywhere he likes, but, Mr. Lagden explained, this seat at the end of a long bench is Churchill's. When he enters the House any Member who chances to have sat down here gets up. Churchill goes to his seat, looks around, sees that the House is crowded but this particular seat vacant, and before sitting down always exclaims "How extraordinary."

(The day before I left, a breathless herald came to announce that I had a ticket to the Visitor's Gallery of the House of Commons, the debate on the Queen's speech was in full swing, and would I care to go. When I arrived Mr. Heath, the Minister concerned, was just speaking on the problems of Britain and the Common Market. Suddenly whispering and commotion could be heard from the Floor, and everyone in the Gallery bent forward. Churchill had come in. He bore a startling resemblance to himself—I mean to the abstraction that has evolved in every newspaper-reader through the decades of descriptions and photographs of him, not to mention all the caricatures. Walking with a slight stoop, but by no means like an old man, he covered the few paces that separate the glass door from the front third of the long Chamber. There he stopped for a moment and, like any Member, bowed towards the Speaker. Then he went on. By the time he reached his place, it was of course vacant. I could not hear him up in the Gallery, but from the movement of his mouth I saw that he was murmuring something.)

If you compare the photographs of the London and Budapest Parliament Buildings, the similarity of their riverside location and neo-Gothic style is the first thing that strikes you. However, I only appreciated the actual extent to which the work of Barry and Pugin had inspired Imre Steindl when I had seen it from within. This startling identity applies especially to the atmosphere of the Gothic petty hardware, the ink-wells, coat-hangers, door-handles, cupboard latches, of the wooden carvings and the panelling, and to the air of the corridors and the narrow back stairs. The interior of the building on the banks of the Danube is lighter, the corridors are more spacious, but the Gothic details of the one by the Thames are more authentic, for Pugin did not have to go far for his models—for gargoyles, convolvuluses and flowers.

My walk had exhausted me more than I thought it would. Mr. Lagden noticed this, and I muttered something to the effect that my days had been very crowded. He suggested that we go to the lavatory where I could rinse my face with a little fresh water. The lavatory is also Gothic; I believe even the water-taps end in dragon-mouthed spouts and the pattern on the tiles is a pointed arch. I passed a comment on this to Mr. Lagden, whereupon he asked whether he might tell me a slightly salacious Churchill anecdote. "All right," I said, "but I'll publish it." He laughed. "You won't be the first."

One day when Churchill used this lavatory he noticed a little old man rubbing and polishing the tiles with a rag. He asked him how long he had been doing this. The old chap went on working as he answered: forty years. Churchill shook his head. That was a very long time. Had he not grown tired of it? No, he said, he liked this work. Churchill was amazed. What was it he liked about it? That he could have a real good think while he was doing it. The answer pleased Churchill, and he went on interrogating his coeval. What was the most important thought that had occurred to him here? The little old chap still would not put down his rag, but he turned round and said: "That this is the only place in this House where the Members know what they want."

We had a good laugh. I had to reassure Mr. Lagden that I was not at all shocked by his story. Nor at the fact that there were so many anecdotes about Churchill? Naturally I returned a no to this as well. By this time we had reached one of the doors to the Debating Chamber. Mr. Lagden stopped before it and—perhaps for the sake of counteracting the previous story—had me look at one of the arches, which differed from the rest. Indeed, among the smooth new stones there were some rougher old limestone carvings, some of which look as though they had been

scorched. "This is the Churchill arch," said Mr. Lagden. It had been Churchill's wish that when the Debating Chamber of the House of Commons was rebuilt, some bomb-damaged pieces of the original arch should be built into the masonry.

We went out on the terrace overlooking the Thames. We had no coats, for there was warm sunshine, but a shiver passed through me. My host invited me to the Members' saloon. We sat down on chairs with high, Gothic backs, drank lukewarm Guinness and talked of the things that link the two Parliaments and countries, and not of those that separate them. A few other M. P.'s were sitting nearby, and Mr. Lagden nodded this way and that. The bench next to us was occupied by a lean man of venerable age with close-cropped grey hair, of whom I thought when I first set eyes on him that he was our Prof. Dezső Pais, the veteran linguist. He laughed: "Another resemblance, you see."

I had brought Godfrey Lagden a copy of No. 3 of the Quarterly, which had caught up with me in London. It lay beside us on a chair. The old gentleman observed it from a distance for some time, then asked if he might have a look at it. We handed it over, and he thumbed through the pages. After a while he stood up, turned towards me and, speaking a clear, articulated and correctly stressed Hungarian, said what I might re-translate as:

"This appears being very good paper. Accept my more sincere congratulations."

I also got up, took the hand he proffered me, but could not utter a word for wonder. Mr. Lagden was quicker to recover.

"What's this, David? Do you speak Hungarian?"

"Of course I do. Campbell's the name."

I still could not manage to assemble an intelligent sentence, but Godfrey Lagden had already pounced on Mr. Campbell. "And you're not a member of the British-Hungarian Parliamentary Group? What do you mean by that?" The old gentleman promised to join.

"Where did you learn such excellent Hungarian?" I finally asked.

"In Budapest, of course," he answered, still in Hungarian. "Lived Hotel Ritz. Fine!"

"Unfortunately the Hotel Ritz no longer exists, it was burnt to the ground on the last day of the siege of Budapest in 1945."

Mr. Campbell knew. He had been in Budapest for a year and a half after the First World War, as a member of the British Mission. It was the miracle of an extraordinary memory, or perhaps that of old age, that had prevented his forgetting his Hungarian.

"I would like to subscribe to the Quarterly," he said.

I immediately put down his name.

"Write ten years, while you're about it," he added, again in Hungarian, but then he continued more comfortably in English. "Then I'll be sure to live another ten years." In the meantime he produced his purse and, I could hardly prevent him from paying into my hands his subscription dues for ten years.

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Miss Brenda Tripp, head of a department at the British Council, had invited me to have a birthday lunch at Simpson's in the Strand. At our very first talk after my arrival it had turned out that I was to spend this day in London. It was very kind of her not to have forgotten, and indeed she referred to it in her written invitation. Simpson's was an added attraction. Some say this is London's most elegant restaurant, according to others it is the most interesting, but at all events it is the most English. From my first day in Britain everyone—both the British and the Hungarians who live here—has been cautioning me against eating English food. Except for my visit to York, Miss Tripp has been the first to invite me to an English restaurant; for the rest I have eaten in French, Spanish, Greek, Italian and Danish ones. Not that I want to pay compliments to my hosts, but it is a fact that I liked the cooking at York best. Miss Tripp assured me that in that case I would enjoy Simpson's very much too, but unfortunately I did not get as far as making up my mind on this point.

Yet what a restaurant this is! Every dish is pushed to the guest on a trolley, in most cases first in the raw, and it is only prepared once a nod of approval has been obtained. As far as my constantly mounting indisposition permitted me to observe, the leg of mutton is roasted on a grill in front of the guest. This was what I too was to have eaten, but a fit of cold shivers came over me before I was through with the broth. I was still able to smile when my hostess congratulated me over the first glass of wine and handed me a lovely ornamental album: "The Treasures of the British Museum." The wrapping was tied with a tricolour ribbon—the Hungarian red-white-green—and the enclosed visiting card repeated the good wishes of which I was increasingly in need. I confessed that I could not swallow so much as a mouthful of food, but that there was nothing the matter with me and on no account should we rise from table.

I watched the progress of a meal of historic proportions. My liver hurt with increasing intensity, and I now knew what was wrong—it was a

war memento, my typhus of yore, doing its bit of peace propaganda. I had brought some Sulphoguanidine with me; it would put me right in no time. Toward the end of lunch, in the clairvoyance of the fever that had overtaken me, I had a great fright—I could clearly see my little medicine chest on the mantlepiece of my mother-in-law's home in Paris. It had stayed there, I had failed at the last moment to put it in my suitcase.

For the moment a Pyramidon also did good service; we talked lengthily and cheerfully, as though the whole thing had passed. At the end of lunch I mentioned the medicine I had not brought with me. We got up, went down the Strand and into the first chemist's. They had Sulphoguanidine, but where was our prescription? My hostess's arguments were in vain, the cold shivers that again began to run through me were of no avail, even in London regulations is regulations.

Miss Tripp decided not to argue any further. She called a taxi, we got in and went "next door" to Chelsea, a mere nine or ten miles from the Strand. There I waited in a beautiful, early-nineteenth-century square while Miss Tripp went up to her place, found some Sulphoguanidine in her own medicine chest and brought it down to me. Despite all my protestations she took me to my hotel, and—as I found out afterwards—as soon as I had disappeared in the lift she told the porter I was ill. Five minutes later the hotel doctor appeared, took my temperature and said it was almost a hundred. I knew he meant Fahrenheit, but how much that is I still do not know.

Visiting London's Galleries, November 1st

On this first day of November the weather was gracious and had the kindness to give us some fine early spring sunshine. Mr. F. Cromwell Cooke telephoned from the Information Centre to ask whether I had really recovered, and whether I would be able to do the galleries on foot. We decided to meet in Leicester Square, as I wanted to have a little walk, because if he came to fetch me he would bring a car or else mercilessly begin by calling for a taxi. The warm weather made me feel good. I had a sensation of lightness and I must obviously really have been lighter by a pound or two. To commemorate my recovery I quickly bought a copy of E. M. Forster's selected short stories in a Penguin edition for two and six, because I do not know this author and he is mentioned with the greatest reverence in every second conversation I come across.

Mr. F. Szakách Kossuth—my translation into Hungarian of F. Cromwell Cooke, where the archaic *ch* of Szakách symbolizes the final *e* of Cooke—had been waiting at our meeting place for a few minutes, but he showed no annoyance. I envied him for the nonchalance with which he—almost my own age—dares to wear a red rosebud in his button-hole. This was not our first meeting, but the rosebud had never been missing. His checked suit, the somewhat drooping moustache that people in my country would certainly regard as typically Hungarian, the lightness of his gait—though he is almost my companion in weight—and his mouth with lines at the corners that indicate a constant readiness to smile, all these have made him an ideal partner for conversation, a stroll or an argument. Back in ancient times, four weeks ago, at the first discussion of my program, I mentioned that I would like to have a look at the shows of one or two present-day painters. The others all glanced at him, and one of them exhorted me to take cold provisions and possibly also a sleeping bag with me, for I could never tell when I would be able to get away once I had set off with Mr. Cooke. At that time I was not yet aware that he was himself a painter and had actually spent two years teaching painting at an American university.

"If it's all the same to you, we'll take a cab," he said, and had already whistled to one. We traversed a distance of about that between Vörösmarty Square and Párizsi Street—perhaps a couple of hundred yards. We entered some well-ventilated shop premises with strong, scattered light on the ceiling and nothing on the walls. The last show had closed yesterday, and the new one was now being arranged. The artist, and with him two girls made up to look highly Parisian, were measuring the spaces, while a fastidiously elegant gentleman with a diamond ring on his outstretched finger kept giving them instructions. Three more young men with beards broke out of a rear room (it stands to reason that the artist also had a waving full beard). They brought out two more pictures, shoved the rest aside and began hanging them. It was a lovely scene. The diamond-ringed man first made a Caligulan gesture to silence Cooke, continued for a little while to savour and to dispose, then turned round, recognized the guest, or pretended only now to recognize him, and with broad, Italian movements but very fine cockney halfsounds asked to be pardoned.

"Your friend's an artist, don't bother to introduce him, I can see it, I can feel it from his aura," he said, lifting his nose, sniffing at the air and then shaking my hand. "From your figure I thought you were a sculptor," he went on, "but now I see from your hand that you're a draughtsman." At this he raised my palm and all but sniffed at it.

"Very nearly," said Cooke politely and introduced me.

Diamond Ring did not bat an eyelid. "Didn't I say so? Very glad to meet you." But he immediately sought an opportunity to retreat: "And didn't you ever do any drawing?" He shook his head and looked at me reprovingly. "You ought to try it. I'll guarantee you won't be sorry."

I promised, while Cooke laughed and remarked that after such encouragement and such a promise a Paris art dealer would immediately produce his cheque-book and pay an advance. They both had such a good laugh that for a moment I had an uneasy feeling that they were acting a part, that this was their habitual stunt when they met, and that the best part of it as far as they were concerned was to watch the new boy while they were at it. On such occasions the best idea is to translate literally one of our allusive Hungarian expressions, and thus immediately bring the ball back to your feet.

"Let's see the bear," I said.

Suddenly they all stopped talking, the bearded lads and the lasses in corduroy slacks included, and stared at me. Cooke stroked his red rose; this was obviously a sign of confusion. "The bear," I said. "B-E-A-R." Yes, they had understood that much all right, but I was not going to help them. It was up to them to ask what bear. Everyone looked expectantly at Cooke, as much as to say it was for him to ask. After some choice Oxford or Cambridge er's and aw's (I am not yet able to tell the difference) he finally did so.

"The paintings," I replied. "Isn't that why we came?"

"Ah, yes, of course, naturally. But... if you'll excuse me, what sort of bear were you thinking of?"

"The same as the old peasant when he was taken to the theatre for the first time in his life. Up to then he had never seen anything more than showmen at the fair. That was why he insisted at the end of the first act on seeing the bear."

One of the girls, her eyes a-glint, asked: "Do you still have bear-dancing in Hungary?"

The question was justified. I ought perhaps to have answered with a trifle less certainty—I might have recruited some tourists for IBUSZ, our Hungarian travel agency. "The story's over a hundred years old," I said. "We don't have bear-dancing any more." At the sight of the disappointment in her expression, I added: "It's a pity, though."

"It is a pity," echoed both girls and also one of the bearded men. The latter pursued the subject. "Technical civilization, sir, kills the simple pleasures of life."

"That's your mania," said the artist turning round. "That's why you can't paint."

I was beginning to feel at home.

"I can't, eh?" drawled the man with the mania and the beard.

"You could, but you don't," said the thinner of the girls.

"A good bear's better than a bad play," remarked Cooke to appease them by returning to the Hungarian anecdote.

"What bear? What play? We're talking of paintings, aren't we?"

Soon two circles formed. The painters and the girls were in one, and I was unfortunately obliged to be part of the other, though theirs was the argument to which I would have liked to listen. Never mind, I'll hear it in Budapest in M's or Cs's studio or in one of the nooks at the spring show.

Cooke had really brought me to this little gallery on account of the pictures of Kyfrin Williams. It was these that were taken down yesterday, but Diamond Ring gladly had some of them brought out from the back rooms. He is a very well known Welsh painter, aged forty-five. He mainly paints landscapes... Oh, if it were all as simple as that! What Williams is trying to see is how much light the colour black will bear, or rather whether black is really a colour at all. It is as conjunctive tissue to this endeavour that he will use a hillside, a meadow, a garden or some undefined surface, whose upper part is lighter, while at about the middle it is rent in two by a line which is here horizontal in both senses of the word. This man with the odd Christian name (or did I jot it down wrong?) is a real painter, a very distant relative of our own Barcsay, not in his solutions but in his visions and his severity.

I would also have liked to see the pictures of the artist or artists who were present, but they protested. They were all jumbled up now; moreover, the chubbier of the girls told me, after Williams their work would be like eating fish after the roast beef. I bowed my head—this would indeed be one of the seven capital sins. But would I not care to visit them in their studio? I promised, and we exchanged telephone numbers, but the visit will have to be held over till my next journey to London, this time I hope without another twenty-eight years in between.

We were on the way out when I noticed an Epstein drawing in the window of the gallery. Eighty guineas. I whistled at the tidy sum. The drawing was a typical sculptor's sketch, not particularly attractive, and it was obviously only for the name that someone was going to pay several thousand forints—if indeed a customer was found for it. In Cooke's opinion the picture was very cheap; even the almost unknown Williams would get that much for a painting.

"If he can sell it," I added incredulously.

We went back and asked. All but two of his pictures had been bought. Cooke had not been far wrong, the highest price had been 48 guineas. However, ten minutes later he was able to point with reticent triumph at a figure with a red ring round it in the catalogue of another gallery: 250 guineas. That had been the price at which Anthony Whishaw had sold his painting of "Three sleeping figures," and another three went for the same pretty sum. Whishaw, so I found out from the preface to the catalogue, is thirty years old, studied at the Royal College, and his pictures have been bought by the museums of Coventry and Leicester. I was at a loss, because the managers of the gallery spoke of the young artist with such hushed and awesome admiration that I was unable to conceal my opinion behind the smoke-screen of one of those English "well"s. I marvelled at my friend Cooke's obliging and inscrutable smile and tried to observe the voice, tone and duration of his various "well"s. This is something that we should learn from the British—to be able to pronounce an opinion without expressing anything, letting our partner believe, if he wishes, that we agree with him or, if not, then the contrary. Or is this among the many features that deserve imitation, something that it is no longer worth learning? I think the world is advancing towards more explicit speech. I consider that there is more modernity about the Budapest university student who will call a painting by a four-letter word, which also has four letters in Hungarian, possibly even in the presence of the painter, but is then willing to discuss it and even to back down from his extreme views because in stating his opinion frankly he has shown that he is not spineless.

These are complex processes, and I tried to explain them to Cooke, for at our last meeting he had questioned me about Hungarian youth, saying he would at last like to understand 1956. He had not understood at the first go, and now I again noticed that he was "well"-ing with me too, that he did not really understand why a Budapest lad should think it good to express his opinion whatever it was, even if he might alter it subsequently. Mr. Cooke—I suggested—should bear in mind that for many long years people did not express their opinions.

"Because they weren't allowed to," interrupted Mr. Cooke, not really interrogatively, but enunciating his statement as though it were a Papal Bull.

I sighed. This too was not as simple as all that. We sat down under one of Anthony Whishaw's monumental pictures, the "Two Oxen" (catalogue Number 1, oil, painted on boards, 60 by 84 ins., 1961, sold for

250 guineas), and I recalled the late forties and the first half of the fifties, when the expression of opinions suffered a bilateral atrophy. On the one hand they were not permitted; on the other there were no opinions. People, especially the young, had lost the habit of speaking their minds. The clever ones were those who kept quiet or voiced prefabricated views. This period is now over as far as our society is concerned, but it has not ended in men's nerves.

"I see. They're still afraid," said Cooke, trying to indicate that he had followed my line of thought.

It struck me, indeed I may have said so, that the idea of fear has entered so deeply into the thinking of contemporary Western intellectuals, as though they had been not newspaper readers but fiction heroes or diarists of that period. "If there is any fear of voicing opinions left in the present-day youth of Hungary," I continued, "it is far more complex than you would think. What they are most afraid of is not to express their opinions and thus to appear insufficiently courageous in the eyes of the others or, even worse, of themselves. Look at these 'Two Oxen'." I said, pointing at the picture which hung unsuspecting over our heads. "One part of our young people would use the four-letter word I have just mentioned, delivering their sentence with the rapidity of a summary tribunal. Another part would rock their heads in voluptuous artistic enjoyment and would say: *'állati,'* which in English translation would be something like... like nothing. Perhaps the French *'vachement bon'* would be nearer (not, of course, in any way connected with the objects of this picture)."

How many of these semi-monologue conversations I have had during the past few weeks in Britain! I would get off to a good start with the first sentences and swim as though I were doing my morning four lengths at the Lukács pools at home. But frequently I had to notice by the third lap that my partner was no longer with me. If only he had simply lagged behind! In most cases, however, he swam ahead, because he was impatient. By the end of the four laps I would myself be out of breath, and how much more swimming distance there was still left to cover! In my latest conversations I have profited by the training I have had; I have made a slower start and have kept looking back to see whether my partner was following me. Was he still interested? I have, incidentally, had better experiences with British people than with the French—they are more persevering in their attention and in putting questions as you talk. The only thing I could not decide is how much of this is due to their sometimes insufferable good manners and—*well*... how much of it is genuine

curiosity. I have never cared a tinker's damn whether I cut a ridiculous figure at the Lukács pools, with my increasingly barrel-like corporation in a pair of diminutive swimming trunks, and here too my concern was not greater when in my conversations with British people I seemed queer for again and again being at least as excited about finding out with their help what we Hungarians are like as about learning what they are like.

My friend Cooke is a good swimmer; he again indicated that he had not lagged by so much as a single stroke. "So these young people are your 'angry young men?'"

I would gladly have acquiesced—for it might have led him to form a better picture—but I could not do so. In expressing their opinions the young people in Budapest are not angry, but happy that they are able to do so. But then they do not stick to them through thick and thin... that is precisely the difference, the new thing about it. Could Mr. Cooke not understand this? It is a good thing to express an opinion, but it is still better to argue, and best of all to convince or be convinced. The young people in Budapest are now learning democracy.

"I envy you," said Cooke suddenly.

"Me?"

"For your sons."

"Well," I said, "I certainly won't teach them those polygonal 'well's of yours. But let me have it straight this time. What do you think of Anthony Whishaw's pictures?"

Our eyes met. There was no one from the gallery anywhere near. We did not have to say much. Cooke uttered the word that I had been looking for: "Pseudo-monumentality." These paintings are large in their dimensions, but they are not great. I have seen more than one of this kind in Hungary in the negative period as regards voicing of opinions. The strange thing is that it was then our best painters who fell into this error, not entirely of their own volition. But why does a Mr. Whishaw cover such huge canvases?

"Just because he is not one of the best."

That is true. He would like to use size to make up for power. It is a pity, because his thinking is artistic, as is shown by his men and oxen, the pleasantly harmonized yellow, brown and green, and he has learned from the abstracts how to make good use of his space. Only he has no self-confidence, and to make up for it he shouts.

We had decided in thorough agreement to move on and look for another victim, when the art dealer again put in an appearance. "You're Hungarian, aren't you? Did you know a painter by the name of Béla Kádár?"

I did. I confessed that I did not know he had died.

"For a long time it was his name that spelt modern painting to me."

"Is he so greatly appreciated in Hungary?"

"No, on the contrary, I think he is rated far below his value." I stammered a bit as I recounted a childhood experience, because I thought it a little out of place, but it so happened that my dentist uncle's waiting room had had a wall covered with Béla Kádár paintings—the dentist's fees. I had had to wait a great deal, because my uncle would only take me when there were no real patients waiting, and in the meantime I had gazed, startled at first, but with increasing liking, at Kádár's strange female figures with their double contours, at his white silhouettes painted, or rather drawn, on a light blue background, and at his unexpectedly ochre skies. At first I had laughed, but by the third filling I had understood him and by the fifth, liked him. But why did this London art dealer ask me about him? Did he have a Béla Kádár?

"Have one?" He laughed. "Have you a few minutes to spare?" and off he went ahead of us, up the inner stair. It was only now that I noticed the gallery was in one of those old, one-story houses, and we were really going up to the attic. One of the sloping surfaces of the roof had been replaced by glass. It was a kind of studio; there was an easel in the corner and a smell of varnish. The dealer took a huge folder from the cabinet on the wall and opened it. I immediately recognized Kádár's double contours. This first one could have been a twin of the dentist's fee I had seen thirty-odd years ago. For the greater part they were coloured drawings and watercolours. Heavens, there must be about a hundred! I could not, and I did not, wish to conceal my emotions. How many hands this folder must have been through before it was shown to me in the Roland, Browse and Delbanco Galleries, Cork Street, corner of Old Bond Street, by Mr. Roland who told me that he had emigrated from Munich "just in time." He had bought the whole lot together *alla rinfusa*, as he remarked, with a touch of irony at himself for the commercial term. What did I think, how much would these pictures be worth in Hungary? For here, unfortunately, they were not in demand. He had only bought them because he had wanted to help someone—he really knew what it was to be in trouble.

I suggested that he offer them to the National Gallery in Budapest. He would think about it. Would I not accept one as a souvenir? I thanked him, it was very kind, but... I would leave him my address and asked if he sent any to Budapest for the Gallery to let me know.

One of them was a landscape, a dreamland, a child's pre-fairy-story

scene. I regret that picture; I wish I had at least asked the price (not *alla rinfusa),* for I might then hope to buy it the next time I visit London. I am afraid they will still all be there in that folder. I wished above all for a cup of strong coffee, but what else could Mr. Roland's secretary have brought in those large, broad-mouthed cups, but tea with milk. We settled down on the thick rug, in compliance with the atmosphere of the studio, and Béla Kádár naturally made us drift to present-day Hungarian painting. Mr. Roland told us that when he bought that folder—when could it have been, six or eight years ago, he no longer recalled—the elderly lady who had arranged the sale had said that these drawings could not now be exhibited in Budapest.

"I replied," said Mr. Roland, "that they could not be shown in London either." They had had a good laugh at this after he had made out the cheque, both being very amused and both understanding without any explanation that in Budapest the pictures would have been too modern, in London too old-fashioned.

"Now you could put them on show in any gallery in Budapest," I observed. In my mind's eye I was already seeing these delicate, translucently clear drawings hung in the István Csók Gallery, with one or the other possibly in the gallery's shop window on Váci Street. How many people, I wondered, would dream back their youth? These pictures ought to be taken home, after all.

"Now you could show them here too," answered the art dealer. Public taste has changed in both places. In London the monopoly of non-figurative painting, in Budapest that of naturalism and the idyllic approach, has been broken. Throughout the morning we saw hardly any abstract pictures—even these were rather part of the permanent stock of the galleries. Among the works of the new artists—if four or five shows are anything to go by—there were none at all. One of the many pictures I saw has left an indelible impression on me.

Right next door to Roland's gallery there is a small, charming exhibition room, the Reid Gallery. I felt the air of genuineness as soon as we entered. At the very next moment a picture caught my eye and refused to let it go. Its title is "London," but it was only later that I read it, for with or without the title it did indeed show the city. A few days ago I read something that William Blake once wrote about London, and this occurred to me now: "I behold London, a human awful wonder of God." Can it be that the young painter (William Goldsmith—and he really was young, no more than thirty) also knew this line of Blake's and that it had helped inspire him as he painted? I waived away this very literary and therefore unpic-

torial thought. The painter saw his city and he had a vision of it. In the course of years he had absorbed that strange, shiny and granular mist that hovers over London and which I enjoy every morning from the sixth floor of my hotel, those almost jerky changes of colour at dusk for whose sake I have never taken the Underground late of an afternoon, however hard pressed I have been for time. The sixth floor occurred to me because this painting also looks down on the city from on high, though I knew for certain (a point which Cooke also confirmed) that there is no place in London from which just this can be seen, in this same way. In the background I recognized the contours of Tower Bridge, but this merely illustrated Picasso's teaching that every picture, however abstract or far removed from reality it finally becomes, must set out from a portion of real life. Goldsmith has assembled his city from the relations between colours and lights. At the centre, where we suspect the Thames should lie, there are vague, airy, or "watery" splashes, with angles and step-like formations on either side reminiscent of cubism. These, however, are neither cubist elements nor steps, but visions of houses. The tone of the painting is bluish green, yet not dark. How he does this, I do not know.

Now I remember another of his pictures—a reclining female nude. It was Cooke who drew my attention to it. "Look, it could also be a landscape." Indeed, it was divided in two by a horizon, the ground, flooring or earth on which the female body lies could also be the grassy foreground of a large tract of land, the arm, cast back in a relaxed pose and reaching slightly upward, would be a tree-trunk, the toes, shrubs. All this is no futile playfulness, though it is probably also not a conscious effort but the influence of abstract and surrealistic painting on realistic art, the triumph of the picture's soul (as Károly Lyka would say) over the title which happened to have been given it.

It is something of this kind that young Hungarian artists are after—this was the explanation I furnished Cooke for the unusual interest and veritable enthusiasm with which I inspected the picture and which would not let me get away from it. I was enthusiastic not because the picture was a masterpiece—it was not quite that. Rather it was because I had once more discovered an identical feature, and again in the matter of the young, though Cs. or M. in Budapest may never have heard of Goldsmith or seen an inch of his work. There is something in the air of the arts—an endeavour to get beyond the two extremes and, in the midst of the debate on figurative or non-figurative art, to produce figurative work that will also hold its own as abstract art or non-figurative paintings that will not be divorced from reality.

Cooke patiently listened to me, stroked his red rose—this does not appear to be a sign of anything in particular with him—then said that Mr. Diamond Ring had been right after all.

"You ought to go in for drawing; then you would do all this beautifully yourself."

"Good Lord, what do you mean?" I protested, for I had perforce to recognize the sympathetic irony of the painter. "Why, I can't even express it in writing."

"That's because it can't be done in words."

The day of argument, London, November 2nd

I have passed the Central Building of London University every day so far, mostly by car. Elderly taxi drivers and Hungarian emigrants of long standing have always pointed to the huge tower and told me that this was the seat of the Ministry of Information during the war. Actually I would have to do no more than walk round Russell Square to get to the main entrance. This afternoon I nevertheless came rushing along by taxi from the West End, because I had a luncheon invitation which I could not put off, while this morning a letter arrived to tell me that Professor Hugh Seaton-Watson was expecting me at 3 p. m. at his institute, the School of Slavonic and East European Studies. The letter also mentioned that he had to deliver a University lecture at 4. p. m., so that my program organizer arranged another appointment for me at a quarter past four.

In London and in every other Western metropolis man proposes and traffic disposes. It was in vain that I got up from table at half past two, in vain that I perjured myself by telling my host that I never drank espresso coffee and that it was really not worth his while to take me to a genuine espresso in Soho (run by Budapest people under an Italian name). I flung myself into a taxi and spent half an hour of the five minutes' journey motionless in a traffic jam—what we call a cork, and the British a bottleneck. To be late... at a University... seeing a professor... I felt like an idle student. I panted as I knocked at the door and began excusing myself even to the secretary. She listened to me with a courteous smile, for one does not interrupt a guest (this is one of the things we might pay more attention to in Budapest), then told me with an even more disarming smile that the Professor was not yet here.

This was something that had not yet happened to me in London, and I began to feel more at home. "Perhaps an unforeseen engagement?" I ven-

tured. Oh no, I was to sit down please, said the secretary and exchanged looks with another girl and a young man who were working in the same room. I waited, thumbed through an issue of the Illustrated London News dated November 1959, and read an interesting article about an archaeological find in Asia Minor. The telephone rang, the secretary looked at me, said "yes," nodded, put back the receiver, and I knew she would say what my secretary usually coos to people who are waiting for me in similar situations: "He is sorry, his car's developed some trouble, he'll be here immediately."

He really did arrive soon, and I hardly recognized him. It is true that some fifteen years have passed since we met in Budapest; he then visited Hungary as a young scholar studying what use the Hungarians were making of democracy. He had—at least I believe he had—a touch of remorse, or rather a desire to make reparations, for his eminent father had attacked not only the old feudal and oppressive Hungarian State but the Hungarians in general, without distinction. His son, his heir not only in his interests but also in his University Chair, may not be primarily concerned with the peoples and States comprised in the territory of the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, but I know that he nevertheless always keeps an eye on events in Hungary, frequently commenting on them. I must confess here in writing, for unfortunately we never got that far in our conversation, that it was my intention to try and ask him for an article in *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, offering him a completely free hand in voicing his opinions. However, as I was saying, I looked at him in surprise, for I had remembered him as being some five years my junior, yet standing before me I now saw a completely grey, very corpulent man with elderly movements.

He excused himself for having been late, but not being as polite as his secretary I interrupted him straight away and said:

"A musician myself..."

I said this in Hungarian, and he seemed to understand the words, though he did not appear to have learned this important bit of Budapest slang during his visit. "A musician myself," I explained, is derived from the times when gipsy musicians took a plate round in the restaurants. It was then that the young nightbirds who did not want to give anything would say "I'm a musician myself, don't ask me." I was a musician myself, he need not apologize to me for being late.

We were in a good mood as we walked into his tiny study. The room is not really all that small, but books and periodicals sprawled all over shelves, cupboards, armchairs and floor. I felt more and more at home. At the centre of the room, on the near side of the writing table, there was one of those old-fashioned office chairs that you see in American films with plots laid

at the turn of the century—it swivels round like a piano stool, but it has a back and arm rests. On the back there was a small metal plate with an inscription.

"It used to be my father's," said the Professor. "The plate was put on it by his pupils."

I moved away from it, for if this was a sacred relic I preferred to sit somewhere else.

"It really is better for me to sit there," said Hugh Seaton-Watson. "It's very rickety, and the former chair of Scotus Viator would be certain to collapse under the weight of a Hungarian."

We finally managed to find our places—he in the paternal seat, I in an armchair.

"A good paper, this Quarterly of yours," he said.

"I'm glad," I answered. I really was glad to hear this from an expert on Central and Eastern European affairs, and not a little astonished that it should come from a scholar who has in recent years struck a particularly critical note with respect to Hungary.

"Don't be glad. The paper is too good."

He laughed and did not immediately explain what he meant. Nevertheless the whole of our long conversation, exhausting even in the purely physical sense of the word, centred round this issue. For the time being he inquired after mutual acquaintances and remarked that Budapest will always live in his memory as the city of youth and spring, because this was where he met his later wife, who was then working at the British Legation. I was a trifle taken aback when he next put a question that was not quite worthy of an expert, for though I have heard it often in the past few weeks, the questioners were always laymen or indifferent inquirers. Life was presumably pretty sad in Budapest now, he said. I did not want to get involved in this issue, so I pointed to our hair and said that youth and spring were alas far from us now, yet I would not call this sad.

The conversation had ceased to be as pleasant as I had hoped and as it had been at the outset. I tried once or twice to return to the friendly, bantering tone in which most of my conversations in London have been conducted and which has made it possible to express contrary views while the atmosphere of the talks would nevertheless become increasingly favourable. When I noticed that my efforts were of no avail, I did not make a third attempt, nor did I avert his earlier allusion with a joke but expounded my opinion that in Hungary the present could not be properly evaluated without the past and that there were two pasts, even though they were not of equivalent standing—a perfectum, and a praeteritum imperfectum—the

times before 1945 and the period of the personality cult. People in Hungary compare their own situation and social developments to the two pasts.

Hugh Seaton-Watson did not doubt that the situation in Hungary is today better than it was, say, ten years ago. But he attaches no significance to the fact. He unexpectedly asked me whether I had been recently to Poland. Did I know conditions there?

I told him I had not, and though I have some idea of the situation there, I was not as fortunate as he, to be able to pursue Slavonic and East European studies at one and the same time. We would do better to stick to the Hungarians. All right, but he had only said this because nowadays there were many Poles with scholarships in London—scientists, writers, artists, students — and these too all said the kind of thing I did. "They're very pleasant chaps besides, but actually these are the most dangerous double agents."

This was the first time during my visit to Britain that I grew angry. What was this? What was this son of Scotus Viator saying? He noticed my anger but continued undisturbed, saying that these Poles, through their personal charm and a favourable description of conditions in their country, lulled people's consciences. They kept saying they are Britain's friends, but they rendered the most valuable services to the Russians. "Such people are the greatest danger to the Free World," he declared, "because they render more acceptable, more palatable, something that is ultimately unacceptable."

There was an instant during this tirade when I thought that I must rise and, observing the strictest etiquette, take my leave. However, I waited till he had finished and was intently watching the effect of his words. I was in a bad mood, so I again made use of a joke. A little while back, I said, I had used a piece of Budapest slang. Would he now allow me to quote a peasant saying? This one would probably need no explanation: "He speaks to his daughter, it's for the daughter-in-law to hear."

"Well, just as you like. I meant no offence."

"I'm sure you didn't," I replied. "Nor do I want to offend you when I say you are a Stalinist."

If my aim had been to startle him, this was plainly successful. But he parried well:

"I'm not a Marxist; how can I be a Stalinist?"

"Simply," I answered, "in that you are one not from the Marxist, but from the humanist, progressive point of view. Your standpoint is, in its way of thought, in its approach to the world, a twin brother of Stalin's theory that the class struggle becomes ever sharper during the building of socialism. Therefore the better things are, the worse they become. I might

simply have called you dogmatic, but then perhaps you would not appreciate that what you have said is both inhuman and absurd. According to this idea, what would best suit your books would be to have the greatest possible destitution, the least freedom, the sharpest and most ruthless class struggle waged in Hungary, Poland and the other socialist countries."

My temper had got the better of me, I may even have raised my voice somewhat. I was also annoyed at my own short-sightedness or deafness, for this was not the first time I had heard this tone, only not so overtly. I have sometimes passed by certain innuendoes that either cast doubt on my opinions on conditions at home or seemed to express indignation at my daring to remove the soil of some old, tried argument from under the speaker's feet. Even though this did strike me at the time, I had merely thought that it was difficult to change an entrenched or intransigent attitude—both in this country and ours—and that surely I, who favoured and respected tolerance, could not afford to lose my patience in the very fatherland of tolerance. Now I saw that there had been more to it than I had thought, for Professor Seaton-Watson was certainly not the only person to hold such views.

"Look, Professor," I said, breaking the silence. "I believe you have not pursued this line of thought to its ultimate conclusions. You don't like the Hungarians, the Poles, the Russians, the Bulgarians, and you're entitled not to, of course, though I don't see why in that case you are a professor precisely of Slavonic and Eastern European studies."

He protested, saying of course he liked them, he was devoting his life to studying them, just as his father had done.

I did not enter into an argument over this, for it was no more than the first half of what I wanted to say. "But this view also means that you cannot like the English or the Scots either, for the political practice of your theory is inevitably war."

"On the contrary," he answered. "It is your theory and practice of dilution that leads to war. That is just what I would like to avoid."

This sentence was at last an island in the stormy sea of our argument. I proposed that we start re-thinking it all from the beginning. Let us return to his first sentence. Would he prefer *The New Hungarian Quarterly* to be a bloodhound or an ass, instead of a giraffe?

This question was as far as we got, and it was fortunate that his secretary came in at this moment—fortunate, because she now saw smiles on our faces and not the perspiration of battle. Did we know that it was a quarter to five and that his students were impatiently waiting for him? Not to mention my appointment at a quarter past four. We jumped up and began snatching up our things.

"I'd like you to think about what I've said though," said Hugh Seaton-Watson.

"Gladly, but only on a reciprocal basis."

He promised.

I also promised that I would not wish for conditions in Britain to deteriorate, because...

He laughed, "All right, all right, I understand."

I was on tenterhooks by now, but he stopped to look for some pamphlets and reprints—his latest works. "Won't you get into trouble if I dedicate them?" he asked.

Bonfire at Highgate. November 4th

My last day but one is impossible to describe. For a month I have every evening written down what I must not fail to look at, whom I still have to ring up, whom I would like to invite to lunch, what I must buy my family and friends, which book I absolutely must take with me. The slip grew longer and longer, in the small hours of my more wakeful nights I would rewrite it, but even so it was seven ells long, like the beards of the dwarfs in the fairy tale. (I must not forget to buy a book of English folk stories.) Luckily Monica had invited me to a bonfire party this evening. Monica Pidgeon is a journalist, an architect, an excellent photographer and editor of *Architectural Design*. I know her from Turin, and she wrote appreciatively of the Hungarian exhibition there in her journal.

She gave me another ring this morning, suspecting that I had misunderstood her, and quickly tested my knowledge of bonfirology.

Yes, I knew what a bonfire was. I also knew that on the night of the 4th to the 5th of November, respectable England does something of a somersault. They light bonfires, stand round them while the youngsters leap over them, and let off crackers, like the French on July 14th or our village lads at a parish festival before the First War. Guy Fawkes forfeited his life because of some barrels of gunpowder three-hundred-odd years ago, but the tradition-loving people of England have celebrated the anniversary of Parliament's fortunate escape ever since. So Monica too was throwing a bonfire party.

"But be sure to come," she said. "Don't worry, there'll be lots of people. Three generations. You'll see for yourself. And I've told everyone that I've invited a Hungarian guest, but a genuine one from Hungary."

"Maybe you're preparing that bonfire for me?" I asked.

"I told you in Turin that you people should get rid of your obsessions. What we're going to burn on the bonfire is a rag doll which we shall first

appoint to be Guy Fawkes. And there'll be decent drinks. But how are you going to find our house? It's a new street, next to Highgate Cemetery. Just tell the taxi driver it's behind the church."

Crackers were bursting all over the place by the time I got into the taxi.

"St. Ann's Close," I said to the driver.

"Do you know where it is, sir?" he asked.

I told him as much as I knew. The driver rubbed his head. It was a dense, dark evening, with a drizzling fog. Highgate Cemetery lies on a hillside. We went up and up so long, I thought we would soon land at the look-out tower on top of Mount János near Budapest.

"Here's the church," said the driver. We flashed the headlights at it and tried to get round it, but it was no use. The driver did some inquiring, then explained that he had a family, that there were many good customers tonight, moreover that he was Irish and did not like lottering about cemeteries at night. It would be far easier for me to find St. Ann's Close on foot. I paid and he went off.

I climbed further still up the hillside and finally discovered a street which bent back on itself to somewhere behind the church. There were scattered houses, wide gardens, roads overgrown with grass and almost no public lighting. I landed on a street called Highgate West Hill, asked some people the way, then set off for the other side of the church. Nothing doing. I went on just the same for I now saw the glare of flames from afar. That must be it, the bonfire! I quickened my pace like the poor lad in the fairy tale when he discovers a light flickering in the depths of the forest.

Another ten minutes brought me close to the flames. The bonfire was blazing away in the vicinity of a good-looking modern villa, not far from the paved street but a good way off from the house, because the wind was blowing the sparks about. There were many people standing round it, children, teen-agers, grown-ups and old people. Not just three generations, as Monica had said, but four. There must have been about eighty persons in all. I stood at the edge of the group. A young man said "Hello," I helloed back to him and watched the fire. A gang of kids was chanting: "Remember, remember the fifth of November," then, bursting into inarticulate yells, dragged a rag doll from the house and gleefully threw it on the fire. Little girls ran forward from behind the house, each holding three or four balloons in their hands. When they got to the fire, they let them loose.

I had a very good time. The flames of the bonfire shot up high, and a fire always has a certain enchantment about it. I had imagined a lot of things before I set out for Britain, but I would hardly have dreamed that I would be standing by the roadside gazing at a fire and listening to old

English songs. We tend to imagine the English as cool, unbending and completely urbanized—I think that on hearing someone talk of the English *people* most of us conjure up the picture of a gentleman in a top hat. But this was more like our own Whitsun festivities, the tree-hauling or other ancient popular games. Not in its subject, of course, but in character, intimacy and the fact that the participants play and at the same time take it seriously. The way they leaped about the fire and cheered while the rag doll smouldered needs no quotation marks, they did it sincerely like children, like the people.

I was grateful to Monica for having invited me. I wanted to go up to her but could not find her in the multitude around the fire. She must have gone indoors. What a lot of sandwiches one was expected to eat! A burning ember flew into the garden, where it was quickly stamped out, but only those standing near it moved. The rest of us stayed by the fire, watching the flames. By now the lowest logs had caught fire and the topmost were still glowing. We just stared into the flames without speaking. I do not for a moment imagine that anyone was thinking of Guy Fawkes. As to myself it is only now as I describe it all that John Huss and Jeanne d'Arc come to my mind. While I watched, I merely felt man's primitive—and a trace of primitive man's—delight at that first and greatest of miracles: fire. We were captivated by its magic, and all of us surrendered to it. I shared with these strange people the excitement and intoxication caused by the fire. I only felt a shudder when the pyre began to collapse and its structure became visible through the flames, reviving memories of another burning pile. This was just how a four-story building on Margit Boulevard, next to the Franciscans' Church, had flamed, revealed its skeleton, collapsed and become ashes in February 1945. Were these Londoners also recalling the blitz? Were they too perhaps thinking that they wanted to see no more bonfires that were not made by themselves in compliance with a tradition, playfully, ceremoniously, with children releasing balloons round them?

Slowly we began to drift into the house. The young man who had helloed to me when I came asked whether I had liked it. Thinking he must have recognized me from Monica's description, I remarked that this was the first time I had seen this kind of thing and that I was very glad. "Oh-h-h," he drawled, and in English this can mean absolutely anything. So to make sure he had understood I added that I was a Hungarian. He showed no interest at all. "Well," he muttered after a while, "You've found your place in this country, then." Oho, I thought, Monica does not seem to have been sufficiently accurate after all in announcing my coming. Instead of explain-

ing, however, I merely said to the young man that I was a Hungarian from Budapest, not from London. The change was striking. He had me sit down in a corner, beckoned to his wife, introduced me as his Hungarian friend, and asked whether it was true that life in Hungary had improved.

"It's better than here," I answered. "We singe pigs on our fires at this time of year, not rag dolls."

Talk of pigs led to food, this in turn to life in general, and then to the atmosphere. We drank tea and more and more people came and sat round us on little cushions or on the thick carpet. But where was Monica? With half an ear I kept hearing over and over again how those who had sat there longer whispered to the newcomers: "A Hungarian from Budapest," to make sure there was no mistake—I was the genuine article. Monica should be satisfied, I was proving an attraction to her guests. But where was Monica? A young girl took a vast dish round, offering a thousand tiny sausage things. That's it, that must be Monica's elder daughter. I took one of the little sausages with toothpicks stuck through them and asked her where her mother was. She pointed towards the far corner of the big room. I looked, but I did not see her. She thrust the dish into the hands of the lad who was dancing attendance on her and led me up to her mother. English *sang froid* is in any case a superstition, but it was now certain that I had acquired none of it. I was standing before a strange lady. I embarked on a stammering explanation, I was afraid, they must excuse me, I was very sorry indeed, but the bonfire by the street... I had not found the house. Finally I managed to make it plain that I appeared to have gate-crashed into a strange house. The lady smiled, the host squeezed my hand. Everything was all right. They had seen me come in with Arnold, they had thought he had brought me with him, I knew, didn't I, that he worked at the BBC. They hoped I was enjoying myself.

A quiet, cool trickle of perspiration ran down my back. I once more begged to be excused, thanked them for their hospitality and asked leave to depart. "Certainly not," said the hostess. "Now I want you to sit down nicely in this corner and tell me all about those pigs. Because that was all I heard of what you were saying over there."

I sat down, told them, drank their whisky, and answered a hundred and one questions that showed much interest, misinformation and a surprising amount of understanding about Hungary. At second try they let me go, but not alone. Arnold came with his car, and we studied the map. We could not find St. Ann's Close, no one had heard of it, so we set out in the dark and stopped at the first policeman. He told us. It turned out that there were two churches at Highgate; the taxi had stopped at the wrong one.

At Monica's I saw nothing but the smouldering embers. They gave me a thorough scolding, till Arnold came to my rescue. I had to tell them about every detail of the rival bonfire. When I came to the end, Monica said: "And tell me, what's this about singeing the pigs?"

*

Dawn was breaking by the time I returned to the hotel. My train for Harwich was to leave at half past eight. I began packing, it was not really worth going to bed. I was so overcome with fatigue that I began to mumble to myself: "I'm tired, I'm tired." The spoken word recalled an English sentence to me. Where had I heard it? Where had I read it? As I packed my books, the fine, thick volume of Dr. Johnson went to the bottom of the trunk. That was it, it was in the museum-home of the great Doctor, somewhere around Lincoln's Inn, that I had read it. Or was it the gentle and wise Mrs. MacLeod who had quoted the Doctor to me? It said something to this effect: He who is tired of London, is tired of life, for London gives a man everything that life has to offer.

I straightened myself. Who's tired here? What a fine saying! Everything that life... All of a sudden I felt like inviting Dr. Johnson to visit Budapest.

THE VISUAL POWER OF THE WRITTEN WORD

by

MILÁN FÜST

Instead of beginning with abstract considerations, I propose to show immediately by an example how much the visualizing power of the word depends, among other things, on the context—its environment as it were.

Suppose Flaubert, the great master of French prose, were to set this task to his young pupil Maupassant: "Write me about a red rose, my lad," he might say, "but mind, you are to fashion it so that it will startle your reader's eyes, dazzle him with its beauty. Imagine you actually received such a rose from someone, and it was so beautiful it made your heart ache under the impact of certain memories. You need not cling, though, to the red colour at all costs; but whatever the colour is it must make my eyes sparkle: *that* you've got to achieve at all costs. In a word, then, you were given a rose which was so marvellous that its very glory rent your heart with pain; that is the experience which it will now be your business to conjure up on paper."

So far the theme. Now, if I were in Maupassant's place, how should I best set about it?

Obviously, if I merely write down the phrase as it is, it will evoke but little response. For one thing, the rose will by no means shine as it is supposed to have shone to me when I was given it; worse, the words "it made my heart ache" amount to no more than a barren statement, and my purpose is not that what I say should be believed but that it should be experienced—in other words, it should make *his* heart ache who reads my text. Nor is this purpose easy to attain, precisely because the task is defined in all too simple terms, but we may at once derive a special hint from what little our hypothetical task-setter has added to the mere formula of the theme. It is not for nothing that the old fox has immediately come to doubt whether the red colour would be to the best purpose. It does not,

in fact, seem so, and why not? Somehow the word itself is not beautiful enough: it does not shine in the measure we need, nor are we likely to gain anything by substituting, say, "scarlet" or "crimson" for "red." On the other hand, "yellow" would seem to promise a stronger visualizing effect, if only because it is a more melodious word and, hence, perhaps able to contribute more powerfully to some accord of images and moods. So let us write down tentatively:

> "It was such a marvellous yellow... what a mere colour is able to do to you: I looked at it until it made my heart ache."

Still nothing, of course. What if I make a double reference to the colour of the rose, with a slight variation? Thus:

> "It was such a marvellous colour... what a mere colour is able to do to you, a single yellow rose: I looked at it until it made my heart ache."

Little or no progress again, but perhaps with this last experiment we have got nearer the right track: Why not try the dodge of amplification more extensively? If I enrich the motif with associations, increase (so to speak) its atmosphere, perhaps I shall then have provided my yellow hue with a medium from which it may flash out more luminously. Let me see: what exactly is that colour like? What does it make me think of mainly? Should it be summer afternoons? Very likely:

> "The image of slated roofs, bright with sunlight, suddenly emerged before my eyes—oh sunshine flower, my lovely flower, thou yellow rose!—and I thought of my mother, and of many other things, until all my heart was aching."

The trouble with this is that it is too lyrical, and rather forcedly so. The author trims, labours, not to say patronizes his subject so that it may please the reader. Still, when all is said and done, the yellow rose does shine a little more brightly this time.

Again, we might try to enhance its splendour by approaching it with an impetuous flourish as it were, taking a deep breath first and so launching ourselves towards it: "Burning bright was it, that yellow rose, like..." and then hit upon a suitable simile; but in fact it is not even very important what form of comparison we use, for the simile, once completed, will produce its effect mainly by virtue of its formal suggestiveness, which by itself suffices to raise the object into higher relief. On second thought, however, we had perhaps better choose an even wider detour; that is to say, instead of displaying immediately the tone of rapture, let us resort to the inverse method: A start in a quiet and slow key, and then after a while suddenly throw the object into a focus of high emphasis, for in so proceed-

ing we have a better chance of stirring the reader's mood by the impact of contrast. More, with this aim in view, I would first apply a trifle of vocal hallucination in order to draw the reader's attention away from the visual sphere and ensure his being taken by surprise and defenceless when the radiant hue casts its spell upon him. This I may attempt to do in some such fashion:

> "I continued turning the leaves of my book—there was a stillness about me, the dull and deaf afternoon stillness of summer days, a silence in whose deep womb I sometimes seemed to hear (I wonder if this happens to others too) a kind of distant drone. It was like an organ sounding from far away, and then, all of a sudden, my moving glance fell upon the table, as if arrested by an apparition: the aerial form of a lovely blonde watching my thoughts, never uttering a word but smiling, smiling at my stubborn sadness, for there lay a yellow rose on my table... and oh but it was beautiful! The sight of that beauty—as it does happen sometimes—made my heart ache."

Well, I daresay that is slightly better, but still it is far from satisfactory; if only because it lacks all solid foundation. What does it rest upon, after all? In other words, its appeal is insufficient because we know nothing definite about the narrator's state of mind, wherefore it might be said that the whole thing is floating in the air rather uncertainly. Anyway, we have learnt by now, beyond all doubt, that we must give the flower an ampler milieu and confer upon it a stronger emphasis by setting it against that ambient background.

Hence we may infer that the word will seldom suffice by itself: that, to borrow a term from the language of physics, it will also need a potential of tension or, again to vary the metaphor, a positional energy. To be sure, a spring is a spring even when it happens to be in a position of rest, but it is more of a spring—it really acts as a spring—only when it is extended. Literature is a world in which every word needs such a tension or "pitch": we may then say that the word has "force," "point," "tautness," or that it "works." We used also to say, in praise of a literary passage that "every word is in its place." (Of course, the same applies to other arts as well: in the fine arts the shapes and colours and in music the sounds must likewise possess a "potential" comparable to that of a tense spring.) Moreover, not only the words as such but all other elements, aspects and motifs of the work are subject to this law; not unless every one of these has its proper tension can the work truly reveal a life of its own. Consequently, let us apply ourselves to the task of furnishing that rose with an even richer environment, which is to say with even more energy. No, let's not be afraid

of adopting the rhythm of the northern story-tellers beating out, as it were, a wide breath in a sequence of short sentences set one beside the other and, finally, giving the story a title! A title immediately provides a sort of unifying principle: it offers a definite goal to the reader's mind and thus helps us to sway his imagination. Suppose we choose "The Story of a Belated Traveller" as a title, and begin:

"Four men were walking together by the pier, all arm-in-arm; otherwise the port seemed deserted that afternoon. Four little stocky black chaps: upon my word exactly like four black Haverland sausages—if you could make them stand up-right, that is. Around the four sausages, four uniform suits of black, and atop the suits, four black bowler hats: dapper little things with exceedingly narrow brims. In addition to that, four umbrellas, as it should be; black again, needless to say. So they continued walking in close array, these four somethings—until they suddenly dropped in somewhere. I looked sharp: of course it was a tavern; I had guessed right. And now, going by the Laws of Assimilation, 'I expect it is sausages they'll eat in that alehouse,' I muttered to myself, as though in search of something to laugh at, but in vain—I did not happen then to be in a mood for laughter.

"'Even the sea bores me today' I decided, 'I'm going home.' For, as a matter of fact, where else should I go? Into what strange worlds could I flee? Twilight had set in, and the night was drawing close now.

"Home I went then. Traversing the market-place—wriggling my way amid the green stalls and baskets of the market-wives in their starched skirts, passing by the statue of St. Olave—I presently stood at the entrance of my hotel. Upstairs I rushed, the quicker the better! My room was plunged in darkness, and I stopped still in the doorway.

"Can anybody tell me how on earth I've got here, I wonder! What have I to do with these grey quilts, these musty armchairs yawning at me as if we had grown weary of life together? What obscure power has driven me hither, to find myself among this mouldy furniture: these stale cupboards, these desolate shelves which have never belonged to anyone for more than a day? To some belated traveller, to be sure, just like myself: carrying in his head all sorts of shadowy worlds with him, now bursting into brief laughter, now (instead of going to bed) sinking down upon the table and murmuring to himself: 'Maria, why, oh why have you left me so alone?'

"'Don't forget to bring your violin tonight, Nielsen'—a yell sounding from the street, while I was still standing in the dark, close by the door. Suddenly, now, I turned on the electric light—and in that

> very moment, my heart all but stopped beating from surprise. 'Whoever has put *this* here?' and I stepped up to the table. For there, on my table, shone a wonderful, fiery red rose in a tall, slender crystal cup: so glorious was it that the words stopped dead on my lips: indeed, its beauty made my heart ache with pain. Quickly, then, I went up to the open window, and lo! no sooner did I look around than a head disappeared from the window beside mine, and that it was a blonde head, so much was sure, as sure as I was alive. Who might it be? who lived in that room?—this I must know at once. Without a moment's pause, I raced out to inquire; or rather, I did pause for a moment, stopping at the table and saying to her—the rose, I mean—'O you marvellous thing,' or that I longed to embrace her, or some such sweet nonsense."

So far the example, and the moral we may directly draw from it, is: First, we have needed a vast manifold of things in order to make the rose shine on that table as luminously as it was meant to. Secondly, as you will perhaps agree, our exercise has led us to trace out the contours of a complete story (for obviously, the yarn might be spun out following upon the vestiges of the blonde who vanished from the window); or to put it differently, the image we aim at stressing must, so as to be really alive, grow out of a real "soil," it must be placed in a structural "whole," and together with that "whole" be conceived again in the writer's mind. Lastly, observe how, in this example, the red colour which we had provisionally rejected suddenly awoke to real life and became usable again, owing to an environment from which it would blaze forth powerfully. Here is one more proof of our contention that the life of a word also depends, to a great extent, on its surroundings.

But in fact I feel that, proceeding from the above example, I have something far more important to say. Perhaps we have at last arrived, here, at a point where we can set down certain definite principles. To begin with, let us inquire once more into the role of the actual experience underlying literary creation. Reduced to its barest outlines, the experience amounts to no more than that I was once greatly impressed by a red rose. On what occasion; from what causes?—that cannot perhaps be described at all, seeing that for others it may lack all interest. As likely as not, from anybody else's point of view the determinants of my experience were nothing but a tissue of irrelevant contingencies. Take an example: on the day in question, I had a tooth pulled and this had made me very sentimental: "Well, well," I said to myself, "how the time passes away: there are my teeth going"; very conceivably, it was this mood of mellow resignation that had made me

particularly susceptible to the charm of the flower when I chanced to see it. Yet whatever the reason had been, once I felt that charm it was such a glorious, such an unforgettable moment that it aroused in me the desire of setting a monument to that rose, and this desire was the original stimulus of my work. Now the actual rose of my experience was (by supposition) a red one, but what do I care about historical accuracy? Or to put it better, once I have started on my work and it carries me away by its momentum, why should I care any longer whether or not I depict the flower as red? Then I am no longer intent on anything but *conveying* an experience, *generating* a spell, and that at all costs; accordingly, my original experience is losing more and more its importance in proportion to my stronger, my predominant desire to render the thing I write beautiful and effective. This being so, why should I stick to the red colour? Whoever is incapable of such a sovereign disloyalty towards the "historical fact" is, whatever else he may be, no artist.

This is precisely what sets the artist apart from both the reporter, and, more particularly, the dilettante: that both, each in his own way, abide by reality, tooth and nail, whereas the artist does not. The dilettante chews the end of his memories, watches his own reelings, bewails his life: he is in tears while he works, and the work itself melts asunder in his hands.

The artist, too, may weep, but what moves him to tears is not the misery of his life but the delight he takes in his work, for his main concern is to achieve an effect—upon himself, to begin with—and that exclusively by the vigour and beauty of his creation. Therefore, even though the real rose were red, I will not hesitate to make it yellow if that works out better on paper: similarly, though my lady-love had in fact been short in stature, I will brazenly convert her into a tall girl, should my material require it—if, for instance, a small one already plays a part in my tale; but I may equally betray my own mother, poor dear, endowing her with traits entirely alien to her real person, such traits as are better calculated to enhance the autonomous life of the work. What the "paper" demands of me becomes the law of my own will; whatever the requirements of the work—the harmony of composition, the tonal and visual effects of the moment, the necessity of contrasts, the implications of word-context—impose on me and my imagination will sway my own desire and dictate the course of my action.

Thus, in our main example, why did I decide upon this choice of words?

> "... to find myself among this mouldy furniture: these stale cupboards, these desolate shelves which have never belonged to anybody for more than a day? To some belated traveller, to be sure, just like myself: carrying in his head all sorts of shadowy worlds with him,

now bursting into a brief laughter, now (instead of going to bed) sinking down upon the table..."

When I might rather have written "now sinking down upon the table to weep?" Perhaps, indeed, that is what had actually happened; also laughter and weeping form a natural contrast, in itself a commendable means of emphasis, and yet I veered away from this course, seeing that it would have suffused the passage with a degree of sentiment out of place at this particular point. Rather, I blunted the edge of the contrast by the matter-of-fact insertion "instead of going to bed."

Again, I wrote "and murmuring to himself, 'Maria, why, oh why have you left me so alone?'" The narrator presents here what are obviously his own thoughts as though they were another's, a vague stranger's. Why did I choose this form of style in preference to letting him simply tell his own feelings as such? Once more, because it would be one shade too sentimental for the context; this I sought to avoid by means of diverse transpositions. And why do I call her Maria? I do it regardless of whether my one time light-o'-love did or did not bear the name, merely and exclusively because I deem that the name happens to be well in place here. "Jill," for instance, would be a misfit, but "Julia" would do quite tolerably, I am sure. A friend once pointed out to me that Burns in his charming song "The gowden locks of Anna" chose the name "Anna" instead of Ann not by mere accident but by the sure judgement of his artistic taste:

Yestreen I had a pint of wine
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.

Has the name itself illumined these lines? Indubitably, for let us put "Bertha" in its place and the contrast will show us the better how radiantly "Anna" dominates that verse.

For the sake of beauty and intrinsic vitality, the artist is ready to challenge the Lord God; but the truth is that his business is not so much to challenge Him as to enter into His designs. God Himself has so fashioned His World that the beauty and life-force of it should be the greatest powers therein, nor can women be prouder of their own beauty than is the artist of the beauty of his works. Love of beauty and of inherent vitality constitutes the inmost essence of the artist's soul; beauty is all his heart yearns for—no wonder he can seldom afford to care about the faithful presentation of reality. Whenever that does become his concern it is apt to be pursued

at the expense of beauty. Not to put too fine a point on it, he is often faced with the choice of being unfaithful either to his models or to beauty, and, if he decides to serve beauty throughout, what survives of the underlying experience? Perhaps nothing, or little more. When the point is reached where the thing on paper starts to display its magic, how far, then, is the experience from which its germ has issued left behind! This ineluctable transformation, in the course of which the original experience may come to be completely dissolved, is meant when we sometimes speak of the "arbitrariness of art," and this is what Shakespeare expresses with divine mastery in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (V, 1) setting forth his view of poetic creation in Theseus's words:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things *unknown*, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to *airy nothing*
A local habitation and a name."

THE "ELEVEN-PLUS" IN HUNGARY

by

JÓZSEF FEKETE

I

Unusual as it may seem, I would like to talk about the title of this article before getting down to the subject proper. No eleven-plus does in fact exist in Hungary, nor, consequently, can there be any eleven-plus anxiety such as has been so conspicuous in English education. But in Hungary, as everywhere, educators are trying to find an answer to the socially and individually important question that lies behind the catchword "eleven-plus": at what age and under what conditions should the choice of profession be made?

Thus I have not set myself the task of challenging the appropriateness of that Rubicon in English education; I would rather give an account of how the problem is being approached, on the basis of past and present experiences, in the Hungarian education system. This, of course, makes unavoidable a discussion of the eleven-plus system in respect both to the 11-year age limit (which is, in fact, 10 ½) and to the examination and the intelligence tests.

As will be explained in detail here, there is no such sharp dividing line in Hungary and such as exists is drawn at age 14, when the compulsory eight-form primary school has been completed, and without any tests—in most cases even without an examination. This age is, of course, not the one for a choice of profession, but it is certainly one for a decision as to the type of school, which, in turn, has an important influence on the choice of profession. Hungarian educators are convinced that this age limit is more democratic than the lower one and considerably more advantageous from the point of view of the individual's character formation and the development of his mental abilities. This is, however, but one stage in the efforts for successful individual education, which must stay within the limits of requirements and available possibilities. For this very reason it is considered most important for the door to be kept open for change or for

switching over, not only theoretically but practically, even beyond the age of fourteen.

With reference to educational experiences in Hungary, the first series were provided by the school system of the pre-1945 era. In Hungarian class-structured society at that time, the Rubicon was passed at the age of 10. It was at that age that the children—or rather their parents for them—had to decide to go to an eight-form secondary school, a four-grade "citizen's" (higher elementary) school, or a two-grade common school (which was actually an extension of the primary school) or to give up further study altogether—the latter being the practice in the village. The secondary school provided a general certificate of education and the chance of entering a university; attending the four-grade higher elementary school was a prerequisite for becoming a skilled worker or a minor clerk. Hardly more than technical was the possibility of changing from the higher elementary school to the corresponding form of the secondary school after passing a supplementary examination, and the actual number of those who did so was insignificant. Of course, no law compelled the children of one social class to go to one particular type of school when they had completed four-grade primary school; more effective were the pure facts of class society. Figures are available according to which only 4 per cent of all students in the country's secondary schools—the type of school which provided the best theoretical training—were of working-class or peasant extraction. Such data are all that emerge from statistics, but sociologists and thoughtful educators were able to observe more. They saw the secondary school of class society spoil from the general point of view of democracy the characters of most, or at least a great part, of those coming from below. Snobbery, opportunism, the desire to be one of the "gentlemen" (a word which in Hungary always had a semi-feudal flavour), represented enormous powers of erosion. For the few working-class, peasant and lower middle-class children who had gained admission, the Hungarian secondary school prior to 1945 was simply a narrow escape hatch into the middle class. When quoting these unwritten laws of Hungarian class society, I am speaking mainly of the 4 per cent who "managed to get in." But what a loss to the country—not to speak of the individual tragedies—was to be found in that overwhelming majority of working-class and peasant children left out of the 4 per cent.

History has thus sufficiently provided the representatives of the new Hungarian society, and especially those of public education, with experiences to give a clear insight into educational relationships after 1945. This insight was invigorated by recognition of the fact that education and, within

it, the question of the choice of profession constitute a social problem to be solved only by social means.

2

A number of social conditions are, in my view, indispensable for the freedom and appropriateness of the choice of profession.

The society I have in mind is one in which, first, maximum readiness to help goes together with the justified demand that the future prosperity of every child, and thus of all young people, be assured irrespective of origin and of the financial standing of the parents, and, second, the problem of choice of profession is raised as referring to the nation as a whole. Only in such circumstances does the resolving of socially conflicting individual inclinations, abilities and interests have any purpose at all, and without them the success of individuals or individual classes is secured, consciously or unconsciously, to the detriment of other classes of society.

The appropriateness of the individual's choice must be the concern of the whole nation, because the solution of this problem answers the question of how to use to best advantage the intellectual and material capacities of the people to serve the prosperity of the nation and of the individuals forming it.

First among the conditions for the free and appropriate choice of profession is therefore the presence or absence of unemployment.

Wherever unemployment is permanent or periodically recurrent, a more or less significant number of young persons are deprived of the possibility of a free and appropriate choice of profession, because the perspective of needing unemployment relief payments and of total poverty—be it but temporary—will drive them not toward the profession longed for and best suited to their capacities but toward a secure living. In capitalist Hungary, with unemployment prevailing, a considerable part of the youth tried to enter some branch of the civil service, regardless of whether they took any pleasure in arranging files, coupling railway carriages, or discharging the duties of a policeman. Similar symptoms may still be frequently observed in the capitalist countries.

Freedom of choice of profession is also limited, in a number of countries, by enormous differences in reward between the various professions and trades. It is inconceivable that those at the bottom of the social ladder, earning the lowest wages, would have freely chosen such life-work.

Due social esteem for every type of work is also an important condition. The well-done work of the boiler-smith and the professor of mathematics, the miner and the musicologist, ought to be equal in moral value to society.

Unfortunately, this is not yet the case. Even in socialist society, where so much has been done to reduce the different evaluations of intellectual and physical labour, people in many social strata do not as yet have this spirit fully. A typical illustration of this fact is provided by the number of young people who apply for enrollment in the Medical Faculty: if all the applicants could be admitted, in 8 to 10 years Hungary could supply a country of 200 million inhabitants with physicians. At the same time, however, there would be a shortage of stock-breeders and blacksmiths.

Of the obstacles to a free and appropriate choice of profession, unemployment has been completely got rid of in Hungary. Significant progress has been achieved also in the material appreciation of various trades. The social esteem of several professions has, however, not yet reached the proper standard. Not that the pursuit of any profession involves some kind of discrimination on the part of the social and State institutions—but some of the young people show an unjustified reluctance to perform physical labour, though the latter is becoming steadily easier and more and more filled with "intellectual" content.

The task of bringing about the conditions necessary for choice of profession devolves on society and the State. It is my belief that they can be completely ensured only in a classless society. This type of society alone will be able to integrate manpower management, to maintain a school system that can meet social requirements, and to allot at the appropriate moment adequate material and spiritual resources for the development of schooling. Moreover, the tensions of varying intensity between social and individual interests, which equally arise in the social, economic and educational fields, will be much more easily relieved in the socialist than in the capitalist society. The general increase of material well-being, the raising of the cultural level, the gradual elimination of hard physical labour, and the extension of free time are the decisive factors in relieving these tensions.

3

The creation by social means of the conditions favourable for the choice of profession can, however, ensure only the possibility of selection of a career and of preparing and being trained for it. What, then, must be done by the school in terms of training for a profession? What must be done by the young person to prepare for it, and what by school, parents and young people together in making the choice of profession?

I have already indicated that the final decision should rest with the student himself. But it is the duty of school and parents to assist him

with their advice, and an even more important task of both parents and school is to raise the child to a level of maturity that enables him to choose a career, to encourage him to assiduous and active preparation for that profession, and to give him the appropriate training.

The duties of the school and the parents in the preparation for and the choice of a career might thus be summed up in the following scheme: 1) general preparation, 2) advice on the decision, and 3) further training for the chosen profession.

Though primary schools have nowhere in the world been set up to prepare the child for the choice of profession—their task being to contribute to the development of a certain cultural standard of the population—they have nonetheless come by now to be regarded as instruments in the general preparation for that decision. However, the 5-to-6-grade primary schools (I have in mind mainly the English primary schools) are hardly suited to provide the general preparation, owing, among other things, to the young age of the students and the nature of the curriculum.

The right choice of profession places a number of demands on the young people.

Thorough self-knowledge takes first place in this series of demands. Only he who knows his own powers and limitations, his good and bad qualities, will be able to choose the right profession. Attractiveness of one or the other career is not all by far. It may happen that the profession in question is that of someone particularly dear to the young person and his work evokes the desire to follow him in his profession even though the gift for it may be lacking.

Self-knowledge is a most difficult matter. Thales was right in saying that the most difficult thing was to know one's own self. It can hardly be achieved unaided. Still, taken in its ideal sense, it is the most important element in the choice of profession.

To judge physical fitness is considerably easier. Fitness for a particular profession can be ascertained with almost absolute certainty by means of the tools and methods of modern medical science and psychology—at least for the time of testing.

The third factor in the choice of profession is knowledge about the various professions. Complete knowledge is out of question; it is difficult enough to gain thorough knowledge of 15 or 20 different professions. Books cannot convey a comprehensive picture; gaining knowledge through practice would require much time and needs systematic help. Moreover, it is in the appreciation of the professions that the influence of environment makes itself most conspicuously and often decisively felt. Another

fact is that the children are usually not inclined to follow the career of their father or mother.

The factors outlined in the foregoing can, in my opinion, not be expected to develop in the child before the age of fourteen, even if only ripeness of intellect is considered and allowance made for deficiencies in ideal standards. And even at that age subjective factors may still play a decisive role.

For this very reason I consider the practice of selecting students for the various types of school at the early age of 11 a rather hazardous one—and outright dangerous from the psychological and pedagogical points of view. The choice of grammar school, secondary technological school or modern school is in itself an indirect choice of profession. Later changes of school, as well as the social role of the three types of secondary school, have already been commented on.

Returning, now, to the choice of school at the age of 11, not only the problem of age but that of the selection itself comes up.

It can hardly be suggested that an 11-year-old child should decide on a particular type of school for further studies. There remains, therefore, the application of some method of selection as the principle of choice. In English schools various tests are favoured, together with pedagogic advice. The results of tests are not unequivocal even at an older age; applied at the age of 11 the tests offer only an uneven basis for judging a student. The opinions of psychologists and pedagogues vary as to the value of the tests. I, for one, agree with Mr. Pedley's ("Comprehensive Education," Gollanz, London, 1957, p. 28) that this method of selection created a defeatist atmosphere among the pedagogues who had come to believe that the intellectual development of children was predetermined and could not be influenced by the teacher.

Also interesting are the figures (published in one of Mr. Pedley's earlier works) on the number of students who leave school prematurely, which prove that the results of testing cannot be accepted unconditionally. According to these figures, 45.7 per cent of the students who were first refused admission to grammar school but later, at the age of 13, succeeded in enrolling, successfully passed the final examination, while 39.7 per cent failed. Of the group of students who had been admitted at the age of 11, 45 per cent passed and 40.1 per cent failed. The students who had first been refused are thus seen to have been successful in the same proportion as those who had been selected by the test system. As Mr. A. D. C. Peterson, director of the Oxford University Institute of Education, put it, the child is not "a measurable unit at 10 ½."

Nor do I consider the circumstance of sitting for an examination at the age of 11—or, for that matter, at 13—a very happy one. Examinations call forth a state of excitement in a child, and he is not himself when he takes one.

Selection based on tests also has a disturbing effect on the work of the primary school teachers. Because intelligence and education are closely interrelated and difficult to distinguish in the course of the tests, many teachers take pains to hammer the subject of the impending tests into the heads of the students as well as possible, instead of giving them thorough knowledge. There is even the danger that the teacher may be principally concerned with brighter students who have a better chance of getting into grammar school. And here the statement, concealed in question form, must be given once more: Do children of more prosperous and better educated parents not bring along more educational elements from their homes than the children of the humbler parents? Is it not a matter of general experience that children from educated families, aided by the educational elements continually supplied in their home environment, are apparently quicker in their intellectual progress?

Later on, the workers' children may "make it up," provided they still have a chance to compete and they are not compelled—as a consequence of an examination which they had to stand for at too early an age—to continue their studies at a school which sets lower standards—or, possibly, even in a weaker class of such a school.

It is to be feared that premature examinations tend to perpetuate the conditions under which the children of the "lower classes" remain in the modern school, together with all the other consequences.

Failure at examinations, especially if accompanied by a change of school, may at this age—and even later—cause a severe shock to the child and affect his whole life. This must be prevented by all possible means.

Finally, however commonplace it may seem, let me point out that it is a mistake to think that one is born either bright or stupid and that this cannot be changed. Gifts do not manifest themselves at a uniform age. There are child prodigies who know more at 11 than others do at 16, but many of them are not amazing as adults. On the other hand, not all of the great men of history showed themselves particularly gifted in childhood. I remember having read somewhere that Sir Robert Peel, that great British statesman and orator, showed rather mediocre abilities during childhood and did not excel with his memory. He was to develop into a formidable debater, a master in the art of exposing the contradictions in his opponents' speeches. His excellent memory was not developed from

one day to the other. He was systematically trained by his father to listen to speeches attentively. Tradition has it that he had to give a minute account of each Sunday's sermon. At the beginning it was difficult; later he managed to recite the sermon almost word by word at first hearing.

When discussing the question of the choice of profession we are not supposed to analyse the careers of exceptionally talented persons. Men of genius and persons with extraordinary gifts make up only a fraction of humanity. The same goes for the completely untalented. The majority is made up of persons with average abilities, between whom there are, as a matter of fact, considerable differences, but these differences are formed in the course of life. Those with average talent, and their children too, are full of desires; they want to be happy, they want to live, if possible, in a profession chosen by themselves and to know the happiness of creative work in that profession. In the following sections I wish to give a brief review of the principles and methods that prevail in Hungary in regard to preparation for and choice of profession of the students of average ability and in regard to the school system that prepares them for their decision. It must be kept in mind that choice of profession and preparation of the students make up, in Hungary too, one of the problems that has not yet been completely solved.

4

As for basic principles, the aim is to foster the rapid development of a socialist society by providing the national economy, the realm of science and the public administration with future workers, farmers, scientists and officials. It is also desired that everyone work, as far as is practicable, in the field most suitable for unfolding his capacities and for realizing his deepest wishes. The problem is being raised with reference to the nation as a whole and to every child.

It is the duty of both State and society to secure the best possible solution of the problems of choice and preparation. Their measures must cover two great fields: increase of the range of choice for the individual and facilitation of the choice of profession and the unfolding of the capacities required in the chosen profession by means of an adequate system of schooling and extension (or part-time) training.

The actual choice of profession should not take place earlier than the completion of the 14th year, and until that age every student should receive uniform, general and polytechnical education.

No intelligence tests at the age of 14 or 18 are used to determine the choice of profession of the students. Pursuance of studies at a school of a

higher type is generally secured by successful graduation from the lower school. However, admission to technical secondary schools, as well as to the universities and colleges, is subject to entrance examination.

Guidance of the students and observation of their abilities go together with education, which in turn affects the development of capacities and character. As in the whole work of teaching and education particular stress is laid on the development of character and will power, these properties are seriously considered in the course of choice of profession, over and above the intellectual capacities, cultural knowledge and other criteria.

There is nothing novel in these principles, since the building of character is also one of the aims of English, Swedish and American education. But I see here an advance in terms of the wide scope allowed to the various school bodies (youth organization, school and form community) in influencing the individual.

This fostering of public-mindedness in education is not the least of the factors which have, on the one hand, brought about over the past eight to ten years an easing of worries concerning the choice of profession and, on the other, rendered the problem of the hipster—the student whose object in life does not go beyond the sensual pleasures—less burning in Hungary than in many other countries. Also fewer in number are the youngsters who deem their lives aimless because they could not enter a university immediately upon leaving secondary school but have been told to prove in one or two years of practical work their fitness for the chosen career. It may be added that those who experienced also at school the collapse of prestige derived from descent and wealth more readily understand that the respect of the community can be gained only by means of talent and character.

In order to give the youth a knowledge of various professions beyond the usual scholastic opportunities, polytechnical training and practical lessons have been made a regular feature at every type of educational institution.

5

An attempt is being made to carry these principles into practice in the system of schools and extension courses to be described here.

Compulsory schooling in Hungary begins at the end of the 6th year and continues to the 16th. The children first enter the 8-grade primary school, which is divided into two sections of 4 grades each. In its teaching plan, the structure of the lower section (6—10 years) corresponds largely to that of the English primary school. In the villages the children are taught

by a single schoolmaster; in the cities and larger centres the subjects of drawing, manual training, gymnastics, and singing and musical training are taught by specially qualified teachers. As for the program of the four upper grades (11-14 years), a parallel may be drawn with the English modern school. The educational staff consists of qualified teachers, and the students study one foreign language as well as the usual subjects of the modern school. In addition, for two hours a week they are acquainted with various branches of the economy (metal and wood industries, chemical industry, agriculture); though the knowledge so gained is necessarily slight—as follows also from the age of the students—they do gain an insight into the workshops of various industries, come to know the raw materials, semi-finished and finished products, and have opportunity to see how the workers and peasants work. Besides, they are given an opportunity to learn simpler operations of a few trades in the school workshop. Girls are also taught the rudiments of housekeeping.

This training, though most useful from the viewpoint of choice of profession, is not sufficient in itself. It is therefore supplemented by visits to industrial plants, grammar schools, and industrial, agricultural and commercial colleges.

There are institutes of vocational advice for the primary-school students where information is given by technical experts, pedagogues and psychologists about various professions and advice, based on the aptitudes of the child, can be obtained on choosing a profession. This is similar to the English system, but I must admit that these advisory institutes have not yet come to play the desired role for the majority of the primary-school-aged children.

The form-master, the study circles and the various afternoon classes play a considerably more important part in preparation for a profession.

In Hungarian primary and secondary schools, one of the teachers of a form has a special responsibility for the progress of the form. This teacher is called the form-master. One hour a week is assigned in the program for the form-master, who also collects the reports and opinions of his fellow teachers about the students, attentively follows their responses and the development of their character, and has regular consultations with the parents. His part becomes particularly important in the 7th and 8th forms, where he assists the parents, giving detailed advice, in the matter of a profession for the child.

By the 12th or 13th year the child's inclinations already begin to be manifested. Literature, foreign languages, technical subjects and professions—the budding interests can only be partly satisfied within the

frame of the time-table. The students concerned—often as many as half the total number of students—find an opportunity in the study circles of the school and of the youth organization to practise their favoured subject and to develop their technical abilities. These study circles are headed by teachers and technicians.

Valuable opportunities are provided by the optional language courses, which are free of tuition fees. Instrumental music can also be studied in the larger primary schools, many of which have a music section and an orchestra. Various kinds of competitions between primary schools, organized at regular intervals on district, county and national levels, are also useful in preparation for the choice of profession.

The question may now arise of the future of students who do not attend the study circles, study any optional subject, teach themselves anything.

For these students the form-master will, of course, find it harder to advise on the problem of choosing a career, but not impossible. Four years of learning and activities in the school community will have furnished the form-master with important facts about the student. There is no such thing as a student without an interest in anything; his interest may, at the worst, be not very intensive. But even a student of this type will have to come to a decision by the age of 14.

The majority of students who have completed primary school in Hungary continue their studies in a secondary school or in an industrial, agricultural or commercial college. As it was only in 1961 that the age limit of compulsory schooling was extended to the end of the 16th year, it may be claimed with confidence that continuation of studies after primary school has been entirely on the voluntary decision of the students and their parents.

About half of the students who continue their studies (43 per cent of the students finishing primary school in the current year) enter secondary schools.

There are three types of secondary school in Hungary: the grammar school, the technical school and the professional secondary school. All secondary schools have four forms. After having successfully finished their secondary school the students may sit for the final examination. About two thirds of all secondary-school students attend grammar schools, where theoretical subjects are taught five days weekly and one day per week is devoted to practical and theoretical preliminary training in one of the industrial, agricultural or commercial professions. With the obligatory study of two foreign languages, the curriculum of these institutions corresponds to that of the English grammar schools. A third foreign language and religious instruction may be taken facultatively.

The technical schools are more strictly confined to one particular branch than the English seven-year technical schools. More space is here given to technical theory than to technological practice. The students of the technical school will become technicians.

The institution of professional secondary schools which is at present taking shape is intended to establish a type of skilled workers' school on a secondary-school level. Subjects of general culture and pertaining to the theory of a trade occupy four days of the weekly time-table, with two days allotted to practical training in the trade. The students will sit for the final examination and the skilled workers' examination simultaneously. Afternoon classes to prepare for a profession, as described in connection with the primary school, or—in technical secondary schools—to give the student a thorough training in his particular trade, are also features of the secondary school.

Study-circle activities and intermural competitions are of even greater importance in the secondary schools, especially the grammar schools, than in the primary schools.

The other half of the students who continue their studies after having left primary school enter an industrial, agricultural or commercial college. These are training schools for skilled workers where the courses generally take three years, in some cases only two. (As a matter of fact, these schools are not, in the strict sense of the term, considered as secondary schools.) Practice of the trade fills the greater part of the program here. In the subjects of general culture, as well as in theoretical subjects, the standard of teaching often falls short of the requirements of the steadily growing industry and agriculture. It is for this reason that the number of technical secondary schools is gradually being increased, so that, within a reasonable period of time, the training of skilled workers whose trade requires a high proportion of theoretical study can be shifted to this type of school.

The students who do not continue their studies in a secondary or a skilled workers' school after leaving primary school will attend an extension course two days each week until the completion of their 16th year.

It must be added that in the Hungarian primary, skilled workers' and secondary schools gifted and less gifted students attend the same form and there are no classified forms in the schools.

As mentioned previously, the basic condition for admission to a secondary school is the successful completion of the eight-grade primary school. Only those who wish to enter a technical or professional secondary school have to sit for an entrance examination at the age of 14.

In short, I think that the possibility of choosing a profession at the age of 14, as well as the addition of polytechnical training to the classical forms of preparation for a profession (advising, classes introducing various professions, visits to industrial plants, *etc.*), provide satisfactory conditions for the children to base their decision upon undisturbed and mature consideration.

Adequate conditions for making the choice of profession and preparing for it at school will be provided only when secondary schooling becomes general. There are high hopes that this project can be realized in the not-too-distant future, when the age limit for the definite choice of profession will accordingly be shifted to the 18th year.

6

This review of the problem of choice of profession in Hungary would not be complete without a brief summary of the possibilities for and procedure of entering a university or college for further study.

Every young man or woman in Hungary who fulfils the prescribed conditions (general certificate of education; in some universities and colleges, preliminary professional practice) is entitled to continue his or her studies at a university or college. In fact, there is a great demand for university or college graduate specialists, and their number has multiplied over the past 17 years. For instance, the number of university students in the 1961/62 school year is four times that in 1938/39. Both the demand for specialists and the number of those who wish to matriculate exceed the physical and intellectual capacities of the universities and colleges. In 1938/39 there were 16 universities and high schools with 37 departments in Hungary; their present number is 29, with 47 departments. It is a matter of common knowledge that universities and colleges are "expensive" institutions. If they are to provide instruction on a high level—and this is exactly what they should do—much money and personal energy must be invested in them.

When these facts are considered, the selection, from among the young people of the whole nation, of those who should be admitted to the limited number of places in the higher institutions of education must be a matter for careful deliberation. Thus a system of entrance examinations has been introduced, and the knowledge of the applicant is scrutinized also in the light of the results of his secondary-school studies.

Nor is there—and I want to stress this point once more—any similarity between these entrance examinations and the intelligence tests. However

attractive the idea may seem—particularly from the arithmetic angle—the educators do not want to make a survey of the intellectual creative powers of the nation and to husband them on the basis of such a survey. The consequences of this solution would be dreadful for the individual. The gifted young man, though admitted, would no longer have to work for success, whereas the less gifted one would be imprisoned in a narrow circle, forced into a profession from which there would be no escape even by the most strenuous work and the most profound knowledge.

In our age, following on the French Revolution and the October Revolution of 1917, the allocation of talent according to a scheme would be as much of a utopia as Sir Thomas More's Campanella's State.

Imre Madách, the great 19th-century Hungarian dramatist, in his dramatic poem *Az ember tragédiája* (The Tragedy of Man) describes the Phalanstery where the children are directed to this or that profession on the basis of skull tests; Michelangelo is given the task of chair-leg carving and Plato is made a shepherd, because the scientists carrying out the tests discover in the former an aptitude for carving and in the latter a dreamy disposition and optimistic serenity.

In the Hungarian entrance examinations, knowledge and culture of the applicants are of primary interest. Their character, will-power and behaviour as citizens are also examined. Their secondary school or, in the case of those who graduated some time earlier, the firm is asked to give an opinion on whether the student was known for a strong or weak character, for steady and strong will, or for only wanting to gain the benefit of an intellectual profession. All these points are taken into consideration when the decision on admission is made, in order to secure university and college places for those who most deserve it in every respect.

I believe this procedure to be the right one. Man is not only an intellectual being but one of emotion and will as well. A good physician, for instance, must be intelligent but he must also love his fellow men at least as much as the science of medicine and must not set a higher value on money than on his own conscience; moreover, more than once he must also make sacrifices. But by what kind of test can altruism, humanism or character be measured? By none! Chesterton, in *Orthodoxy*, declares that first love and the young mother's pride are things to be taken into account under all circumstances. There is a profound truth in this thought. Young people without ideals, deep emotions, right ambitions, strong convictions and strength of will will not be of advantage to society.

Nor are promising ones with a temporary deficiency of character, behaviour or will-power barred from the possibility of continuing their

studies. They are advised to undertake physical work for a few years, to strengthen their will-power and to throw off their faults in the industrious atmosphere of the shop or plant, to learn more humility and to gain the confidence of their fellow workers, and to return then to enter the regular or the evening course of the university. The young people who really feel a call for a profession and are attracted not only by the prospect of a desk will come back and will in fact be admitted. For years after the country's liberation deliberate efforts were made to enroll in the universities as many gifted young people of working-class and peasant origin as possible. There were a number of reasons for doing this. The country's former regime had, directly or indirectly, prevented many young people of working-class or peasant origin from studying in universities and colleges. This historical injustice had to be remedied, and every effort had to be made to develop an intellectual class ready to work for socialist society. It thus occurred that some of the young of bourgeois or intellectual extraction were not admitted to university at once but only after a few years had passed. However, the boys and girls of outstanding abilities were even at that period generally admitted immediately.

By now, on the other hand, the point has been reached where the pursuance of university studies depends solely on the student's knowledge, talent and character, as well as on his or her behaviour as a citizen. The fact that only these factors—and not political ones—are decisive in the admittance to a university is clearly shown statistically. In the Hungarian People's Democracy, the students of working-class and peasant origin in universities and colleges make up only half of the total, although the majority of the population belong to these two classes, while the other half consists of students of intellectual or bourgeois origin.

Mention must also be made of the workers' schools and universities as novel forms of the choice of and preparation for a profession in Hungary.

The success of the workers' schools and universities indicates the steady growth of the desire for general and professional education and for more and more knowledge. It also proves that man, with all his capacities, diligence and propensities, is not an accomplished being. As long as we live we keep developing and changing, and so the course of our lives may also change. A choice of profession made in adult years is not infrequent in Hungary. And if someone claims that great things can be achieved only if one has been reared for them since early childhood, let me answer: it may be true and again it may not be. Examples to the contrary are easy to find, even among the greatest minds. James Watt, while planning his wonderful inventions, manufactured organs, flutes and compasses. Canova, that

incomparable sculptor, was first a stone-cutter. Giotto, as a boy, tended sheep. Faraday had learned the bookbinding trade. Schliemann was a merchant up to the age of 40.

Leaving one profession for another does not imply that the career up to then was useless. Every activity has a refining effect. Every profession is, after all, but a tool of creative work. And the tool which best suits one's personality will inspire the most beautiful creations. The choice of profession has certainly no upper limit of age.

And this brings me to the conclusion of my reflections.

The children, the youth, must be educated for a vocation, because this is the nucleus of the right choice of profession. It is the vocation that sharpens the intellect to a constant glow and spurs the will to achieve one's aims in life. The same aims may be served happily and with satisfaction in several professions. And it is appropriate to think here of the great men who started—and often continued—their way of life under very hard conditions.

What, then, is the secret of such lives? They never lamented, nor was it money that animated them but substantial aims: knowledge, the desire to better the lot of mankind and to alleviate human suffering. They could work for these aims with enthusiasm, and their endeavours were not useless. As in the Greek proverb: For work the gods will give anything in exchange.

DUALITY AND SYNTHESIS IN THE MUSIC OF BÉLA BARTÓK

by

ERNŐ LENDVAI

"There are many persons to whom it gives pleasure to behold a cathedral, who are delighted with pictures and poems," wrote Bartók, "but who will never take the trouble to find out who was the architect or the author of the work. Naturally—or at least it should be so—interest is shown for the works and not for the names of authors and details of their lives. One may well wonder whether it would not be better to play compositions without mentioning the names of composers." This statement would seem to lend itself readily for a motto, to which I should like to add Schweitzer's remark on Bach to the effect that his works would be the same even though his life had followed a radically different course. Characteristically, Bartók said nothing or very little about his own compositions (though he liked to emphasize the relations of his music to folklore, chiefly with the intention of propagating folk music). "Let my music speak for itself; I lay no claim to any explanation of my works"—with these words he meant to avert curiosity, for there was nothing more abhorrent to him than any prying into his private life or the possibility of infringement on the independence of his personal feelings. In everything he laid stress on what bound him to humanity in general, the element common to everybody. His music aspired toward the medium of universal laws. I would like to add a few strokes to this aspect of Bartók's portrait.

*

In the line of Bartók's works, his opera entitled "Bluebeard's Castle" (1911) is perhaps the first to present his music in full maturity. Bartók's style took shape suddenly, virtually between one day and the next—it burst forth, to put it more accurately. About the time he composed his "First String Quartet" (1908) he produced a final style which, in regard to

essential features, continued unchanged to his latest works. His later style does not display a single significant element that was lacking when he composed "Bluebeard's Castle." With him, unity of personality implied that of style, as well as of his musical mother tongue. It was by no means accidental that the moment when Bartók found himself, and the magic of Strauss and Reger vanished, coincided with the discovery and study of peasant music. On one occasion Denys Dille addressed the following question to Bartók: "Is there any difference of technique or trend between the famous string quartets, piano concertos, and the three stage works and the compositions based on original Hungarian tunes or melodies of your own invention, such as the 'Dance Suite' and the two rhapsodies for violin and orchestra?" "This difference is only apparent," Bartók replied. "The melodic world of my string quartets does not differ essentially from that of folk songs, except in so far as the setting of the former is more severe. Folk songs should be known as we know them, and then the existing distance will be undeniably diminished. In the string quartets I go in for excessive concentration." An astonishing result of my studies on Bartók relates to the unity of style in his music, which is at least as organic as that of, say, Bach or Mozart: "Bluebeard's Castle," "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta," and the "Concerto for Orchestra" permit analysis by the same means. This is the characteristic that distinguishes Bartók from most of his contemporaries (Stravinsky, primarily); his life-work is void of arbitrary turns, for he always remained constant to his principles.

Any attempt to explore the strata underlying this style and the meaning of what is known of Bartók's world of form and harmony calls for inquiry into the relationship of Bartók's idiom to (1) folk music, (2) functional harmony, (3) impressionism, and (4) atonal trends.

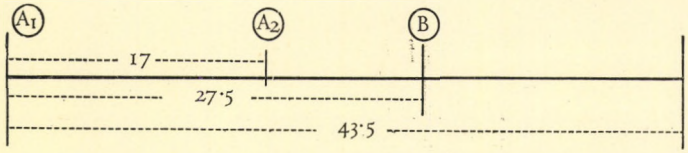
I

The words of Bartók's musical language stem from the deepest layer of folk music. He himself strongly believed that every folk music of the world can finally be traced to a few primeval sources; in creating his musical idiom he was demonstrably inspired by the possibility of such a "primeval" music. Now, what is to be denoted hereafter as the "golden-section system" is simply an integration of pentatonic primeval motions and primitive affinities into a system. Bartók's most characteristic chords can be traced to simple pentatonic basic steps. Moreover, from stylistic analysis of Bartók's music I have been able to conclude that the chief feature of

his chromatic technique is obedience to the laws of golden section in every element.

Golden section *(sectio aurea)* simply means division of a distance in such a way that the proportion of the full distance to the larger part should correspond geometrically to the proportion of the larger to the smaller part (that is, the larger part should be the *geometric mean* of the full distance and the smaller section). As shown by computation, when full distance constitutes the unit, the value of the larger section amounts to 0.618 and that of the smaller section to 0.381.[1] Golden section is a no less significant constituent element in Bartók's creation of form, melody and harmony than overtone harmonization and construction in periods embracing eight or four bars in the Viennese classical style.

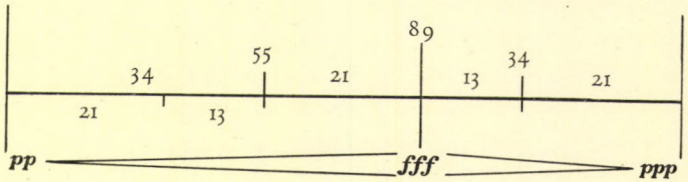
For example, in an earlier study ("Bartók's Style," Zeneműkiadó [Music Publishing House], Budapest, 1955) I demonstrated that every unit of the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion," from the whole of the work to the tiniest cells, is divided according to the rule of golden section. I performed nearly a thousand geometrically satisfactory measurements. Thus, golden section of the first movement indicates the centre of gravity in the movement: the beginning of the recapitulation. (Since the movement consists of 443 bars, and $443 \times 0.618 = 274$, recapitulation sets in precisely in the 274th bar!) Golden section may be observed to touch, in every case, the most important turning-point of form in the analysed unit. For instance, the principal theme of the finale shows the following articulation: $A_1 + A_2 + B$. The main section naturally determines the place of the member "B" $(43.5 \times 0.618 = 27)$, while the two members "A" are adjusted to each other with golden section $(27.5 \times 0.618 = 17)$.



Golden section may be further observed to follow one of two courses, according to whether the longer or the shorter section comes first. Let us call one of the possibilities *positive* (long section followed by the short one), the other *negative* (short section followed by the long one). The best example is offered by the fugue movement (first movement) of "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta." From pianissimo the movement reaches the boil-

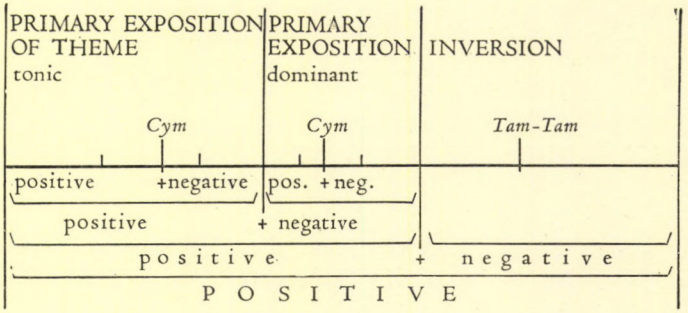
[1] Accordingly, the larger portion of any distance divided by golden section may be expressed by the product of the figure reflecting distance and the proportionality factor 0.618.

ing point by a gradual rise to forte-fortissimo, then gradually recedes to piano-pianissimo. The 89 bars of the movement are divided into parts of 55 and 34 bars by the pyramid-like peak of the movement. From the points of view of colour and dynamic architecture, the form is proportioned within these units, by cancellation of the sordino (in the 34th bar) and its repeated use (from the 69th bar), with the part leading up to the culmination showing a relationship of 34 + 21 and that from the culmination onward, 13 + 21. Thus, in the rising member the longer section comes first (34 + 21) and in the falling member the shorter section (13 + 21). The points of junction condense around the culmination. Positive and negative sections embrace each other like the rising and sinking of a single wave.



(It is no accident that the exposition ends with the 21st bar and that the 21 bars concluding the movement are divided into parts of 13 + 8.) We shall shortly return to the series of numbers that figure here (8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89).

The measurements can be continued all the way down to the smallest units. As a final example the golden-section scheme of the introductory part of the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion" may be cited (first movement, 2 to 17; for detailed analysis see the Corvina Bartók Album).*



As may be seen, in form units of both higher and lower orders the positive and negative sections are associated as if reflected in a mirror, so that ultimately the details merge in a large positive section. Therefore the process

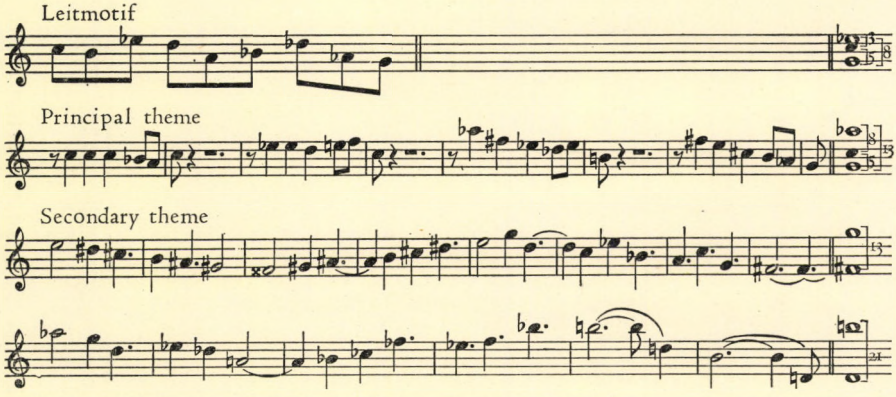
* See the author's article in the volume, *Bartók. Sa vie et son œuvre*. Edited by Bence Szabolcsi. Corvina Publishing House, Budapest, 1956, 320 pp. (also in German).

is coupled with a powerful dynamic increase (from *pp* to *fff*). Analytical studies permit the conclusion that the positive section is accompanied by enhancement, dynamic rise and intensification or condensation of the material, while the negative section is marked by sinking and ebbing.

These studies lead directly to the questions presented by melody and harmony formation. Bartók's chromaticism, as mentioned, follows the laws of the golden section, more particularly of Fibonacci's numerical series. This series is characterized by the fact that each expression is the sum of the two preceding numbers and, further, by containing the simplest golden-section series expressible in whole numbers:

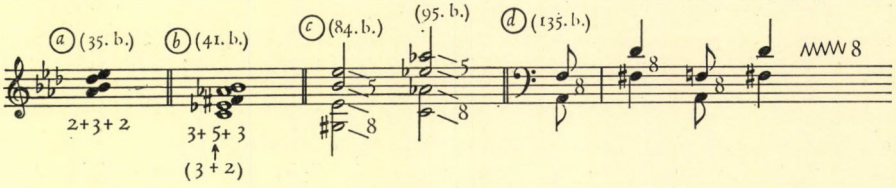
2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89...

(For instance, the golden section of 89 is 55 and that of 55 is 34). Compare this series of numbers with the proportions of "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta," analysed before. (Calculated in semitones, 2 means a major second, 3 a minor third, 5 a fourth, 8 a minor sixth, 13 an augmented octave, and so on. For the present the musical tissue may be imagined to be built up of cells, 2, 3, 5, 8, and 13 in size, with cell division following the pattern provided by the proportions of the above series. Thus, the 8 may be broken up only into 5 + 3. The supplement below shows the themes in the first movement of the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion." The opening of the leitmotif includes 8 semitones, divided by the fundamental note c into 5 + 3 (see below). The principal theme comprises 13 semitones, divided by the fundamental note c into 5 + 8. The first phase of the secondary theme embraces 13 semitones, the second phase 21 semitones. Hence the various themes develop in golden-section order.



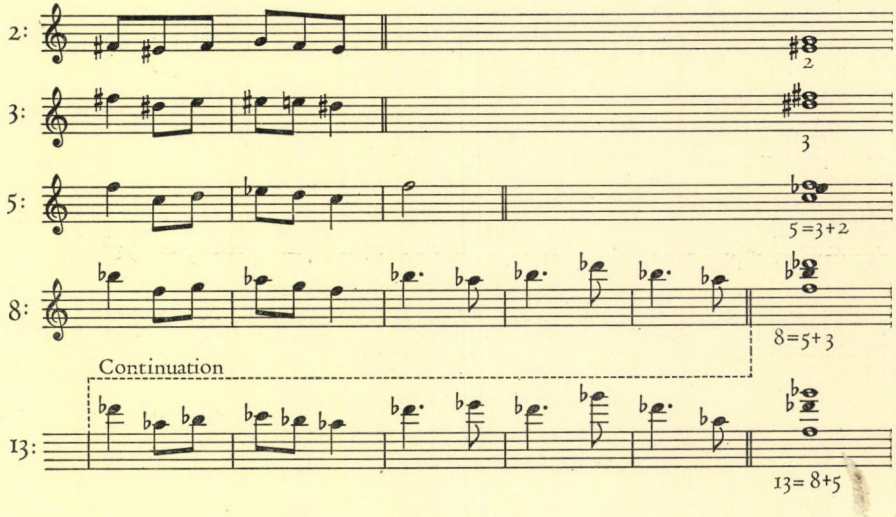
leitmotif 3 + 5 = 8
principal theme 5 + 8 = 13
secondary theme 13, 21

From the point of view of harmonic architecture, this exposition also bears witness to a systematic arrangement. The principal theme gains its characteristic tone from a pentatonic harmony (scheme "a" prevails also in melody: bars 37, 39); the formula might be 2 + 3 + 2. Toward the middle of the principal theme a unit built on 3 + 5 + 3 is added (scheme "b" from bar 41), while the fourth, e flat—a flat, is divided by an f sharp into 3 + 2. Parallel fourths (5) and minor sixths (8) join the secondary theme (scheme "c," which grows more clearly discernible in the recapitulation, from bar 292); finally, the closing theme is accompanied all along by parallel minor sixths: 8 (scheme "d," from bar 134 to 160). Thus each new harmony rises one golden-section step higher.



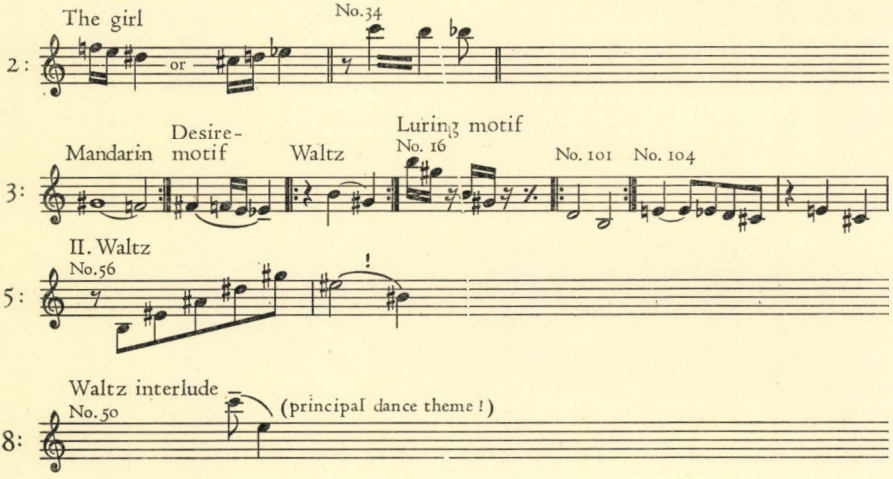
principal theme	2 + 3 + 2
principal theme, middle part	3 + 5 + 3
secondary theme	5 + 8
closing theme	8

Golden-section cell division can be clearly followed in the last movement of the "Divertimento." The principal theme appears in the following variations (the quotations have been grouped according to size and typical division has been denoted in connection with every variation):

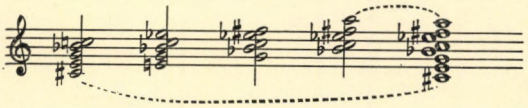


Since the fifth line is the continuation of the fourth, in bar 4 the melody rises not by a minor third (3), as in the preceding line, but by a fourth (5)—in conformity with the augmentation.

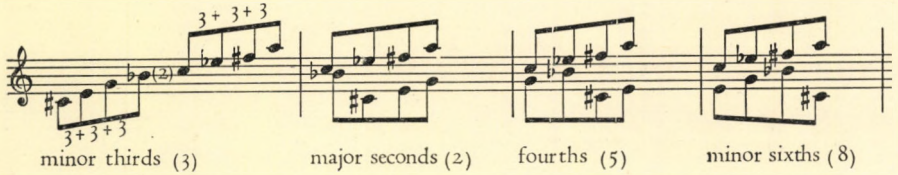
The same correlation of motifs is encountered in the mime-play "The Miraculous Mandarin":



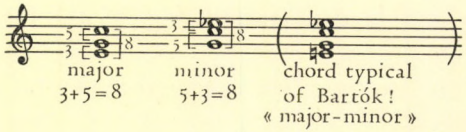
The harmony type shown below occurs in Bartók's music perhaps even more frequently than did sevenths in 19th-century music:



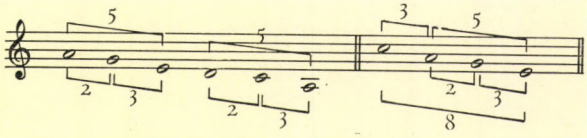
Now these are marked chiefly by being built up exclusively of golden-section intervals (2, 3, 5, 8).



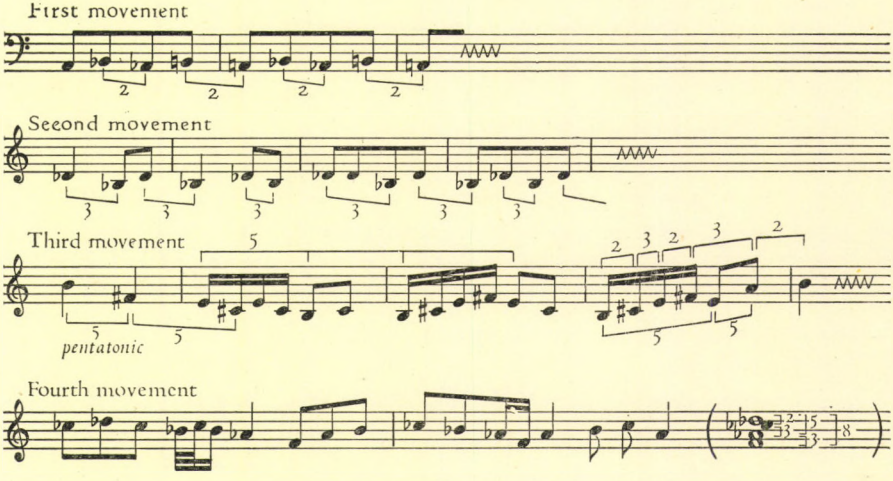
It is typical that whenever Bartók used a triad in a chromatic movement he placed the minor third over the fundamental note and the major third below it, tuning the chord to acquire the proportions 8 : 5 : 3.



That golden section is not an exogenous restriction but one of the intrinsic laws of music is evidenced most convincingly by *pentatony*, perhaps the most ancient human sound system, which may be regarded as the purest musical conception of the principle of golden section. Pentatony, particularly the more ancient form of minor pentatony, rests on a pattern reflected by the melody steps of major second (2), minor third (3), and fourth (5).



From this aspect, golden-section architecture is extremely interesting in the "Dance Suite," which appropriately has been given the name of "Eastern European Symphony." Construction of the golden-section system can here be followed virtually step by step, for this work actually demonstrates this technique in its genesis; starting from the elements, the world of multifarious tones rooted in pentatony is developed before our very eyes:



At first it may seem astonishing that with Bartók pentatony is so closely tied to chromaticism. This relationship is, however, natural; where the element of stress has access to chromaticism, animated tension is expressed by golden section, and an atmosphere of a more "humane" world is created. A great value of Bartók's music, as perhaps most nicely phrased by László Németh, lies in its exploration of "sub-European geology," in his having discovered and drawn into his art the laws governing depths of the human soul which have not been touched by civilization. The place of popular romanticism was taken by a deepening of the prehistoric memory of man, with a sort of excavation of the soul and an attempt to find beneath the deposit of modern times the sound and desirable basis of a new civilization, the "common human element" alive in everyone.

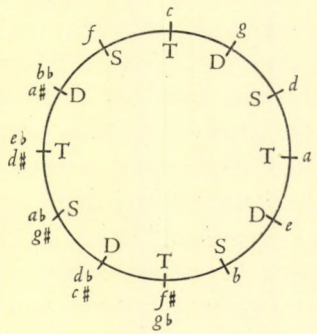
It has been said that the more recent a style the farther it goes back into the past: "Early romanticism to the Middle Ages, Wagner to Germanic polytheism, Stravinsky to totemism," writes an eminent commentator of modern Western music. In a figurative sense this applies also to Bartók. In the course of my investigations, I have come to the conclusion that Bartók's art represents a logical continuation and, in a certain sense, a conclusion of the development of European music; the circles of harmonic development are fused into a single, coherent, closed unit in Bartók's sound system: the "axis system" (to be discussed later). This circle is, however, closed in the opposite direction as well; Bartók's art goes back to the remotest past of music, and it can be said to penetrate to the core of music, to the most elemental interrelations. The most intricate has been traced to the most primitive; the "excessively concentrated" string quartets were enriched by simple folk songs. This was the break-through for which the majority of his contemporaries longed in vain.

2

Another clear feature of Bartók's music is its wide European horizon. "Every art has the right to stem from a previous art; it not only has the right to but it must so stem," declared Bartók. His sound system grew out of functional music; from the beginnings of functional music through the harmonies of Viennese classicism and the tone world of romanticism a line proceeds without a break to the development of the axis system. By this system Bartók set down the final results of European harmonic thinking. As revealed by analysis of his compositions, this axis system can be traced to the peculiarities of classical harmonies: a) functional affinities of the fourth and fifth, b) the intimate relationship of parallel

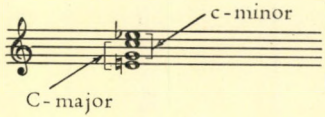
major and minor keys, c) relationship of overtones, and d) the role of leading tones. Here I should like to sum up briefly a few characteristic traits of this system:

First, in classical harmonies (in the case of C-major tonality) the circle of fifths F—C—G—D—A—E corresponds to the functional series S—T—D—S—T—D. When this periodicity is extended over the entire circle of fifths, the scheme of the axis system may be clearly recognized.

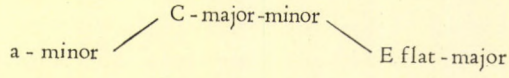


Chords resting on fundamental c, e flat = d sharp, f sharp = g flat, or a possess a tonic function; those based on e, g, b flat = a sharp, or c sharp = d flat have a dominant function, and chords built on d, f, a flat = g sharp or b have a subdominant function.

Second, Bartók is generally known to have shown a preference for the use of so-called major-minor chords (with neutral third), for instance, the following form in c tonality:

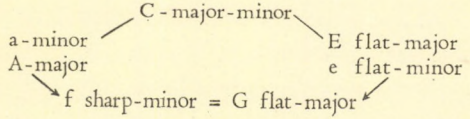


Function remains unchanged when the C-major mode comprised by the above chord is replaced by the parallel a minor or when the c-minor tonality comprised by the chord is replaced by the parallel E-flat major; this process occurs at every step in Bartók's music:



These substitution chords may also be employed in major-minor form, which brings the system to a close, because the parallel of A major,

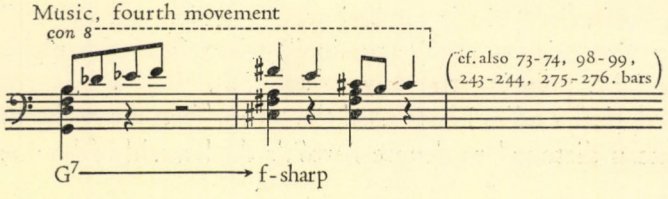
f-sharp minor and that of e-flat minor, G flat major arrive at an enharmonic meeting (f sharp = g flat):



Thus the axis extends the use of parallels over the whole system. (Naturally only major and minor keys of equal signature may be regarded as parallel, *e.g.*, C major and a minor, or c minor and E-flat major.) Application of these parallel connections to dominant and subdominant function leads to the scheme of the axis system.

Third, the acoustic precondition of arriving from the dominant to the tonic is to reach the fundamental tone from an overtone (this results in the affinity of various cadences). Accordingly, the dominant of c is not only g but also the near overtones e and b flat (therefore the circle of tonic-dominant relationships is expanded to include e—c and b flat—c). Since the D—T relationship corresponds relatively to the T—S and S—D relationships, overtone-to-fundamental-tone attraction prevails between the T—S and the S—D. When these conditions are applied to the circle of fifths, the results agree completely with the axis system.

Fourth, in the simplest cadence—in the affinity of the fifth-degree-seventh and the first degree—the chief role is played by the so-called sensitive sounds: the leading tone strives to reach the first and the seventh the third degree of the tonic—that is, the leading tone b is resolved by c and the seventh, f, by e or e flat. These two characteristically sensitive tones, however, stand in a tritonic relationship to each other, the tritone being distinguished by the characteristic that it persists when its tones have been exchanged. Thus, if the b—f relationship is converted into an f—b relationship—as is frequently done by Bartók—as a result the f (e sharp) assumes the role of the leading tone (striving towards f-sharp instead of e), while the seventh, b, strives towards a sharp (or a) instead of c; thus, instead of the expected tonic C major, the "counterpole" but equally tonic F sharp major (or minor) steps in.



So far I have published some ten sorts of deductions from this system.

A survey of the past and of the development of harmonic thinking is bound to convince us that elaboration of the axis system was a historical necessity. As compared to the past, the advance consisted mainly of Bartók's having extended these affinities uniformly to the entire twelve-tone system. Moreover, his axis system represents not only a development of European functional music but also its consummation and even its conclusion, because by extending functional correlations to the homogeneous twelve-tone series he put the coping-stone on further development.

3

Among the influences that affected Bartók in his youth that of the French impressionistic school, particularly of Debussy, was decisive. What is today referred to as the "acoustic" system in Bartók's compositions drew chiefly on the colouristic chords of French impressionism. Bartók himself liked to allude to the wealth of inspiration he owed to modern French music. Without this factor the characteristic duality of his harmonic thinking could never have taken shape. From such evidence as has been given here it becomes clear that Bartók contrived to melt material that appeared to be incompatible into a comprehensive style, and it was this incongruous material that produced the most striking feature of his music: the dualism shown in his technique of polarization, or, in other words, the peculiar visual system which consistently permits things to be seen from two aspects and which with Bartók grew into a veritable philosophical standard, as if contrast were the only means to justify the existence of things. Bluebeard's night would be inconceivable without the luminous chord of the fifth door, the f sharp without the c, the Inferno without the Paradiso.

One may well wonder about the source of this tendency to polarize. Sometimes it would seem to flow from the attitude in Bartók of the scientist who knows that no existence can be imagined without positive and negative poles. Sometimes the impression is thereby created of harsh judgment, as with Dante; on other occasions it appears as a crystallized philosophical system. For the most part, however, it serves to mirror life: the unfathomable depths when from the world of light it plunges us into darkness or (as in the "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta" and the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion") when from the night it leads us into daylight, pointing the way to solution, to joy.

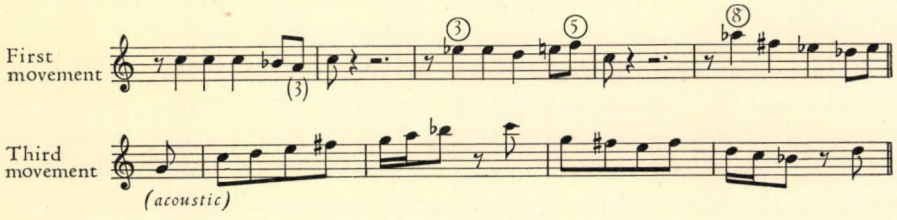
In my analytical studies I have used the terms "bartokean chromaticism" and "bartokean diatony" to denote Bartók's dual world of harmonies. On

the basis of their most characteristic traits, I have named the former the golden-section system and the latter the acoustic (overtone) system. Let us take a look at the properties that ensure the unity and polar division of the two systems. On this occasion we shall have to be content with a few main correlations.

First of all, it is common knowledge that Bartók's most markedly diatonic melodies constitute an acoustic or overtone scale. In the finale of the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion," for example, the acoustic scale of c—d—e—f sharp—g—a—b flat—c hovers over the c—e—g (C major) chord. This scale is dominated by the major third, perfect fifth, natural seventh, and, further, the augmented fourth and the major sixth, in contrast to the minor third—perfect fourth—minor sixth (3 : 5 : 8, c—e flat—f—a flat) milieu of the golden-section system.[2] These two worlds of harmony complete each other to such measure that the chromatic scale can be separated into golden-section and acoustic scales.[3] Separately each is merely a part of the whole, and neither can exist without the other.

In the second place, the two systems are in a relationship of inversion, reflecting each other. By the inversion of the golden-section intervals acoustic intervals are obtained—from a major second (2) a natural seventh, from a minor third (3) a major sixth (with Bartók, the "pastoral sixth"), from a fourth (5) a fifth, from a minor sixth (8) a major third—and at that the most characteristic acoustic intervals. Systematically, therefore, they become related by organically complementing and reflecting each other. Their unity rests on mutual interdependence. The opening and closing of the "Cantata Profana" offers a beautiful illustration: two scales mirror each other tone for tone—a golden-section scale (intervals 2, 3, 5, 8, with a diminished fifth) and a pure acoustic scale:

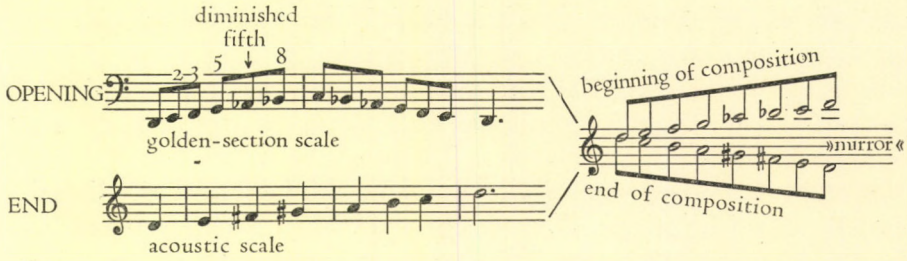
[2] Compare, in "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion," the principal theme of the chromatic first movement with that of the diatonic third movement:



[3] Golden-section scale: C — E flat — F — A flat

Acoustic scale: C D E F sharp G A B flat

2 4 6 7 9 10

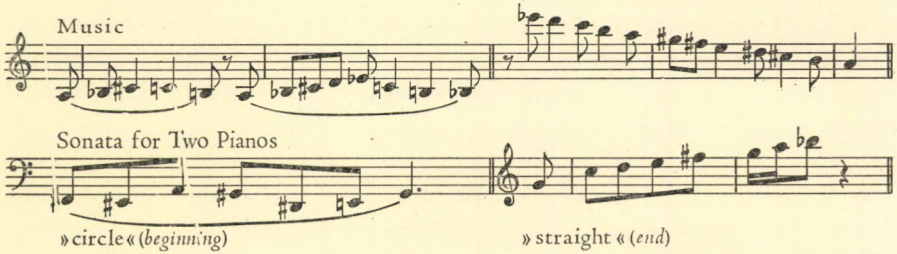


Third, although the features cited seem to concern external factors, this is no longer the case when it is shown that the acoustic system can admit only consonant intervals (because of overtone harmony), whereas the intervals of the golden-section system are tense and "dissonant" (this, by the way, shows forth the contrast between the western "acoustic" and eastern "pentatonic" attitudes).

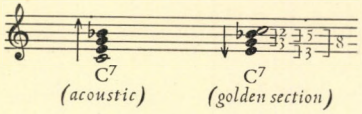
An equally deep secret of Bartók's music (perhaps the most profound) is that the "closed" world of the golden-section system is counterbalanced by the "open" sphere of the acoustic system. The former is inevitably associated with the presence of the complete system (its configurations being representable only in the closed circle of fifths); the latter was moulded by Bartók from a single tone derived from the overtone series of a single fundamental note. The former does not respond to the requirements of "up" and "down," and its material is permanently in process of concentric augmentation and diminution. (The above-cited themes of the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion" are, for instance, subjected to incessant increase, the principal theme being augmented from bar to bar and the tone series of the second theme expanding similarly from step to step until it attains a broad sixth; "cornet-shaped processions," "scissor-like" movement of voices, and sequences proceeding by augmented steps are frequent, and even these processes follow a planned course, every detail of the movement showing augmentation up to the geometric centre of the movement, after which every step is systematically diminished.)

Bartók's mode of acoustic writing is, on the other hand, marked by permanence; his harmonies radiate their energy for prolonged periods of time with motionless, unwavering constancy. For the closed world the emblem of the "circle" and for the open system that of the "straight line" automatically present themselves (chromatic configurations being bound to the circle—the circle of fifths—as opposed to the overtone system, where the component tones strive upward in a straight line). There is an obvious reference here to Dante, the emblem of his Inferno being the circle, the

ring, and that of his Paradiso the straight line, the arrow, the ray. The rings of the Inferno undergo concentric diminution to "Cocitus" whereas those of his Paradiso are widened into the infinite "Empyreum." With Bartók, the themes follow the same pattern: chromaticism is associated with the circle and diatony most naturally with straight lines of melody.



Thus the two systems form unity and contrast; they require and preclude, affirm and deny each other. They constitute each other's negative impression in the twelve-tone system, each being capable of disclosing only one aspect of life. In Bartók's music, ideological unity and a complete picture of the world can be achieved by chromaticism only together with diatony and by diatony only together with chromaticism. It may be interpreted as a poetic symbol that in the diatonic system harmonic overtones develop above and in the chromatic system below the fundamental tone.



In some of his works Bartók went so far in the polarization and simplification of the material that material and content, emblem and program, means and expression, were amalgamated to the point of inseparability.

4

So far, this investigation has sought to establish the ties between Bartók's music and that of the remote and recent past—folk song, functional music and French impressionism. The question naturally arises now of whether any correlations can be discovered between Bartók's art and the aspirations of the atonal school ("Zwölfton-Musik," as he liked to call it).

These days we may witness a curious phenomenon: formerly, even one or two decades ago, Bartók was attacked by his enemies for "aggressiveness"

and "Asiatic gruesomeness"; today his music must be defended from attacks launched from the opposite side. The adherents of the twelve-tone system accuse Bartók of conservatism, compromise and "convenience" (in a dictionary of music recently published in western Europe "Bluebeard's Castle," for instance, was relegated into a class of compositions "intolerably superannuated"). Is it possible that Bartók, whom his contemporaries stigmatized as a barbarous shatterer of form, when regarded from a certain distance should suddenly turn out to have been no revolutionary but the heir and bearer of classical ideals? "In art there is only slow or rapid progress, implying in essence evolution and not revolution," Bartók said in an American interview in 1941.

It is certain that the peculiarities of Bartók's idiom tended gradually to disappear, as they grew more familiar and natural, while firmness of classical form, balance and proportion, simplicity and clarity of expression came more and more to command admiration. In "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta" we are held no longer by peculiar effects of colour but by the brilliant and unique grandeur that communicates a deeply human message, taking the listener from the resounding chaos of the first movement, through the biting humour of the second and the nature-bound spell of the third, to the joyous round dance of the fourth and the tones of fraternal love that crown the composition. To ears trained to atonality this music may really sound as if "softened by humanity." It is, however, worth-while to examine more closely the accusations thrown at Bartók. Extremists like to reproach Bartók for two things in particular: first, for his construction, with the claim that in the organization of material he fell far behind Schönberg and Webern, and second for his failure to attain the perfect "indifference" of the twelve tones and to give up the principle of tonality and achieve independence from harmonies. (According to one critic, "he did not recognize the possibility of culmination beyond harmony.")

In this controversy the material analysis of Bartók's works has produced a most unexpected turn; from the point of view of construction his works have been found to rank by no means behind those of Schönberg or Webern. On the contrary, with highly superior and much stricter organization his compositions actually surpass the works of the above-mentioned composers. If, on analysis of Schönberg's music, Adorno could declare, "There are no more free notes!" this statement can apply to the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion," among other works. Here organization is really extended to everything, to form and proportions no less than to rhythm and harmony and even to dynamics, colour and register. But this constraint did not

flow from a speculative tendency, as in the case of the atonal test tube; Bartók's solutions are always and everywhere musical and perceptible and are due to his having been able to reduce music to something extraordinarily elemental, ancient and fundamental. This is apt to appear with such straightforward bareness as to assume outwardly the form of mathematical formulas or symbols, yet they do not create the impression of abstraction. Rather, this simplification to symbols intensifies their elemental power.

Before proceeding further along this line, let us make a short detour. No one would think of asserting that the *la-so-mi* figures of the oldest nursery songs resulted from deliberate construction, though the notes of the melody are tuned after the "geometric mean," *i.e.*, after golden section. Hardly anyone remembers, when listening to music, that the consonance of the simple major triad results from the harmony of the nearest natural overtones; the perfect fifth and the major third bring to our ears the simplest process of vibrations. Now let us turn again to the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion." The melody and sound system of the first movement may be traced to the most primitive pentatonic turns; in the principal theme of the finale, the melody simply spreads out the natural overtone scale above a C-major chord. Yet this major triad, appearing here, comes as a true revelation. How can a simple major triad be invested with such explosive content?

To approach the issue from the other side: may the contemporary composer avail himself at all of the services of the "major triad," the once vital significance of which has worn off until it has become an empty husk? Actually, the elemental effect of Bartók's music lies for the most part in apparently casual presentation, with plain connections, of the strongest means of expression. The major triad may be in itself a worn-out cliché, but when it is brought into polar-dual relationship with another system—as it was by Bartók—it may promptly regain its original and deep significance. Let us set up the formula of the work and add immediately the explanation: the golden section (geometric mean) between two poles always cuts into the most tense point, whereas symmetry creates balance (the overtone series is void of tension, because its notes are integer multiples of the fundamental tone's vibrations):

Dynamic proportion = golden section = pentatony = opening movement
Static proportion = symmetry = overtone scale = closing movement

In this connection *la-so-mi* and the major triad are not only representative of purest music but also elements of form and organization in construction, which are given the role of restoring to these apparently defervescent forms the fire that they may have possessed only when they

came into being. What I should like to denote as the elemental rebirth of music is this reconstruction of musical means. Every element of music has been regenerated in a similar manner by the touch of Bartók; the most ancient element he recreated on the loftiest plane, so that beginning and end form an inseparable unity. There is no reason to question the authenticity of the thought attributed to Bartók in A. Fassett's book to the effect that he believed the very new could be borne only of the very ancient and that he had by-passed all the intervening and unnecessary complications separating the present from its origin.

It is inconceivable that Bartók, who applied thorough scientific methods in analysing, classifying, and systematizing folk songs, should have been naively uncritical when it came to his own compositions. I have no wish to prove that he aspired to an arithmetic or geometric system; he did, however, by going back to the roots of music, discover fundamental laws and "root" correlations which may be expressed by formula-like, mathematical symbols. In the last analysis, the whole technique of his music was based on these fundamental laws, and, with a consistency comparable only to that of the greatest masters of form, he expanded the system of laws derived from popular as well as art music over the whole of music, proceeding from the simple to the complex.

It was shown above that in the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion" (as in numerous other compositions) every unit is divided after the rule of the golden section, from the whole of the work to the smallest cells. In these phenomena a much greater role must be ascribed to instinct and musical sensitivity—just as it was unnecessary for Mozart to count bars in order to compose periods of $4 + 4$, $8 + 8$, or $16 + 16$. That Bartók was not inspired by formalistic tendencies emerges from the fact that he treated the secrets of his forms as real "secrets" and never evinced any desire to explain his music. His high-tension message, however, stood in need of guarantees. With him, architectonic bonds implied recognition of the possibilities inherent in the material and of natural attractions; form did not represent a mere "façade" for composition. In the history of music, every truly great composition is imbued with the longing for full possession of the material, for completeness. With Bartók it also involves the triumph of man over unbridled instincts. Indeed, does the word "art" not intimate discipline over formless, chaotic material, thus giving expression to man's longing for order, to the healing power of art?

In Bartók's case, however, we have to repulse attacks on two fronts. Let me present a typical instance to those who reproach Bartók for having omitted the "total and radical reorganization of the material." In form

the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion" follows the pattern of "slow—fast+slow—fast"; the golden section may therefore be expected to come in at the beginning of the second slow movement. The result fulfils our expectations with astonishing accuracy: the time value of the complete work is 6,432 eighth notes and that of golden section, 3,975 eighths.

Those who speak of Bartók as a romantic retrograde bent on seeking asylum in folklore must have failed to grasp the exceptional coherence of his thought-processes and his all-embracing spiritual vigour. In architecture, his compositions are in no way looser than those of his contemporaries. Bartók's new adversaries are misled chiefly by the fact that these features escape notice, because with him geometry never appears as a sign of outward restriction but flows from the nature of his music, following the natural motion of the musical material. "We follow nature in composition," wrote Bartók, who proclaimed peasant music to be a "natural phenomenon."

Let us return to the second accusation, namely, that he failed to obey the demands made by the twelve-tone system on 20th century composers. This issue is answered most convincingly by Bartók's sound system. This system possesses the peculiar, dialectic trait of being approachable from the points of view of both functional and twelve-tone music, since in the axis system the principles of tonality and distance are equally realized—the latter to a degree that could not be surpassed by the use of purely logical methods. In Bartók's chromatic world, functional chief tones step into relationships of the augmented triad (cutting the system into equal thirds); hence with c as the tonic, the chief note of the dominant is represented by e and that of the subdominant by a flat; each of these permits substitution by the tritonic "counterpoles" (dividing the system into symmetric halves), while the poles of single functions rest on the basis of a diminished fourth (corresponding to equal quartering of the system). Thus the axis system can be built up also of mere distance formulas[4], which from the historical angle is an organic continuation of the age-old struggle between the principles of tonality and distance, with the gradual ascendency of the latter, which finally made it possible for the twelve notes of the chromatic scale to be subjected to equal, free treatment (with introduction of the tempered sound system in the centre of development; in some of Liszt's and Mussorgsky's attempts the distance principle was made to prevail faultlessly). Bartók's greatness lies precisely in his having realized his ideas while maintaining tonality and even function, because he was familiar with the surfaces of contact by whose aid these two arch-enemies could be

[4] The axis system may be defined also as follows: given the twelve-tone system and the three functions, it is the only system that can be realized with distance division.

reconciled. (He traces the minor-third circles of various "axes" to the minor-third relationship of parallel major and minor modes; for models of the augmented-triad correlations linking the three functions, Bartók may have drawn on such examples as are offered, for instance, by romantic harmonies.)

*

Particular significance may be attributed to the fact that pentatony is the most characteristic form of Bartók's chromaticism (golden-section system) and overtone chords, of his diatony. This duality would seem to give expression to the two perhaps most ancient endeavours of music. Clearly, the physiological apparatus of our ears (with the logarithmic structure of the cochlea) is such as to make *so-la-so-mi* (2, 3, 5) congenial at the earliest stage, of which the primitive levels of folk music and the simplest nursery songs provide unequivocal evidence. In such primitive melody cultures, the sense for major tonality and functional attraction are completely unknown. Harmonic thinking arises from a quite different source, from the overtone system, which could have come into its own exclusively with instrumental music (it cannot be considered as accidental that functional thinking is no more than a few centuries old). Pentatony may be deduced from the sound system of Pythagoras, harmonic music from the overtone system.

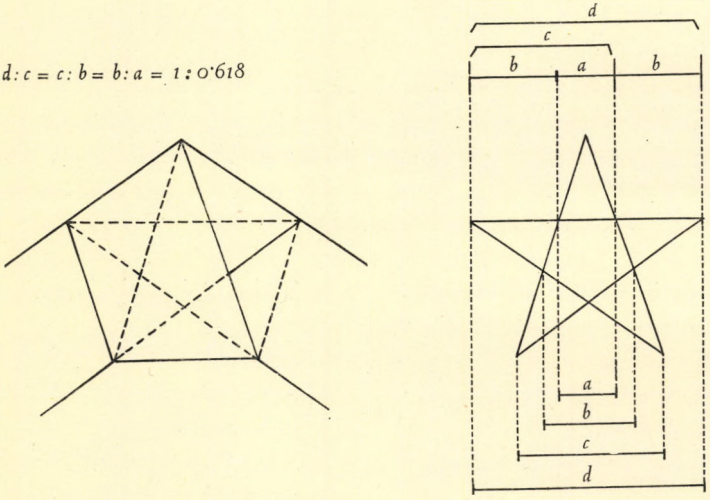
One wonders if pentatonic (golden-section) and harmonic (acoustic) thinking—these two points of departure for every kind of music—had a double root. If so, Bartók actually seems to have seized music at the very root. On one side is "inner" hearing—based on the build of the ear—and on the other the "external" hearing, so to speak, or physical harmony. The former is more ardent, expressive, and emotionally charged and the latter more radiant and luminous, richer in sensuous elements.

The above considerations agree with the scientific observation that golden section is associated only with *organic* substances (Fibonacci himself discovered it in connection with an investigation of natural phenomena). Without the contribution of man's emotional world, pentatony, with its tension, would never have come into existence. The acoustic system, on the other hand, may develop independently of the phenomena of human life (a pipe-like column of air or motion of a string-like material will suffice to bring it about).

Pentatonic and acoustic endeavours follow demonstrably contradictory courses. Physiological efforts organize and create tension, while physical

efforts disorganize by striving to abolish tension. Here the thesis may be formulated that the golden-section system creates a *closed* world, heavy with inner tension, while the acoustic system is *open* and strives to dispel tension by overtone consonance.

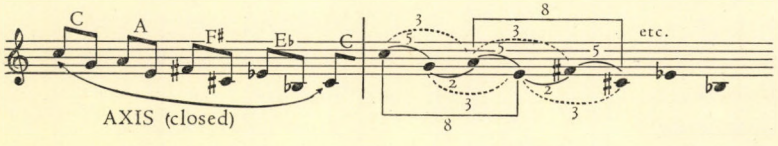
It may be added that this closed-in form is an organic feature of golden section—quite apart from Bartók's sound system. Closure and golden section are related phenomena (the capacity of golden section to organize is due to this property). As an illustration of the correlations between the two; golden section can easily be brought about with the aid of a simple "knot" on a strip of paper*; every proportion of this knot—without exception—will display geometric golden-section.[5]



It is this property of the pentagram closed form thus obtained that Goethe alludes to in Faust, Part I:

* See Otto Schubert: *Gesetz der Baukunst* (Seemann, 1954, Leipzig).

[5] The correlations of the closed form and golden section became clearly discernible in Bartók's axis system. The following example presents the most characteristic axis turns and their golden-section construction:



Meph.: Let me admit; a tiny obstacle
Forbids my walking out of here:
It is the druid's foot upon your threshold.
Faust: The pentagram distresses you?
But tell me, then, you son of hell,
If this impedes you, how did you come in?
How can your kind of spirit be deceived?
Meph.: Observe! The lines are poorly drawn;
That one, the angle pointing outward,
Is, you see, a little open.

*

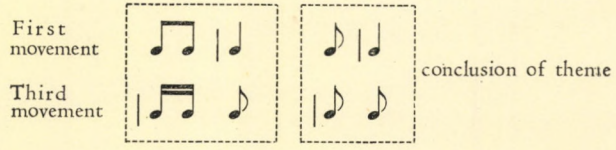
I would like to attempt here an interpretation of Bartók's dual world, his "yang-yin" technique, in terms of an equation, contrasting some special elements encountered at every step in Bartók's compositions. This interpretation is particularly applicable to the construction and content of the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion."

First, "Inferno" movement	Third, "Paradiso" movement
chromaticism	diatony
golden-section system	acoustic system
closed world	open world
circular pattern of melody	straight pattern of melody
presence of central tone	presence of fundamental tone
rhythm with strong ending	rhythm with weak ending
uneven metre	even metre
asymmetries	periodicity
f-sharp minor beginning	C-major end
demoniac world	serene world, festive and playful
instinctive existence	intellectual existence
organic	logic
love—hatred	perfect understanding—irony
tension	freedom from tension
emotional nature	sensuous nature
inspiration	thought
experience	knowledge, solution

feminine symbols	masculine symbols
dependency on fate	law, order, form
permanent change	validity at all times
augmentation—diminution	stabilized forms
occurrence	existence
process in time	extension over space
origin—development—conclusion	division
finite: circular motion	infinite
geometric nature	mathematical nature
(key figure to golden	(key figures to overtone
section: irrational figure)	system: integrals)

It is interesting to note that Bartók presumably intended—as supported by the date of its composition, 1937—the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion" as the crowning of the "Microcosmos" (1926—1937): the "Macrocosmos."

While the important questions of symbolism of keys and the role of rhythm cannot here be dealt with at great length, a few outstanding features may be pointed out. Bartók's rhythm is also governed by strict laws. The circular course of the first movement of the "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion Instruments" is in no slight degree brought about by the "absolute" uneven measure (three times three eighths), while the third movement owes its static character to its "absolute" even measure (twice two eighths); in the second movement, even and uneven bars are intentionally made to alternate between the two. Bartók was greatly interested in the idea of even and uneven metres ("Second Piano Concerto," "Concerto for Violin and Orchestra," second movement of "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta," "Microcosmos" No. 137—with these, themes presented in even measure recur in uneven rhythm, and vice versa). In addition, the rhythms with a "strong" ending in the first movement have counterparts with "weak" endings in the third movement[6]:



[6] Consequently, the themes of the first movement acquire a closed and those of the third movement an open form. The most interesting circumstance is that the dimensions of the complete work were not accidental—to quote only the final results, the time value of the composition (the above-mentioned 6,432 eighths = 804 whole tones) may also be traced to the symbol of the circle: $2^8{}_3\pi = 4^4\pi = 16^2\pi = 804$.

Let us finally take up the role of Bartók's art in the music of our century. Bartók's golden-section system was rooted in eastern popular music and pentatonic conception; his acoustic system he owed to western harmonic thinking. His greatest achievement was the integration of these two ways of thinking. Hence those who respect Bartók as the epitomist of the music of the peoples of Eastern Europe are no less mistaken than those who would like to monopolize him on behalf of extremist efforts and condone his relations to folk music as a "regrettable pastime." He himself liked to refer to popular music and the French impressionistic school as the sources of the most decisive influences that shaped his art. Through his compositions we can extend the dimensions of this idea: what Bartók achieved in his art amounts to a synthesis of East and West, where folklore meets the counterpoint of Bach, the forms achieved by Mozart and Beethoven, and western harmonic thinking. Bartók is a classic master because he aspired to completeness. If his art and his position in the history of music could be summed up in a single sentence it would run as follows: Bartók achieved something that few others have been able to realize: a symbolic handshake of East and West, a union of the Orient and the Occident.

MATTER AND FORM IN HUNGARIAN INDUSTRIAL ARCHITECTURE

by

MÁTÉ MAJOR

Last year, at the end of June and beginning of July, I visited Britain (for the first, but perhaps not the last time in my life), and as the head of a Hungarian delegation attended the Sixth Congress of the *Union Internationale des Architectes* in London. The main subject of this great international gathering was one of the basic questions of architecture, both as a craft and as an art: the problem of the relation between matter and form, more precisely, the manner in which the new materials—and with them the new structures and the new techniques (which I shall also include in the concept of matter for the purposes of this article)—influence the evolution of the new forms of the new architecture. This problem is a part of the more general one of content and form in architecture, and as such it has its own particular philosophic and aesthetic aspects.

This was substantiated by the main papers, which were delivered by such outstanding personalities in theoretical and practical architecture as H. S. Hitchcock (American), P. L. Nervi (Italian) and I. Hryniewicki (Polish), but it was also borne out by almost all the other contributions, including my own. And although most of the participants naturally spoke from the more or less insecure platform provided by individualized versions of the various bourgeois philosophies, they nevertheless ultimately reached conclusions which were fairly close to each other. Indeed, this stands to reason if we survey the more significant creations of present-day architecture throughout the world. For these, one and all, provide evidence that apart from certain secondary differences—the result of divergences in circumstances such as site, landscape, industrial resources, societies, *etc.*, and of personality—the forms given to matter are everywhere surprisingly alike.

This in turn means that, despite variations, the conception of the relation between matter and form is everywhere essentially correct. In other words,

contemporary architects, whether instinctively or consciously, believe in the *primacy* of matter as against form within this relation, but at the same time also in the *superiority* of form, as a result of which it is in turn "entitled" to influence matter, if this does not contravene the latter's intrinsic laws (its material and structural qualities). And this conception fully accords with our own, materialist view. The good architect—like any good scientist or artist—may instinctively evince a correct approach in his work.

The relation between new matter and new form is thus based primarily and directly on the intrinsic laws of matter. However, new matter also influences the development of new form indirectly, by permitting a more varied, broader and more daring satisfaction of the human and social requirements connected with buildings and architecture. New and yet newer conceptions of space thus arise, and consequently also new forms; beyond the directly originating component forms, there will be the indirectly engendered new forms of space and mass.

What a revolution ensued in architecture when, for example, the magnificent Gothic structure, making use to the ultimate degree of the intrinsic properties of stone, was experimentally evolved! The material of column, arch, buttress and vault exercised a direct and determining influence on the evolution of the component forms of Gothicism, later to be fused into indivisible unity through the interaction of matter and form. But it was also this new system of matter and structure that made it possible for architecture to free itself of the compulsion of the earlier heavy Roman vaults, massive walls and thick-set pillars, and consequently of the confined spaces, baffling through their very complexity. A slender frame structure now appeared, with light vaults floating high up; space expanded in every direction and became almost translucent; the new, Gothic conception of space was evolved, and with it a harmonic unity between the new forms of space and mass and the component forms themselves.

Together with other members of the UIA General Assembly, which preceded the Congress, I spent a few deeply impressive hours in the medieval atmosphere of Cambridge. The crowning impressions were those gained in King's College Chapel. I had been familiar with this masterpiece of late English Gothic architecture from the literature on the subject, and even the data on its dimensions were no surprise to me; but because it lived in my recollection merely as a "chapel" it had, among the series of monumental masterpieces of Gothicism, somehow been relegated to the background. And now here I was, spellbound by its monumental proportions and profoundly struck by its perfection. (Someone played on the organ in our honour, and, strange as it may seem, the Gothicism of the architecture

and the Baroque of the music each served so much to enhance the effect of the other that I lived through one of those rare moments of intense experience.) It was thus that I came across Hryniewicki in the arch of the richly carved altar rail. We both looked upward, admiring together the magnificence of the system of arches that was unfolding, expanding and coming back together again over our heads, and amid half-uttered words to express our emotional satisfaction, we simultaneously pronounced a name—the name of a *present-day* master.

As a result of the industrial revolution of the nineteenth and the physical revolution of the twentieth century, a revolutionary influence of new matter is once more utterly reshaping architecture, just as happened with Gothicism. The new matter is now furnished by steel, ferro-concrete and—most recently—the many varieties of synthetic materials, which both separately and together have proved, and continue to prove day by day, that there is indeed a peculiar—direct and indirect—relation between matter and form and that it is of particular importance to draw sound conclusions from this relation.

It was no accident that my distinguished Polish colleague and I both uttered the name of Nervi, the author of one of the main papers. What he now does with the new material of ferro-concrete, which has for over a hundred years been revealing a rich succession in its laws, is, both in some of its component forms and particularly in its audacity, reminiscent of Gothic architecture, of the forms and the audacity of King's College Chapel. Reminiscent—yet of course with such differences in the non-artistic aspects as the chronological interval of four and a half centuries merely suggests, but to which the decisive divergence between the intrinsic laws of stone and of ferro-concrete gives tangible reality. In Nervi's "hands" the new matter, the ferro-concrete with which "you can do anything," assumes forms that in their direct effect are essentially new and once more richly plastic, while the indirect effect is embodied in completely new conceptions of space—e. g., huge, unsupported (mostly central) halls—in new forms of space and mass.

The philosophic concept of the relation of matter and form, which has been touched upon, at the same time also determines the aesthetic approach. When the creative architect today imparts form to matter, he will, in line with the above attitude, pay the greatest respect to any intrinsic laws it possesses. We might say that it is the laws to which he lends shape, and when he attains a top level of "up-to-date-ness" in the recognition of these laws he may develop the top-level form that corresponds to the given period. It is this form that I have called the "necessary" form, as opposed to the

"beautiful" form, of which categories I had this to say in a recent work*:

"In the first period of the creative process of architecture—though this process is dialectically complex, i. e., no phase may be separated from the rest—it is above all and necessarily the empirical, technical and scientific considerations and conditions pertaining to the project that must be satisfied. In particular those which—with respect, on the one hand, to the weight-bearing and other structures and, on the other, to the "plans" representing the projections of the material functions primarily to be realized in the building—embody what is best in the craftsmanship and architectural science of the given age and society. The raw architectural form thus obtained may be called the "necessary" form, since it is a prime necessity if the building is to be more or less "useful" or "good." The process in fact often stops at this phase of development, so that in architecture, no less than in all other fields of human endeavour, it is relatively rare for "beauty" to be born.

The "beautiful" form is in its essentials very similar to the "necessary" form... The "beautiful" form is *the*—theoretically *unique*—form among all the possible variants of the "necessary" form, which contains at the relatively highest level all those laws and truths relating to architecture that the given epoch and society recognizes and utilizes and which, relatively speaking, best correspond to the aesthetic ideal (not only with respect to architecture) of the age and the society concerned. While, however, the production of the "necessary" form requires an appropriately high level of *expert* training and ability, the creation of the "beautiful" form among the possible variants of the "necessary" form needs a special aptitude, that might be called *artistic* talent, which is able—beyond the *conscious* process of creative activity—to seize upon the unique sclution precisely through its instinctive quality."

This then is the philosophic conception and the aesthetic approach which attach to the direct and indirect relation of matter and form. And any examination of the present-day practice of architects the world over, and of the more significant architectural works created by that practice, will in its outcome serve to prove the correctness of this conception and approach.

*

A large part of my short stay in Britain (ten days in all) was taken up by the events and receptions of the General Meeting and the Congress. I

* Máté Major: *A "szép" és a "művészi" mai építészetünkben* ("Beautiful" and "artistic" in our contemporary architecture). *Magyar Tudomány*, 1961, No. 10, pp. 607—621.

managed now and again to steal a day and a half altogether to have a look at the museums (the British Museum, the Tate and the National Gallery), and since I was also very much interested in historic buildings, I had little time left for modern British architecture. I only had a cursory view of some new structures, mainly dwelling houses (e. g., the Roehampton buildings designed by the eminent Hubert Bennet and his associate), and was able to visit only one large ministerial building under construction, by courtesy of its designer, Ernő Goldfinger, a former compatriot of mine, who has in recent years become a distinguished British architect. Summing up the impressions I gathered here, and the other more cursory ones, I must nevertheless objectively conclude that in Britain the correct philosophic conception and aesthetic approach to the relation between matter and form are generally implemented at a high level (at least in the large residential and public buildings, for I had no occasion to see modern industrial ones from close by). In other words, there are quite a large number of "good" buildings, representing the "necessary" form, and a fair number of "beautiful" buildings.

If we compare this achievement with the architecture of Hungarian residential and public buildings, particularly the former, we have to admit that in this sphere at least we are still lagging behind British standards. In Hungary the relation of matter and form—both philosophically and aesthetically—is not yet realized at the same high level as in Britain. There are, of course, specific, objective reasons for this, and I would like primarily to treat those concerned with the building of dwelling houses.

One of the most fundamental of these reasons is that in Britain homes are mainly commodities, whereas here they have essentially ceased to possess the character of a commodity. It follows that in the former, apart from quantity production, or even in place of it, quality in "finish," "function" and "aesthetics" is the prime requirement, since only commodities of excellent quality may be advantageously sold, while in Hungary—where the tremendous demand for homes meets to realize as rapidly as possible and with maximum effect the socialist principle of constantly raising living standards—*quantity* production is primary, thus necessarily—even though temporarily—relegating all three kinds of quality to the background. The relative backwardness of the quality of "finish" is, of course, related—among other factors—to a certain backwardness in the development of the Hungarian building industry, to the relatively slow rate of modernization, to the limited number of skilled workers (the tempo of socialist construction is indeed retarded at times by the lack of manpower), to the necessity for thrift (dictated by the available resources

of the national economy), to the frequent tendency towards "cheapness" due to the pressing quantitative requirements, *etc.*

The backwardness in "functional" quality is again mainly determined by quantity; we need many homes quickly, and this has forced us to decrease the average size of flats, to fix relatively low norms for floor space and to make various other concessions. The average size of the flats in our new buildings is still somewhat less than two rooms,* and they are a good deal more densely populated than the two per room that may be regarded as the permissible maximum.**

On the basis of the relation between matter and form that has been outlined, the backwardness in "aesthetic" quality is a natural consequence of the backwardness in "finish" and "function." We are building more and more large residential buildings that are both "good" and "beautiful," but the average has not yet reached the level of what may be called "good" and, particularly, "beautiful."

*

There is, however, one domain of Hungarian architecture—one of the *genres* of the art—in which gifted Hungarian architects have been able to apply their skill and ability without such stringent obligations as to quantity. This has been the domain or *genre* of industrial architecture.

The reasons are easy to explain. People inspired by the day-by-day achievements of socialist construction and by the certainty of a magnificent socialist future are able to agree that the satisfaction, within their lifetime, of their demands according to their needs can only be accomplished through transitional stages, and that one of these includes a home that is as yet inadequate in regard to the quality of its "finish," its "functional" and "aesthetic" standards.

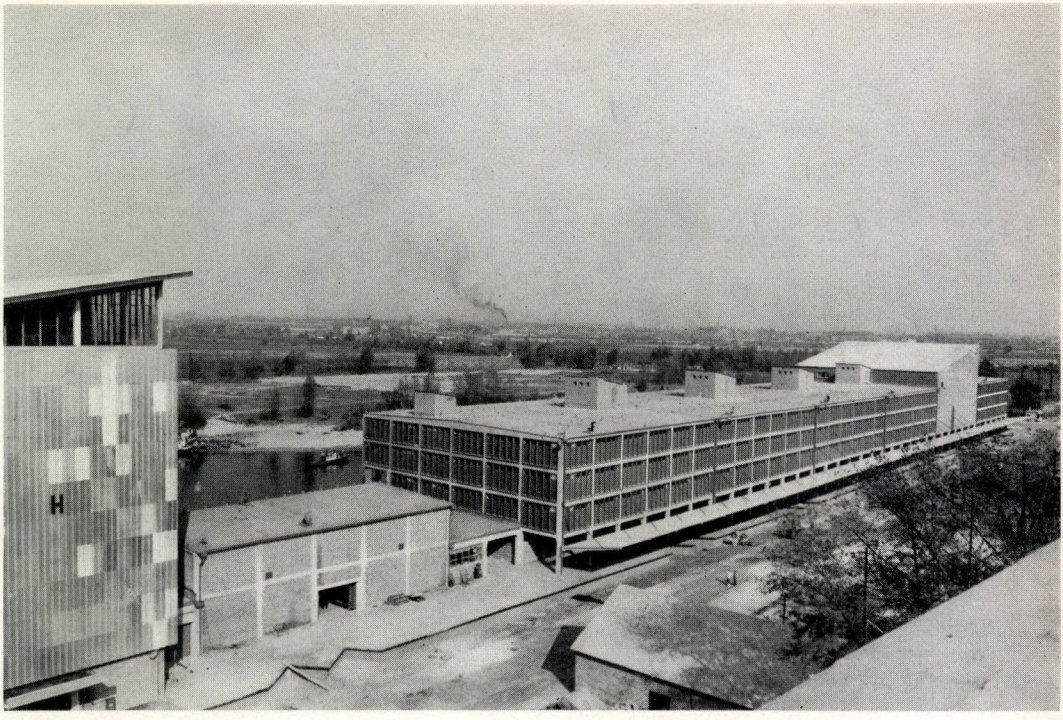
With respect to industrial production, on the other hand, there can be no such transitional stages. In our view the modernity of the heavy industries which produce the instruments of production is a basic precondition for the construction of socialism, while the planned increase in the output of other industrial products is a prerequisite for realizing the socialist principle of constant raise in the standard of living. As regards

* I have comparative figures for housing production only for 1957.

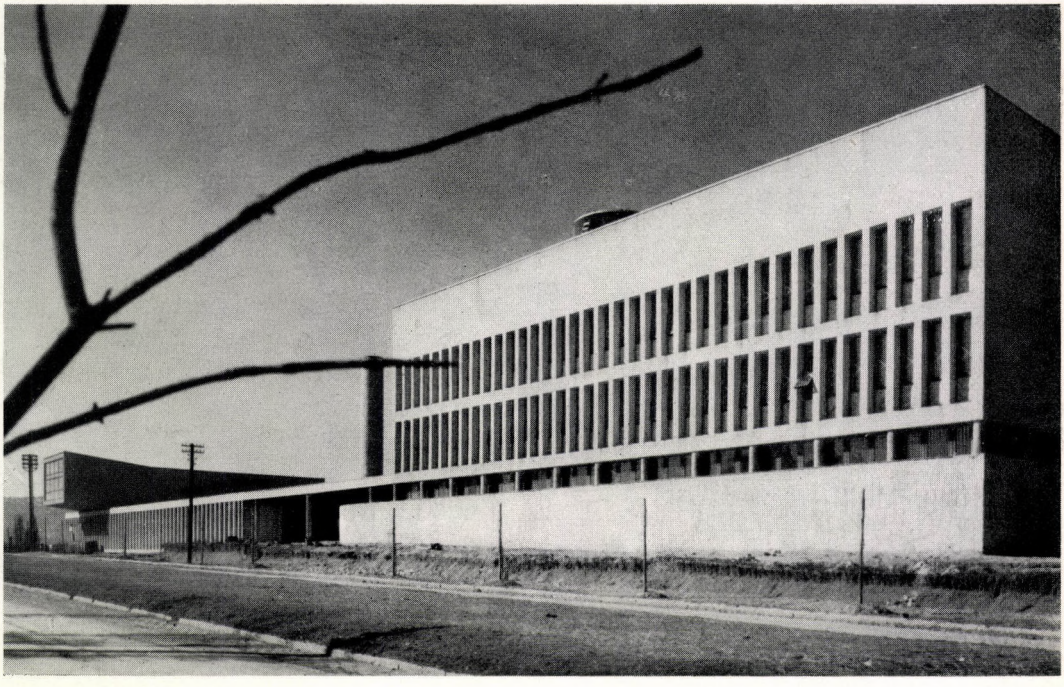
	1	2	3	4 and more rooms per flat
Hungary	52	45	3	0%
Gr. Britain	13	36		51%

Az Építéstechnikai és Építésgazdasági Iroda lakásépítéssel kapcsolatos munkái ("Works on housing construction of the Bureau for Building Techniques and Building Economy), Budapest, Sept. 1959, p. 10.

** According to data from the same source, this figure in 1957 was about 2.7 persons per room in the new flats built by the State.



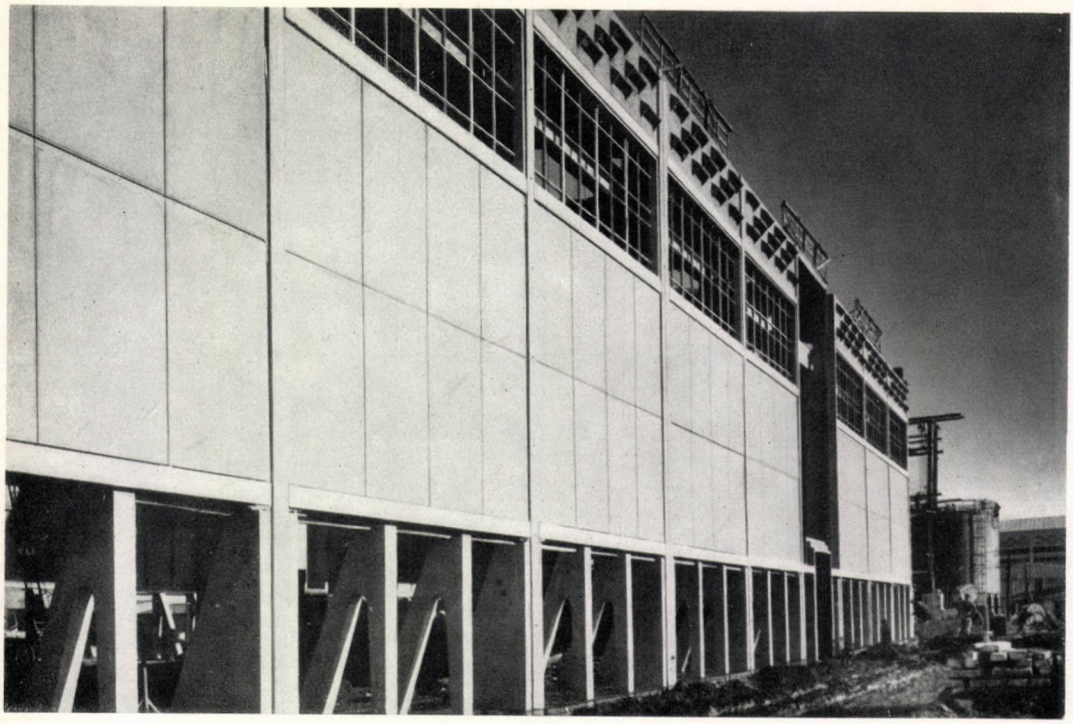
Port warehouse. Designed by Árpád Szabó



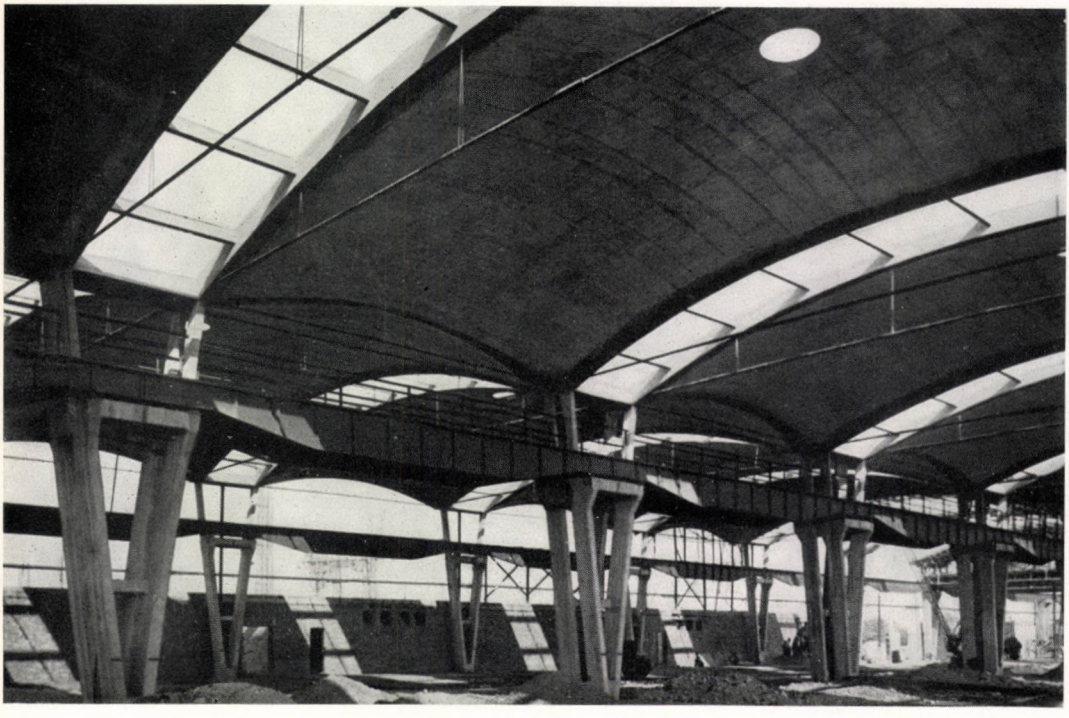
Chemical research laboratory. Designed by László Hóka

OFFICE BUILDING OF A ROLLING MILL. DESIGNED BY LÁSZLÓ WAGNER

WELFARE BUILDING OF A PAPER MILL. DESIGNED BY ISTVÁN RAMOCSAY



PREFABRICATED FRONT PANELLING OF CHEMICAL WORKSHOP.
DESIGNED BY FERENC BARABÁS AND MIKLÓS GNÄDIG



SHELL BARREL-VAULT STRUCTURE OF TUBE WORKSHOP.
DESIGNED BY DR. ISTVÁN MENYHÁRD AND LAJOS SEMSEY

buildings needed for the production of industrial goods it is therefore not possible to make any allowances with respect to either "finish" or "function." The technology of production demands the greatest possible satisfaction of functional needs, with complete and uninterrupted—and at the same time economical—scope for the processes of production. Now since this generally implies the construction of huge shops and systems of shops, frequently with complex linkages in space, the solution in terms of matter poses very great demands, including the use and even the development of the latest materials (structures, techniques). On the other hand, where the achievement of quality in "finish" and "function" calls for maximum effort, there a high aesthetic level must develop as well. (The productive units erected according to the above considerations, of course, also exert an influence on the auxiliary—office, welfare, *etc.*—buildings.)

This thesis has been confirmed by the State organization of the design of Hungarian industrial buildings, the commencement and development of the work of the *Industrial and Agricultural Planning Enterprise* (Iparterv*), which in recent years has begun to win world renown for Hungarian architecture. In this connection, it may be of interest to note that even during the four or five years when Hungarian architecture (as the result of grave ideological errors) also sought to "renew" itself by utilization of historical forms, industrial architecture—because of the previously outlined special demands imposed on it—managed to remain almost immune to this distortion. A related reason of course is that it has proved possible for the enterprise in question to engage a relatively large number of gifted architects and design engineers—including young people—whose cooperation under excellent management has led to the formation of a veritable "school" of modern Hungarian industrial architecture. (The young people include a number of my first university pupils—a fact of which I am especially proud, though without serious reason, for while even the best professor cannot convert untalented people into creative architects, my pupils have already far surpassed their professor in making their names known through "beautiful" works.)

If I am not mistaken, news of Hungarian architecture first appeared abroad in 1959 when *L'Architecture d'Aujourd'hui* published an account of a few pages on what were then the most recent Hungarian industrial structures, assembled of large, prefabricated parts. Since then, reports have continuously appeared in all parts of the world, heralding ever newer achievements. One of the "mentions" of the Perret-Prize, first awarded in 1961, was received by a team of *Iparterv** on the basis partly of the first account

* Abbreviation of *Ipari és Mezőgazdasági Tervező Vállalat*

published in 1959. To illuminate the value of this award, it may suffice to mention that the jury included such eminent architects as E. Beaudoin, a member of the Executive Committee of the UIA (acting for the President), P. Vago, General Secretary of the UIA (son of József Vágó, a distuingished Hungarian architect at the beginning of the century), A. Persitz and J. M. Richards, chief editors of *L'Architecture d'Aujourd'hui* and of *The Architectural Review*, respectively, Alfred Roth, who if I remember correctly was formerly editor-in-chief of the Swiss *Werk*. And since, as the above names show, the jury was selected from among the editors of the great European architectural periodicals, I too somehow landed in this brilliant company, as the editor of our "great" *Magyar Építőművészet* ("Hungarian Building Art"). The prize itself was awarded to the outstanding Mexican constructor F. Candella, while the other mention (there were two altogether) went, *ex aequo*, to the building bureau of the British Ministry of Education (S. Johnson-Marshall, Donald Gibson, *etc.)*.

I shall conclude with a few comments on the pictures here reproduced to illustrate my statements. The illustrations are the latest works of *Iparterv* and have with one or two exceptions not yet been published. Being the most recent ones, they are also to some extent unselected; they consequently on the one hand represent the relatively highest level which the process of development has so far reached and on the other hand also possess those still recurring faults which even the expert sometimes fails to notice—especially on photographs.

The works here shown are—I would repeat—"good" and "beautiful" because their building materials, structures and constructional techniques, which render possible the unhindered application of the most up-to-date production technologies and other functions, are fused with their form in accordance with the evolving aesthetic ideal of the age, having themselves directly and indirectly as it were "provoked" the latter's genesis.

The *port warehouse* is "beautiful" because its material (prefabricated ferro-concrete) represents the advanced standards of building technology through exact structural forms and because its spatial shape conforms to the relatively simple function of warehousing, exactly reflected in the simple cube of the form which the mass assumes and by the special stress on the interior manipulation area. This stress is furnished by the raised headpiece, the sloping roof, and—a device of component form—the aluminium coating of the concentrated surfaces, whose material-textural effect is enhanced by a discrete, geometric "abstraction" composed of aluminium sheeting of a different hue. The building is "beautiful" because it makes no pretence at being more than what it is, because its practical function

is incarnate in simple forms, but with that "minimal" yet vast plus with which the gift of shaping raised it from the denser and lower world of the possible, "necessary" forms, to the rare heights of "beauty."

The *office building of a rolling-mill* is the first in Hungary to have a *curtain wall* appear on its frontage—a feature which was evolved in Western architecture during the fifties, in the case mainly of office buildings but also of multi-flat residential blocks. This form developed because of the need to divide the interior into cellular and mostly small units, offering considerable variability. This reason has also determined the special structure of these usually tall buildings—the erection of a skeleton of girders (steel and ferro-concrete) behind the frontage planes, making it possible to suspend a light metal network of closer division, carrying panels mainly of glass but also of synthetic materials, *etc.*, with a view to limiting the spaces of the building. The suspension occurs from the cantilever projections of the floors, in the manner of a curtain (hence the name). This solution is frequently "beautiful," because in it—and behind it—the progress made in such things as materials and the more advanced forms of living and working, whose satisfaction is promoted precisely by the high level of development in materials, may be most strongly felt and definitely recognized. This is why the curtain-wall design of the office building for the rolling-mill is "beautiful"—at least for those who do not know that what has been said of the relation of matter and form has in this case only been applied at the expense of a certain amount of compromise. The structure of the curtain wall is here not quite "pure," for the parapets are solid, resting on the cantilever floors, and it is only their facing that makes them seem suspended—obviously for reasons of economy. No grave reproach may, however, be directed toward the designer, and not only because of this last circumstance but also because in the case of several of the masterpieces of historic architecture—especially in certain periods, as in the Baroque—the social necessity of producing an illusion frequently led to what we might call a denial of the material, something of which there is no trace here.

The *welfare building of the paper mill* is "beautiful" perhaps because its architect has introduced a trifle more playfulness into the direct and indirect shaping of his materials—a feature that does not contradict what has been said previously. He was, after all, concerned with the architectural formulation not of office or productive functions but of those of dressing-rooms, washing-facilities, baths and—on the top floor—dining and lecture halls, so that this playfulness is not only permissible but also necessary in expressing the superior humanism of our society in the evaluation of work

and working people. The fact that there is something "Italian" about the form pattern of the building, i. e., something that is reminiscent of the witty and engaging (occasionally extravagant) form experiments of the excellent contemporary generation of Italian architects, is at the worst a most "pardonable" offence. The mutual influences that now characterize European architecture—independently of country and even of social forms—are necessary and unavoidable at the given stage of development, particularly in the case of an art so closely interrelated with its materials as architecture.

The exterior view of the *aluminium rolling-mill* and the interior of the *tube workshop* under construction present two aspects of one and the same conception, novel in its matter. The simple cube of the earlier, aluminium-covered production building at the aluminium rolling-mill, shown in a very foreshortened view, was indirectly shaped by essentially the same ingenious, light, and in its direct forms rich, structure of ferro-concrete pillar and ferro-concrete shell as the tube workshop. Consequently the latter will represent about the same "beauties" as the former building, which has already earned fame and renown for its designer (the constructional blueprints were incidentally prepared by the same team as for the tube workshop).

The "beauty" and also the interest of a *grinding mill for building materials* are due mainly to the fact that the plastic network of small, prefabricated ferro-concrete components, in some places perforated, at others filled in, makes it possible to follow the complex milling process taking place inside with suitable illumination, i. e., by grouping the perforated elements—the windows—in such a way as to concentrate incident light wherever it happens to be needed. It was thus that the apparently playful window composition of the frontage was evolved, serving also excellently to decorate the building. There is one thing at the most to which exception may be taken, and this is the diamond-section shape given to the solid, concrete panel components of the plastic mesh. Actually even this might seem "beautiful" to one who is not aware that in this case the pattern is no more than the formal imitation of the relief design serving to stiffen the aluminium panels on the frontages of some foreign buildings, without possessing the functional justification it had there.

The building of the *chemical research laboratory* is also "beautiful," mainly because in its many masses—corresponding to its multiple functions—in its pavilion-like distribution, in the pavilions themselves and the wings and the covered passages connecting them, in the variety furnished by the differing heights of the blocks, in its very contrasts, it fits in harmoniously

with the varied, hilly and green scenery of Buda. But another reason is that the division of the parts, the location, proportion, size and rhythm of the apertures are arranged on the various masses, the outer forms, according to the requirements of the interior utilization of the space. Although not without precedent, the daring transverse emplacement, above the longer frontage facing the street, of the cube containing the dining room and lecture hall is "beautiful" and ingenious. Apart from stressing its purpose, it also gives the street view of the group of buildings an effective counterpoint. All these forms—both the main and the component forms—are, of course, directly and indirectly, faithfully preceded and followed by the matter and all that we understand that concept to contain.

Finally the model of a vast *canning factory* now under construction is here reproduced to convey the development in Hungarian industrial architecture of the thinking on this theme. Here too, it may be seen that the designers of our industrial buildings—the creative architects of *Iparterv*—have, whether deliberately or not, acquired the correct philosophic conception and aesthetic approach to the relation between matter and form. This is proved by their increasingly expert solution of the novel functional problems that arise day by day in the buildings belonging to their sphere, by their constant endeavour to probe and expand the enormous possibilities inherent in the material (structural, technical) solutions, and, last but not least, by their aesthetic formulations. These factors will undoubtedly serve to augment their successes and their renown, both at home and in the world at large.

NINTH NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF HUNGARIAN FINE ARTS

by

ÁKOS KOCZOGH

For several decades collective shows of Hungarian fine arts have been set up at the largest exhibition rooms in Budapest, the Műcsarnok (Art Gallery). They are maintained for long periods in the spring, every other year of late, on the idea that documentary demonstration of continuous change requires at least two years. This year's excellently arranged show departed from tradition by not only presenting painting but devoting much space to graphic art, sculpture, coins and medals, pottery and tapestry, and, as a separate series, monumental photographs of significant pieces of the so-called two-per-mille works of the past few years: the large and well-paid results of the plan of devoting two-per-mille of the total investment to artistic decoration of each new building (frescos, mosaics, glass windows, plastic art). The almost unprecedented popularity of the show, with 20,000 visitors in the first ten days, indicates both its new variety and vivacity and the eagerness of the far from well-trained or well-informed Hungarian public to discover the modern trends in the fine arts.

The Ninth National Exhibition brought home how closely Hungarian art must reckon with the parallel course of European art as a whole, though a lag of half a century may sometimes be seen. The question becomes more complicated when it involves the cultural liberation of underdeveloped peoples, when it means not only new investments but the paying off of old debts. Such debts imply the pleasure offered by the rediscovery or new transient enjoyment of forms of expression that belong to the past; they may be considered as an accelerated, condensed compensation rather than an imitation of former worthy models. That the same wall is made to support post-impressionist, Fauvist, and cubist efforts, as well as works displaying archaistic planes or naturalistic phenomena a century behind the times, does not signify that Hungarian artists are ignorant of the features that distin-

guish modern art from retrograde notions. Rather, it points to the absence of uniform taste both with the public and with artists, and indicates the patient attitude of artistic education and the uneven path of Hungarian progress which has made it impossible for public opinion to take a stand on the basis of modern artistic endeavours.

What do the new aspirations, proclaimed in particular by young Hungarian artists, refer to?—The path marked out by dynamic vitality in the world as a whole, in its dialectic, organic unity. These artists regard folk-directed art as no less antiquated than boundless admiration of technical advance and look askance at non-figurative abstraction (without denying its role) as well as at naturalism. Technical achievements they consider as subordinate instruments and not as dehumanizing monsters; their borders lie beyond geographical and political frontiers, hence also beyond the mirroring of racial and provincial details, elements that were indispensable factors in the "plain painting," for instance, of recent years and represent the peculiar Hungarian characteristic of fine arts. If, to the present day, abstraction and naturalism have been recognized as extremes of painting (only the most problematic part of the Ninth Exhibition, painting, being dealt with here), it may be stated that Hungarian painting displays as a characteristic and important tendency the wish to construct the summarized world of reality on the abstract elements of the picture. This intention may be illustrated by three examples of three generations, the show itself embracing these three generations: Jenő Barcsay (born in 1900), László Bartha (1908) and József Németh (1928). All three are typical representatives of the age and, as such, of the exhibit.

Barcsay is over sixty, well-known abroad for his work on art anatomy, with faithful representation and original draftsmanship, which is used in England, America, France and India. He exhibited four pictures, three drawings, and a mosaic design. Barcsay does not build on abstraction but from it. Thus his favourite themes are houses, corners of his studio, upright human figures—everything apt to afford clear construction. Apart from his mosaic entitled "Women," his pieces contain no human figure; yet the provincial flights of steps, gables or studios radiate a human warmth. The inhabitants appear to have just left the room, leaving behind a human touch on the jug that stands on the table, on the random, bizarre position of a chair, or on the easel turned away from the spectator. A peculiar renaissance calm emanates from these pictures. Vertical composition is used in all three; in two of them the background melts into the infinite horizon of a sea—not a sun-bathed but an infinite sea. A house in a provincial town, with a flight of steps, eaves, a stool, a jug on the table, is worn and grey

(there are innumerable shades of grey in this painting, kept from dullness by a tiny streak of chromeoxide green) yet imbued with the atmosphere of real houses and courtyards. The sight permits no further simplification lest it forfeit its inspiring content. The skeleton and colours that supply the construction and its order and harmony, on the other hand, admit of no further intensification. Indeed, this is no longer an easel, gable, and courtyard but their illusion, produced with daringly, brilliantly simple pictorial means. The red of the easel's wood is softened by two horizontal lines of dark vermilion; the red of the lines is set off by the black laid on between them. Depth flows from the blue half of the background, while lyrical colouring is added by the sunny brightness of the head on a green plane. Without shade or sunshine (only the atmosphere suggests brightness), yet it is suffused with warmth, appealing merely to the emotional association of structural elements and ground colours reduced to classical simplicity.

Whereas with Barcsay the atmosphere follows from structural elements and forms, with László Bartha, more deeply impressed by French culture, emphasis rests on the atmosphere. No aluminium factory or station would be like those in his pictures that bear these titles, and nothing would have been easier than to transform the visual image of a factory or of a railway station into complete abstraction. Bartha nevertheless confines himself to suggestions of the facts that underlie his theme, endeavouring to communicate the atmosphere corresponding to it, and not the latent structural elements. To avoid misunderstanding, let it be made clear that he renders not his own impressions but those lying dormant in the theme. Therefore his work is less reserved, more lyrical, more given to moods, and more emotional than Barcsay's. For instance, his picture entitled "Aluminium" is a playful medley of violets, reds and yellows tuned into harmony with blues, greens and whites. Wheels, tubes and transmission lines hang in chaos over the shining floor. The cold metal and the machine cut and cleave; yet the picture is a huge hide-and-seek game of colours and light, with order and harmony reigning over the restlessness of the details. This again is in sharp contrast to Barcsay's work, where harmony of the whole picture is evoked by the orderliness of the details.

József Németh, the youngest of these three painters, was formerly a labourer; his painting is the only example here of synthesis. In fact, he incorporates the ideal of László Bartha; he builds reality on the structurally abstract experience of the picture, uniting the two. With him, structural simplicity and the atmospheric value of the theme rise to equal value, and form, colour and atmosphere acquire similar intensity. Moreover, whereas

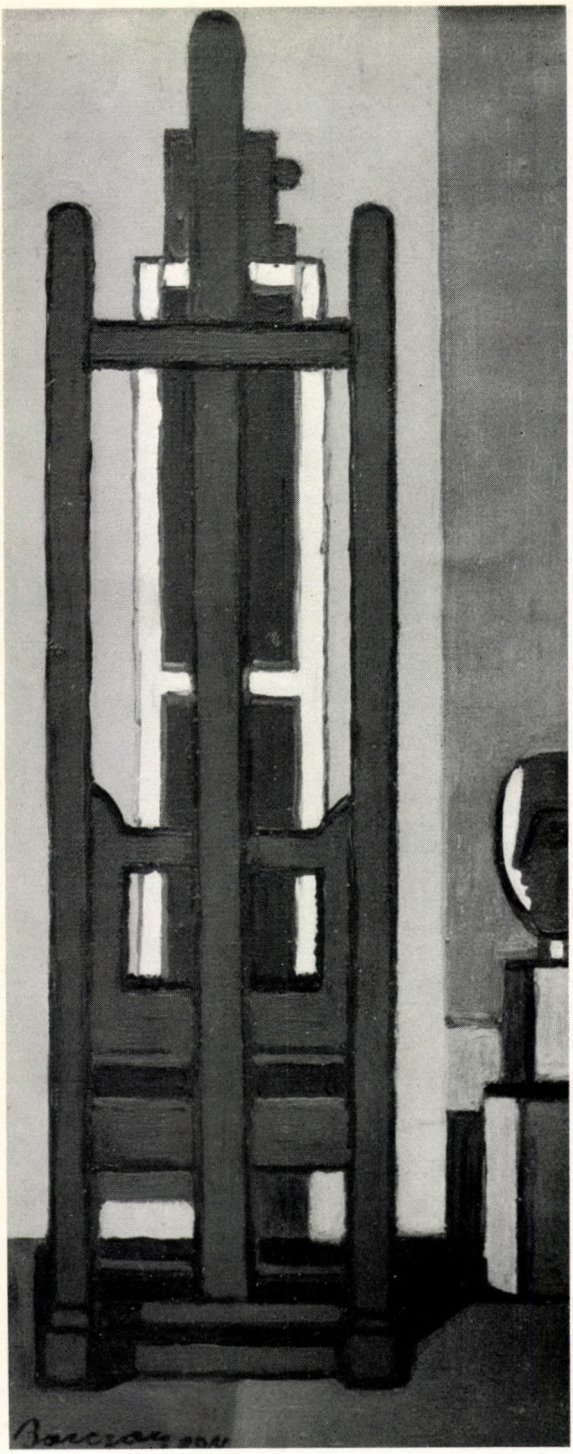
László Bartha: Aluminium

József Németh: By the Embankment

Miklós Borsos: Head of Lőrinc Szabó, the poet

Ervin Tamás: Waiting

JÁNOS OROSZ: SEED SHIFTING



Jenő Barcsay: Easel

with Bartha the lines and interesting, symmetrical, narrow patches of colour (wheels, tubes, transmission lines) are reconciled in a cool, blue ground tone, in József Németh's Egyptian-like, single-plane vision, expanses stretched to the breaking-point are dominated by strength and simplicity. In the painting, "By the Embankment," the broken lines of the young animals and the girl's upright carriage form a strange contrast, while the picture is cut in half by the horizon like a bow by an arrow. It is almost banal in its simplicity. Only the Egyptians and cave dwellers dared to be so direct, to rely on a few colours applied in the same way as watercolours (here chiefly on greens, ochres, and reddish-browns) to render the lyrical correlations, the unity of scenery and man.

Hungarian painting, now in the stage of unfolding, may in the course of its later development come to contribute to universal art this elemental relationship connecting mankind with one another as well as with the whole—a salutation to the fruits of science and technical progress, with freedom from fear.

Only a few examples have been quoted, though this exhibition is far more complex. With a few significant pictures it has nevertheless produced evidence that Hungarian art is capable of creating its modern forms of expression, simultaneously with, but, as so often before, almost independently from, European painting (as the impressionism of Pál Szinyei Merse—often without real understanding). The parallel progress is further illustrated by the exhibit arranged from the material of the Hungarian National Gallery under the title "The Eight and the Activists," presenting the problems of Hungarian art around the time of the First World War. Traits kindred to and in common with European art are evident. Such men as Károly Kernstok, József Rippl-Rónai, Ödön Márffy, János Kmetty, Béla Czobel, Bertalan Pór and Béla Uitz were backed by the majority of the Hungarian radically-minded public, not only because they turned against official and petrified academic naturalism, but also because their generally laconic mode of expression, aimed at seizing the essence, was fired by revolutionary Hungary, the world of the poet Endre Ady. Pictures by those who are still alive, Béla Czobel (1883), János Kmetty (1889), and Bertalan Pór (1880), are shown, and their art cannot be said to have faded. Grandchildren grow up on the knees of their grandfathers, and the young artists, now about to attain maturity, would seem to stand closer to these masters, particularly to the two last-named, than to their own teachers.

If, at the exhibitions of the past decade, the young artists were reproached for being unable to escape the influence of their own teachers, this time it may be remarked with satisfaction that the best among the young genera-

tion (József Németh, Zoltán Szabó, Béla Kondor, Gyula Feledi, László Bokros, János Orosz, András Cs. Nagy, László Miskolczi, and Miklós Somos, all of them about thirty) profit from the achievements of their pictorial grandfathers, without a trace of imitation, following them in recognition of the essence through concrete objective form, in the emotional depth of simplified forms, the rhythmic verve of line, the constructive nature of composition. They pour their aspirations into such themes as permit the widest scope for lyrical expression, as in József Németh's pair of lovers sheltered by the shade of a tree, András Cs. Nagy's courtyard of an old mill, and Zoltán Szabó's mining region (in cubist simplicity). Unfortunately, this cannot be said of the whole exhibit. Much of the graphic collection and a small part of the plastic material are exceptions, but many of the exhibited pictures are not successful. Either they are bogged down by artificially devised and therefore lifeless structural problems, or they revert to the romanticism of the peasant environment as promising a more captivating atmosphere, without getting beyond the sentimentality of the constructive principle. A fortunate encounter can be seen in the work of Ervin Tamás (1922), who placed waiting men before houses and gates of cubist simplicity in a deserted village, constituting planes of almost geometrical measurements and thus communicating solitude and suspense, the duality of cold houses and warm humanity.

Since last autumn an upswing has occurred in Hungarian art, not only in debates on art but also in results. It may be regarded as a noteworthy result that a generation seems to be growing up which follows its own convictions in trying to form a picture of Hungarian and universal reality, where man, objects and nature alike can find a home, where man need not escape to some primitive or dream world, where objects, accumulated objects that have lost their function—"things" (let us think of D. H. Lawrence's story of this same title)—do not suppress humanism, and where nature is not the conciliatory asylum or romantic refuge of man but his organic complement. When this purpose is compared with the development hitherto attained by painting the new trend and answer can be discovered to every derisive grimace of our age, without surrealist apology; a new, noble and pure endeavour can be seen, even though it may still be heavy with the struggles of an age of transition.

CSONTVÁRY

by

HANS HESS (YORK)

We have learned in our time something new about art which our academic predecessors did not know: it is that the springs of the imagination can be found in unexpected places, and that the results of the creative imagination need not conform to the classical tradition. We have learned that every tradition reaches a point where all accepted images loose their power of life, and that at one stage of history only entirely new forms can hope to achieve validity and relevance. By now art historians have learned to become tolerant enough to accept the unexpected and to grant validity even to the simple, the spontaneous and the untaught products of the painter's intention. The Expressionists went back to peasant art: Gauguin to the South Seas, Picasso to the primitive and savage, in search of fresh forms for the imagination of our time. Only within that context could it become possible for naive painters to be recognized as making a valid and meaningful contribution to the stream of history, and to man's conquest of the visible world.

Henri Rousseau (Le Douanier) was born in 1844—Tivadar Mihály Kosztka (Csontváry) in 1853; both men of humble origin began to paint in middle life. Le Douanier's first pictures date from 1885, Csontváry's from 1890. They were contemporaries not only in date, but in intention. Rousseau is a name the world knows, but Csontváry is little known outside Hungary, and even posthumous recognition in exhibitions in Paris and Brussels in 1949 and 1958, thirty to forty years after his death in 1919, has done little to make his name or his art widely known.

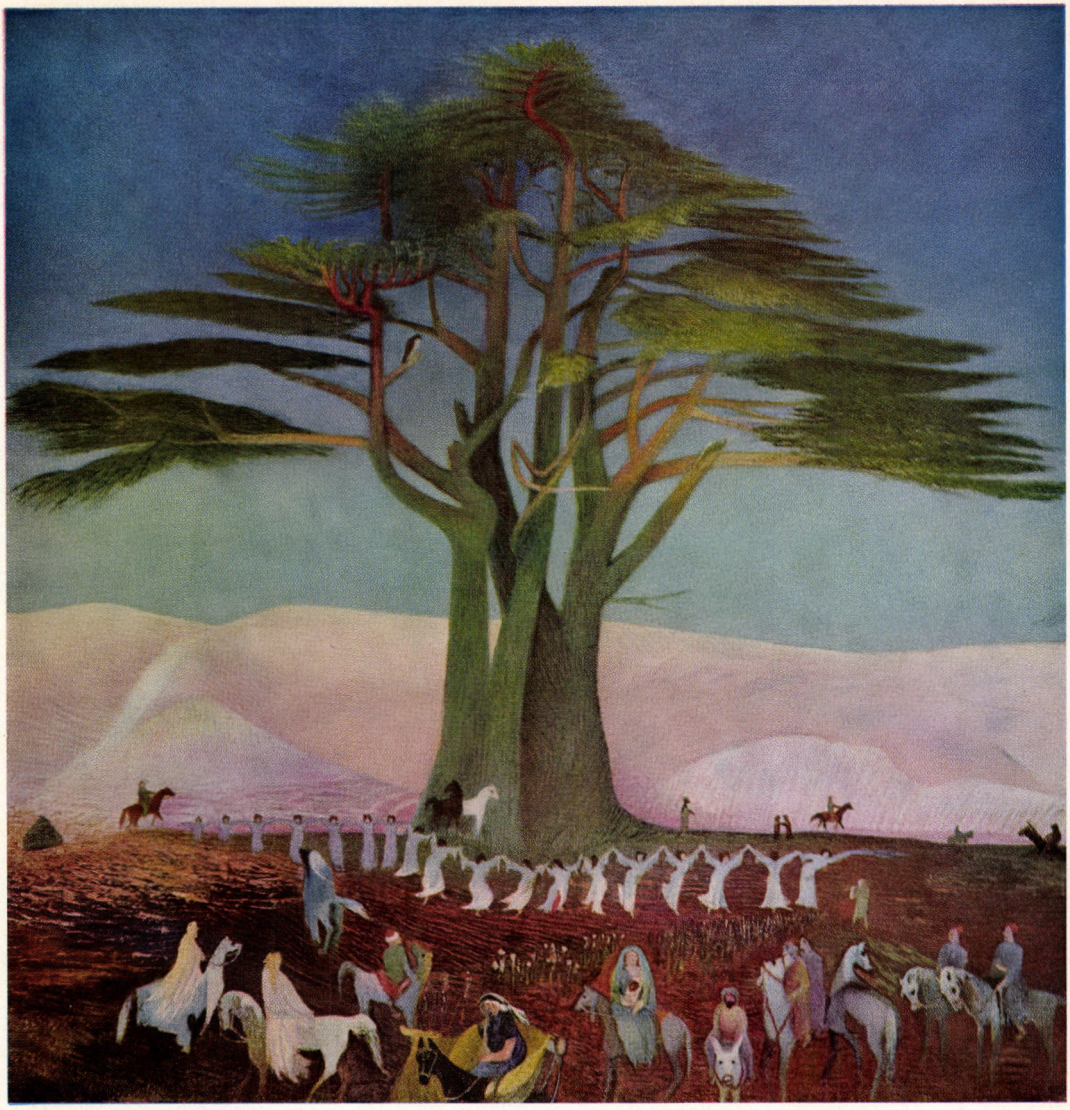
A new publication in English (Corvina Press) with twelve large and true colour-plates and with a sensitive and perceptive text by Ervin Ybl, well translated by István Farkas, makes therefore a welcome addition to the literature of art. Of the twelve paintings reproduced in the volume, only one is in the Hungarian National Gallery in Budapest, all others are private-

ly owned. Csontváry painted mostly very large pictures, and painted very few of them, so that even a visit to Hungary would tell us little more about the artist than this volume.

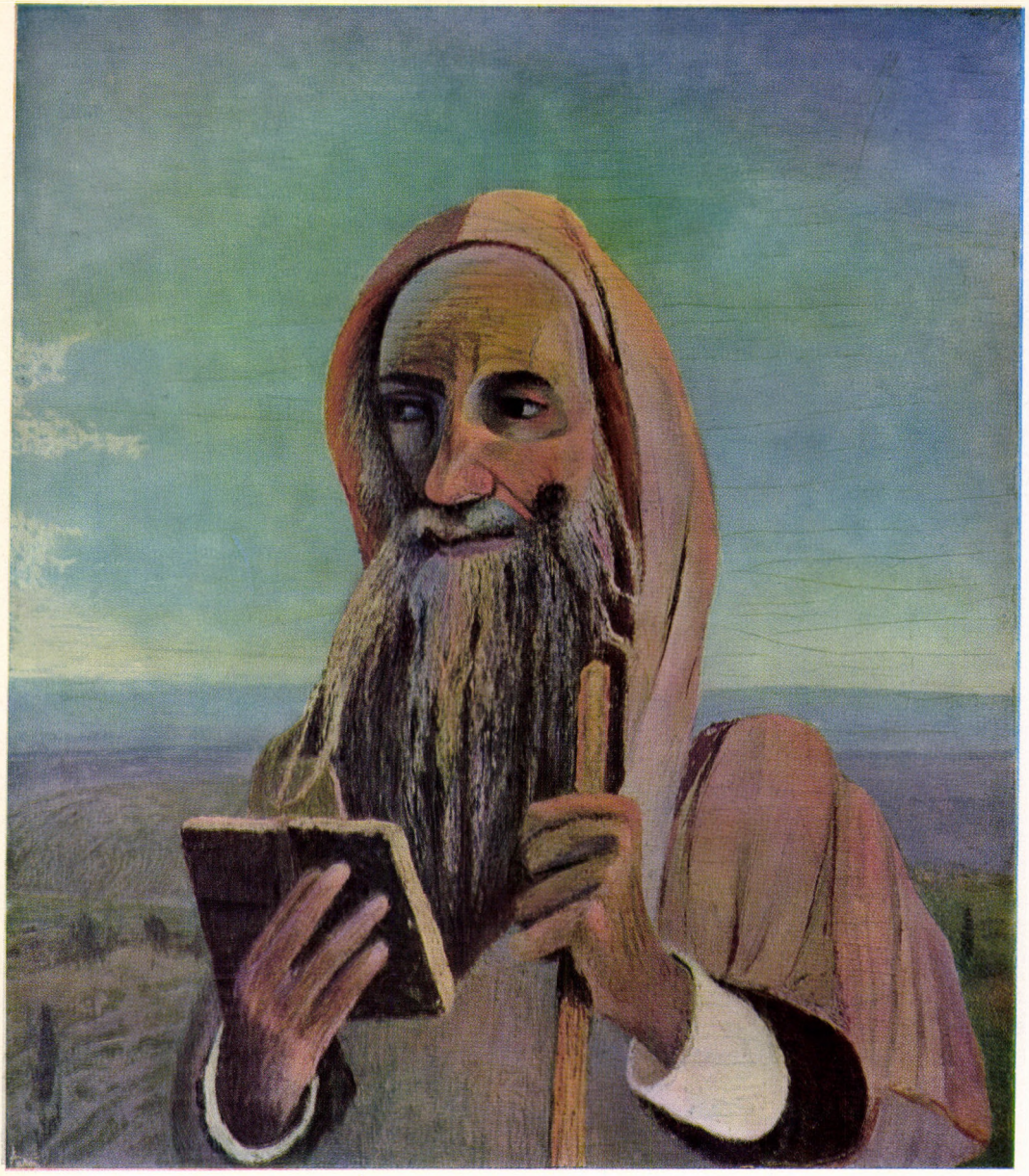
Csontváry was undoubtedly a fool, but of the stuff of Shakespeare's fools, one of the Till Eulenspiegels of this world, whose impertinence is only a way to get over the hurdle of reality into the world of dreams. A megalomaniac towards the outside world, to himself a seer and a visionary imbued with the ghastly certainty of religious people. To the simple mind every encounter with reality becomes problematical; there is too much to grasp; children and fools are never happy with appearances alone, yet not equipped with a ready-made frame of references in which they make sense, can only apprehend the object by looking at it from all sides and more often than not taking it to pieces. Thus a primitive painter like Rousseau gives more solid form to a leaf than it deserves. He treats each object in isolation. Each one is a new experience unrelated to the historical past of his imagination. In Csontváry this same need to grasp the obvious exists. It is lessened to some extent because he has the fluency of a trained painter. Thus he has more freedom to paint and here resembles Chagall, who appears to the historian so sophisticated and is yet an innocent child of the same simple visionary mind as our painter.

Ervin Ybl thinks of Csontváry not as a primitive, yet I would like to suggest that if this word is used not in its derogatory but in its positive sense, Csontváry is a true primitive and as such in good company amongst the moderns. He was a primitive not only in his lack of skill but in his overweening self-confidence. The professional artist always knows how much he has yet to achieve. The dilettante takes his vision for the result, and by enforcing his untaught vision on us makes it all the stronger, but he himself has never seen the picture as we see it. He remains unaware of his own ignorance, because he takes his vision for that visible truth which he has been unable to render. His technical failure is our gain. Rousseau throughout his life thought he depicted the world as it was, not that he changed it. Had he been told that his pictures were admired for their novelty of vision, for their "wrongness" he would have been deeply offended.

The choice of subject with Csontváry, as with Rousseau, is that of the naive reader: the wonders of the world, the miracles which impress children, Etna and Vesuvius, the falls of large rivers, lions and gypsies, dear to the heart of innocents, to the believer in wonders which never fail to enchant the self-taught readers of almanacs. Such people are not taught by 'art.' The great blessing of never having learned to see the world through other painters' eyes, never to have seen nature as a previously painted picture is



TIVADAR CSONTVÁRY: PILGRIMAGE TO THE CEDAR-TREE



TIVADAR CSONTVÁRY: MOROCCAN TEACHER

the quality of the untaught. Their colour is too high, the intensity of their vision cannot be satisfied by the sophisticated tradition of measure and balance. They are ferocious in their urge for expression. As Werner Haftmann says (in his *Painting in the Twentieth Century*): "It is the will to definition that endows with magical reality those imaginary plants, leaves and flowers..." The images of things he (Rousseau) thus produces possess magical efficacy, because they define the artist's possession of the world. The primitive painter takes possession of the visible world by defining it: he does not distinguish between reality and his vision of reality. Like Seraphine and Rousseau, Csontváry believed himself to be a great master. So he was, but not in the sense that he and the painters of his kind would have liked to be. He was, like every primitive, "unaffected by the culture of his time." In the official world he was a non-artist, but he, like Rousseau, has taught modern painters that there are many different ways of coming to grips with reality, and his grip was in many ways firmer and more secure than the grasp of conventional vision, and he had the full measure of creative obsession. Great artists modify or break a tradition and as they are aware of history and the culture of their time they know themselves to be revolutionists. Men like Csontváry in ignorance create new vision by believing they conform to tradition, and without their knowing it, have the gift of prophecy. Art historians writing after the working life of Csontváry have given the term "magic realism" to the manifestations of his type of vision. The self-conscious magic realism of Chirico's metaphysical paintings seems deliberate and sterile in contrast with the spontaneity of Csontváry's and Rousseau's magic. The unobstructed awareness of religious awe and the literalness of the illiterate mind are at the base of this simple grasp.

A simple mind is not a poor mind. It is a rich but an undisciplined mind, and it is here that the main-spring of primitive art meets the main-spring of all art. Both have their source in the richness of the imagination, but great art derives from a temperament through a discipline. The primitive lacks the sense of order which might have made his contribution great. Let us admit that order without a rich mind leads to sterile academicism, but let us also state that true greatness is all of one piece. We feel with Csontváry that we may be nearer the source of imagination, and that the primitive painters reveal older, more magical ways of looking at the world. In a time of laws and machines we occasionally like to be reminded of a golden age that has passed whilst working for the golden age to come.

THE FRONTIERS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE IN HUNGARY

by

LÁSZLÓ BARKÓCZY

I

The victorious armies of the Roman Empire appeared on the territory of present-day Hungary at the opening of the first century, and during their reign of 400 years the Danube formed the frontier of the Empire.

Study of the *limes*, the Roman system of border fortresses, affords excellent material for insight into the history of all the Roman provinces. Our knowledge of the Roman period in Hungary, in particular, is based on inquiry into the *limes* that marked off the northern and eastern limits of the western part of the country, then comprising the province of Pannonia. This research work has been carried on for several decades; in its course local investigation of the terrain and excavations have resulted in the discovery of a coherent system of fortifications running lengthwise along the right bank of the Danube. The fate of a province—also that of Pannonia—depended on the *limes:* the findings are therefore of eminent importance and apply to the whole province or to its components. The excavations have clarified the approximate dates at which the *limes* of Pannonia and the province itself were occupied. They have determined the exact time of the construction of buildings and of the barbarian invasions. *Limes*-research has furthermore provided an accurate picture of the ethnic composition and of the economic and cultural life of the army and the population.

Pannonia comprised the Transdanubian part of Hungary, the area between the rivers Drava and Sava in Jugoslavia, and the eastern margin of Austria. Prior to the Roman conquest this region was inhabited by Illyrian-Celtic tribes which maintained trade relations with the Romans long before the occupation.

2

The occupation of Pannonia by the Romans formed part of a comprehensive strategic idea carried out almost at the same time along the whole length of the Rhine and the Danube.

Here the Roman advance had no, or only a slight, economic motivation, inasmuch as this territory possessed no natural treasures justifying occupation. Its conquest was dominated by strategic ideas regarding the necessity of pushing the Empire's frontiers forward to the Rhine and the Danube.

The conquest of Pannonia was accomplished in two campaigns, and after the suppression of the Pannonian-Dalmatian revolt in 9 A. D. the whole territory was annexed and incorporated into the Roman Empire.

In the early period, fighting occurred south of the Drava in the area between that river and the Sava, which formed the focal point of occupation under the emperor Augustus. Thus the area of Pannonia lying between that river and the Sava became an organic part of the Roman Empire already at this time, whereas no significant military or other activity was being carried on in the region north of the Drava. Although the latter was treated as a possession of the Empire, few efforts, apart from rather lax supervision and steady patrolling, were expended on this region. Provisional camps were established at the principal crossing-places of the Danube, *e. g.* at Győr (Arrabona) and Aquincum in the vicinity of Budapest.

In both Pannonia and the neighbouring provinces, the general advance of the army to the line of the Danube in the territory north of the Drava took place under the emperor Claudius.

While under the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius only occasional control was exercised north of the Drava, under Claudius the principal crossing-places were subjected to regular occupation. The absence of any necessity for permanent control of the frontier may be explained by the friendly relations Rome maintained with the barbarian peoples on the left bank of the river. The situation changed under Domitianus, who, owing to the wars he carried on and to changes affecting the composition of the population on the left bank, was induced to build up a firm and coherent *limes* along the right bank of the Danube.

3

The *limes* actually was divided into two parts, corresponding to the enemy encamped on the left bank of the Danube. Beyond the *limes* sector between Vienna and Budapest (Vindobona-Aquincum) lived the Germanic Quads who had settled there with the approval of the Romans. They had signed

agreements requiring them to apply to Rome for confirmation of their kings and to fight every aggressor attempting to raid the province at any point of their sector. Under Claudius, the Budapest-Beograd (Aquincum-Singidunum) sector was inhabited by Sarmatian-Jazygian nomadic tribes of Iranian horsemen. The Quads and Sarmatians, disregarding the conditions laid down in their treaties, continued to press forward, approaching the *limes* ever more closely and making constant attacks on the Roman border fortresses. As a result Domitianus was compelled to build a strong, coherent line of fortifications. In the Danube Basin the situation grew still more dangerous when the emperor Trajan overwhelmed Dacia in two campaigns (102 to 106) and the Sarmatian-Jazygian tribes inhabiting the strip of land between the Danube and the Tisza, after becoming separated from their Roxolanian neighbours living at the lower reaches of the Danube, began pressing against the *limes* with still greater forces. This constant threat compelled Trajan to perfect and complete the Pannonian *limes*. The camps were multiplied and linked by means of watch-towers.

4

Faced as it was with two different enemies, the province was divided into Upper and Lower Pannonia. Upper Pannonia (Pannonia Superior) thus protected the province against the Germanic Quads, while Lower Pannonia (Pannonia Inferior) defended the frontier from Sarmatian-Jazygian inroads. Three legions and—according to military diplomas dating from the middle of the 2nd century—twelve auxiliary companies were stationed at the camps of Upper Pannonia. The 10th legion served at the camp of Gemina Vindobona (Vienna), the 14th at Gemina Darnuntum (Deutsch-altenburg), the 1st at Adiutrix Brigetio (Szőny), the 2nd legion at Adiutrix Aquincum. The rest of the frontier was guarded by mobile units of light cavalry, corresponding to the enemy's armour. In addition to the Aquincum legion, there were 18 auxiliary companies along this part of the border, to judge by a military diploma dating from 148 A. D.

Trajan not only built military camps but also fortified the territory behind the *limes* and promoted the development of urban life: around the camps military towns developed, where lived canteen-keepers, relatives, merchants and craftsmen, on whom it chiefly devolved to satisfy the requirements of the large army. In the vicinity of the legionary camps, a few miles from the military towns, civilian towns would also develop whose kernel was the agricultural community that supplied foodstuffs to the army and the military town. At various sectors of the frontier, life was full of stir

Minor Fortress from the late Roman period, unearthed near Pilismarót, north of Aquincum (excavations directed by Sándor Soproni).

Silver portrait of Emperor Trebonianus Gallus, at Brigetio
(present-day Szőny)

and movement, animated by troops from every part of the empire, successively stationed in the province for shorter or—in the event of war—more prolonged periods of time.

After the death of Trajan (117. A. D.) his work was concluded by his successor, the emperor Hadrian. The palisades were replaced by stone buildings, the defence system was improved, and a veritable cordon was drawn along the bank of the Danube. Hadrian strengthened the settlements along the *limes* by conferring municipal rights on the civilian settlements formed in the neighbourhood of military camps: among others, Aquincum and Carnuntum were thus promoted to townships.

The border defence was, however, continuously jeopardized and disturbed by the attacks of the barbarian tribes living on the left banks of the Danube. Traces of battles may be found in the *limes* even for relatively peaceful periods. This is supported by excavations of burnt strata and by findings, both within the *limes* and in the interior of the province, of concealed coins.

In the initial period of the camps, when only patrols kept guard over the Danube bank, there were protected transient camps surrounded by earthwork, sometimes by trenches. Later these were superseded by permanent stockades serving to support military operations or to allow for supervision over surrounding territory. Legionary, infantry and cavalry camps each had their specific type of organization. Their ground plan was similar, mostly of rectangular shape, with four gates—each surmounted by two towers—while the walls had corner towers at regular intervals. Outside they were encircled by a system of double moats *(vallum)*. On the inside too the camps were uniformly arranged following a fixed pattern in the placement of the commander's residence, the barracks, warehouses and workshops.

The various garrisons were charged with controlling the frontier sector belonging to the camp, on the domestic no less than on the hostile bank. They acted as *gendarmes*, performed the duties of excise men, or were assigned to technical jobs, such as building roads and bridges. Several sectors cooperated in keeping the frontier safe.

The troops concentrated at a camp showed a colourful composition, not only per unit but also within a unit. The Roman high command was able to choose its soldiers from the most varied material—from Spain to Syria, from Britain to North Africa. Units picked in Spain, Britain, Gaul, Germany, Dalmatia, Africa, Thracia and Syria were thus stationed in Pannonia. The troops stationed here not infrequently took part in wars outside the province. Under the emperor Antonius Pius in the second half of the 2nd century A. D., a great many Pannonian forces took part in

putting down the revolt of the Moors in Africa. On several occasions they were used against the Parthians and the Persians in the East. To replace the fallen, reinforcements were enlisted from the local population. Many foreign soldiers, who had joined the army during its campaigns in foreign countries, were therefore to be found in the province.

From the beginning of the construction of Pannonia's frontier defence system, patrol boats cruised the Danube, providing for the transport of troops, for revictualling and for the safety of commerce.

5

In the second half of the 2nd century a sweeping shift took place among the peoples of the Carpathian Basin. The migration of the Goths, beginning in the middle of the century, drove several minor peoples and groups of peoples into the Carpathian Basin. The new arrivals pressed the resident tribes against the Pannonian and Dacian *limes*, causing ceaseless disturbance, which under Marcus Aurelius finally led to extensive war. On the evidence of available sources, a number of peoples took part in attacking the territory of Pannonia and the region between the Danube and the Tisza. The Quads, Marcomans, and Sarmatians played the leading role; excavations have revealed traces of their devastations in every part of the *limes*. The thick layer of burnt material that may be ascribed to this war lasting over ten years (167 to 179 A. D.) has been unearthed not only at the camp sites themselves but also among the remains of the civilian settlements that belonged to the camps, and even in the interior of the province. Most of the population was annihilated during the wars, while of those who escaped many were carried off as slaves. In the army the ravages caused by war and plague could no longer be made good by volunteers. The emperor filled the thinned units of the army from the ranks of the farming population, whether they were citizens of Rome or not. Moreover, natives without any civil rights, slaves, indeed members of all strata in the urban communities were indiscriminately pressed into military service.

By the end of Marcus Aurelius' wars, the greater part of the *limes* lay in ruins. No camps or watch-towers of new ground design have been found in excavations of layers from this period; hence everything was reconstructed on the old pattern. No strategic alteration was effected in setting up the new *limes*. A few new contingents were brought to Pannonia, including a unit of Syrian archers from Hemesa, which fought a successful battle against the Sarmatian-Jazygian archers. Many years went by before Pannonia recovered from the consequences of these devastating wars.

6

After Marcus Aurelius, the age of Septimius Severus (193 to 211) led to a great upswing in Pannonia, which found its expression chiefly in the strengthening of the camps and camp towns in the province. This advance was connected with Severus' general imperial policy as well as with popular movements which had started to spread in Eastern Hungary already under Antonius Pius in the second half of the 2nd century and had rendered both the military and the civilian reinforcement of the Province of Pannonia indispensable.

Septimius Severus was put on the throne by the army in Pannonia, and he relied on the army during his whole reign. In 193 the old body-guard was disbanded, and the new one embraced many soldiers from Pannonia, a fact which increased the prestige of the provincial army and, consequently, also of the whole Pannonian population. The body-guard included considerable numbers of men from Poetovio (Ptuj), Siscia (Sisak), Sirmium (Mitrovica), Savaria (Szombathely) and Aquincum. High ranks became accessible to common soldiers, and growing numbers of subalterns rose to the rank of officers. The order of knighthood was opened to centurions, and their sons were admitted to the senate. Valour and loyalty to the emperor ensured promotion. The soldiers' pay was raised, and veterans were exempted from taxation. Soldiers could marry legally, and as a result the towns established around the camps greatly expanded. The emperor promoted the welfare of the towns, particularly when they furnished proof of their loyalty by furnishing soldiers to the army. Towns situated along the *limes*, such as Aquincum, Carnuntum, Brigetio, thus rose in importance.

The visit of Septimius Severus to Pannonia marked the golden age of the province. Everywhere along the *limes* there was immense prosperity; the legionary camps, the towns that sprang up around the camps of the auxiliary troops, buildings and rich tombs all bear witness to the affluence of the army, and so do the innumerable inscriptions, written for the most part by soldiers. The higher pay and various kinds of allotments to the army are reflected in the flowering of the camps situated along the *limes*. The prosperity of the army attracted many inhabitants from the interior of Pannonia to the camps and camp towns.

Despite this burst of activity, the reign of Septimius Severus was far from being a period of perfect peace and equilibrium. The greater part was spent in wars, and there was incessant fighting around the borders of Pannonia. The emperor's elder son, Caracalla, relied even more on the support of the army. He raised the soldiers' pay and bestowed still larger

gifts and emoluments, thus greatly promoting the general welfare of the population along the frontiers of Pannonia.

The flourishing of the Province of Pannonia under the Severus dynasty lasted about seventy years from the end of the second century. During this time too there is evidence of fighting in front of the *limes*, but it does not appear to have been of such an extent as to cause serious damage to the still strongly fortified frontier defence line.

Owing to the pressure brought to bear by the migration of the Gothic tribes, from the middle of the 3rd century ever increasing numbers of alien peoples and groups poured into the Carpathian Basin. At that time already they almost ruined Dacia and launched attacks against the frontiers of Pannonia at intervals of varying length. Little knowledge has come down to us about this warfare, which lasted forty years. The population was either exterminated or took refuge in walled cities and camps. Excavations reveal the ruin of blossoming towns and settlements. As evidenced by buried coins, the great disaster occurred under the rule of the emperor Gallienus in the years around 260. It was at this time that the kinsmen of the Sarmatian-Jazyges, the Roxolanes of Sarmatian origin, broke through the Olt *limes* in the south and began to ravage Pannonia in alliance with the Quads and other barbarian races that had penetrated into the Carpathian Basin. Order could be restored only at the cost of tremendous efforts, for the whole length of the frontier defence line was badly weakened.

7

As a result of the lessons drawn from constant warfare, the whole system of frontier defence was reformed, reaching its culmination under the reign of Diocletianus and, subsequently, the Constantines. Diocletianus increased the frontier defence forces and built new riverside fortresses. At important crossing-places he built counterforts on enemy territory. Constantine the Great also devoted serious attention to the *limes*. However, he reduced the number of *limes* contingents in favour of mobile camp units. At this period the camps along the *limes* had ceased to form a coherent system based on offensive strategy with an army permanently ready to strike, but merely represented a force designed and equipped for defence. This is evidenced by the remarkably thick walls of the new fortresses, their salient horseshoe and fan-shaped towers, which played an important role in defence. His son, Constantine II, continued to rebuild and strengthen the fortifications. A camp named Ulcisia Castra, north of Aquincum, was renamed Castra Constantia at this time.

The military forces stationed at the frontier fortifications had also ceased to be of the first order, and consisted mainly of second-rate troops drawn from the farming population. The peasant soldiers bound to the soil (*limitanei*) were of slight value and could be used only for minor operations. In fact, from the opening of the fourth century, the defence of the province was entrusted to a large central cavalry force which hurried to the spot in case of danger to any sector of the *limes*. Owing to the constant lack of men, the frontier defence was by then in the hands of groups of allied barbarian tribes that had been settled within the province and had undertaken to defend the border in return for the plots of land distributed among them.

The last emperor to go in for considerable construction along the *limes* in a final attempt at arresting the tide of barbarians streaming into Pannonia was Valentinianus, of Pannonian descent himself. Valentinianus devoted serious efforts to the defence of the Pannonian borders and sought to stem the advance of the barbarians by an impenetrable chain of new fortresses and watch-towers. However, these were now manned by poorly paid barbarian mercenaries, who were in many cases related to the aggressors. Valentinianus himself spent considerable time in Pannonia, heading, as emperor, several campaigns against barbarian territory. He was overtaken by death in 375 at Brigetio, where, incensed over the conduct of a Quad deputation, he had a stroke.

Little is known about the frontier defence of Pannonia after the decease of Valentinianus. As shown by coin findings, the defensive forces received their pay until 395, but they were unable to resist the new siege launched about that time. At the opening of the 5th century, a part of the province was handed over by the Holy Roman Empire to the Huns, and this was followed a few years later, around 410, by the complete surrender of the province.

TWENTY-YEAR-OLDS*

by

MIHÁLY SÜKÖSD

I

The theme of this essay has been borrowed from a study group formed by the first-year students of our largest university. It presents a situation report, an attempt at a documentary portrait of the changing face of youth in a transitory period. A portrait of this kind will surely enrich us with a novel experience. By the time the young generation has matured, the period will no longer be transitory; thus we can now catch a glimpse of the adolescence of the future social layer of experts. Those who have not happened to come close to them professionally will get some idea of the youth of our time, and it is for this reason that their "problems" have been the subject of controversy for many a year, even on the part of those who stand nearest to them in years. Young teachers know very well that people of thirty are often separated from their juniors of twenty by a gulf of nostalgic memories and aversions. The members of the generation we are trying to analyse were born one or two years before the liberation; what they know of war is not based on experiences in air-raid shelters but on books and films. In 1956, at the age of twelve, they trembled in cellars or roamed the streets, according to his or her own temperament. When their minds reached the stage of conscious concept-building, the becalmed atmosphere of interior consolidation in which they lived was shattered by the lightning flashes of space rockets, nuclear explosions, artificial embryos and the threat of nuclear warfare.

The D/7 study group consists of twelve students of electrical engineering: metropolitans, provincials, boys, girls, the children of workers, peasants and white-collar workers—a medley of many elements.

The Path to a Profession

Let us begin with a few comparisons. Ten years ago, at the peak of the rush for higher education, most of the applicants were attracted by three institutes: the Medical School, the Technical University and the Academy of Dramatic and Cinematographic Art (the latter is still a mythical Land of Promise). The less popular institutes of higher education were filled with so-called redirected students. Who of us has forgotten the disappointed candidates for dramaturgy, neurology or chemical engineering who tried their best to convince themselves of the importance of librarianship, book-keeping or viticulture?

No such reverse gearing is possible nowadays. The common problem all our institutes of higher learning have to cope with at present is the excessive number of applicants. Possibilities have become more restricted, partly because of the steadily growing desire for higher education (fomented also by parents whose highest ambition is to see their children in pos-

* First published in *Élet és Irodalom* ("Life and Literature"), March 24 and 31, 1962.

session of scientific degrees), and partly because of a reduction in the number of admissions. Irresponsible experimentation is therefore doomed to failure. Nine out of the twelve members of the D/7 circle have intended to become electrical engineers ever since they can remember. Their childhood was dominated by doing tasks of a technical nature both at home and in the study circles of the grammar shools. At the age of eighteen, they are unshakably and unchangeably conscious of their chosen profession.

This is the inevitable result of the conditions of competition. It is not only a witticism of the comic papers that the Hungary of several million beggars has turned into the Hungary of several million students: statistical data prove that the true figure is not very wide of this mark. Moreover, the performances of those preparing for the university greatly exceed the general average.

Their last school year is one of incessant work. To be admitted to the university, they must obtain a certain number of points at the entrance examination. Only those in possession of a very satisfactory grammar-school certificate can apply for the entrance examination. This is rather hard on our would-be engineers, since their sense of languages and literature is not always sharp. No sooner have they jumped over the hurdle of the final school examination than they begin preparing for the entrance examination so as to be able to make the most of the available few weeks. As much mathematics as possible, memorization of the greatest possible amount of physics, hoarding of "higher" technical information, and reading of a lot of textbooks take up day and night (for nobody believes his or her knowledge, acquired in grammar school, will suffice for the university). Add to all this the study of ideology, required reading of newspapers, "political" orientation (frequently very haphazard, as will be seen later), and activity in the Young Communist League. Nobody who has seen those emaciated, red-eyed young candidates steaming in their blue dress during the last dog days is likely to forget them.

The D/7 circle consists of prominent students, all of them with a past school record above the average. Two of them were prize-winners in the national interschool competition. Nine were admitted at their first appearance, while the others had first to spend a year or two in an industrial plant. Work and experiences have made the latter tough and resistant. J. K. (who meantime is working as a riveter and now earns twice what he will in five years as a new-fledged engineer), on failing at his second entrance examination, good-humouredly told the chairman of the examining board (the youngest professor at the university) that he would haunt him throughout his life. Maybe it was this threat that secured his success at the third go.

This sense of a vocation is one of the most attractive traits of the student class before us. They are sure of themselves without being cock-sure, and they are not acting: they are able to weigh pros and cons with cool deliberation and are sober enough to take all contingencies into account. Presumably more applicants were refused in 1961 than ten years before, but the young men concerned did not behave as if they had lost everything, and showed no signs of the hysterical collapse that had disoriented so many of their predecessors. There is none among our twelve students who has not performed some physical work as labourer or navvy for a month or two during the summer vacation. They did not do it for money alone or to "get a good point": their aim was to acquaint themselves with their future surroundings.

What is so attractive in the awareness of their calling is its naturalness. Hesitancy and doubts are alien to them; their future path does not meander around meditations but is straight and purposefully planned. They will finish their university studies, they will enter some industrial plant in the capital or be admitted to a research institute, and the best among them will be sent abroad to widen their horizon; their plans, innovations, inventions will be put into practice after the work of many years; their modest initial salary will

reach an equitable height, and they will rise from their subordinate position to posts of responsibility and leadership. Such is the humanly foreseeable career of these youngsters. All else will depend on talent, ambition and luck.

This optimistic perspective has many sources. Apart from the financial and social esteem enjoyed by engineers, the influence of the parents, the guidance given by a level-headed teacher in the grammar school, or the pedagogic skill of a professor may do much in the way of encouragement. This self-assurance, however, has deeper and more remote origins. One of them is that the young students have grown up in our newly formed society, and it is only natural that they are familiar with the possibilities and chances awaiting them: their self-assurance and general behaviour are natural manifestations of those living *within the circle*. Another is of a more professional character, for, while the childhood of these young people was determined by games, their youth is determined by the technical revolution of our century.

A Technical Concept of the World

It is not a mere chance that the protagonists of this essay are students of electrical engineering. To have chosen a future chemist, mathematician, biologist or physicist in outlining the world as conceived by today's youth would offer an excessively easy handle to those looking at life from the "traditional"—*i. e.*, increasingly one-sided and outdated "humanistic"—point of view.

Engineers are still called savage technologists at the leading British universities, and the term "professional barbarian" is often used in Hungary—not always without foundation. Yet it is food for thought that the term "engineer" has not quite lost its depreciatory connotation: nobody would think of regarding a professor of history as a professional barbarian if he calls for an electrician when the lamp on his desk happens to go out, though he would deserve the epithet.

Everybody forms his concept of the world on the evidence of his individual experiences and of his work. While for the most part they have not yet had conclusive experiences, the members of the D/7 study group have a surprisingly finished view of their own profession. It is a peculiar picture of the world—inadequate and rich at one and the same time.

They are perfectly convinced that the general aspect of our century is irrevocably and immeasurably influenced and determined by technical evolution: this to them is so self-evident as not to require arguments or proofs. The transformation of heavy industry, interior decoration and furnishings, transport, communications (broad-screen cinema, television) and education, *etc.* speaks for itself. To enter into the spirit of this evolution with a scientific mind, to participate in this process as an expert, affords full satisfaction to the individual and ensures the highest benefit to society.

Within this general view three stages of the "technical concept of the world" may be discerned.

The lowest of these stages is closest to the general idea of "professional barbarism." It is characterized by dehumanization and hope of sudden practical success. The technical revolution is lowered to the level of its practical applicability, of the utility of machinery, engines, motors and instruments. Continuous processes are atomized and become a mere sequence of mechanically fitting components, formulae and rules. The creative role of man himself becomes mechanized; his performance is that of a mechanical device controlling a mechanical device. What is lacking at this level is not professional skill but breadth of view: the horizon has become narrowed. Interconnections are left unexplored, partial processes are not viewed

as components of an integrated process, technology is not elevated to the rank of technical science but degraded to applied mechanization. About half of the members of our study group hold this view; their interest extends—beyond the confines of their profession—chiefly to sports, films, jazz music and dancing.

The second stage reveals a different picture. Those belonging to this group, while fond of their job and skilled in their profession quite as much as the members of the first group, seek to evolve a "more complete" mode of intelligent life and general behaviour. They want to become familiar with things cultural that lie beyond the limits of their professional studies: they read quite a lot, listen to music fairly regularly, and attend exhibitions of the fine arts. These efforts are conscious, but their realization is often mistaken. What happens in most of these cases is a characteristic separation of professional from non-professional education: the world of these young men is split in two: one half contains their professional calling, "science," the other half, the humanitarian accomplishments or "culture." The two are hopelessly separated, and the capacity for integration is lacking. The extraprofessional culture of these young men may be said to have no roots, to lack motives, to hang in the air. And it is, therefore, not a little snobbish. It is from this category that the "experts" in modern western novels and plays, the habitués of private phonograph matinées, the admirers of non-figural painting and the apologists of juke-box music are recruited.

The representatives of the third category are, as yet, few and far between. At the most, two members of our study group belong to this category, and we think this ratio is a true index of the general situation. The number of those who are able to build up for themselves a rich and integrated intellectual life is still small. Few are the electrical engineers in whose mind synchronous machines and Bartók's music, differential equations and Dürrenmatt, achieve a harmonious blend. Our two young students reveal something of the future non-humanistic intellectual generation. Technical knowledge is not the ultimate object of this coming generation, but only a means. Never will its members be content to work solely for practical purposes or to realize only the ideas of others; their ambition will be to take an active part in the spiritual changes of their age or, at least, to be intelligent and comprehending spectators.

The above division of the students can best be observed in the philosophical seminar of our student group. A. N., who was one of the prize-winners of the interschool mathematical competition in 1960, afforded my most memorable technical experience by the way he explained a three-phase transformer. In his exposition, the machine lost its individuality, to become a brilliant example of the interconnections between scientific principle, technical practice and social efficiency. To use a somewhat inaccurate but enlightening metaphor, the transformer became "animated," it ceased to be "soulless." At present, however, the opposite case, that of the inability to pass from the single to the general, is more frequent. It finds its embodiment in S. H., who, in his thinking about the subject of flowing liquids, postulates "a higher power driving the fluid" since, otherwise, the whole thing would be too "obvious." S. H. is not religious and is, of course, familiar with the physical law governing the flow of liquids. He knows the formula but the relation between formula and reality is not clear to him.

Where can we find the source of this fault? The natural sciences of a more theoretical character, such as physics, biology, chemistry, are nowadays notoriously divided into a great number of partial doctrines. The individual technical processes and tools, on the other hand, are so remotely geared to the ultimate object of science, which is to know nature as a continuous whole, that each partial function appears as a self-governed whole. The mathematical formula in the textbook of the engineering student, the technical figures on his drawing-

paper, instead of being steps of a stair leading upward become tasks to be solved in themselves.

What is the solution? The ambition to possess encyclopedic learning would at best result in deficient professional knowledge. It is clear—and well exemplified by our group of students —that what is really lacking is a historical view, a comprehension of the *process*. The most exciting thing for the youth of today is the fact that technical science and technical accomplishments have become man's constant companions, that they are steadily gaining new ground in the relationship between mankind and the universe. Technical science is an everyday matter for the now evolving social layer of technical experts, but it is linked rather to their existence as engineers than as men. In referring to their *Weltanschauung* we should actually speak of an "electrotechnical" concept of the world, since electrotechnics has proved to be one of the most significant components of the century's technical revolution. The question, however, as to how electrotechnical progress developed from mechanics, how it utilized the "abstract" laws of natural science and what were the reactions produced, remains largely unsolved and does not even command interest. It is at this point that historical perspective would help, and this can be acquired only by means of teaching the history of sciences. Those who have read the directives issued for our universities in connection with the reform of higher education cannot but welcome the tendency to restrict undue theorizing and extend practical training. At the same time, it would perhaps have been a good thing to include in the curriculum of our universities the history of sciences, a branch of study that ought to lay stress not so much on the data offered by science as on its development, on the evolution of its spirit, on the dialectics of the whole process and its background.

The inclusion of this subject in the curriculum of our students might not produce more proficient electrical engineers, but it is nevertheless conceivable that it would enrich future society with intellectuals more conscious of their responsibility.

A Cross-Section of Our Society

The entrance examination and the happenings during the following weeks are best suited for shedding light upon the ideas of our young students concerning their profession and the world which it mirrors. The new surroundings and adaptation to university life resolve the apprehensions of the future; their place is taken by the more day-to-day problems that accompany the age-group and the circumstances in which it lives.

A study group implies the idea of community. Lectures, exercises, seminars claim almost one third of the time of our students, and they have to spend this time between four walls, among themselves. It takes usually one or two months for that pattern of attractions, relationships and aversions to develop which reveals many otherwise hidden features of the individuals involved.

Let us begin with some statistics: seven of the members of the D/7 study group hail from Budapest, and five from the countryside. Their distribution according to origin (the profession of their fathers) is as follows: Of those from the capital, three are labourers (foreman in a textile works, skilled drainage worker, factory hand become manager), three belong to the so-called intelligentsia (teacher in a grammar school, accountant, military engineer), one is a waiter. Of those from the province, three are peasants, one is the administrative officer of a museum, and one is a former protestant priest, now a vegetable-grower.

Study groups of a decade ago were always split in two by this distinction between metropolitan and provincial origin. This was not fortuitous. Students hailing from the capital

underwent a spiritual but no existential change: they continued to live with their parents, their relations to their friends and other members of the community underwent no interruption through university life, nor did their financial status suffer any change. Students arriving from the countryside found themselves transferred to a totally new environment; they stuck together partly because of the strangeness of their surroundings and partly because of their common life in the students' hostel. Most of them had scanty financial resources. Quite often the son of a worker would become much more chummy with a jazz-music fan of doubtful origin than with the well-educated son of a peasant.

A division of this kind has become far less frequent. Students' hostels—mere sleeping places at the beginning—have developed into colleges with a home-like atmosphere, imbued with a spirit of tolerance, where lectures, performances, amusements and socials are arranged that attract metropolitans and provincials alike. The activities of the university in the field of studies, politics and culture create a much more intimate atmosphere of association and collaboration than the dreary and empty gatherings of the past. The most fundamental cause, however, is the change in the general conditions of student life.

A noteworthy feature in the "social outline" of our study group is the general disappearance of differences in level. Extremes of ten years ago seem to be vanishing, and the poles appear to be shifting towards the centre.

Of the greatest moment is the equalization of financial conditions. Parental allowances, scholarships, pocket money from tutoring or other occasional work ensure a standard of life that is the same or almost the same as that of the once better-situated students. Such equality manifests itself chiefly in the matter of clothing, especially in the case of feminine students. The result is that uniform smartness which makes it so difficult for outsiders to distinguish the different backgrounds of the youth. Ten years ago it required no great perspicacity to tell a student of metropolitan from one of provincial origin, whereas it is doubtful whether nowadays even a very sharp-eyed sociologist, sitting amidst young people in a theatre or restaurant, would be able to make even approximately correct guesses as to who among them is a university student, who a barber's apprentice and who a builder's hand.

This rise in the standard of life, or rather its uniformity, is the chief characteristic of our study group. Of like significance is the transformation of "class relationships." All of us remember how sharply university students were divided at the beginning of the fifties, despite slogans to the contrary and superficial appearances. The various branches of the Federation of Democratic Youth, priding themselves on their 100 per cent membership, resounded with the mutual accusations—such as "dad's pet," "gent," "clodhopper," "genius," "dunce" —hurled at one another by the young people of different origin. Nothing of the sort has survived; all such discords are only of historical interest. We were pleased to find in the course of our social analysis of the D/7 study group that differences due to origin and to consequent mode of life and general attitude have vanished or are on the wane—a good augury for the future society, whose leaders will be recruited from the ranks of our present students. The theory that class warfare has to become steadily sharper has gone by the board. The bugbear of the fifties—the question of descent, the distinction between "good" and "bad cadres"—has ceased to frighten the applicants; it no longer happens that the scions of "kulaks" and "class-aliens" are sent down after one or two years of study; discrimination of this kind is disappearing and gives place to an atmosphere of friendship and mutual confidence.

It would, of course, be wrong to delude ourselves in this connection; a number of decades will be needed for all class differences manifesting themselves in the way of life and the corresponding attitude to disappear completely. That passionate clashes, due to home reminiscences, are so rare in our study group may have two reasons. One of them is of local character:

their profession, their branch of science is of such a nature as to inhibit the good and bad influences of the home to a greater extent than is the case among students in non-technical branches. The second, more significant and more general reason is that arguments—be they pro or contra—taken from the arsenal of the past are becoming more and more obsolete. The members of our study group were born in 1943 and thus represent the last age class reaching into the *past*. In a few years parentage will have lost even its statistical significance.

It is rather by the degree of professional accomplishments and ambition that the members of our study group are now divided into separate categories. Budapest still outshines the provincial towns as regards secondary schools. Differences in this respect manifest themselves already at the entrance examination, and all further examinations make the pattern still more intricate. Knowledge and talent are, however, in a phase of transition: differences in schooling no longer entail a separation into castes; fluctuations are wide because of the intensity of the spirit of competition. Professional consciousness and the common mode of life have the result that nobody wants to be left behind and that the ambition for wider knowledge animates both those marching at the head and those in the second row. It is during exercises or in seminars that one can feel this tense atmosphere, which still preserves traces of aristocratic pride, a kind of overcompensation clamouring for the immediate liquidation of all backwardness. Such rivalry is, on the whole, of benefit to every social group.

Morals, Ideology

The "public face" of the D/7 study circle reveals a paradoxical feature. As already mentioned, this generation is associated with the beginnings of Hungarian socialism by its very childhood reminiscences, and it is therefore natural for its members to move in our new society with perfect self-assurance. Everything they find on their path is so self-evident for them that to most of them it does not even occur to take a closer view of the world and the society in which they move. They are university students and future electrical engineers—all that lies beyond this pale is natural and secondary. Hence, their morals and ideology form a queer mixture of revolutionary and conventional elements.

At first sight, the picture appears to be faultless, and even the result of a more analytical examination is rather promising. This generation no longer seems to be worried by problems which, under an apparently smooth surface, were near the point of explosion at the beginning of the fifties. The waning of class differences has already been referred to. God, religion, church are no longer of interest and have ceased to be a topic. There is only a single student among the twelve members of D/7 who is religious: as the son of a grammar-school teacher, he used to attend a school run by the Roman Catholic Church. His religiousness has apparently become a mere habit without inherent faith, a remnant of childhood reminiscences imbued with the mystery of incense, altar serving and the taste of the Host. Another result of historical development is the complete disappearance of racial hatred, although it had survived the liberation. Antisemitism is a thing unknown to our students, so much so that some of them simply fail to understand the plot of films in which it appears as a driving force. There are a fair number of Hindoos, Arabs, Sudanese and Vietnamese among the freshmen, and they are treated, as a matter of course, on a footing of complete equality and comradeship. The sincerity of such international friendships is shown by the fact that they not infrequently develop into love relationships.

Here we touch upon an interesting issue: the choice of mate. As yet, Socialism has developed no hard and fast rules concerning private morals: practice as a rule precedes theory,

which is still being debated in the press without as yet having passed beyond commonplaces. Practice manifests itself in a very complicated manner between the young students of different sexes. An attractive feature is the beautiful sincerity of the search for a mate, the undisguised candour of choice. The resulting relationships lack the anarchistic licentiousness of the end of the forties and the bigoted asceticism of the fifties—reminiscent of religious morality—and inhibitions and hypocrisy are equally absent. The picture is marked by a pseudocynicism that counteracts the harmony of the relationships. Pseudocynicism, because it is nothing but the false varnish of a misinterpreted "up-to-date-ness" which—fed from many sources—seeks to hide the mostly decent, even sentimental, relations between these twenty-year-old students. This false cynicism is freakish and unsavoury nevertheless, because it manifests itself in their behaviour and their manner of speaking. Nor is it without danger, because it gives rise to wrong generalizations concerning the "morals of youth."

The one and only alarming trait in the form assumed by the morals of our students is that it is too self-evident, too natural and—instinctive. To think, or make problems, of these things seems to them superfluous: they are doing what they hear and see around them, their actions are determined by imitation and custom. This peculiar indolence, this passivity of thought and perception, this "anti-intellectual" attitude becomes most evident and occasions the greatest contradictions when it touches the question of *Weltanschauung*.

This concept is perhaps too abstract when used in connection with our D/7 student group. When do our students have a *Weltanschauung?* Mostly—as experience shows—in the Marxist seminars. It is there that what they have unconsciously absorbed crosses the threshold of consciousness.

Here we are faced with a curious contradiction. If required, the members of our D/7 group are (with much conceptual confusion, it is true) well able to enumerate the characteristic features of a people's democracy, the principal traits of the dictatorship of the proletariat, or the reasons for the coexistence of the two world systems. What they do not understand is why it should be necessary to define things that exist naturally and are self-evident. In their mode of life, most of these typical children of our society have long ago passed the degree of civic allegiance; they simply fail to grasp that it is a matter of principle, although they are immersed in it up to their neck. Beyond any doubt the interest in and susceptibility to problems of ideology that were so characteristic of the corresponding age-class ten years ago do not exist in our students.

With the exception of a few students with a wider horizon, most of them are shockingly unversed in political questions. Deficiencies in this respect were revealed already at the entrance examinations: a hasty cramming before the exams was not sufficient to cover up the gaps. Notions regarding Germany were frightfully confused: Cuba was confounded with Kuwait, the Congo with Laos, both as to ideological principles and factual data, and their ignorance of political matters was accompanied by a correspondingly deep ignorance of history. It is no mere chance that they had so much difficulty in coping with philosophy during the last months. Most of them have merely acquired a lexicographic knowledge of names and tendencies, and it is only by means of a school-boy's simplification that they are able to get a grip on intricate or complicated subjects contained in notes or textbooks. Their capacity for abstraction is negligible: "elucidation" of the subject and circumvallation of a given thesis with empirical examples is a characteristic feature of the examinations. They are deficient in independent thinking and loath to detach themselves from accustomed patterns.

Is all this due to indifference or lethargy? We do not think so. Nine members of the D/7 group belong to the Young Communist League, and for at least five of them membership does not simply consist in paying the membership fees. A number of them already were

politically active in grammar school and more of them are engaged in such work at the university; they will, of course, spend part of the summer in the camps of the Young Communist League, and part of it will be devoted to productive physical labour. All this is tangible, it is purposeful, practical and—above all—useful. *Weltanschauung*, politics, ideology, philosophy and the like are venerable but incorporeal words. "I'll contribute twenty horse-power per hour to build up socialism, even if I don't happen to know how Lenin refuted the physical idealists," said a student at a seminar, without meaning to be impudent but expressing the attitude of more than one of his colleagues.

It is not easy to find the source of such an attitude. To ascribe the lack of theoretical sense and interest to the branch of science in which these young people are engaged would be too simple, although it cannot be denied that this, too, is a contributing factor. More important is the problem of ideological education at our universities of natural sciences. Teachers of philosophy had to acquire their degree at the philosophical faculty of a university or at the Lenin Institute; understandably, they have the feeling of being strangers in the new milieu and are sometimes rather at sea when faced with theoretical or practical problems raised by technical science. But all this is of secondary importance. The issue relates to problems beyond the close circle of our D/7 group.

The paradox encountered in our analysis of the present youth of twenty, *i.e.* their natural acceptance—without deeper insight—of the new age and new conditions as self-evident, results from the concurrence of their youthfulness with external circumstances. The transition to present general conditions, to the tranquility of consolidation, to a balanced existence, involved no serious jolts for these young people. They were not required to suffer in order to reach the present stage of historical progress; they merely took possession of the sunlit clearing without having to pay the corresponding price.

That this is so is, on the whole, fortunate. He who looks at the study group of the present with the eyes of a student of the fifties cannot fail to perceive how the apparently abstract categories of history and time, felt to be so bookish by the youth of today, are becoming reality before our very eyes. Yet, the expanded world of these youngsters of twenty is far from being as harmonious as they think it is. They have as yet no vision of Attila József's imperative: "Measure yourself against the Universe!"—one of the paired opposites which the poet dissolves in an all-embracing whole. It is highly probable that most of the members of our D/7 group will become good engineers and reliable citizens. It is not quite so probable that they will develop into responsible members of the intelligentsia, capable of shaping themselves and their surroundings and seeing beyond the narrow confines of their workshop and household. To satisfy these requirements is a heavy task which will test the abilities of our students.

YOUNG SHORT-STORY WRITERS

For several centuries poetry has played a leading role in Hungarian literature. Only in the past seventy years has prose writing made gains upon lyric poetry, without, however, being able to weaken its dominant position. The situation has not changed essentially since 1945. Still it was a generation of young prose writers that succeeded in melting the icy literary atmosphere of the early fifties. The works they published in 1954 and 1955 aroused sympathy and opposition and set off a heated debate both in official quarters and among the reading public.

The impressionable childhood of these young writers was embittered by the war years. They had come from most different classes of society—the offspring of cotters and navvies saved from destitution by the land distribution of 1945, industrial workers who had experienced most directly the transformations wrought by the changes in ownership; intellectuals who had to face new social tasks; bourgeois whose standards of value and taste suddenly became subject to new influences. Recollections from the past were still tremblingly alive in them, but they witnessed the great social transformation while still young. Although in a great many respects they differed from one another, their way of life, their vocation and their cast of mind were shaped by a world that was being reshaped. And yet, or perhaps for this very reason, it was these young people who first clashed with the reigning schematism. Struggling or resigned, hopeful or despairing, but imbued with a desire for something better, they professed their ars poetica.

The art of the short period of schematism was characterized by exaggerated enthusiasm and self-complacency. In literature the representation of human problems and theartistic portrayal of the human psyche were pushed into the background. The machine, the incontestable heroism of work and construction became the main theme, but severed from their essence and meaning—from man. A misconstrued demand for realism searched for literary predecessors only in the nineteenth century. Cultural policy in literature chiefly favoured "total novels," such as trilogies or tetralogies of a wide sweep, which, incidentally, remained torsos. The short story was practically discarded.

By way of a retort it was precisely in the short story that the new generation unfolded their talent. (The short novel has recently also gained ground.) In the first instance, however, they focused their artistic inquiry on the innermost problems of man, the relations of people to one another, and moral issues. Not only did they courageously and sincerely reveal the social problems of the period, which had been hushed up until then, but in their rendering of the past they also struck a novel and captivating note.

In their subjects, style and attitude the generation of 1954 presented to the public colourful works of wide diversity. Only in one respect did they resemble one another: they had

radically broken with the erroneous outlook and artistic methods of the early 'fifties. László Kamondy's story *Verekedők* ("Fighters"), published in 1954, roused a great storm because it described the tragic lot of lonely social outcasts who had come down in life, with a courage and sincerity that had previously been lacking. His writings are suffused with drama. The first stories of István Szabó also had an extraordinary effect in the spring of 1954. Absorbed by the oppressive atmosphere of peasant life in the past and the humiliation of the poor, he approached the problems of present-day society with ruthless sincerity, mainly by portraying the psychology of children. Ferenc Sántha also attracted notice in the spring of 1954. Having experienced the poverty of peasant life, it was the subtle quivering of the human soul, man's yearning for beauty, kindness and love that he emphasized as against the average literary attitude of the preceding years. His is an extraordinary lyricism, and he likes to use folk-tale motifs and ballad-like structure. With a frankness not very frequent before, István Csurka struggled with the moral problems of youth. He resorted to novel, surrealistic solutions, like in the story published here, *A mélység vándora* ("The Wanderer of the Deep"). His surrealistic vision gives expression to the heart-rending downtroddenness of peasant life in the past, side by side with the writer's faith in the present. In his stories published in 1955 and 1956 György Moldova gives a fine portrayal of the human soul in his depiction of working-class life.

A significant aspect of this new trend, which got under way in 1954, is that, far from expressing a momentary mood, it has since then been continued by a still younger group of writers. But as a result of the changed situation and because of the very fact that they had been preceded by others, the endeavours of these younger writers underwent a modification. Those who came to the fore in 1954 had, in many respects, done the pioneer work, and the later writers excelled rather in delving more deeply into the problems, in experimentation and in extremes. No longer was the fight against schematism the chief motive force; to clarify the moral and ideological issues of the given period became the centre of interest. In a certain sense the endeavours of the younger group are less mature, less certain, more given to extremes than those that preceded them. On the other hand, it is also true that it was more difficult to find one's bearings in a period laden with contradictions, a time which had got into the focus of opposite forces.

Of much greater significance is the fact that working-class writers using workers' lives as their subject began to gain ground as against the previous writers, who overwhelmingly dealt with the life of the peasantry. Suffice it to refer to the stories of Endre Fejes, Mihály Várkonyi and Gyula Hernádi, or to those of the still more recent group—Endre Gerelyes, Károly Szakonyi or András Tabák. The latest works on peasant life no longer deal with the heart-breaking penury and wretchedness of the peasants in the past. The antagonism between new and old forms of peasant consciousness ensuing from the setting up of collective farms and the emergence of a new ethic are exciting problems for the writer. The latest short stories of István Szabó and those of Lajos Galambos as well as the latter's short novel *Gonoszkátyú* ("Evil Pot-Holes") are devoted to these questions.

Beside the successes, the young short-story writers have also had to pocket some failures. Boldly breaking through the blind windows of provincialism and opening up new vistas towards the whole world, they care little if in this process they sometimes inadvertently strike and damage the wall itself. Some of them have reached a blind alley by falling too much under the influence of some Hungarian or foreign writer, especially of Hemingway; this, however, by no means lessens their ideological and artistic significance.

KÁROLY SZALAY

EVERYTHING'S AS IT USED TO BE

by

ISTVÁN SZABÓ

Fábián staggered out into the kitchen, sleepy and half dressed, ran his fingers through his tousled hair and yawned so hard, his neck trembled with the effort. He smiled at his mother who had started her preparations for cooking dinner and now greeted her son with a warm-hearted look from beside the kitchen table. The sun stood high, and its powerful summer rays streamed in through the window.

"What a good sleep I had," said Fábián, scratching himself. He blinked in the bright daylight and felt he could not shift from where he was standing.

"We've had our breakfast," said his mother; "but we didn't want to wake you. You won't be going back to bed again now, will you?"

"No." He went up to the table and lowered himself on a stool. He fumbled in his pocket to find some cigarettes.

"Don't start smoking so early," said his mother. "Have some breakfast first."

"I can't yet."

"What would you like to have?"

"A bit of milk; but only later on."

He lit his first cigarette. He took a good pull, and retained the smoke in his lungs for a while.

"I thought I'd fry some eggs," said Fábián's mother, stuffing some faggots into the range.

"I couldn't eat them. I have milk for breakfast in town too."

"Ah, milk. That's not real food. At least while you're at home you could eat properly."

"I've lost the habit," said Fábián, excusing himself. He emitted another great yawn.

"I see you don't get enough sleep either."

"Well not as much as this, anyway. You get to bed at midnight or one..."

"At one o'clock? What the devil do you do all that time?"

"Swot," said the lad.

His mother shook her head in disapproval. Fábián knew that her disapprobation was aimed at Budapest, the distant and suspicious city. He smiled and let the smoke issue in great puffs from his nose and mouth.

He felt fine. He had slept for fourteen hours on end—the raw, country air had laid him out. It had been a real, deep slumber, without any tossing and turning or bad dreams. He woke just as he had gone to sleep at night—stretched out on his right side. He could only sleep as well as this at home. At home the night was not like those provocative wenches that only flirt with you but won't let you hug them.

The past two years seemed to shrink into the background as though they had been no more than a confused dream. He was seated here again on the stool by the kitchen table, the sun

shone in askew through the window, and his mother was getting on with her work—how familiar her movements were! Her meek industry, her two restless hands. The brilliant sword of the sun, the battered table, the silent crockery—everything was in its old place, just as it used to be. What miracles even a single night could work!

"Look," said his mother. "There's the brandy in the alcove. Have a tot."

Fábián got up and went to the alcove. He pulled aside the blue-flowered curtain—it too was the same as it had been in his childhood. And this was where his father had always kept the brandy, here in the alcove that was his first port of call at dawn every day.

He poured himself a tot and, assuming the solemn expression that he had seen his elders don, tossed it down at one go. His eyes popped out and tears welled up at their corners. It was strong brandy, the sort for which "you can't say thank you." He cleared his throat.

"It's the real stuff," he gasped, half choking. "It's the real stuff all right."

His mother smiled.

"It does you good, drinking a tot of a morning. It'll help your appetite."

A little bashfully she added:

"I sometimes take a sip myself."

Fábián nodded his agreement, enjoying the sensation of how the caressing, tender fire of the fluid spread through his chest and stomach. It flowed to every nook by secret paths, as though it had immediately turned to blood—hot blood.

"You can have another," said his mother.

The lad obeyed. But the brandy reminded him of something.

"Where's Father?"

"He's gone to the well."

Of course, this too was part of life at home—going to the well. There was no drinking water on the vine hill and the people went down to the draw-well in the pasture, some with water-carts, others with a couple of pails on a yoke across their shoulders. As a teenager, this had been one of his favourite pastimes. Three or four friends would join forces—usually as evening drew near—and they would amble down with their two creaking pails. Then, as though by mere chance, the girls would also start flocking to the well, each with a pitcher on her arm. Was it really by chance, always by chance? There would be a deal of rowdy liveliness around the well—the lads would paw the girls wherever they could, and the lasses would swirl about with half-stifled chuckles and an occasional shriek. And their eyes would glow so brightly.

"I wanted to go myself," said Fábián.

"You were sleeping so well," said his mother defensively. And she consoled her son with a smiling promise:

"Don't worry, you'll be able to go often enough while you're here. You'll be tired of it before you're through."

"Oh no, I won't," thought Fábián, "I won't tire of the well."

His mother was fussing with the iron door of the range now—she managed to close it only at the fourth try, using the special, secret movement her hand had had to learn so well. Fábián could not help laughing. There had been something wrong with the door of the range since his childhood, and despite the passage of fifteen years, then twenty, and now another two, that small iron door had not changed one bit—it would still not respond to anything but that skilled movement of her hand. "Upward to the side, then a sudden jerk downwards... Otherwise it won't close."

"What are you laughing at?" asked his mother, blinking at him. She was annoyed about the door, as she had been for twenty years.

"Nothing," answered Fábián with a cheerful look. "It's so interesting, the way nothing changes here."

His mother looked at him, a trifle surprised.

"That door, you know. It never did want to close. And the dishes... All in their places... Everything's as it used to be."

"Why, what should it to be like?"

"God knows... You sometimes have a feeling that when you leave home everything changes."

No, his mother could not understand this.

"Well, yes, we've just stayed as we were. And likely as not, we'll continue the same way."

"It's not that there's anything wrong about it," said Fábián hastily. "That's not what I meant. It's such a good feeling, you know..."

He could not finish his sentence. He stopped short, as though he had come up against a stone wall.

"That plate with the flowers has always been there too," he added clumsily. "As long as I can recollect, it's always been hanging there on the wall."

"That's where it belongs; where else should it be?" replied his mother, but as she spoke she took a good look at the boy. Fábián became confused on seeing her suspicious glance, and also somewhat ashamed of himself: he should not have talked so much—there was no point to it anyway. But once he had got onto sticky ground with his prattle he could not help searching for more words to extricate him from his plight. He knew these words were there, as the fisherman sitting on the shore knows of the fish deep down in the water but lacks the net or hook needed to catch them. He gave it up and abandoned the search.

"By the way," his mother suddenly exclaimed, "I've just remembered. Father said you were to kill a rabbit when you got up."

"A rabbit?" asked Fábián with a start.

"I'll do it with a game sauce. You always liked that."

Fábián readily stood up; in fact, he almost lept to his feet with joy at being entrusted with a bit of work.

"Which one am I to kill?"

"The mottled doe. We can't make her take to the buck, whatever we do. She's been barren for ages."

The lad gave a curt nod and set off for the door.

"Father'll skin it," she called after him. "All you have to do is kill it."

The boy was out in the yard now. He cast only a fleeting glance about him, in the brilliance of the fine Sunday morning. Eagerly he went down the path to the stables—he was glad of this little task. In any case it had always been his task to kill the rabbit that had been singled out, ever since his childhood. His father just pulled the coat off it. Fábián was no good at skinning them.

Now he would clout one more behind the lugs. His parents too seemed to know that this was his job. It was good to feel this, thought Fábián. "Even the order of things remains unchanged here," he mused. "Nothing changes." He headed for the stable in the same way, with the same clear and simple purpose, as he had done ten years before. His right hand was empty, and yet it was this hand that harboured death for an unsuspecting rabbit. He was not particularly excited, for he had killed many a rabbit before now—who could tell how many had preceded this one? He made a swift stroke through the air with his right palm to recall the old movement with which he had formerly hit the rabbits on the back of their heads. He would manage all right. He had not forgotten how to handle the scythe either, nor

indeed anything that he had learned at home. His hands and his mind would preserve the memory of those movements for all time. That was why he could never change—but why should he?

He entered the stables just as he used to do on Sunday mornings. Killing a rabbit took no more than half a minute in all. He never used to pay much attention to it. A couple of clips behind the lugs, and he would be taking it to his father to skin. An insignificant job.

He stopped in front of the cage and did not start on his assignment yet. He looked at the rabbits. He would not have done this at one time, because he saw them several times a day then—when they were being fed, mated and tended. Now, two years later, he unexpectedly found himself looking curiously at these meek little animals, always ready to take alarm. How tame and stupid they looked, how prettily their backs curved; their soft little snouts always moving, seeming to sniff at something, though it was merely that they were breathing quickly. Their ears were ludicrously large, flopping this way and that. Occasionally they shifted lazily in their cages, but their movement was not really like either a pace or a leap... The bunnies too were like their elders, as though they were imitating them, clumsily as yet.

Fábián gazed at them, and he suddenly seemed to be seeing rabbits for the first time in his life. They were very strange and very interesting. How could he not have noticed this earlier? Though they had always been like this—meek, with trembling noses and large ears... Could his way of looking at them have changed?

He bent down. Squatting in a corner of the lower cage was the fat, mottled rabbit, perhaps not even seeing Fábián through its half-closed eyes. Its nose moved incessantly, and it had its two heavy ears laid lazily back. It was a large beast.

"So you're the one, are you?" said Fábián.

The rabbit only gave a slight start at his voice. Some thoroughly chewed stems of lucerne lay about it on the litter.

"They say you won't take to the buck. What sort of a doe are you?"

And he added:

"You'll be served with game sauce soon. What good is that for you, you fool?" He chuckled. "It'll only be good for us."

He spoke to the rabbit in friendly tones. At one time he would not have done this. He would have reached for the animal that had been singled out, seizing it by the fur on its back and dragging it out through the narrow trap-door without saying a word. It would be no use for the surprised rabbit to try and cling to anything. Some of them were not even scared and put up with everything meekly and unsuspectingly—only their stupid eyes opened wide—and they would not take alarm even when Fábián gripped both their hind legs in his left hand and let them hang head-down. They would wait patiently to see what was to happen next. Fábián would set the long ears forward, find that certain place at the meeting of the neck and the base of their ears, then strike twice in lightning succession with the edge of his right palm. Once was enough, the second was just to make sure. The rabbits did not twitch or utter so much as a squeak: the first stroke broke their spines. Their elongated, suspended bodies would still feel heavy, but somehow different from when they were alive.

The mottled rabbit took a pace, or maybe a jump, towards the wire netting and sniffed about calmly. It took a stalk of lucerne in its mouth and swiftly tucked it in. Fábián glanced at his right hand and made a stroke in the air with his taught palm. This time the movement was not so successful—it came to a halt half way. "Doesn't seem to work without a rabbit," he grinned.

The animal, frightened by the sweep of his hand, withdrew to the corner. Fábián was discouraged. Then he suddenly left the stable. He made straight for the kitchen door.

His mother was preparing some greens for the soup. For a while the lad gazed absently at her industrious hands. Then, slowly, as though it was only chance that had led him to drift that way, he ambled to the alcove and lifted the blue-flowered curtain. His mother had not yet noticed what he was up to. He poured himself a tot and quickly drank it. Then he poured another, but this time the bottle clinked against the glass. His mother turned towards him, and her look showed surprise.

"I've had another drink," said Fábián.

"All right, son, but won't it be too much?"

"Oh no," said the lad with a wave of his hand, and since his mother had not seen the first, he poured himself a third tot.

"I don't mind," said his mother. "Drink if you like, but I'd have thought you were not used to it."

Fábián laughed.

"I don't know why, but it feels good now."

Yet that last tot had not made him feel particularly good—it seemed less the real thing than the first one that morning. It was strong, but it did not have the same fragrance and he no longer felt that caressing fire spread through his chest—he waited for it in vain. Nor did the cheerful light-heartedness of inebriation come; instead, a base torpor invaded his mind.

"You've still not had your breakfast," said his mother reproachfully. Fábián waved to say that he would have it after a while.

"Have you killed the rabbit?"

"Yep," said the lad. He was loitering on the threshold, gazing out at the sunlit courtyard.

"Has Father come home?"

"I haven't noticed him."

Fábián lit another cigarette and watched himself grow dizzier each moment from his three tots of brandy. As he stood in the open doorway, the sun blazed into his eyes.

"But I don't do it as well as I used to," he said absently.

"What?"

"Killing a rabbit." He turned to his mother with a chuckle. "Why, just now I didn't succeed in killing it at the first go. Used to be . . . I managed with one stroke."

He looked at his right palm and turned it about as though it was a strange object.

"I'll end up by becoming clumsy."

And he again made a big swipe in the air. His mother smiled.

"Well, if you don't do it for some time . . . you lose the knack. The main thing is that you managed to do it in the end."

"I should have managed better," replied Fábián. He felt himself becoming quite faint as the scorching rays of the sun beat down on him, while the foul flavour of the brandy gathered in his mouth.

He moved away from the door.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother. "Have your breakfast."

"I'll just take another stroll."

He took a long time to cover the distance to the stable. There he squatted down beside the lower cage and peered at the rabbit through the wire netting. He was rather dizzy by now and felt it would be as well to grasp the corner of the cage. "I shouldn't have drunk that third tot," he thought. "It didn't even taste good." But nothing could be done about it now. His father would soon be back, and he would have to kill the rabbit before he came.

"Come on then," he said, opening the door of the cage. He grasped the rabbit's back but then let it go and, with a tired gesture, closed the door on it once more. The rabbit shook itself in relief, took a few jumps, but the lad saw that it had an offended look about it. He squatted despondently in front of the cage, his hands dangling down, and he felt no strength whatever in them. His mind seemed also to have gone numb, and he could not think of anything in particular. The bottle of brandy was the only thing that somehow loomed from the mist, and even its image was a rather faint one. But at least it was something that came to his mind.

The bottle in the alcove became a vague source of hope.

"You just wait," he muttered.

He set off again, up towards the house. If only his father would not come for another few minutes.

His mother was now setting the room to rights, doing the beds. He called in to her:

"Is my breakfast ready?"

"Yes, it's in the oven."

Fábián made for the alcove. He did not bother about the glass this time but simply seized the bottle and drank, anxiously, hastily, but in great gulps, his hand trembling and his ears cocked towards the room all the time. The brandy poured down his throat in a venomous stream, his stomach protesting, but he simply drank on, with tears in his eyes, till he was completely out of breath. Then, panting and exhausted, he replaced the bottle and readjusted the curtain. Once more he slunk out of the kitchen.

By the time he reached the corner of the house the drink had got the better of him. The yard seemed to swim about and the trees to stagger all over the place. He tried to pass cleverly between them. But somehow the stable door too did not stay put; it swayed right and left, though he had had a good look at it to be able to find his way in. At last he was inside.

Again he squatted down by the cage in which the mottled rabbit was. This time he found a firm grip and glared at his adversary, who was upset by these frequent visits and seemed a bit restless.

There was only the wire netting between them. Fábián looked the rabbit straight in the eye, threatened it with his fist and waited for the fury to mount within him. He gazed at the creature as though he wanted to hate it at all costs.

"You fat beast," he said to it. "I'll clout you on the head straight away. What do you say to that? You'll be clouted over the head." He took a deep breath, for the brandy lay heavily on his chest and his mind was fogged. "You don't care a hang? Now your master's going to grab your coat and drag you out of that lousy corner... He's going to take your hind trotters and clout you behind the lug so hard, you'll... you'll croak in a jiffy. Then your other master'll nail you to the walnut tree and pull your skin off you. You don't so much as suspect that, do you?" he added.

He looked at the rabbit maliciously, even grinding his teeth, but he felt that this was not the real thing. He was inwardly tired.

"You'll croak, you will. Not take to the buck, eh? Not have bunnies, eh? Then why do you live? I'll see to you, you..."

He felt that there was someone at the door. He looked back. It was the teenaged lad from next door, standing at the entrance and grinning. Fábián quickly got up and started jabbering.

"Hello, Lali, haven't seen you for ages. What's up?"

The boy came further in, and for some reason or other he kept on grinning all the time. Fábián stared at him suspiciously. Had he heard him just now, or hadn't he?

"What d'you want?" he asked gruffly.

Lali chuckled.

"Dad told me to ask you whether you had any cigarettes to spare... He's run out of them, and he won't be going to town before the afternoon. I'll pay for them."

"Cigarettes?" he replied in a daze. "Maybe I can find a packet."

He could not take his eyes off the lad's laughing face. Was he mocking him, or did he always look like this? He seemed to recall that this kid had always been one of the grinning sort.

"Are you sure it isn't you that wants those cigarettes?"

Lali grinned.

"I don't smoke."

"I doubt that."

"God's truth."

"I'll ask your Dad," he said severely. This bit of questioning had restored his sense of security, his supremacy with respect to the lad. And he had managed to speak without stuttering, though he would not dare let go of the corner of the cage. As long as he held onto it, he could stand up straight. If only he could make that face out more clearly.

Lali smiled and waited.

"Well now, old chap," said Fábián in a more friendly tone, jerking his head towards the cage. "Could you kill a rabbit?"

The boy was astonished at the question, but nodded eagerly.

"Of course I could, you bet."

He came straight up to the cages.

"Which one?"

"This mottled one. But I want a good kill, mate. At one blow. Let's see how good your hand is."

Lali grinned and waved.

"Oh, there's no end that I've killed."

Fábián suddenly came to hate the boy's innocent face.

"What are you always grinning about?"

Lali shut his mouth, but his lips parted again. Fábián could once more see that impertinent white row of teeth.

"Why... I'm not grinning really."

"Yes you are," said Fábián despondently. "You're like a jackanapes."

Lali shrugged his right shoulder to show he could not help it and squatted down in front of the cage. He opened the trap-door with a familiar movement. The earnestness and sincere purpose with which he set about the job were of the kind people only evince when they are taking part in a game.

Then Fábián noticed his father. He was heading for the stable, straight from the house.

Lali had seized the rabbit—he held the hind legs in his left hand and was just preparing to bring the right down with a whack on the rabbit's neck. Just as Fábián had imagined himself doing, only a few minutes earlier.

"Put it back," he said quickly. "Put it back in its place."

The boy grinned in surprise.

"Why?"

"Just put it back."

Lali reluctantly shoved the rabbit back in its place and closed the door. Then he looked at Fábián, as much as to say that he did not see what it was all about and that he was waiting for an explanation.

"You'll get the cigarettes," said Fábián quickly. "I can bring them myself; at least I'll be able to have a talk with your Dad."

And he kept watching the door.

"But the rabbit," the boy stammered. "Isn't it going to be killed?"

"No," answered Fábián with a laugh. "I was only fooling."

Lali's consternation caused him whole-hearted enjoyment. "I've spoilt his game," he thought maliciously. The boy sidled out with suspicion in his eyes, and it took him quite an effort to keep grinning.

Fábián's father came in at the stable door.

"What's up, lads?"

Lali muttered a greeting and quickly edged out past him. Fábián leaned heavily against the side of the cage lest his father notice anything. He would not have dared take a step without something to hold onto.

"I've chatted away a deal too much time," said his father. "The Hetesis asked me to come along this afternoon and graft their roses. Everyone wants me to do their grafting. Wherever you see roses, they're all my handiwork. Oh by the way," he added, "have you killed the rabbit?"

"No," said Fábián.

"You haven't? Well get moving then, I want to skin it now. Mother won't be able to do it in time for dinner if I don't."

Fábián thrust himself away from the cage and took a few paces forward.

"So what?" he asked.

He stood straight as he faced his father, swaying neither right nor left, but he felt that he needed all his strength to do it. If only his father's face would not keep approaching and receding like actors on the screen; if only it would stay put, for he could not make it out properly like this—it kept evading the straining focus of his eyes, and he found himself looking either beside it or over the top, regardless of whether he contracted his eyes or opened them wide. The brandy came to his mind again. He should have drunk more—or less. As it was, it couldn't have been worse.

"Must we kill it?" he asked. His tongue moved a bit awkwardly.

"Of course we must. Mother doesn't want to cut down a hen now," said his father as he swept the gangway in the stables. Fábián was glad that his father always found something to do and that he no longer had to strain himself to look at his face. He shut his eyes.

"We'd be all right without meat."

His father propped the broom against the wall.

"It's Sunday," he said. "Just give it a clout; don't be sorry for it. It's not worth much, that rabbit."

And he added:

"We've wanted to kill it for some time, but we waited for you to come."

"You could have killed it yourself," stammered the lad, and he set out for the door. He was overcome by the pungent smell of the stables, and his stomach welled up inside him. He walked by the wall, using one hand to obtain surreptitious support. Although he knew he was soon going to vomit, he did not want to hurry.

"Where are you off to?" asked his father.

"Lali asked for some cigarettes... I'll take them over and have a chat with his father."

"Come on now, kill that beast, will you, and let me get on with the skinning," said his father. "Do you want to have dinner in the evening? You could have killed it twenty times over by now."

"Twenty times," laughed Fábián in the doorway. "The whole lot, if you like. The babies and the big ones one after another. I could have murdered the lot, two hundred times over."

He guffawed and reeled about at the entrance.

His father had been fixing the leg of a milking stool. It was only now that he began to pay more attention to his son.

At first his face reflected astonishment, but then he slowly, gradually straightened up, keeping his eyes curiously on the boy. He looked at him for a while.

"Are you drunk?" he asked very calmly.

Fábián was standing against the light from the doorway, laughing and no longer caring much about himself. He swayed, as though to answer his father.

"Rabbits... just skin'em all. I wanted to read today."

"You miserable creature," said his father, "is this the way for you to behave?"

"What do you mean, for me to behave?" he rejoined, gesturing. "Mayn't I have a drink? I've already read so many books that... it does a fellow good to take some time off. Go to the well, kill the rabbit... Have breakfast... lunch... I'm no longer like that!"

"So I see," his father nodded.

Fábián made a great effort to look him in the eye, but that face just would not stay still. He straightened himself.

"All those books are no child's play, you know!"

At this he started for the rabbit's cage.

"But I can kill that rabbit for all that. I haven't drunk that much!"

His father blocked his way.

"Stay where you are, I'll see to it. Go and lie down."

Fábián began to grow furious at his father's calm behaviour.

"Why? There's nothing wrong with me."

"'Course not. You can hardly stand on your feet. If you aren't able to look after yourself, you'd better lie down."

"No. I've got to bring them those cigarettes too."

And at this he started lurching towards the door again. His father took fright and darted out a swift hand to catch the lad, but Fábián tried to force his way out. Now he too grew angry.

"The devil you'll be going anywhere, you fool."

He sent Fábián reeling back from the door.

"You want to show yourself off like this to others, do you? You student, you!"

And he hustled his son to the corner, where there was a bed of hay. Fábián did not resist but kept on talking, with a tired, whimpering laugh.

"Stu-dent! You saying that too? An intellectual can also have a drink.... More, in fact, than a ... Dad ... if only you knew how much I've read ... all sorts of things..."

His father guided him to the hay with firm hands. The lad let him, indeed he liked the strength of those familiar paws that had led him long ago when he was learning to walk. Now he again felt that old sense of security.

"Shall I lie down?" he muttered.

"Of course—" answered his father's bitter voice. "And don't let Mother see you."

"Just a mo," said Fábián, bending quickly forward. He began vomiting in the corner. The rebellious, stinking drink almost fled through his throat, as though it had till now been kept in a bad place where it did not want to stay another minute. Fábián groaned and vomited in violent spasms. He could not see, for his eyes were filled with tears. His father held his shoulder.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I'd like to vomit out the books as well," panted Fábián.

"All right, you can do that another time."

The lad felt that two determined hands were doing whatever they wanted with him—making him sit down and then lie back on something soft. He no longer cared about anything and did not protest. All he said now was:

"This bed was always here too."

"Of course it was."

The father set his son straight as he lay there and spread a blanket over him. Fábián was about to fall into a heavy sleep when he heard the mocking words:

"There you are, professor."

He would have liked to answer something, indeed his mouth started moving, but only an inaudible whisper issued from it. In another moment he was asleep, with no wish to know of anything, for he felt very content at the bottom of his deep pit.

CLASS STRUGGLE AT SIX A.M.

by

ENDRE GERELYES

"Boy," shouted old Pityó Koleszár, his stentorian yell hitting my ears like a bugle call. "Come in here, boy!"

When I caught sight of him I tried to steal away with a bent back, my flesh creeping, but his loud exposure of my attempted manoeuvre to by-pass him paralyzed me. I turned back, and, putting on an expression of joy—at least I hoped to look pleased—I entered the compartment. Three heavy forms were seated on the synthetic green leather: old Pityó Koleszár, old Sajgó, and Bimbi Szabó. In the raw February dawn our train was speeding along the line; outside was murky darkness promising cheerless weather. What would have been the natural thing to do? To fling open the door and step in with a warm, friendly greeting?—after hearty handshaking all around plunge into a loud and lively conversation in the spirit of the patriarchal traditions of the village, bask in the mellow atmosphere of affection and feed old Pityó's paternal emotions like a pelican... Instead, I grinned mechanically and racked my brains for a pretext. My real reasons were unacceptable, but maybe, if I said I was cramming for an exam... Yes, that was it! I continued desperately to weigh the possibilities of escape.

On my way to the station I had met Miki Bátonyi, a former schoolmate and chum. With the sober tactlessness of a more or less rested man, Miki had thumped my back and alluded to his own happiness: "Why don't you get married, my dear old fellow?" he asked lustily. "Life is no good alone in this heartless, unfeeling world; there is nothing like a kid toddling and peeping about!" In pitch darkness, slipping over the wet railway-sleepers, he then and there took out his pocket-book and showed me photographs of his kid. By matchlight. (He displayed no fewer than twenty-four.) I had slept a total of two hours; the celebration started as a quiet glass or two had grown long. I hadn't even slept off my intoxication; I felt sick, my head was aching, and all I wanted was to sleep. To sleep, or to withdraw from everybody and give myself up to ascetic thoughts. "Get married, my dear boy," Miki Bátonyi had rattled on, "you know my wife, but wait a moment, you haven't seen her for ages; let me show you what a nice little wife she has become, look!" (Another twelve photographs.) And while I listened to this happy head of a family, my heart was filled with dark thoughts. Miki, you ox, I thought to myself disrespectfully, you sober ass you, you pachyderm with an orderly mind, that is why I have never been able to look on you as a really truly close friend. Can't you feel that now, this morning, I'm not interested in either your kid or your pretty wife? Are you, my friend, unable to understand how difficult it is for me to go away, because even after two years I am still homesick and it is hard to leave Edith behind? I am discontented, upset, deranged like a haystack after a hurricane, and here you come and talk to me about your balanced spiritual life...

My anger began to evaporate only when the train arrived. I boarded the last carriage, which promised to protect me from Miki's happiness; in my joy at having got rid of him I waved an airy good-bye. There stood Miki under the electric bulb, beckoning, pointing to his wedding-ring and imitating the gestures of nursing a baby. Then he turned and, after a final wave of the arm, started off toward the factory. He would not even be late, the scoundrel. His figure was lost in the gloom, and life began for me. I was going to find a decent compartment, read ten minutes, and then sleep until Pest.

"Boy," shouted old Koleszár, his earsplitting yell falling on my ears like a blow. "Come in here, boy!"

"Good morning, Uncle Pityó," I muttered, exasperated. "Off on a trip?"

"Yes, to Pest. Fancy, my boy, at my age, to a school! They've put in a new machine, that's why. Now I have to take a refresher course.

"Are you playing ulti*?"

Old Pityó looked at me, appalled, his large belly heaving in disapproval.

"You have become quite a townsman, haven't you? Confusing ulti with snapper. You don't see any talon here; after the first round there ought to be one, old chap!"

"Come on," smiled Bimbi Szabó, fidgeting with the collar of his railwayman's uniform, "come in, come in!"

"You know, son"—I stared at Uncle Pityó, terrified, nerving myself for the coming series of anecdotes and jokes fit to make the walls tremble—"you remind me of the cartwright of Verebély. He, too, left his home, and . . ."

"Even if you are a city-man now, my fine young fellow"—I glanced at old Sajgó with gratitude; I was familiar with his frequently repeated remarks, but if he kept Uncle Pityó from telling the story of the Verebély cartwright then let old Sajgó make a nuisance of himself—"even if you live in Pest, you can come in, you won't catch any lice!"

"Well, well," Bimbi smiled, still fidgeting, "well I never. . ."

God in heaven, stand by me in my sad predicament! And tell me, would you go in if your head were buzzing and your eyes heavy with sleep? Uncle Pityó will tell two thousand anecdotes, and if you don't laugh he will give your father to understand that you are sad and ill and Pest girls of easy virtue have ruined you; Old Sajgó will not cease for a moment to admonish you to love your poor parents if they were such fools as to have you educated, because every kid wants to sit on his father's head when he rises in the world. "You are only puppies, all of you, my boy." Bimbi just smiles all the time, repeating his inquiries about "how we live, what we do, when we shall marry"; he is only seven years my senior, he doesn't dare to treat me as a boy but never thinks of conversing with me as an equal. After all, I won't go in!

"Well?" Uncle Pityó began to grow impatient. "Will you take a hand?"

My blood was up. What it amounted to was that they didn't bother about their downcast young neighbour, they simply needed a partner. Because of Bimbi they were playing snapper, for Bimbi is stupid and gets mixed up when it comes to bidding in ulti; once, at the canteen, they let him have it in blows. Of course, they were right; it's best to play snapper with four.

"Thanks, Uncle Pityó, but I'm sorry, I'm expecting a friend to get in at Vizslás."

Bimbi gaped and excitedly buttoned his smock.

"We don't stop at Vizslás. Your friend... that boy will never get on the train there..."

* A popular game of cards.

Confound you, Bimbi!

"I am reading for an exam, I must study," I cried in despair.

Old Sajgó, who had been on the alert and watching for an opportunity to take offence, now pounced like a jaguar, delighting in the situation.

"When a schooled young man finds no pleasure in the company of his father's friends" —he got out a cigar, cracked it gently with his fingers, then lighted it and puffed away meditatively (get it over with, damn you)—"he may take himself off, where he likes!"

"Uncle Sajgó," I tried to jest, my teeth chattering, "this is the last carriage. There is no place to go."

With his evil-smelling cigar, the old man made a sign to intimidated old Pityó.

"Your deal."

"You know," I mumbled with flaming cheeks, "that exam... I have to go over two-hundred pages before Pest."

Bimbi unbuttoned his smock sympathetically; old Sajgó smoked his cigar viciously. It made me furious. To put it more precisely, I was beginning to work myself up into a frenzy at their obtuse, tactless insistence. I've got to learn, I kept saying to myself. So I shut the door like a sneak-thief, and burdened with the fear of having committed a mild form of class betrayal I crept on stealthily. But there is nothing for it, I absolutely have to sleep. I opened the door into the large common compartment. One family was eating ham with onions, the members of another had taken off their boots and were snuggling down for a daybreak nap, and there could be no doubt about somebody's being provided with marc brandy. Like some dirty-grey, disgusting gas the air rolled around the lamp, and then my eyes suddenly lighted, in this inferno, on Freddy Gulyás. Rubbing his boots steadily against the leather seat, Freddy Gulyás raised his chubby little pink hands; he leapt toward me, screaming at the top his voice. His parents smiled and nodded proudly. I fled with bloodshot eyes.

I felt my way along the accordion-corridor connecting the two carriages; the world resounded with rattling and thunder, two iron sheets moved under my soles, and wreathing steam encircled my body. For a moment I toyed with the idea of staying there, but then I pushed the door open into the next carriage. I stepped in, already regretting my decision, and went on as if commanded by a strange will, putting one foot in front of the other, and in a moment or two found myself face to face with Mrs. Csobánkai. Her imposing features beamed with blood-curdling kindness.

"Hello, my boy! How you have grown since I last saw you!"

"That was only three weeks ago, Mrs. Csobánkai," I took up the hopeless struggle.

"But you've changed, to be sure. How time flies! Oh dear, who would have thought it possible, who indeed? When you came in I was as good as flabbergasted to see what a big, strong, healthy man you have become!"

"I am ill," I pleaded, for I guessed what was coming, "and small, Mrs. Csobánkai!"

"I just gaze at all of you youngsters glowing with health," she shrugs one of her powerful, athletic shoulders, "while we are progressing toward the grave."

"You are as fit as a fiddle, Mrs. Csobánkai!"

"Yes, my child. You are young and strong, though you don't know it. By evening I feel a stitch here, a twinge there, in my spine, with the pain shooting into my waist, for all the world like a curse."

The stream of words went on; there was no stopping her. I stared at her like a lunatic, watching her nimble mouth and wondering whether she possessed the power to hypnotize. Why should I have come here otherwise, like this, without any attempt at resistance or

escape? No one can escape her at home either, once she has made up her mind to talk. I looked at her gaping mouth, mulling about whether or not I should stop it with my hat.

"The other day I said to your mother, I said 'that boy of yours has grown remarkably tall and strong. Don't you remember? He as good as grew up on my plum tree.' And your mother laughed, 'never mind even if he has deserted your plum tree, his younger brother is glad enough to climb into his place, isn't he?' Your brother is a terrible rascal, you may take my word for it." With the back of her left hand she wiped her mouth, this she-devil incarnate. "One day last summer I heard voices calling from the garden, 'Mrs. Csobánkai your plums are being stolen.' Out I rushed, wondering who the thief could be. Well, would you believe it? There they sat, the two of them, that boy Robi and your brother, in the tree, shouting, 'It is we who are stealing your plums, Mrs. Csobánkai!' Poor Mariska, that boy of hers, Robi, is certainly a doubtful blessing and no mistake."

A red fog descended on my brain. I sprang up, got my bag, tearing it down from the rack, and fled, leaving my hat behind. So I had to rush back. Mrs. Csobánkai was still talking; she couldn't finish so suddenly. "I feel sick," I stammered, "dreadfully sick," and ran off like one possessed.

Outside, in the cold, deserted corridor, I leaned my drooping, stooping back against the dark brown compartment wall. A shooting pain pierced my spine and migrated to my waist, for all the world like a curse. Enough, I have had enough! I have had enough of their loud-mouthed kindliness, their thick-skinned familiarity! My eyelids are burning with fatigue, the memory of that booze is still hammering in my brain. I am going to cut the throat of the first acquaintance!

I staggered on, at the height of torment, and then, fascinated,I was brought to a standstill.

Over the compartment door a plate said "No Smoking."

One man was sitting inside the compartment, reading. This was the first time I had seen his calm, serious face. Puritan tranquility—at closer inspection through the glass, subdued severity—seemed to emanate from his character. Maybe that was what held back the surging crowd, which fell back before the wall of this sanctuary as if repelled by an insurmountable barrier. Maybe he has no acquaintances...

I entered the compartment reverently and cleared my throat, wondering whether a reserved bow would not be more appropriate.

"Good morning."

The prepossessing stranger raised his tranquil gaze. His voice sounded softly sonorous as he returned my salutation.

"Morning."

The welcoming smile on his narrow, intelligent face relieved and absolved his countenance from impolite isolation, without being distorted by the slightest trace of provoking pleasantness. I felt proud of having analysed his intentions to such perfection within a single second and equally proud of understanding them.

I settled down with a happy sigh, restraining my pulmonary activity lest it should disturb the other man. As he took up his book, I caught sight of the title. This is by no means an indiscretion; it is rather a sign between companions-in-arms, just as a knight of a frontier fortress might have contemplated his comrade's sword or halberd. My companion was reading Hemingway in English. I cannot read Hemingway in English, but I like him very much in Hungarian.

Having met his intelligent blue (or grey) eyes, I turned away my glance, startled. He raised his eyebrows slightly and smiled. I understood. He accepted and returned my interest while encouraging me to take the next step. However, I was not so sure of this,

at the moment; I should have hated to squelch the developing consonance by a dissonant chord. We sat reading, the train rushed on, and as I glanced aside a bevy of sparks sped past the black window. What a marvellous sight. For half a moment I forgot my neighbour and admired this glittering crazy mass of light, to discover with a thumping heart, when I looked up, the same spellbound absorption on his face. Yes, this was the next step—or sign, if you like. The third I undertook myself after some vacillation. I closed my book, put it down on the little table, and raised my eyes—to meet his smiling look. He was the first to speak.

"Marvellous, isn't it? From the age of six I've always been fascinated by this sight."

"Very beautiful," I assented greedily, while my wavering joy was spoilt by my inability to say anything but such a silly phrase. "Very beautiful!"

"I shouldn't like to disturb you"—but I could tell by his expression that he knew how little he disturbed me.

"Oh, but yo don't—not at all."

I should have liked to bite off my head! While I longed to be engaging and witty, I could bring out only such tedious, lukewarm, inane phrases, hang it all! I looked at him with envy and admiration; unobtrusive politeness and friendly tact seemed to be in his blood. I did not want him to take me for a provincial blockhead.

"Are you fond of Huxley?" he asked, pointing to my book.

"I'm not," I replied with a shade of defiance. "He is an extremely cold man."

"But highly intelligent."

Slightly put out by his schoolmasterly superiority, I reiterated in a tone coloured by irritation:

"Yes. A dazzlingly intelligent halfsmile in the corner of his mouth and nothing else. Never to take a stand, or a side!"

"That is not the chief trouble, but the abnormal size of his brain."

I hoped he would not notice that this sentence was beyond me. For a moment I felt sad and scared. Inwardly I tried to justify myself by remembering that in our studies we had not yet reached Huxley. What a duffer I am. It was fortunate I didn't blab it out like a frightened schoolboy.

"Are you a motorcycle champion?" he asked with a small laugh, and I was at a loss what to think of his mild impertinence.

"Why should I be a motorcycle champion?"

"You look like one."

This struck home, because he was right. My shoulders are too broad for my height, my ways are affected, and my inborn shyness is apt to make me rude. I lack elegance and ease. I tried to retaliate gaily:

"I'm a mud-wrestler."

"I play centre-half," he appeased me with a faint smile, and again I found him fascinating; he played on my moods as on an instrument. This man seemed to radiate calm self-consciousness and superiority, and I watched him, enchanted. He held out his hand, and for a moment I was filled with a mixture of hope and despair. If his handshake was half-hearted, snake-like, I could afford to be disappointed, but if I was disappointed there would be no more conversation. His palm was pressed against mine, his fingers clasped my hand quietly, strongly, but without any boasting. Fine!

"Here, Joe, this way!"

This shouting echoed ruthlessly down the corridor, shattering the silence, to be promptly followed by savage trampling of feet and banging of doors. After the dismay connected with

this sudden alarm, we were overtaken by the hopeless determination of those faced with death: the enemy had broken in, all was lost!

The door was rudely flung open with such noise and vehemence that I felt as if someone had hit me in the face. People rushed in, rolled in. The attack was headed by a woman of about forty, wrapped in a wooly black shawl so closely that only her hard, suspicious white face gleamed in the darkness. With rapidly snapping words she gave instructions, saying little but in a peculiarly sharp voice that got on one's nerves. They puffed and turned about without taking any notice of us. I was dazed by the weight of the heavy blows that rained down on me. I had not yet been able to assess the true magnitude of the danger. The noise and motion made me pull myself together. They dressed and undressed, threw about a lot of bundles, baskets, and bags, ignoring us all the time with a sort of stupid obstinacy. They never thought of uttering a word of greeting or that the leader with the shawl should bawl less loudly. They panted. I have often found that travelling enthralls villagers, but I have never encountered such a borderline case. They sat down and I began to scrutinize them with masochistic intensity. They were four. The younger woman, who showed a ridiculous resemblance to the elder one, was sitting in a fur-collared jacket, with a kerchief on her head and boots on her feet. Her severe face was silent; if her voice is as unpleasant as her mother's it is better so, I thought. The young husband played the leading part, grinning right and left but avoiding a turn in our direction; his long, sparse black hair was falling on both sides over his big ears. Under his nose he had a millimetre-thin, irresistible Gable-moustache. He must have been the pick of the basket in the village, a Don Juan—who deserved his wife. The little boy was four; he stared with his mother's vacant taciturnity, and his nose was dirty. He kept sniffling; there was nothing more to be said about him.

"In short, they looked into the figures and found that the house could be built for a hundred and forty thousand. That was what made Gazsi box the engineer's ears."

"Joe, Joe," the mother-in-law returned, "if you were there you should have stopped him!"

"The deuce I should! Gazsi drives himself; he would hardly ever leave the mine if we were to let him stay. Drives himself like the devil! While the engineer calculates."

"That's not the way to put things right, Joe."

Joe got excited; it was not enough that the mother-in-law yelled, so did he. His hair vibrated as it fell on both sides; he tried to be formidable. You are nothing like what I figured the heroes of the battle for coal to be, Joe!

I glanced at my travelling companion with a brotherly smile. Hang it all, this is fate, one must put up with it, at least one gets some fun out of watching them. I looked at the grey-eyed man. To my astonishment the Hemingway-man stared severely before him, not looking up for a moment. His eyes were virtually glued to the window, perhaps to escape from the mother-in-law's dangerous propinquity. He was silent, his face betrayed regular anger, and I sensed even more than fury—hatred.

Then the first miracle came to pass. Tough Joe gave us a quick, sidelong glance. He went on talking, his voice growing still louder and more voluble. I pricked up my ears; he was speaking of Pálfalva, of his intention to go and live there and take the tram to Terenye. Perhaps because he mentioned my village, or because I found his noisy vitality more winning than his wife's cool, tongue-tied immobility, my attention was tinged with a faint serenity. Good idea, to move to my village, Joe. A nice little tram, that is where I learnt how to court the girls. It took us to Etes to bathe... It will do very well for you, Joe. If only that blasted kid would stop sniffling now and then!

The grandmother, perhaps activated by my look, began to grope in her clothes, brought out a handkerchief, and wiped her grandson's nose. Good for you! Now the family was almost bearable, though the speechless mother might have thought of it herself, her head being empty enough to take in the idea. I wondered why the young woman never opened her mouth.

Joe, on the other hand, continued to shout. See, Joe, you might adopt some of your wife's silence; you needn't bawl as if you were afraid in the dark. So I am also liable to shout when I argue? I shout because I have got used to it, and formerly I used to shout when I was frightened. I was intimidated by those stand-offish, soft-spoken young Lipótváros gentlemen, that's why I spoke so loudly; but what in the world is there to be afraid of here, Joe?

Don Juan stopped talking for half a minute to catch his breath, and that was when the second miracle came to pass. The young woman raised her head and spoke:

"We shouldn't have taken the fast train."

"Drat it," scolded her mother, but the stiffness of her face melted into a smile, "why shouldn't we? I told you I wanted to see it once inside, what it looks like. Well, it's lovely."

They were beginning to collect their belongings, preparing to get off. They had travelled only two stops—I mean the train had stopped at only two places. One gets used to tram stops. They stood up, packed and put on their things like soldiers; they put little Joe on his feet, and no one bothered to wipe his nose. They gathered one another together and crowded around the door. The silent woman remained sitting for an extra moment, buttoning her jacket and passing the back of her hand across her mouth.

Somewhere, deep inside, I could not help smiling. The iron-faced elder woman was right; one must see it for oneself. If one hasn't got far enough to see it in forty years, one must do so in the forty-first. A cheer for the mother-in-law!

I had left Mrs. Csobánkai too suddenly, in a veritably insulting manner. Had my conduct actually put a stop to Mrs. Csobánkai's flow of words? Who knows? I know the unfailing antidote for it: once she said to my mother, "You know, my dear, I can enjoy a good chat only when there's no 'gentry' about in the neighbourhood, because when I smell the like it's as if my tongue were being tied down, goodness only knows why." My mother nodded assent, notwithstanding her usual way of laughing at Mrs. Csobánkai; she said that it was much the same with her. Of course it's all wrong, but somehow one can't forget the past so easily.

With a slow smile I realized that for the first time in my life I had been taken for a gentleman.

I gazed after them, and perhaps because my thoughts had been with my people at home my heart was suddenly warm.

An unexpected movement on the part of my companion interrupted my reverie. That anger curbed by self-control gradually faded from his face as he let down the window. A rain of ashes and a suffocating smell of gas invaded the compartment. To my questioning look he shrugged his shoulders amiably and said:

"I loathe the smell of pails."

I sat dumbfounded. These words pressed me to my seat. I stared at him, watching him as he settled down cautiously, gingerly, crossing his well-shod feet lest his trousers should get soiled. I felt the blood rush to my head; I sprang up; I could not, would not control myself. I seized the handle of the window and with the power born of hatred pulled it up violently; it cracked like a left hook.

ENCOUNTER

by

LÁSZLÓ KAMONDY

Two men were trudging along the dike by the stream. Mátyás Kun was pushing a wheelbarrow, and János Meggyesi, behind him, was empty-handed. They stopped at the river bend. Mátyás Kun surveyed the Zala, where the wind ruffled the surface of the river, while Meggyesi stared at the youthful greenness of the earth.

The water, yellow with melting snow, flowed past them, almost brimming over the top of the dike. The trees on either side had begun to put forth their buds and the grey elderbushes showed the tips of their tiny leaves. A little further off, the pale green stalks of spring wheat waved in the south wind.

"I'll take over," said Meggyesi, bending down for the wheelbarrow.

Mátyás Kun watched a while longer the slow, majestic flow of the water; then he too set out after Meggyesi.

They were taking borrowed grain to repay the joiner at Anna manor who had helped them out with sowing seed at the time of the land reform.

Mátyás Kun was the first to notice that someone was coming toward them. He saw him as soon as the man turned down from the bridge.

Gáspár Fodor, who was once the landlord's coachman, had a suitcase swinging from his hand.

A few paces behind him, a second short, stoutish man came down from the bridge.

"Let me take it now," said Mátyás Kun.

He spoke at the point where the filthy water of Stinky Ditch poured into the river. The Zala widens at this spot, the banks are higher, and a view opens up all the way to the steeple of the neighbouring village.

Mátyás Kun lit a pipe, Meggyesi a cigarette. They turned their faces to the south, letting the silky wind stroke them, standing and gazing toward the limits of the land and the sky.

"Someone's coming towards us," said Meggyesi, who had only just noticed as he was looking sideways.

"You know them," said Mátyás Kun. "You know both of them well."

Meggyesi was a man of small stature, mobile and muscular like a mountain horse. His meek brown eyes strained suspiciously, with child-like alarm, at the person who was approaching them.

He only saw one man, and even him he did not recognize.

"Is it two? You say there are two? Ah yes, so there are. Looks like something moving behind him."

Mátyás Kun turned away.

"We'll wait for them here," he said.

The two men came closer and closer. They could not have been more than two hundred paces off now, approaching at a leisurely pace.

Meggyesi recognized Gáspár Fodor now too.

"Look," he said. "It's that lousy Gáspár."

Gáspár Fodor corresponded with the landlord, Gusztáv Timoróczy. The people at the manor had heard this from his wife and from the postman.

"Surely not?"

"Surely not what?" asked Mátyás Kun, as if he did not even suspect what Meggyesi might be thinking or referring to.

"Well, what people say?"

Mátyás Kun knew full well what people were saying.

"...That he wrote a letter to say he was coming back," continued Meggyesi, his eyes still peering at the dike.

"Yes, that's Timoróczy all right, behind him," answered Mátyás Kun.

The first thing János Meggyesi thought of was whether Mátyás Kun would greet him or not. He decided that if Kun greeted the landlord he would do so too.

"Is it really Timoróczy?"

"I saw him as he turned down from the bridge," answered Mátyás Kun.

"And even if Kun doesn't," thought Meggyesi, "if Timoróczy greets us first, I'll touch my hat as well. I'm behind him anyway."

The two men could not have been more than a hundred paces from them now. They also had a rest.

"They've stopped," said Meggyesi.

"Maybe the suitcase is heavy," Mátyás Kun answered meekly.

Meggyesi became restless, very restless.

"What a dirty rotter! Smuggling him back by a round-about path!"

Mátyás Kun said no more, till Gáspár Fodor again seized the suitcase. Stalking like a regular liveried coachman, indeed as though the suitcase were empty, Gáspár Fodor headed for them.

"The wheelbarrow's standing just right," said Kun, the skin tightening in bunches across his bony face, "just right."

It stood a bit awry across the path on top of the dike, blocking the route.

"Do you want to fight?" asked Meggyesi in alarm, and he recalled that Timoróczy once had his sick wife taken in on his coach, and that some four hundred acres of the land that had been distributed would have to be restored, so rumour had it. These two thoughts now alternated in his head with tremendous rapidity.

Gáspár Fodor, and Timoróczy behind him, came closer and closer. They slowed their steps, but they kept coming;

They must have been about ten paces off when Mátyás Kun whispered in a suppressed tone to Meggyesi:

"We're not giving way, János!"

"What's to come of this?" thought Meggyesi, but he did not move, and he did not speak either to encourage or to dissuade his friend. He merely gave a slight cough, clearing his throat in the same way as when, as one of Timoróczy's labourers, he had gone to ask the landlord for something.

Gáspár Fodor stopped a few paces from the wheelbarrow, and, as though he had got wind of the passions raging in Mátyás Kun, he greeted him with affected humility but also a touch of reserve.

"Good day. Where to, old chap?"

Mátyás Kun peered at the river. Meggyesi behind him raised his arm almost to his hat.

"Well, the squire's returned..." said Fodor, and repeated again, "he's returned."

Meggyesi gave a cough, and Mátyás Kun looked silently at the water.

Gáspár Fodor stepped a little to one side, and now Timoróczy greeted them.

"Good day, men. Where are you bound for?"

Mátyás Kun stood beside the wheelbarrow, his back to Meggyesi, but it was as though no one had said anything.

"What is it, János? Don't you even recognize me any more?" asked Timoróczy.

Mátyás Kun shrugged his shoulders, and Meggyesi, though he would have liked to, could not bring himself to say anything. But from now on it was Timoróczy of whom he was most afraid.

"Brother Mátyás, hey," chuckled Fodor, trying to give matters a jocular twist, "you seem to have gone deaf since this morning."

Mátyás Kun was still staring at the water. Quietly, between his teeth, he hissed:

"Call a leech your brother, not me!"

He did not even turn toward the landlord's coachman.

Meggyesi kept wondering what would happen if Mátyás Kun did not move that wheelbarrow. What—what on earth—would be the outcome?

Meantime the wind had completely abated. The river's back was smooth.

Gáspár Fodor looked toward Timoróczy.

"Mátyás," Timoróczy now said, with the tone of a squire trying to be friendly. "Surely you don't want us to cross the river or Stinky Ditch?"

Mátyás Kun did not answer.

"...Or are we to wade through the mire?" and with a wave of his arm he indicated the water-logged meadow on the left bank.

Meggyesi would have liked to be able to see the eyes of Mátyás Kun, his liquid-green, clever eyes, to see what he wanted, to get some guidance on how he was to behave.

"Mátyás!" Timoróczy's voice was harsher now, and he fished out a piece of paper from his pocket. "You had your dose of trouble in 'nineteen! You ought to have learned from that..."

Mátyás Kun turned his head, but only his head, to one side.

"...My father saved you from being beaten to death."

"And the squire gave you a living," added Gáspár Fodor.

"And he once had my wife taken in by coach," thought Meggyesi, "the time she fell from the attic."

"You heard me, God damn it!" shouted Gáspár Fodor. "Move that contraption or I'll kick it to bits! Don't just stand there, d'you hear me?"

"Now, then, keep calm men," said Timoróczy.

Mátyás Kun stood quietly motionless beside his wheelbarrow.

"Or you take it away from here, brother János, for Christ's sake," continued Fodor, again seizing the suitcase.

Meggyesi moved and cleared his throat in the great silence.

"Not my barrow," said Meggyesi, gathering all his courage. "This wheelbarrow's not mine... it belongs to Mátyás."

Mátyás Kun glanced back a little, not more than a backward flash of his eye, by way of encouragement. Meggyesi felt a warmth running through him at that look.

He had given a good answer, one that had pleased Mátyás Kun.

"Well, aren't you going to shift it? Aren't you going to budge, damn it?" shouted Gáspár Fodor, his face growing livid. "Take it, take it, or else—!"

Mátyás Kun bent slightly toward the wheelbarrow.

"This barrow's mine, just like the land I've been given."

"You'll be wishing you could hand it back, let me tell you," yelled Gáspár Fodor. "The time will come for you to foot the bill for your rule, don't you worry!"

At these last, unmistakable words, a shudder went through Meggyesi. But all the hurts he had suffered, all the old hurts crowded into his heart at once now, and this roused a sort of resistance in him. His mounting temper sent a tremor over his body.

"Now then, go slow, just go slow," said Timoróczy, and his whey-coloured eyes opened wider than usual one moment, blinking back the next.

"Bloody hell!" said Fodor, whipping himself into a still hotter temper as he stepped right up to the wheelbarrow.

The body of Mátyás Kun became taut; he stood up straight and looked Gáspár Fodor in the eye.

"This wheelbarrow's my property, and if anyone touches it I'll run him through!"

Gáspár Fodor suddenly stooped down to shove the wheel off the path. Mátyás Kun was quicker. He jerked the wheelbarrow back, then sent it forward, thrusting it with all his might.

The landlord's coachman splashed backward into the river with both arms outstretched. First only his left foot slipped off the dike, but the right followed.

He could not find anything to grasp.

"What have you done?!" shouted Timoróczy, looking terrified and aghast at his former coachman, now struggling in the water.

Gáspár Fodor had a good drink of the filthy, clayey-yellow water and gasped for air. Then, since he could not swim, he began to thrash about crazily, whirling in toward the middle of the river.

His hat had flown off his head as he fell, and having now overturned it swam and swam downstream, as though it had been put out to beg.

Timoróczy looked at his former coachman, at a loss as to what to do, then took hold of his suitcase. It was only when he was some distance off that he shouted:

"You'll—you'll answer for this somewhere!"

Meggyesi was frightened as he watched Gáspár Fodor flailing the water.

"You'll answer," yelled Timoróczy, hurrying still faster in the opposite direction.

Gáspár Fodor, gasping for air, coughing and spewing water from his mouth, was heading for the opposite bank. All of a sudden he submerged. By the time he surfaced again, he was once more at the middle of the river.

"There'll be trouble, Mátyás, mark my words," said Meggyesi softly. "We ought to pull him out somehow."

Mátyás Kun watched the river stonily.

"Let him pull him out," he said slowly.

Meggyesi did not reply but stepped back and started looking for a long branch or something of the kind.

However, there was nothing suitable near them.

"He'll drown, Mátyás, he'll drown," Meggyesi kept repeating.

Gáspár Fodor was again being swept toward the shore, but some twenty or thirty yards further down. The way he was spinning he might have been taken from a distance for a playfully frolicking bather.

"If only he would reach it!" sighed Meggyesi aloud, when Gáspár Fodor was hardly a few feet from the opposite bank.

He did reach it, but he could not clamber out.

He laid his right arm on the dike, then rested a while before he slowly pulled the left up beside it.

Mátyás Kun's bearing relaxed, and he took a deep breath. He seized the handles of the wheelbarrow, rearranged the sacks and set off. He did not even cast a glance at Gáspár Fodor as he passed him on the opposite bank, nor at Meggyesi behind him.

And Meggyesi followed behind him.

The Zala flowed slowly past, heavy with melting snow, clayey yellow, almost brimming over the top of the dike. The wind rose again in the south, and the pale green fields of wheat further off, as well as the sedge on the riverside meadows opposite, whispered as they swayed to the tune of the mounting south wind.

THE WANDERER OF THE DEEP

by

ISTVÁN CSURKA

Down where even the whale and the fish cannot see, down at the bottom of the sea, half way between Europe and America, lying prone in the little home he had squeezed apart for himself, there dwelt a man called Mihály Pásztor.

The bottom of the deep sea is covered by a layer of rust-red ooze, smooth as a mirror, soft and cold, and the eternal caresses of the infinite sea have made it level and flat as the water itself. This is what the mother earth is like everywhere under the oceans, and it is only near the shores that it begins to rise, to have its weeds and sands. Further in, down in the depths, there is a monotonous uniformity: no hills, no mountains of Atlantis, no light and no life.

All the way between the New World and Europe, Mihály Pásztor was the only rebellious disturbance, the only mound upon the plane surface. Formerly, before those who had sunk with him and the ship itself had been consumed by the salt water, Mihály Pásztor had lain in the company of many little mounds. However, these once-living creatures and their ship had not been able to stand up to the dark, the cold and, above all, the pressure. They had disintegrated, and their shreds had been taken off by the deep-water current that descended with imperceptible slowness from the Northern Arctic. They had been churned up and dispersed in the digestive spaces of the great waters, their organic parts cast to the creatures of the water for food, while the inorganic, hard matter was after a great struggle simply shifted down south towards the Equator, where it was forced to wander till finally even the iron would crumble to pieces.

So Mihály Pásztor stayed alone in the Atlantic. His body squeezed a bed for itself in the rust-red ooze around him, neither cramped nor spacious—just right for his size. The cold corpses of tiny algae, corals and foraminifera drifted down from the dark firmament of the sea and covered him, as loess will do with those on land. Not a thick layer, for the broad sea stream that billowed down from the north, the lower, opposite partner of the Gulf Stream, kept washing and washing it off him. This heavy drift imparted a gentle tremor to his grey beard that now reached down over his chest, and it kept wiggling the end of string that dangled from the calf-skin satchel which lay beside his left arm.

For many long years Mihály Pásztor was motionless in his abode, since he was pressed hard by the weight of the sea, frozen by its coldness and numbed by the dark. For it was only at mountain-top height above him that the water began to have waves, the rays of the sun could penetrate only to a depth of twelve hundred feet, and the tiny scratches of the ships' furrows were dissipated without a trace by the skin of the sea, way above.

Mihály Pásztor nevertheless got on quite well with this solitude, and particularly with the pressure. It was in fact the pressure that kept him together. He too would long ago have

decomposed into his composite cells to serve as food for the fish, large and small, and for the minute phagocytes, if he had not in his life above learnt the trick of living under pressure and had not now been able to exploit the enormous weight of the sea that rested upon him, making use of it for his own benefit. In his case, however, the pressure exerted on him from all sides squeezed him together, compressed him, and though it was true that it would not let him move, not so much as bat an eyelid, for the pressure penetrated between his very fingers, under his armpits, and ran down his throat, it also gripped his heart and preserved it, even though it did not permit it to beat.

What is more, the pressure would not let his soul out either—it too was squeezed into him, though somewhat hardened. And solified inside his head were all his memories, his desires, and even a song:

> "It's grease that makes the cartwheel turn well,
> Come on girls to Hamburg, bid me farewell.
> The galley-ship in Hamburg I'll be boarding,
> So long girls, to America I'm going."

Mihály Pásztor could not forget anything, because he would have had to move in order to forget.

When he had become so far compressed, however, that his flesh became as hard as his bones had been, and his bones as hard as diamonds, he moved anyway. He incorporated the pressure. He drew the weight, the energies of his constriction, into himself, and after his birth within the body of the forces engendered by the load he began to wink, then he drank of the salt water around him. He used it for food and drink. He could not stand up yet at this stage, because it took some time for him to regain his strength and the circulation of the new blood was slow to get started in the cold. So he waited with the same patience that he had shown before.

Up above, the battles of two World Wars scratched the back of the water, but he did not notice them.

Then, one day in about 1945-50, he felt that a human body had sunk down beside him into the ooze. It was hardly an arm's distance from him. With a tremendous effort he turned on his side, but he could not see it, because it was dark. He strained his eyes for two months, but in vain. Then he became fed up with this and with an even greater effort drew himself up to its side, quite near the body. As he moved, he again felt how tremendous the pressure was, but he paid no heed to it, it could do him no harm now. He could not see the body even from nearby. He pondered what he should do. "I cannot light a fire," he thought, "for the sea won't let me. I shall never find out what sort he is." He sat down beside him and had his supper. "He'll decompose like all the rest," Mihály Pásztor concluded. "But I wouldn't have minded knowing what kind of stock he came from, whose lot it is now to come down here. He'll decompose . . . he's no good at withstanding pressure." He was sorry for him.

His curiosity, however, would not let him rest. "I can find out by feeling him," he suddenly realized. "If, by any chance, he's a Hungarian, he'll have a moustache. If he's a German he'll be shaven and if he's French his hair'll be curly. You don't often have other sorts round here. He might of course be an American, but they don't usually sink at this spot," he decided, and set about feeling.

The first thing his hand encountered was the chap's feet. Slowly groping, he made his way upward. Towards his hips the small change in his pockets rattled. "The clink is just

like a two-crown bit," he thought, but he did not put his hand in the man's pocket. Good heavens no!

By the time he had come to his neck he began to suspect that this was no Frenchman. He was fat and his neck hung in folds at the back of his head. He quickly pressed his palm on his face, and the first thing he noticed was that he had a moustache. "Eee by gum! He's a Hungarian!" he exclaimed to himself, and sat back again to do some thinking.

Then he once more started feeling the feet. There were no boots on them. "In that case he can only be a gentleman," thought Mihály Pásztor, and he again groped his way up him. "Course he is, he's pot bellied!" Now he applied both hands to stroking his face, tugged at his moustache and was glad he was there. "I'm sure he's Hungarian. How good it would be if he would also be able to withstand the pressure," he lamented. "At least I'd be able to find out from him what's up at home. We could talk and live like the fish in water."

In due course he realized that the man would not be able to put up with the pressure, because he was a gentleman. His system was flabby, he was not used to it. "I ought to be able to help him somehow," he figured. He soon came to the conclusion that if he covered him up with ooze, so that the salt juice should not be able to gnaw away at him, then even the gentleman might survive and be compressed to become hard, so that after a time he would be able to speak to him. So he heaped ooze on him with both hands and sweated all over, for it was hard work down there, under the pressure. He even stamped it down, and what is more, he erected a breakwater round his head, so that the currents should not sweep the mud off him.

It all happened exactly the way he had planned it. A few months later the gentleman made a move. He quickly scraped the mud off him and shook him.

"Never say die, sir!" he yelled in his face.

The gentleman stared vacantly into the darkness and trembled.

"Just eat and drink, sir. You'll be better then, but don't take too much at a time, or it'll upset you." He considered that this last piece of advice was necessary, because he had known above that gentlemen were greedy people.

The gentleman was conscious now, but he dared not answer. He did not know yet where he was; he merely felt that the sound was coming to him from the left, and that its source was already aware that he, Huba Zichy, was a gentleman and should be called sir. "How on earth can that be?" he wondered, instead of rejoicing that he was alive. "He must be some sort of security man," he thought. "It seems one of them follows you even beyond the border." He dared not answer, because he was afraid he would want to execute him here in hell, or still worse, to take him back. He was afraid of the security man.

Mihály Pásztor, however, thought he was having his meal and that that was why he was silent.

Then the gentleman remembered and, having recognized his situation, discovered that he had died and was alive and that he must now necessarily be at the bottom of the sea, together with the security man. The only thing that astonished him was how in hell he had not noticed "this bloke up on board ship." Next, having become acquainted with the circumstances prevailing on the sea-bed, he thought the security man would not be so overpowering down here either, so he decided to answer.

"But what should I eat, my dear comrade?" he asked in meek dispair.

But Mihály Pásztor had never heard of such a title.

"Comrat, comrat," he said angrily, "it's more like fish we are, not comrats."

From this Zichy immediately realized that his companion could not be a security man

but, judging from his speech, just a simple peasant. "In that case it'll be fine," he thought. "I've got a winning case."

"Well, my man, what am I to eat then?" he asked, this time commanding to be fed.

"The sea," said Mihály.

The gentleman thought for a while, then realized that the "crafty peasant" was right, he could not eat anything else here. So he, too, ate and drank. Not as a matter of enjoyment, but to satisfy his needs. "I'll be eating better stuff soon," he thought. "This fine ooze will bear fruit, and the manpower's here as well. I'll have a larger estate here than I had above. Grand."

Mihály Pásztor in the meantime waited half patiently, half anxiously, for his companion to finish eating. He did not want to disturb him with his questions before then, though they were crowding to the tip of his tongue.

"There," said Zichy with satisfaction, as though he were closing a clasp knife. "I've eaten better in my life."

"Well..." grunted Mihály with a smile and waited for the gentleman to begin striking up an acquaintance. After all... But Zichy did not speak. He preferred to converse with himself, and would have liked to bring a good party together for a game of taroc.

"And what kind of folks live hereabouts?" he asked, adjusting his speech somewhat to that of the peasant, and almost adding: "Of the better kind, I mean."

"Well, more or less nobody, sir," said Mihály, and he felt hurt at the gentleman's ingratitude. He did not even thank him for resurrecting him, and here he was, inquiring straight away about others, when he had not even asked about him... Nevertheless he returned a humble answer.

"A wheezy old whale occasionally ventures down here, but only once every leap year. It can't stand the pressure either. I know because it gives great groans when it comes this way and its bones creak... For we're down, sir, at the very depths, almost in hell. The pressure's very great here, sir, very great..."

"Not that it's much less above," said Zichy with a laugh.

Mihály did not quite understand this, coming from a gentleman, but he remained silent.

After a while, he nevertheless struck up again. "Don't be angry, sir, but I'd like to know what's up at home... After all it's not long since you've come away, sir, and I don't even know how many years it is since I've been here. I was dead for a while too; in fact it was 1899 when I left Szalonta. There must have been a great deal of change since then... many people must have died... perhaps even the magistrate's died, he was an old man when I left... Maybe even the King isn't the same either. Francis Joseph... We've got Otto in his place I s'pose..."

"We wanted to," thought the gentleman, "but we couldn't." Out loud, however, he merely said:

"There is no Hungary any more, my man. There was, but there isn't. She's finished. She's been destroyed and ravaged, and her thousand-year-old order's been upturned." And he added jokingly: "She's dead because she loved too hard..."

"Was it the Turks again, sir?"

"No, my good man, the Russkies."

"You mean the Russians, do you?"

"Yes."

"May the skin shrivel on their bodies... So they can't let us be. Why in '48, if they hadn't come like a lot of locusts... They gave poor Kossuth a rough deal."

They were silent for a while.

"Then we've got the Tsar for king now, have we?" inquired Mihály.

"No, Stalin," said the gentleman with a chuckle.

"Who's that?"

"You're too stupid to understand that, my good man," answered the gentleman. "How could I explain... A kind of Tsar you know, but..." He did not know what to say. "But an atheist. Get me?"

"Dear oh dear," said Mihály, shaking his head.

For about two days neither said so much as a word to the other. (It should be explained that the days and nights all seem as one down there, so that you loose your sense of time.) Zichy pondered on how he could obtain some money, how he could bring a semblance of order to this place under the sea, so that this piece of manpower should not be sitting there in idleness. He thought about obtaining some grain to sow, and that it wouldn't be a bad idea if a ballet-girl happened to fall overboard one of the steamers above...

Mihály in the meantime was fretting over whether to ask the gentleman if taxes were high at home. For he was afraid that the gentleman might take offence if he asked him about the tax; moreover, he might not be able to give him accurate information, seeing that he was never pressed with a taxes up above—on the contrary, since they were paid to him, he would never have found them too high...

"Dear oh dear," he sighed, but Zichy did not vouchsafe an answer.

He said it again.

"Dear oh dear, it's a hard life," he said by way of emphasis, but Zichy still remained silent. "He's asleep," he thought. "He's lazy—a real gentleman. Even the sea doesn't change them," and he nudged him with his elbow. Zichy, who really was asleep by now, started up.

"What's up?" he grunted.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mihály, pretending he had had nothing to do with it.

"What are you nudging me for?"

"Me? It wasn't me. It must have been a carp or a sheat-fish that bumped against you, sir. Look out, the pike are apt to bite."

"Go on," said Zichy deprecatingly. "Those are fresh-water fish."

"You're telling me, you jackass," thought Mihály, but he let him go on with his superior airs.

"Then it was probably a bream, sir."

"That's a fresh-water fish too."

"Why, for us this water's also fresh by now... haha... fresh as your mother's milk... fresh as one of those fine home-baked loaves..." He paused a little, then turned to the essence of the matter. He did not want to plunge into the very middle of it, so he asked:

"How much is a quintal of wheat at home now?"

"We had an inflation, barter's the only way it's worth selling."

"Well, that wouldn't matter, if only it weren't for the tax... for those taxes... it's the tax that always hurts the poor man worst..."

"It can hurt your lot to your hearts' content now," said the gentleman sarcastically. "The land's yours, you pay yourselves, haha... Of course, only if you can afford to...," and he pointed upward, towards the surface of the sea.

Mihály was silent for a fortnight after this. He pondered, he did not understand, he had a vague suspicion, but he dared not even suspect, until finally he screwed up courage to ask:

"Who did you say the land belonged to, sir?"

"Who, who," yelled the gentleman furiously; "they've distributed it, mine too, they've torn it to pieces..."

"To the people?"

"Of course, to who the hell else? Not the cobblers, you can be sure."

"The priests' too?"

"Yes."

Now Mihály knew, and he was again silent for a long time. He felt that his heart beat much better than before, and he could even stand up now. He took first little, then bigger walks in the neighbourhood.

Then, one day at about dawn, he slung his satchel over his shoulder and went up to the gentleman.

"Well, I'll be off now, God bless you sir," he said and set out.

"Where are you off to?" Zichy yelled at him.

"Home. I came away on account of the land and I'm going back on account of it."

"Not an inch!" said Zichy, also standing up. "Surely you wouldn't leave me here alone at the bottom of the sea, in the dark?"

"Why, who looked after me, for God knows how many years now..."

"That's none of my business... I say, what's your name?"

"You tell me, sir... I'm at home here, and if I didn't re—" but he stopped half way through the word, because he disliked boasting.

"I'm Huba Zichy," said the gentleman with negligent arrogance.

Mihály grew quite red—his face became the colour of the ooze on which he stood.

"From Szalonta?" he asked.

"Yes, that's one of the places where I had a thousand acres."

"Then we have some accounts to settle," said Mihály quietly.

"I don't owe anyone anything, it's the world at large that is in debt to me," roared Zichy.

"Quite right, so am I," replied Mihály and seized the clothes on the gentleman's chest, then, as far as the great pressure would permit, smacked him on the face.

"That was my debt to you, for I am Mihály Pásztor from Szalonta."

And he set off to find the Danube, to see where it flowed into the sea. Once he found the Danube, he could easily walk up its bed to the Tisza; there he would again travel a good distance up to the Kőrös rivers, and he wouldn't climb out before Várad. From there it would be easy to reach Szalonta. He would find his way all right...

The gentleman cried after him in despair, ran about right and left, and had no idea which way to follow him. Mihály had gone a good way, great clods of ooze had stuck to his boots, but he still heard his laments. He grew sorry for him.

"Try and rise," he shouted back. "If you manage to swim up to the surface of the water you might easily have some ship pick you up and take you to America." He formed a funnel of his hands in front of his mouth, to be able to shout.

The gentleman took his advice and started swimming upwards. His body and soul disintegrated so smoothly and evenly in the upper regions, with their small pressure, that he did not even notice how he had become food for the salt-water fish that frolicked about gaily up there.

Mihály, however, walked and wandered under the water, along the infinite ocean bed. He felt his way along the shores of Africa and Europe and everywhere tasted the juices and the fish of the river estuaries, but he found none that had a Hungarian flavour. He was sad on these occasions, but he did not lose his confidence. Amid great difficulties he climbed up the saddle of the Straits of Gibraltar, and there he was, inside the Mediterranean. He was glad that the water was warmer. He now more frequently came across his native flavours and finally, having waded over into the Black Sea, he found the estuary of the Danube. This

was the first time he took a rest. He sat down and enjoyed the scents of home. He had a good supper and put some fine, fresh-water hair-weed under his head when he went to sleep. He only set out again the next morning when the sun had reached down to the bottom. For here it did reach the bottom. However, hardly had he taken a few paces in the low-pressure fresh water but he had to sit down. He was out of breath. But by now he could even feel the smell of the lands about Szalonta from time to time. He was not used to the fresh water and the low pressure, but he set out again, anyway. His ankles swelled, as though he had a heart disease, and they were filled with water.

At the Iron Gate he inquired of the fish. He was surprised how few of them spoke the Hungarian language. Then one of them told him to go further, for Hungary only began some way up.

And so he went. Slowly, panting and gasping. Even his satchel grew heavy for him, though he had never in his life felt its weight.

First only his hair began to fall, then his nails also became loose. His eyelashes and brows followed.

He looked for the Tisza, but he could not manage to find it through either its flavour or its current. "There's no denying, it's a long time since I left," he thought. "Maybe they've regulated the Tisza again."

But by the time, considerably later, when he stumbled over the wreckage of a bridge he had become very weak. He looked out and he saw that Buda and Pest stood on the two banks of the River.

"I've come beyond the Tisza," he thought, and lay down because he felt very tired. He was choking, and he gasped for water. His heart hardly beat by now. He turned on his face, dug himself into the ooze, spread out his arms and gripped the mud with his hands. He tried to embrace the heart and he sobbed, though he had never cried before in all his life.

The bells had just started ringing at Szalonta when he went to sleep...

THE LIAR

by

ENDRE FEJES

On summer evenings we would sit up on the back of the bench, close to one another like the birds on the wires, our legs dangling in the air, playing our mouth-organs. Whenever we heard the bushes in front of us rustle we would leap to the ground, ready to run away. But it was not the park-keeper who appeared; it was he, the liar. He never used the paths. He moved freely, like the fish in the waters of the ocean, straight across the carefully tended lawns and shrubs of the square, and this too was one reason we all admired him so much. On occasion the park-keeper would give chase, and then he would show him a clean pair of gym-shoe heels, turning back with a laugh every now and then as the distance between them increased. Later he would again emerge from one of the bushes and begin, with a serious expression, to tell one of his unlikely stories. There were also times when the park-keeper caught him. The cane came thudding down on his back as he was taken to the police station at the corner of Kenyérmező Street. Sometimes he was summoned to appear before the Juvenile Court at Szerb Street, and we would then gaze at him with awe and reverence. He later told us that the police magistrate had called him "sir" and asked him to stay in the cell for four hours. There were times when he disappeared for days on end. When he cropped up again he asked for a fag-end and amid great puffs told us that he was living at the Grand Hotel Hotel Palatinus on Margaret Island at the moment, because his home was being fumigated against bugs.

"The ceiling of the hotel is pure glass, the moon shines in, and when I lie down on the silk bed I count the stars. In the morning I ring the bell and a whole goose liver is brought in on a magnificent silver dish. And the porter salutes me." At this he spat forcefully at the pebbles because the nicotine was irritating his tongue.

Later his father, a one-eyed, surly tin-smith came down, gave him a good hiding with his belt, then dragged him home by the scruff of his neck. His desperate shrieks could be heard for a long time, from way down at the end of Berzsenyi Street.

Now, as he stepped out from the dark bush into the pale light of the gas lamp, like a mischievous little goblin familiar with all the arts of sorcery, he silenced us with a single wave of his hand. His outstretched palm held a gadget with a black disk covered with white and red numbers. In an impatient flurry he explained the rules, then drew up his eyebrows and shouted:

"Everyone placed their bets? Off she goes!"

He pressed the button, the tiny ball of bone spun swiftly round, and in a matter of minutes he had lost eighty fillérs. He sent the gadget flying, dispatched a contemptuous, sardonic smile in its wake, then sat down on a bench and gazed straight ahead. We offered him a cigarette and asked him to tell us a story.

He looked up at the dark sky, the tip of his cigarette glowed red, and he quietly began his tale.

"Early in the morning, when the sun rose, I went up Eagle Hill. I lay down on a white rock and gazed at the sun as it climbed up to the top of the Insurance Building tower. There was a haze of smoke over the city but it couldn't hide the sun. Tiny lizards sun-bathed by my side. I took off my vest and pressed my back against the cool stone. Suddenly a lovely girl came towards me. Her blouse was snow-white and her hair was so long it reached down to her waist. And its colour was like the leaves of the chestnut tree on the big playground, when they begin to fall. She sat down by my side and told me her name.

"'Anna.' Yes, she was called Anna.

"I broke my apple in two and gave her one of the halves. We sat for a long time, watching the Danube. It was as blue as her eyes. She lives far away, very far, farther than we could see. She put her hand out to show me where, but there was only mist where she pointed.

"'By St. Anna's lake.'

"That's where she came from. There the mountains are high and the fir trees reach up to the sky. The people live in small houses and you're allowed to climb up the trees because there's no ground-keeper in the forest. You can bathe in the lake and there are goldfish in it, like in the zoo.

"She asked me to go with her and she would be my wife. And I promised I would go. Then she kissed my mouth and went away because she had something to see to. And I'm going away with her tomorrow, far off, and you'll never see me any more..."

He was a good way off, his tiny figure illuminated by the last gaslight at the corner of Légszesz Street, when our fury erupted and we threw stones after him as we shouted:

"You're lying, liar! You're lying, liar!"

But at night, when we cuddled up under our eiderdowns and slumber overcame us, our mouths watered with sweet reminiscence, we sauntered among firs that stretched to the skies, and the trees were the colour of Anna's hair.

...A year flew past, we no longer sat on the back of the bench, and our mouth-organs had long become rusty. We oiled our hair, and stared with eyes feverishly aglow at the girls who came by from the neighbouring civic school. We argued in thickening voices, vehemently and excitedly, as though about to go for each other, and our whispering sounded like a decrepit, hoarse and wheezy brass trumpet when someone blows into it to give it a try.

There was one girl with whom we were all in love. Her curled auburn hair, her perplexed, wide-open eyes, tiny mouse teeth and sharp tongue caused a tremor of excitement to pass through me as well. She knew that she was beautiful, and also that if she looked us in the eye, or happened to let her taut, resilient arm come up against ours, or if we felt the warmth of her hips as we sat close beside her on the bench, we would grow dizzy like insects flying around the fire that singes them. And with lowered eyes we would stare confusedly onto our perspiring hands.

We competed at solving puzzles and we ran races, straining our lungs to the last and gasping for air as we reached the end where she stood. Then she would laugh in ringing tones and flash a kind smile to reward the pale, sweat-bathed, but happy winner. She played with us, and we engaged in fantastic feats, feeling that we were defying life and death. We fought with tight-clenched fists, smashed the oblong glass of the gaslamps with pebbles, jumped over the bench with both legs at once and put fire to the waste paper basket in which the park-keeper collected the bits of paper he had harpooned with his pointed stick.

We smoked one cigarette after another, drawing long puffs deep down into our chests. We had a constant feeling of nausea and at times we felt it would be best to die.

Only he remained as he had been.

When the lamp-lighter stretched his long stick into the dusk and concluded his grave ceremony at the last lamp in the square, he would part one of the bushes and appear. We sat tightly huddled together on the bench while he leaned against a tree and indifferently spat pumpkin-seed shells out in front of him. We clamoured noisily, asking him to tell us a story. He smoothed back his hair, which drooped over his eyes, and when he started speaking we became silent.

"Very long ago there used to be a huge brick-works. It was the largest in the world. An enormous number of people worked there, and the chimney smoked night and day. The people quarrelled and were wicked to each other, so that water erupted from the ground and at dawn one day it swallowed up the whole place. Now they are working under water and may never come up again.

"I went there today and had a look.

"The water above them is like a mirror, with only an occasional bubble here and there. There is an old fisherman in a boat, and he told me that the pond was bottomless. That it swallowed up everything, was deep and bottomless. For years they have been pouring garbage into it by the cartload, but it swallows it up and its surface stays smooth. Sedges grow all round the shore and birds live there.

"I laid on my belly in the boat and tried to peer under the water, but all I saw was darkness. I shall go out at dawn tomorrow and swim down to the bottom..."

We all started shouting.

"You're lying! People can't live under water! You can't live without air. Liar! Fancy swimming to the bottom of a bottomless pond!" And one of us severely fired the crucial question at him:

"Where is this pond?"

We watched him with tense joy, with the adolescent's malicious gloating over seeing another caught, and, giggling, we nudged each other's sides.

He gazed up aloft, as was his habit, as though awaiting help from there, and then quietly said:

"At Lenke Square, at the corner of Fadrusz Street, where the wind always blows from the hillside caves. That pond there is bottomless."

At this he nodded to us, stepped over the thin, outstretched wire, and disappeared among the bushes.

One day the girl with the curled hair asked him, laughing:

"Well, have you been to the bottom of the bottomless pond?"

He looked at her for a long time and answered seriously:

"No. I haven't had time to yet."

The girl laughed ironically, and he said to her quietly:

"You're beautiful."

The girl was confused, now, and avoided his eyes. We stared at the two, flabbergasted, neither laughing nor able to understand what was going on.

"Tell us a story," said the girl, casting a flirtatious sideways glance at him.

"I'll bring you a lovely present. More precious than silver, dearer even than gold, because it has the colour of the rainbow on it. I'll go away now, because I'm travelling far for it. Only I know where it is and only I can fetch it from there. Wait for me and I'll bring it you."

The girl listened to him with her eyes wide open, and sadly, timidly, she asked:

"Why do you always tell lies?"

And he answered quietly:

"I always tell the truth."

Our supressed jealousy now burst out in a loud guffaw of laughter.

"Liar! Liar!" and the walls of the neighbouring gas-works echoed the sound.

He gave a nervous shudder, perhaps for the first time in his life.

He smoothed back his hair and, straightening his back, surveyed us proudly. There was a supercilious smile about his lips as he went away.

The next day he stepped out of the bush and with great care, as though he was taking his heart out, produced a tissue-paper parcel from under his patched shirt. When the sheath was peeled off, the million colours of a peacock's feather—more beautiful than anything we had ever seen—shone in his hand. He turned it about slowly, as though admiring its rich and varied splendour. He looked at the girl, deep into her eyes, and spoke quietly.

"I never lie. I've brought you this from afar, from fierce and craggy rocks. I crawled on my belly, hung on by my nails, and the sun beat down on me, but I've brought it you because you're beautiful."

"He bought it in a shop. From a dealer," we said when he had gone. Then we fell silent, for the girl pressed the silky feather against her face and with her eyes aglow gave an odd, absent smile, as though she knew a secret.

We read in the morning papers that the fire-brigade had brought down a young lad from the steep rocks of Gellért Hill, by the side of the Rudas Baths, where he had been looking for a cast-off peacock's feather. The crowd who had gathered at the foot of the hill excitedly watched the fellow in his mortal peril, hanging over a precipice by his hands, which clung to a crevice, while his legs churned over the void. When the fireman clambered down the ladder with him, several members of the excited crowd began boxing his ears. The terrified kid, on the verge of crying, put up with it a while, then with a sudden movement jumped free of the ring of people and ran away. He was clutching the peacock-feather in his hand.

When autumn came he spent a long time gazing at the yellowing leaves. The girl called to him angrily:

"What are you staring at?"

"Don't you see?" he asked sorrowfully. "Autumn has kissed our square and it has gone pale. The trees, the grass and the shrubs have died."

"Ridiculous," said the girl. "It's autumn and there's nothing worth staring at about that."

He thought for a while, then in his quiet tone began telling a story.

"One day I visited a large hall. The walls, the beds and the people were all white. There was a complete silence and I walked on tip-toe so as not to break it. There was a bed in front of the window and I sat down there. Out in the garden the leaves began to grow yellow, and I saw through the open window how a breeze found its way in. It ran all the way round the hall and finally kissed my mother. It had been sent by the autumn, I had seen it with my own eyes. After this she, like this square now, grew pale and closed her eyes..."

He shuddered, as though he felt cold, and turned the collar of his coat up on his lean neck. We did not say a word, we did not laugh in his face, we grew sad.

The girl clung to his arm, her eyes showing alarm, and she turned on him in tearful anger.

"You've lied again! You can't see the wind. Say that you lied!"

He, the liar, looked at her long and slowly and gave an understanding nod.

"I lied. You can't see the wind."

He gently stroked the girl's hair and then cheerfully began to whistle.

When the snow had fallen and the wooden building of the tiny shelter at the edge of the

square had become a fairy-tale cottage, we moved to the little confectioner's in Luther Street. This was where we sat of an evening and spent the overtime money and tips which each of us managed to scrape together in our jobs.

One evening when he arrived and warmed up his frozen hands—for during the day he carried home parcels and baskets for the women at Teleki Square market—after he had eaten his cream bun and lit a cigarette we asked him to tell us a story.

He leaned back on his chair, gazed at the plaster pattern on the ceiling and started talking.

"One dark night last summer, a naughty little blue star slipped down from the sky. It came from high up and left a bright streak behind it on the dark sky so it could find its way back. Finally it landed by the surface of a lake and was amazed to see itself reflected there. Climbing up on a blade of sedge it rocked to and fro, laughing happily at its own beauty.

"A frog came rowing that way on the back of a tortoise, churning up the smooth water.

"The star tried angrily from its perch to shoo it off, but the frog would not go. It kept circling in front of the star with its boat, driving soft waves against the sedge.

"'Oh, how ugly you are!' cried the star, and the frog called up angrily:

"'That may be, but I'm at home and you can't send me away!'

"They started a long argument, and the population of the lake were divided into two camps.

"'Send it away. It's got no business to be here,' said the long-necked stork.

"The yellow-clad duck was of a different opinion.

"'Why? That's not right at all. The star's our guest and we must honour it.'

"I was lying on the projecting branch of a slender willow, listening to them. The pheasant spoke and the nightingale, the colourful peacocks screeched; and only the fish opened and closed their mouths silently, observing events with a fixed gaze.

"I felt the dawn ruffle my hair. The shadows emerged from their dreams and morning came. The little star looked up at the sky, but it did not see the streak, because the sun had wiped it off. I got down from the tree and went to the blade of sedge, but the star was no longer alive.

"I brought it home as a keepsake, I'll show it you one day, it's like a mauve-coloured pebble..."

"A mauve-coloured pebble.." repeated the girl, her lip drooping contemptuously. She arranged her curled hair in her mirror and asked, "Can't you tell a nicer one?"

He chuckled and said gaily:

"Oh yes, I can."

And when he started telling it, with happily smiling, bright eyes, we did not know that this would be the last story we would hear from him.

"I have a pig at home in my cupboard. It has a slot on its back. That's where I put my money. I'll fatten it by springtime, to make it real heavy, then I'll smash it on the floor, because I'm getting married next spring. The red carpet will be rolled out down the aisle of the church in Poorhouse Square and the organ will boom. The trams will sound their bells more quietly and the taxi drivers will go easy on their horns. I'll invite the whole town to line the streets.

"In spring, when the sky is blue, when people sit on the pavements in front of the coffee houses, when the cheeky sparrows prattle gaily on the leafy trees of the boulevard and the mid-day bells ring in resounding tones—in spring, when this town awakens, that's when I'm getting married. You'll be there too, all of you, and you'll laugh, and we'll drink liqueurs and stuff our bellies with sausages and all kinds of fine titbits. We'll tap barrel after barrel of beer, we'll invite the park-keepers as well and conjure smiles on their morose faces. The

policemen will be there too, and they'll use their shiny swords to slice the crisp-baked loaves. In spring we'll step out of the church under the blue sky, we'll say good-bye to you, and fly away in a silver-bodied aeroplane to a small house, up on the high mountains..."

We listened, with smiling, radiant eyes.

"You're lying," said the girl in a bored voice. "You won't even have enough money to buy yourself a suit next spring."

But he merely laughed.

"I won't? You say I won't? By spring? Then you don't know what spring is. It gives us little white clouds with frills, warm rain, verdant freshness and everything. It dresses up the square, our dear square, and teaches even the sick to smile. It opens up the windows, conjures flowers into the pots and a whistle on the lips of the concierges.

"Spring's the time for happiness, and that's when I'm getting married."

Outside, the snow fell from the lead-coloured sky, the trams carried white shields on their backs, and the cars rolled on slowly and noiselessly, taking care not to disturb the silence of the sleeping city.

But we laughed out loud, because for a moment spring was among us.

The next day we sat there, feeling cold and pulling away at our cigarettes, drumming nervously on the top of the battered little table. As the door opened we snatched up our heads and sadly poured the rum into our tea.

He leaned back on his chair as he was wont, and his dreamy eyes gazed at a cobweb whose fine strands spread all over a corner of the ceiling.

"She won't be coming today," said one of us hoarsely. "She's gone to the movies."

We stared at our cups and held our very breaths.

"I don't believe it," said the liar quietly and got up. "I want to see for myself. Where is she?"

Having received an answer, he donned his coat, green with age, and went off.

I caught up with him at the corner of Rákóczi Square. We stopped in Dohány Street, where the exit of the movie was. I pulled my cap down over my ears, cupped my hands and blew my hot breath into them. He stood like one of those tiny posts on which the boundary wires in the square are stretched, looking at the door. It was exactly ten o'clock when the people came pouring out, chattering and laughing, carrying the excitement of the movie with them.

The girl was also there. She clung closely to the well-cut overcoat of a young man, while with her other hand she laughingly adjusted the hood over her head.

We watched them go out on the boulevard and then disappear from our view.

We wandered aimlessly about the town. It was late at night when he stopped at the middle of the bridge and, leaning against the railing, spent a long time staring at the ice floes.

I stood close by him. A policeman on his beat looked suspiciously from under his snow-covered helmet, then strolled on towards Buda.

This was the first time he spoke.

"You see, she couldn't wait till spring. How stupid! It won't stay this way long, only she doesn't know it. Tomorrow the square will be green and the leafy bushes will hide us. All the crust of ice will melt, from her heart too, and she will come to me on the bench and cry. But I shan't tell her any more stories, and I don't ever want her any more."

He shook his head violently, a piece of snow dropped off his cap, and we set out for home.

Through many long evenings we waited for him in vain. He did not appear again.

Then the world became muddled up, the hard fist of war stole the square from us, and we lost our youth.

The other day I was coming down a steep street in Buda, on my way to the bus stop. As I looked in through one of the fences, I saw the girl. She frowned distrustfully at the stranger who stared at her, then recognized me, ran laughing to the gate and dragged me in by the hand. We sat down on colourful garden chairs, and she proudly showed me her little son, who played under the shadow of a rose-bush a bit further off.

She told me that she had married, she was happy, this little house was their own, and she had just been able to buy an electric refrigerator, since the ice-man doesn't come up here.

Then the old reminiscences followed. We took all the old gang in turn, seeing which of them had survived, who had not, and what had become of them.

"The liar?" she said, wondering for a moment. "I haven't heard of him either. Perhaps he died."

She drove a fly off her face with a laugh, and made a pretty grimace.

"It was a great love-affair then, we thought it would last to the grave."

She chuckled with relish, as though she had told a joke.

"Oh, what a silly business it was. How stupid we all are, when we're children. I hardly believe he's alive. No, I'm sure he isn't. He wasn't fit for this life. Poor chap. With those silly little lies of his."

She made a small gesture and offered a cigarette from a tiny leather case. We lit up.

The little boy ran up to us, holding up his small, pink finger, as much as to accuse the thorn that had scratched him. He cried bitterly in his mother's lap as she cuddled him close and covered his round little head with tiny kisses.

"Tell me a story!" sobbed the child. "Tell me the pretty one so it shan't hurt."

And his mummy, rocking him gently, started telling him the story:

"Once upon a time a naughty little blue star slipped down from the sky. It came from high up and left a bright streak behind it, so it could find its way back..."

ILL-MANNERED PEOPLE

by

MIHÁLY VÁRKONYI

I put up for years with their mocking me.

They thought I did not know what those fleeting encounters of their glances meant when I said something. In fact, it was merely that I did not want to know.

My mother would occasionally console me.

"You just sing small, sonny. Never mind what they say behind your back... And you can't really be sure. After all, your colleagues are all refined, educated people. Just think what it would be like if you left this good job and landed among vulgar, uneducated people. Oh dear, the very thought! They'd be the death of you..."

It was especially Feri Sulcz, a smart, well-dressed draughtsman, who liked to poke fun at me, particularly after Mrs. Sóti came to work in our department. Mrs. Sóti was the only person with whom I was occasionally able to have a serious conversation. She would show interest in my affairs, and sometimes she would even stroke my head. Sulcz would then shove his own toward her as well, but all he got was a playful cuff. Maybe that was why he was angry with me.

The row broke out at New Year's, the day after Feri hung a monkey on the edge of his drawing board.

It was a perfectly ordinary figurine, concocted of plaster and fur, in the characteristic posture of a monkey. I had known for a long time, from various remarks that had been dropped, that it lay hidden in his drawer. Now I was able to inspect it myself.

The top of its head was painted with red India ink, and thick, black-rimmed spectacles cut out of cardboard had been pasted on its nose. It was a good likeness: it definitely resembled me.

I pretended not to notice the expectant glances that darted to and fro, from the monkey to me, Mrs. Sóti's suppressed giggle, and Sulcz's provocative, self-satisfied whistling. However, it was in vain that I expected someone to take pity on me and put an end to their clumsy jest. In the evening it still dangled there, and as I looked back from the door I fancied it was making faces at me.

The next day I woke up in a thoroughly bad mood.

I had long become used to the way people stared at me, some bashfully, others with unconcealed horror. They were as much a part of the street scene as the shop-windows or the poster columns. Yet... on this particular morning I would not have minded if no one noticed me, if I had been jostled about on the tram instead of having two seats offered me. There was a kind of inexplicable lightness in the pure winter brilliance of Baross Square. The houses looked jaunty, the brakes of the cars seemed to screech louder, the ringing of the

tram shone with light. The people, too, were more lively than usual; only I had the same difficulty clambering up the steps of the tram, the same as usual.

Someone started the lift in the office just in front of my nose, although he must have seen I was coming. All I saw was his dark-grey striped suit, for his face was hidden by the next floor. And then I waited in vain for three minutes, and five more. The person seemed to be determined that I should set out on foot for the fourth floor. He only sent the lift back when I was past the second floor landing.

When I entered the drawing office, the others were all standing round Sulcz's table laughing. Mrs. Sóti suddenly said:

"Let's decide, then, when and where?"

I stepped up to them.

"So we're to have the department social after all?" I asked, pretending to be as cheerful as they come. "Where's it to be?" I would not really have gone. I would not have wanted to embarrass either them or myself. What I wanted was merely that I should be able to think that evening: "All I'd have to do is put on my suit..."

"Are you coming too?" smiled Szalóki, one of the designers, in ill-concealed surprise. "We never thought—"but he did not finish the sentence. My face grew scarlet. I was just about to stammer something to the effect that after all, I also happened to belong here. I looked towards Mrs. Sóti. I would have liked her to smile at me as she used to, but she did not return my look. She was nervously stroking the edge of a drawing board, and when I made a slight movement in her direction she turned still further away.

Feri Sulcz took his monkey in his hand and tweaked its ear with two fingers.

"Now, now, little monkey, don't be naughty! Do you want to come as well?"

For a moment I saw their eyes, bulging with the effort of restraining their laughter; then I yelled something—perhaps it was "shut up!"—and kicked at Sulcz's dark-grey striped trouser leg.

He was the stronger. By the time they separated us, my face was all covered with blood. My tie had been torn off, and the rent lapel of my jacket hung loose.

From the wash-room I went straight to the personnel department. Fortunately they accepted my notice to leave.

Mother came and sat on the edge of my bed that evening, just as she had done when I was small.

"Go back, son," she said, stroking my head. "Tell them why. They'll transfer you to another department, and everything'll be all right, you'll see. They're human beings, they'll understand. Speak to the manager or the party secretary."

"Me?" I exclaimed. "Me go back? Back where they treated me like a—like a—"I choked with rage. "Never! I'd rather starve, or..."

But I did not starve. Within a week I again had a job. I calculated and explained, but it was as though something had snapped within me. I shouted at one of my colleagues:

"What are you staring at? You insolent lout!"

Perhaps he had not really been looking at me at all, but he was tall and black, upright and proportionate in every limb.

Within the space of ten months I had worked in four different places. In every smile I thought saw I Mrs. Sóti's maternal—yet in retrospect seemingly mock ng— face; every move reminded me of the way Feri Sulcz had tweaked the monkey's ear.

At my last place I was fired by the disciplinary committee for causing a scandal. After that my application at Architectural Designers was turned down.

"You understand," they said, as they thumbed through the full pages of my employment

record. "A disciplinary discharge. And anyway it's not for a week or a fortnight that we want to take on people."

I went home—and drank. By now I had acquired the habit of drinking. I took the bottle up under my coat and locked myself in with it. Mother sobbed outside the door:

"Oh my God, what will become of you, sonny dear—"

I did not answer her.

Now that I had been turned down I did not leave my room for two days. Then I again set out for a job. I looked at newspaper advertisements and wandered about all day. At the end of the fifth day I finally discovered something that would suit me: the little factory at the end of our street wanted a draughtsman. Before going in, I walked all round the building. "It's a good thing it's so near," I thought, and was already glad of all the curious and searching looks I would avoid.

"I'm sorry," said the clerk whom I saw. "The vacancy has been filled. All I could do now is take you on as an unskilled worker." He looked at me and smiled, as one who knows he is saying something completely ridiculous. I lost my temper.

"All right, then, take me on as an unskilled worker," and I threw my employment record on the table.

He hesitated.

"It's hard work," he said anxiously. "Will you be able to do it? After all, you're a technical designer: you might find something else."

Something else? With a disciplinary discharge? I might have to trudge about for a month before I would be taken on somewhere. And how long would I stay there? Was it not all the same where I was to be fired from in a month or two's time? Anyway, Mother had had to change our next-to-the-last hundred-forint note that morning.

"You just take me on," I said roughly.

I had to report for work the next morning,—not at the central premises of the factory but in a small workshop sandwiched among blocks of flats two streets away. There were only four of us altogether at this depot, and this was a good thing. So was the fact that we had a changing-room on the spot.

Less of a good thing was the way they scrutinized me when I arrived—I thought they would be prodding at me in a moment. At other places they would at least wait until I turned away and only then look me up and down.

"Were you born that way?" asked Bujtár, an elderly man with a large moustache, who was our group foreman. I recalled Mother's words: "...living among educated people, son..." How right she had been. I had only been there three minutes, but I was already able to see this.

"Yes," I answered sharply. "What of it, don't you like it?"

"What's up with you? Eaten sour grapes this morning," remarked Bujtár, looking at me from the corner of his eye. Then he shrugged and showed me what I was to do.

Oh, how I had loathed those minutes when they turned away after first meeting me, and with pity and revulsion in their looks sniggered behind my back. And now it was especially painful. For if that was how the ones had behaved who at least pretended face to face that they found nothing odd about me, then what would these poople be like, who... I felt like shouting at them across the workshop: "Yes, I'm a hunchback! My mug's furry, like a monkey's. So what? So what?"

For some minutes I made a show of getting on with my work—I was to clean the rust off a sheet of iron with a wire brush—but then I could stand it no longer. I suddenly turned toward them. They were just lifting a large, circular cover onto a tank.

"Hey, come and give a hand," shouted one of them, groaning under the load. I could not help smiling. Me give a hand? "Get a move on, stop gaping," he said impatiently. I shrugged my shoulders and went.

During the lunch break they sat beside each other just as though I was not there. "How right Mother was," I thought. "So far at least, though they may have laughed behind my back, they were at least polite when they were face to face. Too polite." I drew still further away from them.

As the days passed, they became more talkative. Only Bujtár looked over the top of my head. Gugis, who was one of the fitters, said he was angry with me for the way I had answered him that first morning. Fancy him being angry! What about me, then? He would forget it in time, and if he did not I couldn't care less. All it would mean is that I would be here not for two months but only for six weeks.

After the first week I asked for an advance of two hundred forints. They were very reluctant to let me have it. I gave half to Mother, and with the other hundred I invited Gugis and the rest to have a glass of beer.

At the third tot of brandy Gugis wanted to go. I would not let him. Finally he went away, though I do not remember when.

At lunch the next day Bujtár suddenly turned on me.

"I say, Lajos, do you live alone?"

"No," I answered in surprise. "With my mother. Why?"

"I was only asking." He was silent for a bit. Then he went on: "Look, I don't say that I won't drink a pint or two of beer myself, but I don't like having drunkards among my men. Get me?"

I felt the fury mounting in my throat. Hadn't they learned even the rudiments of good manners?

"What business of yours is it?" I burst out. Bujtár snatched his head up in surprise.

"Now then. Perhaps it is, to some extent you know. And I talked decently to you, didn't I—"

Gugis also intervened. "What the hell, is that the way educated people talk to each other?"

"If you don't like it, go and complain. Go to the personnel people and have me fired!" I cried in a voice that grew high-pitched with excitement. I gave Gugis a piece of my mind too: "No one asked you for advice."

Bujtár got up and looked me up and down.

"What's all this bravado about, eh? Of course, if that's what you want, to have me tell'em to fire you..." He shrugged his shoulders and went out at the gate. He did not come back until long after the lunch break was over. I thought he would come and tell me to fetch my cards and I would not have minded if he did. But he did not say anything. Not that day, the second, or the third. For a week we worked side by side, with hardly a word passing between us.

Then, one morning, a new man was taken on. The way he scrutinized me, I felt that he too would turn against me. First he called Horváth's moustache cat's whiskers, then he said Gugis's legs showed we were a horse-riding nation. I knew my turn would come soon. So it did. At lunch he asked me loudly:

"How long've you been working here?" But he quickly corrected himself: "I mean how long've you been here, because as to working..."

"Now then," said Bujtár, interrupting him, "I don't like that sort of talk. You'd do better to show us what you can do first."

"Well I'll certainly do as much as this mate of yours," rejoined the new man with a mocking laugh. "Now's the time to yell at him," I thought, "and then get out of here." Gugis looked at him, then winked toward me.

"Come on, mate," he said to the new man. "Let's put this little bit in place."

The little bit was a cover, weighing a good couple of hundredweight or more. The new man gave an offended grunt as they lifted it.

"Two people can't lift this." Gugis spat the stub of his cigarette from his mouth.

"Lajos! Just come and take the other end," he called to me. And to the new man he said: "You just watch."

I was diffident as I went up to him, because I had no idea what he wanted to do. Why, of course I can't lift it, not if I... Or is this to be their revenge for last week? So they can have an even greater laugh, as though my back wasn't enough?

"Heave!" commanded Gugis—and the cover took my hands with it. Over on the side where the new man could not see, Gugis had caught hold of it right at the edge, close to me, almost instead of me. All I had to do was maintain the balance.

"There you are," said Gugis. "That's the way to do it." The veins bulged on his arms and neck. Then we put the cover down on the earth. "Now you come along," he said to the new man.

He went up, lifted, and the sweat poured from him. I thought they were about to drop it. I jumped up. At this moment Gugis put his hand out toward mine; once more he lifted instead of me. All he had to say was:

"There! That's how it is." He winked at me and went out.

I went after him.

He was standing by the wall, holding his belly, panting and almost doubled up.

"The devil," he grunted. "One of these fools'll make me... have a rupture one day... Well," he continued, forcing a grin on his face, "I'm... just as.. as crooked as you now..."

Indeed, as he stooped right down, he looked just as though he was imitating me.

I had to dash a tear from my eye.

Gugis was quite taken aback and stood there speechless. We might still be there if Bujtár had not roared at us from the doorway.

"What's that, talking shop there? Come on, I want some money on the fourteenth." He came up to us and slapped Gugis on the side with the open palm of his hand. "You idiot. You learned this bravado business as well?"

There is not really much more to tell. I have been working there for close on a year now. Of an evening, we occasionally have a glass or two of beer. Then Bujtár always sounds the retreat. Nothing particular happens to me.

One Sunday we were doing some overtime. We were taking a finished tank over to the stores on a handcart when I noticed Mrs. Sóti and Feri Sulcz walking arm in arm along the street. I turned my head away, but Mrs. Sóti called after me.

"Lajos dear!"

I left the others—they went on—and we talked a bit. Feri Sulcz went ahead. After a few minutes Gugis called from the corner:

"Hey, Lajos, get a move on, come on." The rest was not addressed to me, but he spoke so that I could hear him. "Bundle the wench up, and—"he said, with a full-throated guffaw.

Mrs. Sóti was aghast, and asked:

"Tell me, Lajos dear, how can you do such dirty work? And among these rough, ill-mannered people... It'd be the death of me..."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

HUNGARY AND THE COMMUNITY OF EUROPEAN WRITERS

The date is November, 1958, and three Hungarian writers take the night train to Prague, in order to take the plane for Rome and somehow get to the Congress of European Writers in Naples by the next morning. The last meeting of this kind I attended was the PEN congress in Zurich 11 years ago. Since then, I imagine, the rites of such international literary conferences and the human and international relations determining them have undergone many changes.

Will there be anyone who knows us, anyone whom we know? And, too, no one at home is certain of the exact meaning of the invitation sent by Gian Battista Angioletti, the head of the Italian *Sindicato* of writers, to a few Hungarian writers, or of what the congress will be like; according to the invitation, the writers of every European country will be represented.

We arrived at Naples late at night, worried about the restrictions of our visa. An unexpected brightness: the main streets of town, the harbour and the grand hotel were all splendidly illuminated. We had only two or three hours for sleep, and in the morning a special bus was to take us to the congress opening. My colleagues, József Fodor and László Gereblyés, both of them poets, watched me not without suspicion: was it really true that I spoke Dante's language and that I knew the local customs? I spent two years in Italy when I was a young man, and sometimes, as if walking in a graveyard of memories, I like to think of it as my "second country."

The delegates to the congress met in the hotel lobby. Miniature name-cards attached to the buttonhole indicated who each writer was and where he was from. This was a delectable Babel. As a matter of fact, only the Italian writers knew each other. Whom would we meet at the next turn?

In the bus next to me a gentleman wearing dark glasses was taking notes. We introduced ourselves, and he mumbled the name "Morosini." "From Venice?" He nodded. "Tommasina Morosini was a queen of Hungary. She went home to Venice from Buda in 1301." My neighbour looked at me like one seeing ghosts. I owed my first friend in Italy to the accident that I write historical novels. The second friend I found was one of the Italian writers and publicists whose words have the greatest weight: Guido Piovene. He had visited Budapest in January of that year; he had been in my country. Piovene recognized me and embraced me.

I should write about Angioletti's smile. This great European intellect, the outstanding humanist, writer and thinker, died in 1961. For many decades he had worked on a dream: the writers of the whole of Europe rallied in a single camp *(Tutta l'Europa* was the title of his last, posthumously published book). In the autumn of 1958 he appeared at the congress at the zenith of his strength with no sign of the terrible disease that

overcame him soon after the first congress. It is impossible to forget his smile, the way he drew us into the "magic circle."

The first congress of the Community of European Writers had set itself the aim of determining whether there existed a theoretical basis and a practical possibility for establishing an organization that would include all the writers of Europe. In what way would the new organization differ from the PEN clubs? André Chamson, then president of PEN, sat on the podium at the time, so there was no difference in principle between the two organizations of writers. The first two days were spent with definitions of matters of principle, and meantime the delegates to the congress eagerly probed each other's words, voice, language and spirit. Angioletti declared the thesis: the aim of COMES (this became the *nom de guerre* of our organization) is the "moral and material protection of the writers of Europe."

The most keenly anticipated speech was that of the Soviet delegate Nikolai Bayan, the chairman of the Association of Ukrainian Writers and the vice-president of COMES to this day. He said a friendly "yes" to the idea in neat, well-rounded sentences. He agreed with the idea of *Tutta l'Europa* and also hoped that the enthusiasm of the congress would prove to be more than a flash in the pan.

Having learned my lesson at earlier PEN meetings, I brought the text of a speech along from home. It was almost a sequel to what I had said at the PEN congress in Stockholm in 1946. On behalf of the writers and literatures whose languages were isolated, I requested the new organization to find a way for making it easier for outstanding literary products to join the mainstream of world literature, the literature of the major languages of the world; let COMES, in its long-range plan, assume the role of an intermediary between "great" and "small" literatures. This intervention elicited an unexpectedly warm response. Here and there I could see the signs of definite interest and I could hear that the idea was drawing comments both in the room and in the corridors.

The Hungarian delegation, on their return, had the feeling that they had participated in a valuable beginning but that only the future would show how many of the fine ideas would be realized.

One year of silence followed. I began to be afraid that the flame had died out and that all that would be left was the memory of an unexpected and beautiful journey and the farewell from the writers of Europe afterward, under the marble tablet inscribed with a few lines from the Aeneid, in front of the cave of the Sybill of Cumae. Then an invitation arrived asking me to take part in the work of the rules committee in Rome.

There must have been about 30 of us around the table. The only serious obstacle seemed to be of a philological nature. The Latin languages once again proved to be "false sisters" (fausses soeurs); the French members of the committee were dissatisfied with the French translation that was made in Italy of the Charter. For half a night we tried to bridge the differences in connotation between *scrittore* and *écrivain*. Finally the whole first passage on the definition of writer had to be reworded. When we came to an agreement on a final text, we had the feeling that we had laid down the foundation stones of a new, all-European organization.

That was how the second congress in Rome was summoned, again by the Italian *Sindicato*. This was regarded as the founding congress. Now, once more, three of us came from Hungary. This time, in the summer of 1960, many friends and acquaintances greeted us with welcoming handshakes. Certain basic principles had already determined the general character of COMES. The new organization (and this distinguishes it from PEN) wishes to rely first of all on the official organizations of the writers in the individual countries. Wherever such organizations are active, they nominate

members for COMES and contact it on mutual problems.

Although the Charter put six members in charge of the affairs of the directing council, it seemed expedient that, in the first phase, one writer-delegate from every country of Europe represented should be given a place on the directing council. Mostly included were those of us who had taken part in wording the Charter the year before.

A pale and thin Angioletti received the ovation due the first president of COMES. A great ambition of his life had come true, but he, the one who had called the organization into being, was able to preside only for a while and only when kept going by various injections. Two vice-presidents were elected: André Chamson (in the meantime he had passed the PEN presidency over to Alberto Moravia) and Nikolai Bayan, both of them unanimously elected. There was a tacit understanding that the general secretary also had to be an Italian—this was a revival of Latin courtesy. The majority of the delegations voted for Giancarlo Vigorelli, who is an outstanding writer and publicist, an energetic man sharply opposed to fascism.

The threads met more and more often. A few months later Vigorelli came to Budapest for a short time. This was his first stop and his first experience of the general interest and sympathy in Europe for the cause of COMES.

More and more letters, requests, questions, problems and tasks required answers. I received books from Valladolid and from Helsinki to recommend to Hungarian publishers and then follow what happened to them. The COMES secretariat in Rome wished to clear up a number of issues; they requested a list of literary translators and asked how the relationship between writers and publishers was regulated in Hungary. At the same time the COMES members of the individual countries had to be designated. Here again there was a gentleman's agreement: the understanding that from the smaller countries there would be no more than thirty or forty members at most. In the meantime the Hungarian Writers' Association had been reorganized in Budapest, and the discussions on how the activities connected with COMES could be made a part of the activities of the Hungarian organization of writers were carried on within the framework of this organization.

February 1961, Rome: Imre Dobozy, the general secretary of the Hungarian Writers' Association, came with me to the meeting of the directing council. We had forwarded in advance the nominations for the first 24 Hungarian COMES members. After the opening of the meeting Angioletti addressed us with a smile: "Let's begin with the Hungarians!" The exact rites of the ceremony had not yet been fixed. The chairman said I was to introduce those we had nominated. I was caught unprepared by this honour—to go out in front of this international meeting and hold an impromptu speech about Hungarian writers whose names, literary standing and interests were in all probability unknown. Those who know the climate of such conferences will be able to imagine how worried I was about dropping my words into icy silence.

So I had to pass a public examination in contemporary Hungarian literary history. Dobozy became quite excited and drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead, he was so anxious for us to get a good reception. The alphabet brought us luck. Marcell Benedek, a dean of Hungarian writers who was awarded the Palm of the French Academy, was the first candidate I had to introduce. He is the greatest Hungarian translator of prose works, and a good number of the delegates had heard his name. Albert Gyergyai holds the same distinction, and in his case again we could witness nods of recognition. Nor were the next three names —those of Gyula Illyés, László Németh and Áron Tamási—unknown in European literary circles; several books of each had already

appeared internationally. When I finished the list there was quiet, polite applause. During the intermission Angioletti told me, "Did you notice? I called on you first because I am fond of Hungarians."

At that meeting we had to decide about two congresses. One of them was being prepared for 1961, in Turin, where the writers would pay tribute to the memory of the Italian *Risorgimento*. But the greater problem was the preparation of the congress planned for 1962, at which new officers were to be elected and the relationship of the writer to film, radio and television was to be discussed.

Paris in a spring-like December, 1961: This was the first meeting of COMES outside of Italy—partly to realize the idea of European universality and partly because André Chamson presided over the meeting there in his capacity as vice-president. Angioletti's chair was left unoccupied as a tribute.

The mandate of the directing council was soon to expire, and the original rule of having only six persons on it instead of 28—one for each of the member countries—was to be restored. Everyone was glad to hear that the prince of Italian poets, Giuseppe Ungaretti, would be willing to accept Angioletti's orphaned chair. Florence was made the new headquarters of COMES. At the request of Mayor la Pira, the "Town of Lilies" gave a home to the cultural institutions which had their headquarters in Italy. Our organization received a nice and spacious home in a former royal villa. Finally the North-Italian spa of St. Vincent offered five million lira per annum for a COMES literary prize. There was a long discussion of whether it would be an award on the pattern of the Noble Prize, crowning someone's whole lifework, or more like the Goncourt Prize, which is given for a single work that has recently achieved great success.

The expertly edited *Europa Letteraria*, though completely independent of COMES, serves the purposes of the organization. Its issues publish an increasing amount of Hungarian material. At the Translators' Congress in Rome, sponsored by the PEN clubs, a large number of COMES members greeted the Hungarian delegates. The individual national UNESCO committees became interested, and UNESCO included COMES on its list of *organisations de base*.

The preparation of another congress was under discussion in Paris. This almost long-range plan would be devoted to the problem of literary translations. The Soviet delegation proposed Leningrad for the location of the congress in 1963. A committee of four was formed for the preliminary work, with John Lehmann of Britain and Nikolai Bayan of the Soviet Union representing the "great" languages and Joostens Albe, the Flemish poet, and myself representing the "small" or isolated languages. We continued to send proposals to Rome, which were then brought to a common platform.

Four Hungarian delegates celebrated their own "Easter week" in Florence at the March 1962 meeting of COMES. Professor Gábor Tolnai, a historian of literature and editor-in-chief of a Hungarian literary periodical, headed the delegation, which included Gyula Illyés, the greatest living Hungarian poet, the young poet Mihály Váci, editor-in-chief of the periodical *Új Írás* ("New Writing"), and myself.

The list of nominees I took with me increased the number of Hungarian COMES members to 36. The Florence meeting was something of a farewell party, for out of the 28 formerly in the council only seven "greats" would remain. There, however, we nominated Laxness, a Nobel Prize winner, as a third vice-president, to represent all of Scandinavia. The arithmetic of politics unavoidably came up in the nominations and recommendations. There was also the question of what other languages may be "represented" by a writer in a given tongue. The problem of German literature was a difficult one; Ingrid Bachmann, Max Frisch's wife, was finally nominated for her

links with Austria, the two Germanies and German-Switzerland alike.

Two of us, the Flemish Albe and I, spoke on behalf of the "isolated." "There are two peoples in Europe whose languages are spoken by only a few but whose literatures are nevertheless great: the Finns and the Hungarians," I said. "If COMES really wishes to stand for 'all Europe' then—perhaps even because of the symbolic implications—some thought should be given to the 'most isolated'." There was a sudden, spur-of-the moment discussion, and the atmosphere became favourable for us. Chamson, an unrivalled master of formulae, recommended that the number of council members should be raised to nine and the three *syndiques* should be handed to the "isolated," who would thus become members of the more selective organization. That was how an Irishman, a Fleming and a Hungarian became *syndiques*.

The nomination procedure, which had been fixed by this time, was almost restful. COMES had already a thousand members, and a hundred or so new nominations were brought to this March meeting. Magda Szabó became the first Hungarian woman member. More and more people are coming to know her name; on the big book marts of the world she is no longer unknown, just as Péter Veres and Lajos Mesterházy are becoming known. More and more people have heard the name of György Rónay, the translator and Catholic poet. Such small signs as a few smiles, whispering and nods mean a great deal at such times—a bit of heartwarming success.

The congress started with a speech by Vigorelli in the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. The speakers spoke from the same platform from which Savonarola opened in 1496 the Salone Cinquecento he built, where "his" council met. Mayor La Pira was our wonderful host: his halberdiers and bowmen stood guard over the archaic atmosphere of the hall. Vigorelli's speech was a declaration of democratic faith. Among the thousands of COMES he listed the dozen greatest and we heard Gyula Illyés's name among them. The only trouble was that everyone was shivering in their coats and many even in hats. Vasari's frescoes would not brook central heating. (The city fathers of Florence must have worn warmer cloaks for their council meetings in the Florentine winters.) Even the halberdiers leaned their weapons against the doorpost and breathed warm air on their hands.

But the atmosphere suddenly became heated when it came to the elections. The fact is that the council may only propose, whereas the assembly is the constitutional organ that decides. And this was no longer mere formality. Vice-president Chamson unexpectedly announced that he wanted to resign from his office and to serve the aims of COMES as an ordinary member in the future. The French delegation threw in the name of Jean-Paul Sartre, whereas others wanted John Lehmann, the English delegate, to become vice-president. The voting proceeded by delegations: every country had one vote. Lehmann received 11 votes and Sartre 14. The election stirred up emotions, but then Vasari's frescoes have seen a few storms like this during the past half a thousand years or so.

This congress was already led by the new directing council. Sartre himself was not present; he received the news of his election "somewhere in Paris."

The basic theme of the three-day congress—the relationship of the writer to radio, film and television—was too vast to work out some unified principle with regard to these three "pleasure sources" of modern life. Many members praised or censured the situation at home, but there were also a large number of general statements. It was probably the speech of the Soviet film director Chukhrai that provoked most discussion.

We Hungarians had two concrete proposals. Gábor Tolnai recommended that, in

order to improve the literary level of television, COMES should arrange a biannual festival at which prizes would be awarded. When the topic of the radio came up, I proposed that the broadcasting companies of Europe should inform each other about all radio dramas over 60 minutes in length, should act as intermediaries, and also should try to ensure the observance of copyrights, which has not been uniformly done in the case of radio plays. Both proposals were accepted and are to be submitted to the new council.

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Writing about the work of the Community of European Writers, I spoke first of ourselves, the Hungarians, in order to give some idea of how difficult and yet what a pleasant activity it is gradually to gain understanding friends for our isolated literature. Under the 700-year-old vaults of the Palazzio Vecchio, foreign publishers are in search of Hungarian writers. More and more is spoken about the past, present and future publication of books written by Hungarians and in Hungary, by not one but several foreign publishers.

Anyone who knows the lengthy and often unsuccessful process by which a Hungarian book finds placement abroad, anyone who knows how long the path is that leads from the first sign of interest by a foreign publisher to the appearance of a book by a Hungarian writer in the window of a foreign book shop, will be able to appreciate the importance of such conversations, plans, and even actual contracts. Today it can already be said that there is no country on the continent of Europe where the publishers' lists do not include some translations of works written by Hungarian writers living in Hungary. Personal contacts and reciprocity in the placement of literary works have created a large number of new possibilities. The at first apparently dead-letter passages of international cultural agreements are turned into real exchange arrangements for writers (for instance, the successful visit of the first Finnish writers' delegation to Budapest), and these delegations usually include some COMES members who are welcomed as friends in the country visited. The amount of progress that has been made along these lines can be appreciated probably best by someone who has just recently made his seventh trip to the various forums of the Community of European Writers, each of a different mood and atmosphere.

Before we left Rome we had the chance to present ourselves at the Journalists' Club in that city. The head of the COMES delegation spoke about the avid interest, the veritable hunger, for books, which the Italian papers mentioned the next day—some of them ironically—under such headlines as "The Hungarian Miracle." Question after question was put to us in the crowded room. In the heated moments of improvised speech a remark occurred to me that I heard in London, in 1960: "You Hungarians are a little like inhabitants from Mars in our imagination: you have huge heads, and the brains within are just as large—that's your literature. Except that the rest of your body is too small for it, don't you think so?" Although it was not unequivocally flattering, nevertheless it is certainly characteristic of the general opinion the world has formed—the literary and cultural world, that is—about us from the outside. In every country, I said, there was a different relationship between the demands for intellectual and material goods. This relationship determined the particular cultural climate of a country. In Hungary, according to the analogy with the people from Mars, literature and everything connected with it—writers, books, discussions and criticism—have primary place in the public interest. Probably for this very reason it is not accidental that, despite the almost fatal isolation of the language, today Hungarian books find their way in larger and larger numbers to foreign countries, in answer to a real demand by foreign publishers.

LÁSZLÓ PASSUTH

THE "MAGVETŐ" PUBLISHING HOUSE

The *Magvető*, Budapest's youngest publishing house, was established in January 1955 as the publishing firm of the Hungarian Writers' Union, thus serving to give expression to the viewpoints of both author and publisher. The venturesome character of the undertaking is already obvious from this. What is it that most authors desire of their own publishing house? That it should issue every one of their works in as large an edition as feasible and pay the highest possible royalties. And what is it that the publisher requires? That works selected according to certain points of view from the endless stream of manuscripts submitted to the editor should appear in a number of copies determined, again, by certain points of view, while royalties should be fixed in harmony with a uniform set of standards. It is no wonder, then, that in the early years of its existence the *Magvető* resembled a motor kept going by minor explosions occurring at regular intervals. Antagonism between the views of writer and publisher has existed ever since the world's first publishing house was established, and the desire of the writers to handle their own affairs by themselves is just as old. One of the most telling examples of this striving in the history of literature is Balzac, who devoted only a few years to the publishing business but spent the rest of his life working to pay off his publishing debts. Now the *Magvető*, too, had its Balzacian period, and the only reason this did not lead to disaster was that a State publishing house operates under completely different circumstances from private enterprise.

From an interview that Heinrich Böll gave to some students I learned that some Swedish writers would approve of receiving a regular salary from the state. In this connection Böll wrote:

"I do not think much of this idea, because I do not see the slightest possibility of finding a gremium which would determine who is a writer and who not. There are no generally obligatory, objective criteria of artistic quality. Then what should one be guided by? Success, which may precisely make monthly salaries unnecessary? A host of poor writers are enjoying success, and so are a few good ones. There are very many poor writers who have no success and many good ones who do not earn a subsistence minimum... I do not believe that a State salary would ruin a great writer... But neither do I believe that the State should be obliged to subsidize anybody's dreams and illusions from its tax revenues."

I trust I am not being particularly malicious in thinking that Böll's severity stems from the fact that he himself is in a very fortunate position: he is not only an excellent but at the same time a popular writer, whose works are widely read and published in large editions. I cannot agree with his last sentence, for there are writers whose dreams and illusions are worthy of being paid for by the State. But he is absolutely right in saying that the selection of these writers meets with almost insurmountable difficulties. Nevertheless, it is not excluded that in the fairly near future writers will receive salaries from the State in the same way as actors, doctors or accountants.

I return to the *Magvető* publishing house; it is no longer connected with the Writers' Union, but alongside the three largest Budapest book publishing companies—one of which issues mainly Hungarian classics, the second foreign, and the third youth and children's literature—it is still concerned mainly with modern Hungarian literature: about 60 per cent of its publications are works of living Hungarian writers. Perhaps it is just this fruitful contact with living authors that gives vigour and freshness to its work. The *Magvető* has a reputation for bold, even daring undertakings. The editorial staff consider it their responsibility to

support every new literary initiative and to make it possible for each young or beginning writer who shows the slightest promise to have something published. They are endeavouring to fulfil this responsibility first of all with the series by young writers entitled *Új termés* ("New Crop"), which has already begun to bear fruit by first drawing attention to the work of a number of new young prose writers, such as Lajos Galambos, András Tabák, Máté Timár, Ambrus Bor, Endre Gerelyes, Károly Szakonyi and, among the poets, Lajos Simon, Lajos Papp and others.* Of the somewhat older writers, for the most part in their thirties, *Magvető* has issued works by Tibor Cseres, Gyula Fekete, Iván Mándy,[1] Lajos Mesterházi, Géza Molnár, Ágnes Nemes Nagy, György Somlyó and Mihály Váci.

Among the writers who began their careers even earlier, the following have had works published by *Magvető:* László Bóka, László Erdős, Gábor Goda, Béla Illés, Endre Illés, Ferenc Jankovich, Géza Képes, Imre Keszi, László Passuth, György Rónay, István Sőtér, Sándor Tatay, Gábor Thurzó, István Vas and Zseni Várnai. Among these the readers of The New Hungarian Quarterly are familiar with two of László Bóka's studies,[2] a sketch by Béla Illés,[3] a short story and play by Endre Illés,[4] a study by Imre Keszi,[5] three essays by Passuth,[6] and István Vas's London travel notes.[7]

* Readers of The New Hungarian Quarterly are already acquainted with Károly Szakonyi ("In a New House," Vol. II. No. 4), and the present number carries short stories by Lajos Galambos and Endre Gerelyes.

[1] "Morning at the Cinema," NHQ Vol. II. No. 4.

[2] "Problems of Style and the New Public," Vol. I. No. 1; "Endre Ady and the Present," Vol. III. No. 5.

[3] "Encounters," Vol. II. No. 2.

[4] "Epilogue," Vol. II. No. 3; "Sand-Glass," Vol. III. No. 6.

[5] "Society without Snobs," Vol. III. No. 6.

[6] "Identities Established," Vol. II. No. 2; "Tihany Antiqua," Vol. II. No. 3; "Sexcentenary of Debrecen," Vol. III. No. 5.

[7] "A Journey to England," Vol. I. No. 1.

The Magvető has published László Németh's[8] novel, *Égető Eszter* ("Eszter Égető"), and is successively bringing out his studies. It has issued Gyula Illyés's[9] poems and works of other "populist" writers like Sándor Rideg, Pál Szabó and Péter Veres[10].

The career of Magda Szabó[11], as a a prose-writer, previously known only as a poet, began at *Magvető* with *Freskó* ("Fresco"), followed by *Az őz* ("The Deer") and a novel for young people, *Mondják meg Zsófikának* ("Tell Little Zsófi")—all have since been published in a number of languages. It was *Magvető* that put out the long-silent Géza Ottlik's[12] novel, *Iskola a határon* ("School on the Frontier"), which is also about to appear in German and French translation.

As part of the lifework of Milán Füst[13] who is now 74, *A feleségem története* ("The Story of My Wife") has been issued in a second edition by *Magvető* (a French version has since also appeared in Paris), as has the author's new novel, *A Parnasszus felé* ("Towards the Parnassus"). The publishing house is planning to issue two volumes annually of the lifework of 75-year-old Jenő Józsi Tersánszky; besides older works, which have seen various translations, these will be new ones by an author who is as youthful and active today as ever. We believe his new volume, *Nagy árnyakról bizalmasan* ("Confidentially about Great Shadows"), planned for Christmas 1962 and containing the writer's reminiscences of his contemporaries, will attract wide attention.

Magvető has made it a practice to issue the interrupted lifework of victims of fas-

[8] "The Two Bolyais," Vol. I. No. 1; "Schools for an Intellectual Society," Vol. II. No. 2; "If I Were Young Today," Vol. III. No. 5.

[9] "Rácegres Notebook," Vol. II. No. 1; "The Switch-Over," Vol. II. No. 4.

[10] "English Prose (Notes on an Anthology)," Vol. II. No. 1.

[11] "The Poles," Vol. II. No. 2. also a book-review in our preceding issue.

[12] "On the Embankment," Vol. I. No. 1.

[13] "The Visual Power of the Written World," Vol. III. No. 7.

cism. It has published the literary history and literary works of Antal Szerb, the writings of Andor Endre Gelléri and Gábor Halász, Károly Pap's short stories and novels, György Bálint's articles, Miklós Radnóti's studies and poems of Zoltán Nagy.

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As may be seen, *Magvető* Publishing House does not issue literary works exclusively. It engages in the publication of studies and essays, of literary history, as well as of sociographical writings, such as *Vasszínű égbolt alatt* ("Under Metal-Coloured Skies"), comprising urban sociographical studies written between the two world wars. Among travel accounts let us mention *Hat hét Kínában* ("Six Weeks in China"), written and illustrated by the excellent cartoonist Tibor Toncz, and of those in preparation, Iván Boldizsár's travel diary, *Zsiráffal Angliában* ("Doing Britain with a Giraffe")[14]. An interesting experiment and document is Lajos Básti's little book, now in press, in which this outstanding actor tells of his performance of the role of Adam—under different directors and with different conceptions—in Madách's drama *Az ember tragédiája* ("The Tragedy of Man"). A considerable publishing task was the illustrated book of Hungarian literature and that on Hungarian music history—both of which were edited by Dezső Keresztury.[15] Next in line is the illustrated book of Hungarian theatrical history, to appear in 1964. Mention should also be made, among *Magvető's* publications on fine arts, of two richly illustrated volumes, one by the sculptor Ferenc Medgyessy, entitled *Életemről-művészetről* ("About My Life and Art"), and the other by the sculptor Béni Ferenczy *Írás és kép* ("Writing and Pictures").

Although *Magvető* issues primarily the works of Hungarian writers, its editorial staff do not lose sight of the fact that only through constant contact with world literature can the reading public keep abreast of developments in this sphere. Here are a few of the works published in Hungarian translation by *Magvető:* Shakespeare's sonnets, English and Scottish ballads, poems by Sandburg, Leopardi, Georg Trakl, Jimenez, Rilke, Bryusov and Mao Tse-tung; verses of Apollinaire and Villon's *Le Grand Testament* in bilingual editions; a thorough selection of French Renaissance poetry and modern French lyrics, as well as Italian lyrics of past centuries; Bulgarian folk poetry; American and African Negro poetry. It is planned to issue the poems of T.S. Eliot next year. The *Magvető* has released G.B. Shaw's drama *Geneva* with the illustrations of Feliks Topolski; the novels *Prater Violet* by Cristopher Isherwood, *This Gun for Hire* by Graham Greene, *Flash* by Virginia Woolf, *Le grand Écart* by Cocteau, *Hotel du Nord* by Eugène Dabit, *L'Étranger* by Camus, *Fermina Marquez* by V. Larbaud, and *Le Diable au corps* by Radiguet; one Sartre and one Gide drama, Saint-Exupéry's charming tale *Le petit Prince* and Jean Effel's amusing drawings portraying the creation of the world. One of *Magvető's* most popular publications is a collection of French aphorisms. German literature is represented among others by Thomas Mann's selected studies, the bilingual edition of *Gesang vom Kindchen*, and Dürrenmatt's short stories.

In connection with Soviet literature—whose publication is not primarily the responsibility of *Magvető*—the firm has set for itself the same goal as in the sphere of living Hungarian authors: it endeavours to provide translations of the most recent works of young writers and beginners, which may possibly be only experimental in character but at any rate are part of the great upsurge that is so characteristic of present-day Soviet intellectual life; the novelettes of

[14] An elaboration of the diary appearing in the preceding and present issues of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

[15] Keresztury has contributed numerous theatrical reviews to The New Hungarian Quarterly, including the present issue.

Yuri Bondarev *(The Last Shots)* and Aksionov *(Colleagues)* have been translated into numerous other languages in addition to Hungarian.

In 1957 the publishing firm launched its representative foreign series under the title "World Library," which began with a few re-issues but subsequently has issued the most recent books of the best foreign authors. The firm also goes back, when necessary, to important works that because of Hungary's isolation brought about by the war could not appear in their time. The books of this series are: *Jean-Luc persécuté* by Ramuz, *Leviathan* by Julien Green, *Der Erwählte* by Thomas Mann, *Voleur d'enfants* and *Le Survivant* by Supervielle, *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* by James Joyce, *Across the River and into the Trees* by Hemingway, *Heaven is My Destination* by Wilder, *Il conformista* by Moravia, *Wolf Solent* by John Cowper Powys, *Zeit zu leben und Zeit zu sterben* by Remarque, *La Semaine sainte* by Aragon, *Nackt unter Wölfen* by Apitz, *Mémoires d'une jeune fille rangée* by Simone de Beauvoir, *Il gattopardo* by Tomasi di Lampedusa, *Dziura w niebie* by Tadeus Konwiczki, *Our Man in Havana* by Graham Green, *Jeder stirbt für sich allein* by Hans Fallada and *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Further plans include the novel *Popiol i diament* by Andrzejewski (the film released under the same title was adapted from it), *La Peste* and *La Chute* by Camus, the selected writings of Musil, the short stories of Ivo Andrič, *La Force de l'âge* by Simone de Beauvoir, the selected short stories and satires of Heinrich Böll, *Offizierfabrik* by Kirst, *Knock at the Door* by Sean O'Casey, *Enigma Otiliei* by the Rumanian writer Calinescu, *Podróż* by the Polish writer Dygat, the novel *My Hawk, Memed!* by the Turkish author Yashar Kemal, and others.

KATALIN RAYMAN

A SELECT HUNGARIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE, ARTS AND SCIENCE FOR THE YEAR 1961

The aim of this select annual bibliography is to give the interested reader some information on Hungarian books and articles which are closely connected with the literature, arts, culture and science of the English-speaking world. For this reason we have confined ourselves to listing only such books and articles as are either translations from English or Hungarian writings on the subjects mentioned. English literature is represented in this single year from Chaucer to Kingsley Amis, and Hungarian publishers produced in the same year a complete edition of Shakespeare's works and of Elizabethan dramas. Hungarian books and articles on British-American subjects show a deep interest in the culture of the English-speaking world. The bibliography shows, for instance, how the death of Ernest Hemingway stirred and inspired Hungarian writers, critics and scholars.

The picture given by the bibliography is, of course, far from complete. Newspaper articles and translations appearing in magazines and newspapers have had to be omitted.

The entries of the bibliography could have been nearly doubled if we had listed books and pamphlets in English that appeared during the year in Hungary.

More than fifty—mostly scientific—periodicals contain many papers, essays and articles in English. The bulk of these period-

icals represents the different "Acta" of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. We strictly confined ourselves to listing only those items which are closely connected with the literature, arts, and science of the English-speaking world. The fact that the language of a publication was English did not serve as a criterion for including it. A rather considerable number of English grammars and textbooks published during this period has therefore been omitted.

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* Arranged in accordance with the decimal system.

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Compiled by
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THEATRE AND FILM

A SURVEY OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON

I

The students of the College of Dramatic Art staged and performed Bertolt Brecht's *Die Dreigroschenoper* on March 29, 1938; their success was so great as to enable them to repeat their performance—with just as great a reception—in one of the Hungarian repertory theatres. That performance was the first of many victories to be achieved on Hungarian stages with works of the famous German dramatist. Since then, practically all of Brecht's major plays have been presented in Budapest, as well as in provincial theatres, or broadcast on the Hungarian wireless. *Die Dreigroschenoper*, with Brecht's libretto and Kurt Weil's greatly popular music, may be regarded as a pioneer model for musical comedies; the Petőfi Theatre, which specializes in this genre, reopened with this extremely successful production, which it still keeps on the bill. The Madách Theatre staged *Mutter Courage* a few years ago, giving an excellent and memorable performance; new laurels have now been added to its fame with the production of Brecht's *Der Kaukasische Kreidekreis*, which continues to fill the house to capacity. It is not only the play itself—one of Brecht's best written and least outdated works—that is applauded by the audience; much credit is due the performance too, which has the merit of creating harmony between Brecht's stage devices (such as masks and other stylizations) and the play's fresh realism. *Der Kaukasische Kreidekreis*, a human parable of eternal and universal validity, is linked, by a "play within the play," to the timely problems of transformation of agricultural production.

Brecht's *Galilei* was written in 1939; a burning political question of the period—the submission of German physicist-inventors to Hitler—determined the problem raised in this work. The principle is used that, in a clash between scientific and social interests, social progress must have the preference. It is the protagonist himself who passes the sentence: martyrdom suffered for the cause of scientific truth would, in the given situation and at the given moment, have meant more for mankind than the scientific results on account of which he perjured himself and which would surely have been achieved by other scientists. In the play, this principle is set forth by means of brilliant dramatic dialectics, and Brecht knew how to achieve great stage effects by investing his hero with captivating human features. The drama was presented at the National Theatre of Budapest, and Ferenc Bessenyei invested Galilei's image—compounded of genius and frailty—with life-like realism; the achievement of this difficult task appeared as another milestone along the path of this prominent actor.

In *Galilei*, the fundamental concept of the drama radiates from the sphere of mankind's universal ideals and serves to illu-

minate and interpret the pulsating stage work; in *Der aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Ui* which reveals Brecht as publicist, all essential features were determined by the actual events of the day. The play was written after Hitler had overrun Austria, and in it the infernal figure of the gangster-dictator appears in its full ghastliness and monstrous clownishness. Having gone through all the horrors which followed Austria's occupation, we know that reality greatly surpassed fiction, and this is obviously the reason why Brecht refrained from having this drama staged after Hitler's defeat. It was, therefore, not so much the play itself as the excellent stage direction of the young and talented Gyula Szabó at the Jókai Theater in Budapest that, with novel means, centrally placed stage and the daringly stylized scenery, scored a well-deserved success. In my opinion, the director of the theatre at Miskolc found an even better solution, however: he placed the whole play into a sort of *commedia dell'arte* and tried to give the *cachet* of a parable to the once courageous, but, to our present taste, somewhat outdated plot.

The subject of Sean O'Casey's tragicomedy, *The Silver Tassie*, presented by the Gaiety Theatre of Budapest, is taken from the time of the First World War. Written as an indictment against war, the play condemns the senseless sacrifice of innocent victims to the Moloch of war through the story of a renowned football player who, on account of a spinal injury, received at the Marne, is confined to a wheelchair and becomes a forlorn, unhappy and lonely creature. Although lacking in originality, the performance was lively and gave a good interpretation of the writer's intentions.

This statement applies as well to a performance given in the Gaiety Theatre of Konstantin Simonov's two-part play, *The Fourth*. This playwright, well versed in stage work, knows how to dramatize timely political subjects and shows a clever restraint in following the modern trend of dramaturgy to break up traditional forms. The theme is the sudden *volte-face* of a man inclined to compromises in order to secure his well-being and accustomed mode of life, the plot being interwoven with his memories, which materialize before the eyes of the audience in the form of long-dead persons for whom the hero could once have done a good turn; they convince him that his life is worthless unless he stands up for the truth and that, therefore, as a well-informed American journalist he has the duty to expose a spy flight planned against the Soviet Union and thus to prevent a further intensification of international tension. The subject of *Midnight Mass*, a drama written by Peter Karvas and presented on the Repertory Stage of the Madách Theatre, has been taken from the boiling cauldron of total warfare. It was presented in a well-balanced performance with, at certain points, a dense atmosphere, under the direction of T. Rakovsky, a guest from the Bratislava National Theatre. In this drama, the author exposes the selfishness, intrigues and cowardice of the petty bourgeois in a small provincial town, and does it in a manner suggestive of Priestley or Maugham. But Karvas outdoes these forerunners in that the task of unmasking is given to the young heroes of his play who are ready to risk death and the dangers of guerilla warfare. It is solely their path which leads to resurrection.

The themes of the works of Irwin Shaw, Garcia Lorca and Arthur Miller, which have also been staged during the past season, are less immediate than those just reviewed; the directors have, nevertheless, endeavoured to give emphasis to all points which touch on current problems. In Irwin Shaw's rather mediocre play, *The Gentle People*, an attempt is made to show that present-day life sometimes compels even benevolent and peaceful people to meet violence with violence. Two old friends, peacefully fishing in a bay near New York, are being blackmailed by a gangster until, utterly disappointed in the ruling of a corrupt tribunal, they take jus-

tice into the r own hands: they trap and drown their tormentor. The artists of the Attila József Theatre failed to bring any fire to the tepid atmosphere of the conventional play.

Garcia Lorca, that great and tragic Spanish poet, tackles a much deeper problem and solves it with much more poetic skill. *Moscanita*, the Spanish version of the Tosca-theme, was written in the playwright's youth and lacks the dramatic force of his later works; lyricism dominates. The romantic story itself is commonplace enough, but it is in beautifully lyrical language that we are told of the transfiguration of an enamoured woman into an exalted martyr of freedom. The József Katona Theatre has evolved a special style, adapted to the individual tone of the poet; thus the performance was carefully harmonized and did full justice to the poetic richness and the occasionally surcharged atmosphere of the work.

The presentation of Miller's *The Crucible* in the National Theatre of Budapest was less balanced and appeared to be rather crude, especially because a too-sharp contrast was made of good and evil, black and white. Nevertheless this drama, regarded by the Hungarian public as Miller's best work, scored a notable success. Contributing a great deal to this success were the noteworthy achievements of two actors: Tibor Bitskey in the part of J. Proctor, and György Kálmán as Father Hale.

2

Several journalists and critics have pointed out that gloomy pieces or those with a disquieting and perturbative atmosphere occupy too important a position in and actually dominate the repertory of Hungarian theatres. This accusation is not entirely unfounded. Sometimes, from the number of performances, it seems as if comedies—or the gaiety and mirth of life that goes with them—have fallen into disgrace. On the other hand, the Hungarian public is glad to be offered a little fun when spending an evening at the theatre, as is well borne out by the continued success of certain classical comedies and the popularity of even such rather mordant plays as Eduardo da Filippo's *Filumena*. After having presented several works by this famous Neapolitan actor-theatre manager-playwright, the Gaiety Theatre gave several performances of this play. Da Filippo and his ensemble visited Budapest in March and scored great successes with the *Sanita Comedy* and *Too Many Ghosts* in the Petőfi Theatre. The Italian guests proved to be excellent actors and representatives of traditional Neapolitan theatrical art. That theatre-goers in Hungary are attracted by humorous and varied entertainment is also illustrated by the great popularity of the guests from Prague, whose *Laterna Magica* filled the house every evening in the former Madách Theatre. The most significant guest performance was that of Arkady Raikin, the popular Soviet clown-actor, on the stage of the Bartók Hall. His art is characterized by a dazzling aptitude at mummery, intuitive and jovial humour and aggressive and unmasking sarcasm. His stay in Budapest was prolonged beyond its intended duration, and his performances were applauded by large audiences.

It is beyond any doubt that the Metropolitan Operetta Theatre has earned the highest regard among the laughter-seeking public. Imre Kálmán's *Czardas Queen*, the most resounding success of all revivals during the past decade, still fills the house to capacity whenever it is performed. *Boccaccio*, a musical comedy by Suppé, and *Girl Market*, V. Jacobi's most popular operetta, belong to the standard repertoire of the theatre, which has also performed an amusing, up-to-date musical by Ránky—Cseres—Török—Innocent, *Ladies' Invitation* and, spectacularly, Offenbach's comic opera, *Bandits*. Demands for mirth and merriment are also met by a great number of theatres, and by cabarets, vaudeville shows and variety programs, these often being presented in halls adapted

for the purpose. It might be worth-while to subject the miscellaneous programs—musical and unmusical comedies, juvenile and adult cabarets—to close scrutiny.

Most noteworthy among them seems to be *Miss Doctor*, a musical comedy by Imre Kertész and Júlia Hajdú, which is running at the Budapest Little Stage. Its chief merit is not the story, which is based on an apparently unalterable foundation—that of love and the obstacles it has to overcome; the secret of its great success lies in the episodes, situations and figures which are copied from life and presented according to the newest recipe for comedies. The female half of the amorous couple is a young surgeon, while—after the usual game of dissimulation and anonymity—the male partner turns out to be a Kossuth Prize winner and the general manager of a company. The happy ending of the play is, of course, the bliss of the two, and the heroine, who had been caught up in a tangle of intrigues, is turned into an independent person, good surgeon and model wife. The music of Júlia Hajdú is a happy mixture of up-to-date society tunes and traditional forms; also noteworthy in this talented and ambitious presentation are the jokes and quips, many of them wisecracks with political content: here the delight of the audience bears witness to the growing popularity of political skits.

3

The repertory policy of Hungarian theatres exhibits still another feature: the frequent revival of classical and semiclassical plays to the point of implying that the welcome tendency of the past few years to pave the way for the new Hungarian playwrights has suffered a set-back. The cultivation of classical works is, of course, traditional in Hungary's theatrical life. The number of theatre-goers has considerably grown during the past few years, a new age group is added every year to the theatre-goers, it is only natural that they expect to be shown the masterpieces of world literature. But there is another factor that justifies such revivals: this or that talented actor, this or that champion of a new style wants to cast off the shackles of tradition and display his or her talents in a manner which goes against accepted forms. Such a change of style was attempted by Ferenc Bessenyei in Brecht's *Galilei*. Bessenyei has been generally recognized as a master of classical pathos and broad gestures, the artist with a sonorous baritone. Of late, he has shown himself equally talented in the use of softened gestures, arrested movements, a veiled voice and inwardly echoing words. The buskined hero of classical verse dramas has appeared as an intuitive and accurate interpreter of Chekhov. It was with unforgettable authenticity that, in Tolstoi's *The Living Corpse* (National Theatre), he represented the figure of a genuine man who, writhing in a tangle of lies, is determined to free himself by any means—the admirable incarnation of passive heroism. A similar change of interpretation made the revival of Shakespeare's *Othello* (National Theatre) so memorable. Bessenyei's representation of Othello had given rise to much controversy a few years ago. The role as he played it then was that of a brute abandoning himself to more and more furious passion and indulging in volcanic outbursts. It was regarded by his admirers as an irresistible representation of virile force, by his opponents as a shrill revival of antiquated pathos. The figure of Othello, as interpreted by Bessenyei at the revival, was much more human and poignant: his tragedy seemed to be due to unsuspecting candour and uncertainty in private life, where, having a different colour of skin, he had to move about lonely and as a stranger. This figure, much nearer to the spectators' understanding, impressed them all the more by its fateful and terrifying grandeur. The new interpretation demanded a new style from the theatre which, laudably, responded to Bessenyei's initiative by dispensing with the long silent scenes, the pauses

which used to follow the great tirades; the drama was staged with a vigorous rhythm and ingenious scenic designs.

It was not the idea of a stylistic experiment but, presumably, the one hundred per cent chance of a resounding success that induced the Gaiety Theatre to revive Ferenc Molnár's *The Play's the Thing*. This is perhaps the best work of this world-famous playwright, because its subject and problems stood closest to the author's nature and abilities. What Molnár did in this piece, written with such virtuosity, was to play with his adored, yet ironically and condescendingly treated craft, the theatre; to handle this toy with complete freedom, conscious deliberation and, at the same time, ravishing playfulness. The performance of this play, which has conquered the globe and has, to this day, lost almost nothing of its splendour, requires a special, highly polished manner of representation; the production failed to find that true style of bourgeois-society plays which would have been necessary to render the performance faultless.

The looser and less restricted style evolved by the Petőfi Theatre stands much closer to another of Molnár's plays, *The Glass Slipper*, which has now been revived there and, enriched with background music and lyric songs, has understandably scored a much more sincere success. This comedy, rooted in the soil of the capital's outskirts at the beginning of this century, has, of course, lost that topical piquancy which was so irresistible for the army of gossip-mongers at the time of the original performance, i. e., at the time of Molnár's second divorce. The glaring colours of its picture of the suburbs have likewise faded, but time could not mar its caustic wit and the play still contains a number of splendid roles. The director was able to make the best of these possibilities and provided the framework of a brisk performance.

Excellent parts, a quickly moving but never overstrained plot, and attractive and vivacious dialogues justify the repeated revival of Heltai's traditionally successful historical verse drama, *The Silent Knight*. The outstanding performance, executed with great care and ambition at the Gaiety Theatre, has been favourably received.

My opinion of the representation (Attila József Theatre) of György Sós's Hungarian comedy *Kati* is less commendatory. Sós is no novice as a playwright; the readers of *The New Hungarian Quarterly* may remember his radio play *A True Legend* (No. 1, 1961). György Sós, experienced in the sphere of stage and screen, has evolved an individual style. It is not exceptionally original; his subjects, figures and dialogues are always emphatically up-to-date, while his dramatic situations and plots do not deviate from the usual. *Kati* is an illustration of the traditional moral of comedies, that he who grasps much holds little or nothing. Episodes—elevated to the level of symbols—from the lives of young men about town help to illustrate the theme of this comedy: Kati would like to get hold of both a partner in life and a suitable apartment; by throwing herself into the fight with too much zeal she fails to obtain either. True, the audience readily applaud their favourites and are pleased with the vividly changing scenes in which they recognize their own cares and problems, but Hungarian dramatic art has gained nothing with this comedy, which its author has defined as a tragedy interwoven with comic elements, thus betraying a penchant for the fashionable tendency of breaking up traditional categories.

By tackling a problem of a much more delicate nature, Margit Gáspár, the author of *Hamlet Was Wrong* (presented by the artists of the Gaiety Theatre as guests at the Ódry Stage) has attempted a truly difficult task: In the course of criminal proceedings at the beginning of the 1950's a chief justice sentences to death even some of his friends and comrades on the basis of trumped-up charges and prefabricated evidence. A grave moral crisis follows one of these judgements,

with the result that the judge commits suicide. His fateful inheritance devolves on his 20-year-old son, a gifted pianist. Like Hamlet, the young man adored his father and cannot suffer his mother to begin a new life with the quondam friend and victim (who had been sentenced to death by the father, but was requited and had long been in love with the mother). Faced with the facts disclosed by his mother, the young man collapses after a grave inner conflict and tries to run away from reality. Then, searching out a half-understood half-truth, he finds the moral courage to learn and bear the whole truth, so that, after much suffering, the three are able to get rid of the memories of the sombre past and begin a new life with fresh vigour. The drama presents many figures and scenes borrowed from Hungary's present-day life by a playwright who is well versed in stage technique and has a sharp eye for crucial questions. Electrically charged atmosphere, exciting scenes, many lively turns, the skilful presentation of political statements and an essentially dramatic structure lend great power to the play, which, in addition, contains a number of roles suited to satisfy theatrical ambitions. Emma Bulla, playing the part of the widow, distinguished herself particularly and deserves high praise.

Endre Illés, the author of *The Sand-Glass*,* performed on the Repertory Stage of the Madách Theatre, defined his play as a comedy, although this work contains many features foreign to this genre. It is a character-study that seeks to expose (and arouses interest only insofar as it does expose) the true personalities of the leading characters: a composer withdrawn into the impenetrable ivory tower of snobbery; a young woman of the type who, in quest of money, motor car, dresses, parties—in two words, of "high life"—stops at nothing to reach her goal; and, finally, another woman, the ex-wife of the composer, who is called back as liberator. The composer turns out to be a selfish, mendacious and narrow-minded pseudo-artist; the ambitious young woman becomes a tricked trickster; and the ex-wife emerges as an honest person who has preserved her moral integrity and sense of humour through all vicissitudes. The means and results of unmasking are not quite in accordance with the customary rules of comedies. Illés prefers irony and biting sarcasm to gaiety; tart and bitter flavour is more to his taste than succulence; and instead of making us laugh he fascinates by means of murderous and merciless hits. Dispassionately taken snapshots of Hungary's social and, especially, intellectual life lend variety to the caricature of the artist's sterile, apparently happy but fundamentally wretched (because unjustified) hauteur. Illés is an adept in creating roles and dramatic situations; his dialogues seem dry but really flash like the blades of master swordsmen. The performance of this play, which requires only a small cast, interprets the author's intentions with praiseworthy fidelity and brings out the work's many good points.

* See the preceding issue of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, No. 6, 1962.

4

It has been noted in the foregoing pages that Hungarian theatres have had ample opportunity to expose the horrors of war and to give publicity to works which do not allow us to forget them and warn us against their recurrence. There are, however, very few plays, and there is certainly none among the Hungarian dramatic works, which present the inhumanity of war with such staggering hideousness, such intensity, and in such a narrow space and time as does Miklós Hubay's *C'est la guerre*. This one-act drama, first staged as a prose play, was rewritten as a libretto with the music of Emil Petrovics.* The opera scored a resounding success over the wireless and has now been staged in

* A translation, with the first pages of the score, appeared in *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, No. 4, 1961.

the Budapest State Opera House. This performance was accompanied by revivals of two other one-act pieces: Ravel's musical play, *L'heure espagnole*, and Milhaud's ballet, *Salade*. These two cheerful and flowing works were surely meant to mitigate the bitter taste created by *C'est la guerre*. The music of Petrovics interprets the libretto's tragic power with adequate force and even augments it at certain points. Both critics and public have hailed the opera as one of the most prominent musical achievements of the period following the era of Bartók and Kodály, and its composer has been recognized as having a talent far above the average. Ingeniously designed scenery and careful management contribute greatly to this success.

DEZSŐ KERESZTURY

FILM AND YOUTH IN HUNGARY

I

Ever since the film has elaborated its specific laws, perfected its technique and created its own idiom, it has alternately turned now a wise and kindly and then again a demonic countenance towards young people. There are pedagogues—and not only pedagogues—who do not so much blame particular works as cinematographic art as a whole. They accuse it of sponsoring superficiality, of discouraging reading, of dulling the imagination, of offering mere illusions, and so on. On the other hand, there are many who repudiate these charges and try to bring about more rational contacts between youth and the film. According the school yearbook the pedagogues of one of Hungary's traditional secondary schools—the grammar-school of Zilah—recognized the great educational possibilities of the film as early as fifty years ago and decided to put them to use. Their decision was realized in the school year 1911-12 and, as far as we know, this was one of the first attempts—if not the very first—at establishing a sound relationship between the film and young people.

What are, then, the experiences young people expect from the film today? What is it they search for in the cinema? Seemingly nothing but amusement and pastime. This, however, is only a semblance! In fact they are out for knowledge and seeking to expand their horizons. They want to find themselves, they are in quest of an ideal and ultimately of a purpose in life. (The result of a recent public opinion poll among juvenile delinquents showed that even these young people were drawn to the cinema in pursuit of an ideal.) The main problem of the influence of the film on young people boils down to this question: do young people actually find in the cinema what they are looking for?

In many countries the film unhappily does not live up to its task. Reporting on the results of a questionnaire, the Vienna publication entitled "The Youth of Big Cities and the Film" gives a list of the films juveniles went to see and winds up the article with the words: "Help! Dam it up! This avalanche is overwhelming our youth day by day, year by year!" In the year of the poll, 711 films were shown in the Vienna cinemas. Among them only ten contained a "valuable message" for children and thirty for young people. In his paper, "The Role of the Film in Young People's Lives," Professor Fritz Stückrath says: "Most of the films young people go to see are mere delusion, sophisticated and brilliant. If young people uncritically indulge in it, this must inevitably create in them a false view of life." These statements hold good for many other countries, too.

The means of defence against this "avalanche" and against this "delusion" are, in the first place, official censorship and age group restrictions. There are, however, countries, like Great Britain or the United States, where these measures are merely symbolic. Further means are awards given to valuable films for children and young people, and these latter have proved the most effective so far, and efforts at immunization—such as film clubs for children and adolescents, "good film drives" and school discussions on the cinema. Finally, there is the research work accomplished by pedagogues and psychologists, the scientific results of which, however—as has been proved by facts—are hardly taken into consideration by the film producers.

In Hungary—as in other socialist countries—the state is in charge of the production and distribution of films. Thus there is a possibility of making pedagogical and psychological points of view prevail in both production and selection of films. As a result of state control and management, no film has been produced in Hungary for over ten years that has endeavoured to impress by mere "sexiness" or sheer brutality; every motion picture produced has had to come up to a minimum moral level at least. And even with respect to films controlled in this way age restrictions are imposed: there are films not recommended for children or adolescents under a certain age and others to which only persons over eighteen are admitted. (True, the point put forward by the Vienna publication, "Jugend-Film und Fernsehen," is valid for these restrictions too: young people are physically so well-developed today that they may easily pass for being two or three years older than they actually are and thus get round the restrictions.) In 1961 135 million people in Hungary went to see 163 feature films produced in twenty countries; 158 short films were also shown. There were, moreover, 44,000 special and morning programs for children and adolescents, viewed by a total audience of nine and a half million young people. The films projected at these special showings were, without exception, of marked artistic value; they were irreproachable from a moral point of view and pedagogically useful. Before or after the children saw them, the films were discussed with them—in an indirect way—in the school.

II

All this does not mean, of course, that in Hungary the relationship between young people and the film is no longer problematic. And even less does it mean that a solution has been found to the great problem of how to put the film, this powerful means of shaping character—into the service of education. Youth's relationship with the film, in the future interests of both, still awaits settlement in its entirety. This is the more important as in Hungary—in contradistinction to the tendency prevailing the world over—the number of cinema-goers is increasing; ever growing masses are taking part in cultural life and—thanks to the network of cinemas that is to cover very small villages and even the areas of lonely farmsteads—more and more people are getting the opportunity of attending cinema performances. The Youth Film Committee, established almost a year ago, has undertaken the intricate task of finding a solution to this problem. Even before the Committee came into being within the framework of the Federation of Cinematographic Artists, specialists and creative artists, acting independently from one another, each tried to survey a certain sector of the relations between film and youth; this, by the way, is a world-wide trend to which Hungary is no exception. Gradually, there ensued a general debate on this issue, which was also affected by the reform, now being prepared, of the curriculum of Hungarian schools. An increasing number of people have recognized that the film must be put to use in the education of young people; however, to achieve

this aim, Hungarian youth must be taught to understand cinematographic art. (The educational reform,* by the way, aims at laying greater stress on the arts than hitherto; dealing with cinematographic art thus logically fits into this tendency.) All those who took part in the youth film debate agreed that an institution to rally active forces, to systematize tasks and to coordinate work should be established. As a result, the Youth Film Committee, comprising creative cinematographic artists, film critics, psychologists, pedagogues, writers, film distributors and representatives of the ministries concerned, came into being. The participants declared that they would seek to realize what Béla Balázs had outlined in 1945 in the following terms: "Everybody knows and admits that cinematographic art has a greater influence on the soul of the masses than any other art... However, nobody admits what inevitably follows from this, *viz.*, that *we have to understand the film.* We must be guided by a taste born of competent knowledge, lest we find ourselves at the mercy of the great and most specific spiritual influence of our time as of some irrational, elemental force... It is a highly urgent demand of public health and of cultural history that the taste that is to control the art which, in turn, educates our taste, should itself be educated."

In order that the educational and character-shaping effect of the film may assert itself, it is not enough to set up prohibition signs and to introduce more or less effective restrictions. First of all, films of suggestive force are needed. Then it is necessary that hidden effects of auditive and visual experiences upon young people should be investigated by all the means at the disposal of pedagogues and psychologists. Moreover, as in the case of history of literature and aesthetics of literature, film history and film aesthetics should be taught, *i. e.*, our youth should learn a language of which, so far, they know only the slang.

Three lines of activity have thus presented themselves as a matter of course. Accordingly, the Youth Film Committee set up three working groups: one on program policy; a scientific group; and, finally, an educational group. The group on *program policy* began its activity in the school year 1961-62, by drawing up a six-months film program of an experimental character for children and adolescents. Three series, each comprising four films, were selected for audiences from six to ten, from ten to fourteen, and from fourteen to eighteen years of age. In selecting the films, the characteristics of each age group were taken into consideration with the aim of laying the foundations for even more differentiated and more consistent film programs to be given in years to come. Cheap tickets for a series of four films were issued for each age group; detailed analyses of the films to be projected were published in the pedagogical periodical *Köznevelés* ("Public Education"), which has a large circulation. These analyses assisted the teachers in making the most of the films seen, from the point of view both of pedagogy and of film aesthetics.

The *scientific* work group set out by systematically investigating the effects of the film. As a first step, questionnaires on five Hungarian films for children and adolescents were examined. Several thousands of schoolchildren from eight to fourteen had seen the films in question, and several thousand questionnaires were filled out with the active assistance of pedagogues who recognized the significance of the new scheme. The collected questionnaires are being analysed by specialists from the aesthetic, psychological and pedagogical points of view. For each film, a separate study will appraise and summarize the results obtained. In the meantime, further investigations have been launched; thus, with the aid of several thousand questionnaires a complex psychological investigation has been carried out among the

* See József Fekete's article "Eleven-Plus in Hungary" on p. 75 of this issue.

youngest age group of Hungarian cinemagoers.

The original plan of the *educational* work group was to hold series of lectures on the aesthetics and the history of the film—at the pedagogical faculties of the universities as well as at teachers' training colleges, in the framework of film clubs. However, in the course of preparatory talks it turned out that the interest displayed greatly exceeded the scope of film clubs. It seems necessary, therefore, to modify the original plan and to establish special colleges for prospective teachers wishing to deal also with cinematographic art in the schools of the future. The most important work of the Committee was to draw up a comprehensive project, based on the suggestions submitted by researchers, creative artists and practising pedagogues and of the experiences of the work groups, and to outline an Integrated Youth Film System.

III

The Integrated Youth Film System sets out from the two-fold premiss of educating *by* the film and educating *for* the film. Education by the film can only be successful if, at the same time, we educate people to understand the film by imparting to them a knowledge of the aesthetics, the history and the dramaturgy of the film. And *vice versa*, education in film appreciation is necessary if we are to make education by means of the film more effective and more successful; this again can be achieved by deepening emotional culture, by expanding the scope of vision, by extending the sphere of knowledge and intensifying character formation—all this with the aid of films.

This duality divides the Integrated Youth Film System into two parts of equal rank: the *school* film system and the *youth* film system.

The *school film system* is designed to accompany the ten-year school period from the age of seven or eight, when children begin to be receptive to films, to the end of their secondary schooling. The choice of films is to be made according to subjects that call for and permit film demonstration. A novelty in this scheme is that films dealing with a decisive episode of history or literature—that is to say, genuine feature films—are to be considered educational ones. But the purpose of the schools is not only to impart knowledge but to educate as well —and this particularly refers to the schools of a socialist society. Education coupled with instruction takes place in all classes and on every subject. In Hungarian schools, however, there are special classes known as class-master's hours. During these, questions of education and character development are dealt with partly in keeping with a set curriculum and partly in the course of a free discussion between teacher and pupils. It is a novel feature of the school film system that it seeks to select for the classmaster's hours special educative films, which present ideals and life aims and contribute to the development of character, or to produce high-standard feature films with the participation of excellent artists and writers. These films are aimed at assisting the pedagogue in his work—from "simple" teaching, through educating by means of instruction, to education in the widest sense. Since motion pictures of the school film system are directly linked with the curriculum, the films are to be projected during school hours and, if possible, in the classroom or, at any rate, on the school premises.

On the other hand, the pictures of the *youth film system* are always to be performed outside of school hours and always in a cinema, thus stressing the circumstance that they do not belong to the curriculum, nor is their purpose the teaching of school subjects but entertainment and artistic experience. However, the discussions preceding and following the viewing of the film are to take place in the school, during classes on literature or the class-master's hour, thus preparing and afterwards completing the pupils' artistic experience.

The presentations of the youth film system are also designed to begin at the age of seven or eight, when children first become receptive to films, and to go on for ten years, till the end of secondary school. The purposes are multilateral, as are those of the school film system. One of them is to make the child and the adolescent acquainted, step by step, with the idiom of the film, to introduce them to the essence of cinematographic art and help them understand it: in short, to teach them how to view a film. The second purpose is to give a foundation to the children's cinematographic culture from their tenth or eleventh year onwards; to extend this culture, to acquaint them with the great creations and great creative artists of the cinema and with the main trends of film history. The third purpose is to educate them directly by means of carefully selected films of a high artistic level.

In the first years four to six, in the last years as many as ten to twelve films are to serve the purposes of the youth film system. Thus, in the course of ten years, about eighty films, discussed both before and after the performance, are to be included in the "curriculum" of the youth film system. The range of these pictures is to include such works from the history of the film as summarize and present in concise form the essential characteristics of a great film-maker or of an important trend. The whole structure is to be crowned by the inclusion, perhaps within the framework of the lessons on literature, of the teaching of film history and the aesthetics of cinematographic art.

It is obvious from all this that to make cinematographic education successful a certain re-training of pedagogues may be required. The Film Committee mentioned above deals with the methodology of this training too.

That is how the circle will be completed —by no means in the sense, however, that from now on Hungarian youth will go to see only films presented within the framework of the film system. This would be both unattainable and pointless. But the circle becomes complete by steeling Hungarian youth in every respect—knowledge, taste, aesthetic judgement, and moral attitude—against the harmful effect of undesirable films and by making the young generation susceptible to real art and to genuinely human contents.

Even in its present form, when only its outlines have been drawn, the project raises a number of problems. Yet there are sound possibilities for its realization, because the socialist system is capable of concentrating its forces for the purpose of implementing it. The elaboration, the introduction and the realization of the Integrated Youth Film System—with all its achievements and problems—may provide useful lessons to those abroad who are dealing with the task of regulating the relations between young people and the film.

GÁBOR GYŐRY

ECONOMIC LIFE

TRENDS IN PERSONAL CONSUMPTION FROM 1950 TO 1960

I

The decade between 1950 and 1960 witnessed considerable changes in the structure of the Hungarian economy. The period was one of significant capital investments and large-scale industrial reconstruction, with important new industrial units going into operation. The last years of this phase saw the advance of collective methods of production in agriculture. As a result of the rapidly expanding farmers' cooperative movement, 95.6 per cent of all arable land was already in collective ownership by 1961.

Although the structural transformation of agriculture considerably affected the living conditions of the population, it was industrial progress which constituted the really decisive factor in this respect throughout the period. This manifested itself among other things also in the fact that the urban population increased by 18.1 per cent in eleven years, while the rate of growth in the country's population was only 8.4 per cent. Urbanization, however, means not only the numerical growth of the population. Several major Hungarian towns in the past had the character of an agricultural emporium, a centre of public administration and of commerce, with an extensive countryside as *hinterland*. Aside from Budapest, there were few urban settlements of definitely industrial aspect. The period between 1950 and 1960, on the other hand, was marked by the further development of existing industries and the construction of new industrial units in various regions of the country. By 1960 the output of heavy industry—chemicals, electric power and construction excluded—had risen by 361 per cent over the 1949 figure, and within this total the increase in instruments production was no less than 1515 per cent. The priority given to industrialization is also reflected in the distribution of capital investments. Total capital outlay between 1950 and 1960 amounted to 190,000 million Ft (at current prices). The share of industry in the total was between 44.2 per cent and 40.8 per cent in the various phases. The rest was divided between the construction industry, building in progress, agriculture, communications and commerce, together, of course, with social and cultural institutions. The bulk of industrial investments went to heavy industry, with annual rates varying between 83.3 per cent and 92.3 per cent, divided between newly established and already existing plants in Budapest and all over the country. As a result of large-scale capital investment a number of towns, such as Győr and Miskolc, have become entirely industrial in character.

In the wake of this development new socialist towns have come into existence. Cases in point are Dunaújváros, Komló and others —none too big as regards population (in 1960 Dunaújváros had 31 thousand, Komló 20 thousand inhabitants) but entirely urban in character with respect to their buildings, streets, public squares, parks and cultural establishments. For the inhabitants of these towns to become entirely urban in their way of living, in requirements and habits of consumption, was but natural. It must, however, be pointed out at this juncture that, as a result of the changes which took place in the structure of agriculture, the habits of the rural population in general and rural habits of consumption in particular also underwent a significant transformation. This, in turn, had important repercussions in towns that in the past had served mainly as agricultural centres.

Progress in both industrial and agricultural production is reflected in the growth of the volume of the national income. The index of national income showed the following development in the period under investigation (1949 = 100):

1950	120.6
1951	141.2
1952	138.5
1953	156.7
1954	150.3
1955	163.7
1956	146.0
1957	180.0
1958	191.2
1959	204.4
1960	225.0

The figures reflect a rather uneven pace of development. We do not wish to analyse here the causes of the recessions. The present paper is aimed at exposing the influence of the increase in national income—due primarily to industrial progress and, to a lesser extent, to the advance of agriculture—on the living standards of the population in the period examined.

Growing national income does not necessarily involve a proportionate rise in living standards. As a matter of fact, a great part of the growing national income may be invested in fixed capital without directly affecting the population's standard of living or directly raising its level. According to the Economic Survey of Europe, published by the U.N. in 1958, personal consumption in Hungary accounted for 59.3 per cent in 1950, the corresponding percentages being 52.3, 51.0 and 46.4 for 1951, 1952 and 1953. It was not until 1954 that the share of personal consumption reached 69.8 per cent of the total national income. In 1955 it remained largely at the same level (70.3 per cent); it was 84.5 per cent in 1956 and 71.0 per cent in 1957. In the subsequent years, according to data published by the Hungarian Central Statistical Office, there was no significant change; in 1958, 83.0 per cent, in 1959, 78.7 per cent and in 1960, 76.8 per cent of the steadily growing national income were allocated to personal consumption.

The approximately 50 per cent share of personal consumption in the total national income up to 1953 was unsatisfactory from the point of view of the population's living standards, while the increase of this proportion in recent years has had a favourable effect on the latter. Though far from being the only characteristic of the standard of living, personal consumption constitutes none the less one of the most important factors in its assessment. Changes in the level of consumption sufficiently indicate the trend of the standard of living.

The structure of food consumption and its share in the population's total consumption are two rather characteristic factors of the living standard. The table below contains consumption data for the most important foodstuffs in the past ten years.

Per capita consumption of

Year	meat	eggs	cereals[1]	sugar	potatoes
	pounds per year				
1950	75.6	11.5	311.2	35.9	239.6
1951	76.0	10.4	328.2	36.1	235.4
1952	80.2	9.7	328.8	43.4	226.6
1953	62.4	10.8	338.3	46.5	241.3
1954	72.5	7.5	320.9	53.3	249.3
1955	81.3	10.4	330.8	53.3	262.5
1956	89.7	12.6	334.6	55.1	228.3
1957	19.6	15.2	294.2	55.3	225.2
1958	91.0	18.1	286.7	54.4	218.9
1959	101.2	19.2	294.7	57.1	219.7
1960	105.4	19.6	294.2	59.1	214.9

[1] All grain crops, including rice, at flour value.

The structure of food consumption underwent important changes between 1950 and 1960. The relatively low consumption of meat and eggs began to increase after 1954. On the other hand, there was a marked fall in the consumption of potatoes and cereals, notwithstanding the fact that the latter include also rice, the per capita yearly consumption of which rose from 0.9 kg (2,0 lb) in 1950 to 3.5 kg (7.7 lb) by 1960. The consumption of such items as coffee, tropical fruits, cocoa beans and spices grew considerably. These structural changes may be ascribed, over and above the betterment in living conditions, also to the process of urbanization referred to in the foregoing.

Hungarian retail trade turnover, as expressed in terms of quantity, closely followed the trend of consumption. An examination of retail trade figures for a number of commodities between 1951 and 1960 will therefore help to render trends in consumption more tangible.

Retail trade turnover of selected commodities in terms of quantity

	1951	1954	1955	1959	1960
Meat (bones incl.) (1000 long tons)	—	62.3	64.3	108.8	112.0
Flour (1000 long tons)	129.0	220.5	249.9	223.2	244.3
Bread flour (1000 long tons)	11.5	5.0	6.9	4.9	5.8
Rice (1000 long tons)	11.5	13.1	7.8	28.0	28.9
Bread (1000 long tons)	827.7	771.6	731.4	650.0	671.4
Butter (long tons)	3,827.8	5,011.5	4,890.5	9,431.6	10,027.0
Sugar (1000 long tons)	110.9	143,0	152.3	161.8	171.5
Sweets (long tons)	11,269.8	17,252.5	16,426.9	19,850.2	20,477.0
Coffee (long tons)	144.7	418.5	509.0	1,085.6	1,292.4

Hungary is a country where bread consumption is traditionally high. The period under investigation saw a considerable decrease in the consumption of both bread and bread flour, while that of cake flour suited for more expensive baker's ware has increased. In general, there was a shift in consumption towards the more valuable and at the same time more expensive foodstuffs of high caloric value and high protein content. This shift has also brought about an increase in total expenditure on food, calculated at constant prices.

The table below shows the caloric value of food, as well as the amount in grams of proteins, fats and carbohydrates, consumed per capita in Hungary in the years 1950 to 1956 (based on data published by F.A.O.).

Year	Calories	Total proteins	Animal proteins	Fats	Carbohydrates
		g	g	g	g
1934/38 average	2770	82	25	71	396
1950	2840	89	29	80	410
1951	2896	89	28	81	421
1952	2909	87	27	82	424
1953	2935	87	24	75	446
1954	2957	87	27	80	439
1955	3122	91	28	88	457
1956	3236	96	31	95	464

The figures, though clearly indicative of the quantitative and qualitative trends in food consumption, fail to express the growing proportion of food-industrial services. Turnover in deep-frozen goods has increased considerably, sales figures of canned food as well as of vegetable and fruit preserves have also augmented, and convenience foods are increasingly gaining ground. The services incorporated in these products undoubtedly raise the value of total food consumption, although it would be difficult to calculate the additional value they represent. The proportion within total food consumption of meals consumed in catering establishments is also constantly growing.

In spite of the trends discussed in the foregoing the ratio of the consumption of food in general and of such articles as coffee, tea and spices shows a declining tendency because of a still greater increase in outlay on other commodities.

II

The gauging of the standard of living and its international comparison constitute problems of long standing for the statistician. In statistical terms the standard of living in a given country may be defined as the consumption or utilization of material goods and services for a given period of time per capita. This would seem to be the relatively most adequate definition. In the present paper only directly utilized or consumed material goods are taken into account, while social services are disregarded. Although the latter ought also to be considered when speaking of living standards, it is rather difficult to determine unequivocally which of the items of budget expenditure should or should not be regarded as affecting the standard of living. For this reason, and notwithstanding their significant role as factors influencing the standard of living, expenditure on schooling and public education on the part of the state, institutions or firms, expenditure on public health as well as various allocations, budgetary or social, for canteen meals, organized holidays and similar welfare items will not be analysed here. Trends in the standard of living will thus be examined exclusively in the light of the development of consumption.

We must now return to the introductory remarks on investment. Hungary's entire investment program was financed from the country's own resources. Before 1957 Hungary did not draw on foreign credits, and the strain of the investment program was not eased either by financial or by commodity loans.* Nor did any inflationary symptoms manifest themselves over the whole period. The investment program of the early 1950's

* After 1957 Hungary raised substantial credits in the form of commodity and foreign exchange loans. The creditor countries were those of the socialist camp, the USSR primarily.

was realized by the concentration of productive forces, by balancing the considerable import requirements of the program with exports, and by far-reaching economies. However, as the huge amounts required for investment had to be found somewhere, there remained but one way: to curb private consumption for the sake of the forced investment policy. The relevant figures were given earlier in this paper. In the sequel it will be shown how this affected living standards through the medium of consumption. The misconceived economic policies of the Rákosi era led to a decided setback in consumption and in the population's standard of living. Consumption trends in this respect may be clearly traced in the statistics covering retail trade.

Retail trade turnover, 1950-1960

1950 = 100

Year	Foodstuffs	Foodstuffs consumed in catering establishments and shop canteens	Industrial products	Total sales	Index number of population	Per capita trade turnover
1950	100	100	100	100	100	100
1951	102	116	98	100	100.9	99
1952	93	112	85	90	101.8	88
1953	104	128	95	100	102.8	97
1954	116	161	124	120	104	115
1955	123	166	130	126	105.3	120
1956	129	164	155	141	105.7	133
1957	133	182	171	150	105.5	142
1958	140	187	180	158	105.9	149
1959	155	205	206	178	106.5	167
1960	167	232	227	196	107	183

Retail sales, though not in themselves representing total consumption, constitute a reliable guide as to its trend. The consumption of self-produced commodities and services—a factor of some importance in agriculture and appearing, if only to a negligible extent, also in connection with privately owned small workshops and retail shops —is not included in the figures. In Hungary, with 98 per cent of all retail sales transacted in the period under investigation by state-owned or cooperative shops, retail trade statistics convey a sufficiently reliable picture. The figures in the preceding table are characteristic of the setback mentioned before. It was only in 1954 that per capita sales rose over the 1950 level, and the recession is particularly conspicuous in the turnover of industrial products. The latter also began to catch up only in 1954, but from that year on its increase greatly surpassed that of food sales. The reasons for this phenomenon must be sought, on the one hand, in the living standard's having been reduced and held down until 1954, and, on the other hand, in the poor supply of industrial products. The latter made itself felt mainly in the lack of choice—a circumstance strongly detrimental to consumption. Reliable statistics covering percentage distribution of retail trade turnover are available since 1952.

Year	Food sold in shops	*Catering and canteen meals*			Foodstuffs	Industrial products	*Industrial products*	
		Catering	Canteen meals	Total	Total		Clothing	Sundry
1952	41.2	10.8	4.7	15.5	56.7	43.3	25.7	17.6
1953	41.6	11.7	4.1	15.8	57.4	42.6	24.7	17.9
1954	36.4	13.2	3.5	16.7	53.1	46.9	26.9	20.0
1955	37.0	13.0	3.3	16.3	53.3	46.7	25.2	21.5
1956	35.7	11.6	2.9	14.5	50.2	49.8	27.3	22.5
1957	33.6	12.6	2.7	15.3	48.9	51.1	27.0	24.1
1958	32.8	13.5	2.8	16.3	49.1	50.9	24.7	26.2
1959	32.1	13.3	2.7	16.0	48.1	51.9	24.6	27.3
1960	31.4	13.5	2.8	16.3	47.7	52.3	24.5	27.8

Retail trade between 1952 and 1960 thus manifests important structural changes. One of the characteristic traits is the decrease in the proportion of food sales, including catering and canteen meals, from 56.7 per cent, with a coresponding increase in the turnover of industrial products. The changes in the composition of industrial products sold are particularly interesting: while in 1952 clothing accounted for 25.7 per cent and sundry industrial products for 17.6 per cent of total sales, by 1960 the latter came to represent 27.8 per cent and the former decreased to 24.5 per cent of the total. The collective heading "sundry industrial products" includes also durable and semi-durable consumer goods, among them, for instance, electric household appliances, the supply of which has been growing since 1955. In 1960, 122,200 electric washing machines were sold as against 42,800 in 1957. The corresponding figures for vacuum cleaners were 29,242 and 8,453. From 1951 to 1959 the sale of radio receiver sets increased from 78,400 to 176,300 units; in 1960, 178,800 units were sold. In 1957, 4,982 TV sets were purchased; their sale increased to 40,585 in 1959 and to 53,092 in 1960. Other durable and semi-durable consumer goods show a similar increase in turnover. The growth was particularly marked in the sale of furniture. In 1960, 61,207 suites were purchased, as against 25,094 in 1951. True, there was for years an unsatisfied demand for furniture. To meet potential demand, considerable quantities were imported in recent years. This enabled the broadening of the range of choice and induced consumption to increase by leaps and bounds. When speaking of furniture and other durable consumer goods it must be pointed out that consumer credit was available to a very limited extent only. Credit terms as a rule did not exceed six months and purchases on credit were made conditional on an advance payment of 25 to 30 per cent. This mechanism of credit-granting, on the one hand, prevented consumers from running excessively into debt and, on the other hand, almost completely eliminated the "bad debtor." The structural changes in consumption thus indicate beyond doubt an increase in the population's standard of living and real income, particularly when taking into account the steady advance in savings deposits over recent years.

III

Retail trade turnover, of course, does not cover the complete range of material goods and services. However, it serves to throw light on the structure of consumption and on its stage of development.

The trend of the structural composition of household expenditure—the most reliable measure of the standard of living—is re-

vealed by available household statistics. The Hungarian Central Statistical Office published the following survey of the percentage distribution of household expenditure between 1955 and 1960, based on data supplied by 4,500 households.

Year	Food	Rent, upkeep of home, heating, light	Clothing	Furniture, fittings, other durables	Hygiene, cosmetics, washing	Education, recreation	Communication	Sundry personal expenditure	Shop construction and financial expenditure
1955	55.2	9.0	16.1	4.9	3.3	1.9	2.2	4.6	2.8
1956	54.4	8.8	17.1	5.7	3.4	1.7	2.0	4.3	2.6
1957	49.7	8.5	17.8	7.3	3.4	2.5	2.1	5.4	3.3
1958	49.2	8.0	16.6	8.1	3.9	2.5	2.1	4.8	4.8
1959	47.5	7.5	17.0	9.2	3.9	2.7	2.2	5.2	4.8
1960	46.2	7.6	16.8	10.4	3.9	2.8	2.3	5.4	4.6

While retail trade turnover gives an insight only into the population's spending on commodities, household statistics permit further inferences to be drawn. Rents, being fixed and comparatively low, play a diminishing part in growing total expenditure. Owing to the extremely low price of public transport, expenditure on communication is also rather insignificant. Spending on durable consumer goods, on the other hand, more than doubled over the six years covered, indicating that the consumer is now in a position to acquire a far greater quantity of this type of commodity, as far as both his personal means and the available supply are concerned.

With the growth of real wages the purchasing power of the consumer also rises. The consequent increase in demand must be met with an adequately assorted range of commodities that also takes account of the continuous shift of consumer interest towards durable consumer goods, such as electric household appliances and furniture. To meet consumer demand to an ever greater extent the import of consumer commodities has been expanded since 1955. At the same time new items, such as beverages and various types of canned goods, were added to such earlier imports as citrus fruits, etc. The import of durables, particularly that of furniture, has also increased considerably. Here, however, the supply is apparently still unable to cope with the pressure of a steadily growing demand. Imported woollen cloths, silk fabrics, cosmetics, perfumery and a number of other goods of foreign origin tend to broaden and to diversify the consumer's choice. The setting up in 1958 of a special state agency to manage the import of consumer goods points to a stabilization of this type of imports as a trend. By 1960 this agency already transacted 60 per cent of total consumer commodity imports.

In recent years the problem of meeting consumer requirements has become one of primary importance. Market research aimed at analysing consumer demand has been repeatedly carried out by a study group at the Department of Internal Trade of the Karl Marx University of Economics as well as by the Home Trade Research Institute. As a result, certain problems of quality have emerged as the main causes for complaint by consumers. Aside from this, only a limited number of special commodities was found to be in short supply, *e.g.* motorcars and television sets with large-size picture screen. The assortment may at present already be termed satisfactory, even if certain

requirements as to choice or quality could as yet not be completely met.

Demand analysis and the gauging of living standards on the basis of the former constitute no easy task. The framework of the present paper has permitted only a survey of consumption trends between 1950 and 1960 and an examination of their effect on the standard of living. The essential fact to which attention should be drawn is that in this critical period of Hungary's post-war history, when the large-scale development of socialist industry constituted the primary task and collective methods of production in agriculture were initiated on a large scale, it was nevertheless possible, after the mistakes and shortcomings had been corrected and eliminated, successfully to raise the living standards of the working population to a considerable extent. In this paper the pre-war period was deliberately avoided as point of departure for our investigations, since we did not wish to make a show of spectacular results on the basis of the low living standards and consumption figures of the fascist era.

On the other hand we have confined ourselves in the foregoing to the discussion of the dynamics of commodity consumption. But—as previously pointed out—the term "standard of living" also covers goods and services other than material. It is therefore appropriate to emphasize that, whereas in 1950 Hungarian publishing houses published 1,880 works in a total of 20,148,700 copies, the works issued in 1960 numbered 2,950 and appeared in a total of 33,598,800 copies. There were 6,604 theatrical performances in Hungary in 1950, with a total of 2,961,200 spectators attending; in 1960 the number of performances had risen to 7,423 with 6,429,400 spectators. In addition to the satisfaction of cultural requirements there are now improved possibilities of holidays at vacation resorts. The significant increase in the numbers of both doctors and hospital beds is also of great importance.

This brief survey of the advance in personal consumption in Hungary is not meant for international comparison. As has been pointed out in the foregoing, there are still shortages in the supply of some commodities, and it is particularly necessary that greater care be devoted in the future to meeting the demand for furniture and other durable consumer goods—a demand that is likely to increase as a consequence of the accelerated pace of housing construction. Motorcars too are in comparatively short supply. But even with these shortcomings, the pace of progress may still be deemed satisfactory.

The Second Five-Year Plan, which covers the years 1961 to 1965, envisages a further increase in real wages. The long-term plans now in preparation, covering the period between 1960 and 1980, deal with future trends in the requirements of the population and with the means of meeting them. As far as the raising of living standards is concerned, the results hitherto attained — particularly those of the Three-Year Plan period ending with 1960—have surpassed the targets. This trend may be expected to continue and is bound to find its expression in further changes in the pattern of consumption.

TIBOR BARABÁS

AUTUMN FISHING

by

FERENC KARINTHY

What an autumn! What unexpected late bliss! Before the passing of the senescent year the sun shone once more, wandering again and yet again over the land with the youthful vigour of May, tempting men to doff their overcoats, at noon even their jackets, frollicking with the hundred colours of the dry leaves' carpet, glistening on the floating gossamers and in the mirrors of the waters.

The weed-ridden water in the pond was knee deep, and above the pond, over the rushes, ten thousand gulls were screeching; eager for prey, all the dogs of Pusztaszabolcs gathered here to bellow and fight over the scraps. The State Farm was draining the fishpond, Livia II, whose turn it now was, the autumn "fish harvest" was in full swing, and the time had come to gather in the year's produce. On the upper, shallower reaches the weed-covered, squelchy bottom of the pond was already in sight. Over here, in the deepest part, the corner that they call the "bed," about a dozen fishermen wading in the water were hauling in a great drag-net. Most of the fish were here by now, the circle grew ever closer, the surface of the pond became ruffled, the excitement surged thicker under its mirror top, the movement quickened, churning up white foam and a thousand small ripples, as the white belly of an occasional squirming, leaping fish darted up repeatedly to the air and flashed in the sun. When there was no more hauling to be done, the fishermen set about ladling out the contents of the net with baskets, the baskets filled with writhing silver. Most of them were carp, a lovely golden yellow with a rainbow sheen, fat, many of them four, six or eight pounds or even larger. Twisting among them were their enemies, the long, spotty, swift codfish, with their green hues and rapacious jaws, and the blackish, muscular sheat-fish, another terror to the carp, with awful moustaches and bulbous eyes like an old-time sergeant major. There were a myriad small fishes, crucians and bream.

Then the baskets were hoisted to the shore and the fish emptied on the sorting table, from where they landed in water-filled wooden vats, each with its own kind this time, the carp with the carp and the cod with the cod. They did not stay there long, however, for they were again piled into baskets and transferred to the tiny, rectangular winter basins.

The fish were distributed in the small basins in such manner as to have one or two cod with each group of carp, to give the lazy great fish, with their tendency to fits of melancholy, an occasional chase and to destroy the weedier specimens. The only thing you had to be careful about was that the cod should always be smaller, or else it would devour even the

healthy carp. The sheat-fish were a different business—these greedy thieves should be exterminated by every possible means in the fishponds, though of course it is almost impossible completely to eliminate them. For all that the ponds are drained regularly, they hide in the puddles, among the rushes, in nests of sedges, surviving everything and returning to the attack next year. Here too, the people recalled a specimen weighing 100 lbs., which is a rare size indeed for a fishpond (in the open Danube, Ottó Herman has said they would grow to be as much as 450 lbs.). We lay down for a while on the grass bank, close to the rushes. The master of the fishermen, old Pali Józsa who had worked here for thirty-four years, was quite moved as he recalled that famous fish from the dimness of the waters of the past.

"We knew that sheat-fish, but we had not seen him for three years then. We thought he had been lost. Yes, because he knew us too—whenever we drained the pond he would go into hiding. Well, one autumn day such as this, the rope of the drag-net got caught up in a clump of some kind, and I punted over to disentangle it. As I was about to start back, the pole that I was using to propel myself slipped on something among the thick growth of sedge, and I tumbled into the water. What had made the punt-pole slip? I started searching with my knife, and I had a fair idea that we'd found something because the sedges were rustling very hard. We brought a snare along and I got down to hacking the sedge with the knife. We saw that we had come across his nest. This had once been the shearing place of Count Zichy's estate. Before the fishponds were built, they used to shear the sheep here, and there had also been a well. That was where that sly old beast must have hidden whenever we drained the pond. There was always a little water left in the pit, but it was so covered up with deep-rooted sedge we had not so far noticed it. Well, when I'd made a clearing, we lowered the snare into the well. All of a sudden we saw that his head was through, trapped in the snare. His head must have been as big as my hat. He was lazy, and we had an easy job pulling him out, because the water had been drained off him three days then, and he was not getting enough oxygen. He must have been a good five foot six long and weighed 100 lbs. He was taken to Budapest and put on show in the fish-market."

Old Uncle Pali was a powerfully built man, still possessed of great strength, and the ruddiness of an October dawn on his nose was proof of what he never bothered to deny—that fish were not the only thing he liked to consume. He gave a few more confidential instructions, and one of the fishermen made four or five throws with the small ring-shaped casting net before old Pali was satisfied with the result and selected two lovely, muscular, golden-bellied specimens. This was suspicious—something was to be prepared for the guests. We donned our rubber thigh-boots, seized stout, forked staffs and waded right into the waning pond, amidst the excited fish and the excited hulls.

Old Pali guided us, breaking through the off-shore reeds, in to the oozy clumps. We waded up to our knees and higher in water, though this was not really water any longer but a kind of weedy, muddy, fishy mixture. How full of fish it was, we felt on our legs—every now and again something would bump against our boots, while the squishy, thick mire would seethe and ripple. We could hardly move for the all-pervading thick carpet of hair-weed. Once the pond was dry, this would all have to be set alight, for it is the greatest enemy of the fish—it shuts the water off from the oxygen and is a hideout for every variety of parasite. The fish were also having to struggle to forge ahead, the water was running

low, they got caught on shoals and dark mud-flats, not always finding the sloping ditches and channels leading to the "bed" along the bottom of the pond. Uncle Pali helped an occasional writhing carp, catching it with his bare hands and setting it on the right path. The gulls were not so benevolent—they kept swooping down, and each time they sized one of the smaller fish as their prey. In the meanwhile the sky became overcast, it started raining, but it was no more than one of those soft, warm autumn drizzles.

Now there was water above and water below, but I nevertheless had to note all the information that our guide—himself entangled in the weeds—gave us about the life the fish lead here. Early spring, some time in March, is the beginning of the spawning season the finest of the spawners, the mother, is selected and put into the spawning basin with two smaller milters—the fathers. The rest is up to the family triangle. Shortly there will be a hundred thousand offspring swimming in the basin. When they are eight days old they are filtered out with a fine muslin net and put in the rearing pond where they stay till autumn. By this time they will be about two or three ounces and are once more transferred, this time to the winter basins. At this stage they stop growing till spring; in fact they tend rather to lose weight. Then, at the end of March, they finally enter the real fishpond, the fattening pond, where they can grow to their hearts' content on their plentiful diet of lupine and horse-chestnuts. By autumn, at eighteen months, they are about two pounds, maybe 35 oz. or even more. This 110-acre pond, Livia II, was this year populated by 39,000 young. Unfortunately the long winter and abdominal dropsy had killed many of them.

The next day, when all the water would have been drained from the pond, searchers would set out over the dry bottom of the pond, proceeding with forks, snares, staves and baskets to examine every hollow and every pit. There were nests where they might find several hundredweight of fish.

The time fleeted by, the luke-warm rain continued to patter and we waded out of the pond, clambering up the slippery, steep bank. Uncle Pali set off towards the cottage of one of the farm's fishermen, Szilágyi by name. All of a sudden we found ourselves enveloped by wonderful odours that sent our noses and palates into a quiver of excitement—the scents of frying and cooking, of a kitchen where spices and *paprika* were being used lavishly... We had been footing it since morning, and our stomachs stirred within us as we swallowed and devoured those smells...

"Do come in, please sit down," came the friendly invitation. The table in the spacious kitchen was laid and Mrs. Szilágyi heaped one last bundle of faggots on the fire in the range. On the wall there hung a pretty piece of embroidery, with the legend "Water is my husband's only beverage—never have I mourned our marriage." The picture also illustrated this scene. However, the boast did not seem to apply to plum brandy, for our host poured a fair tot in all our glasses, clinked his with ours and tossed it down together with us. Now for the dinner!

And here it was. Bubbling in a huge saucepan was the thick, dark-red fish stew, with soft-cooked red *paprikas*, cut up in small bits floating on the surface, while the magnificently scented depths of the juices revealed an occasional snow-white piece of what looked like sizeable slices of carp. The room was filled with the spicy, stimulating vapours of the cooked fish—at this stage each moment of waiting was sheer torture. However, we did not have

to wait long, for Old Pali soon started dishing out our helpings, both as the senior among us and also as the very topmost of experts. He thrust the ladle into the saucepan and helped everyone to one or two carefully selected, soft slices of stewed carp. We watched him through bleary eyes, but it seems this was the proper order of things—first the fish, and only then the heavy, red juice to cover it and reach the brim of the spacious, deep plates. We wished each other good appetites, and the ceremony could commence. First we tasted the juice. It was good, strong, thick, spicy, full of *paprika*—just what it ought to be. Those with delicate stomachs had better stick to rice pudding. Next came the fish, with Uncle Pali setting the right example by pulling the white bones from the flaky meat in one movement, leaving not a single one behind. The carp, which had a few hours before writhed so vivaciously, melted in our mouths. There was nothing for it—all things on earth and in the waters are but mortal. Soon the plates were empty, the stomachs full, the eyes grew heavy, yet everyone asked for a second helping.

In the meanwhile some fine stum was poured in the thick glasses, and the conversation grew livelier. It was, of course, all centered on fish. Uncle Pali said he preferred them the peasant way, cooked in a cauldron, while Szilágyi said he liked a stew of several kinds of fish, with the small, bony, gristly ones beneath and the nobler white fish on top. As far as I was concerned, I was no more than a modest tiro compared to them, with nothing but some vague memories from the *Gödör* and the *Mátyás* Cellar, so I said nothing, listened, and swallowed my stew. But the swallowing was beginning to grow harder.

Yet there was nothing for it, there was no stopping. The plates were changed and fried crucian followed—nephew of the carp. It was fair palm-sized, flat, sturdy fish, turned about in flour with *paprika* and fried in hot fat. There were great soured cucumbers and slices of white bread to go with them. To have refused would have been an insult, and also perhaps a cause for self-reproach later on—so we took some, and the meat we sucked from the bones was so good, crisp and luscious, that we had a second helping as well. It would indeed not have been becoming to despise the crucian, for—again according to Ottó Herman—it was generally used in the old Hungarian kitchen, and always a highly valued dish among the poor. Of course it requires more fussing than carp stew, but now that we had had enough to eat we enjoyed playing about and fiddling with the small, crooked bones, using a fork and our fingers to get at the white, fibrous meat.

Everything comes to an end once, and we had to take our leave. We raised our last glasses of stum to the housewife, and then we all flocked out into the autumn afternoon. The rain had stopped and the sky was ruddy at the frayed edges of the clouds. The net had been hauled out and spread to dry as the red of the sun took a last dip in the ponds. We were so full of fish, we almost felt like jumping in the water. Slowly the scene became dim and silent, as wild geese, their quacking distinctly audible where we stood, flew southward against the inky shades that invaded the sky.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

BOGNÁR, JÓZSEF (b. 1917). Professor at Karl Marx University of Economics, Budapest; President of the Institute of Cultural Relations. A parliamentary deputy since 1945, he has held various posts in public life since 1946, including mayor of Budapest and minister. In the field of economics he first concerned himself with the problems of theory and of demand analysis, later with general questions of planning. On these subjects he published a monograph, as well as a number of books and essays. His work "Planned Economy in Hungary" has been published in English and four other languages. Lately he has been working on the theoretical problems involved in economic decisions and on problems connected with the development of economically backward areas.

FÜST, MILÁN (b. 1888). Poet, writer, aesthetician, holder of a degree in literary science, winner of the Kossuth Prize. At one time on the editorial staff of *Nyugat* ("West"), the progressive Hungarian literary review before and after the First World War. The first half of his literary career was devoted chiefly to lyrics; his poems, whose rhythm was reminiscent of the Greeks and Old Testament, made him one of the initiators of a new variety of free verse in Hungarian poetry. A master of psychological description, his prose writings under the Horthy regime exposed the cruelty and falsehood of that reactionary era. From the brutality of the bourgeois world he often fled to a fictious setting outside society. His dramatic works glow with tragic passion and his aesthetic writings are idealistic animadversions on artistic creation. Selected editions: Poetry: *Szellemek utcája* ("Haunted Street"), *Összes versek* ("Collected Poems"); short novels and stories: *Szakadék* ("Chasm"), *Őszi vadászat* ("Autumnal Hunt"), *Ez mind én voltam egykor* ("I Used to Be All This"), *Konstantin úrfi fiatalsága* ("Master Konstantin's Youth"), *Hábi-Szádi küzdelmeinek könyve* ("The Book of Hábi Szádi's Struggles"); novels: *A feleségem története* ("My Wife's Story"), *Goldnagel Efraim, a sanda bohóc* ("Efraim Goldnagel the Cock-eyed Clown"); plays: *Boldogtalanok* ("The Unhappy Ones"), *IV. Henrik király* ("King Henry the Fourth"); aesthetic sketches and essays: *Látomás és indulat a művészetben* ("Vision and Passion in Art"), *Emlékezések és tanulmányok* ("Remembrances and Studies").

FEKETE, JÓZSEF (b. 1922). Assistant head of the secondary school department of the Ministry of Culture. Writes of himself: 'I was born in one of the suburbs of Budapest, my father was a carpenter's assistant and is still a worker in a large factory. I am a secondary school teacher by profession. I first taught history and geography and took my doctor's degree in historical science. My curiosity about nature spurred me on to take a degree in mathematics and physics as well. I have been teaching physics only for nine years. For six years I was a director of a suburban grammar school. Cultural and educational questions began to interest me early, perhaps as early as the 1929—1933 economic crisis, when with many of my friends from poor families I felt bitterly the lack of training and educational opportunities. It was my interest in cultural policy that took me to my present post in the Ministry of Culture, in order that I might help to advance the culture of the masses.' (See also his essay, The Question of the Two Cultures in Hungary, Vol. I, No. 1 of The New Hungarian Quarterly.)

LENDVAI, ERNŐ (b. 1925). Professor, director of conservatory, later musical director of the Hungarian Radio and Television. His most important works: *Bartók stílusa* ("Bartók's Style"), Editio Musica, Buda-

pest, 1955; *Bevezetés a Bartók művek elemzésébe*, Zenetudományi tanulmányok III ("Introduction to the Analysis of Bartók's Works"), Musicological Essays III, Publishing House of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Budapest; Einführung in die Formen- und Harmonienwelt Bartóks," Bartók—Weg und Werk, Corvina Press, Budapest, 1956; the same work in French, Corvina Press, Budapest, 1957; *A kékszakállú herceg vára* ("Bluebeard's Castle"), Hungarian Music 1961, IV; "Der wunderbare Mandarin," Studia Musicologica I, Budapest; *A fából faragott királyfi* ("The Wooden Prince"), Studia Musicologica X, Budapest; "Bartók und die Zahl," Melos, December, 1960; *Cantata Profana* (in preparation).

MAJOR, MÁTÉ (b. 1904). Architect, university professor, member of the Academy of Sciences, Kossuth Prize winner, vice-president of the Association of Hungarian Architects. An active participant in the work of the Group of Hungarian Socialist Artists. His numerous treatises are chiefly concerned with problems of architecture and the Marxist theory of arts, with the analysis of basic principles and tasks of contemporary architecture as well as 20th-century architectural trends. His most significant works are *Építészet és társadalom* ("Architecture and Society") and *Építészet-történet* ("History of Architecture") I—III. also in German.

KOCZOGH, ÁKOS (b. 1915). Writer and art historian, especially in the field of modern music, art and literature. Main publications: *Expresszionizmus* ("Expressionism"); *Beszélgetések Medgyessy Ferenccel* ("Talks with Ferenc Medgyessy," the sculptor); *Holló László* ("László Holló," the painter); essays on Utrillo, Leger, Botticelli, Henry Moore, *etc.* in various periodicals.

HESS, HANS. Born at Erfurt, Germany, son of Alfred Hess, collector of modern painting. Studied Philosophy at Genoa and Paris. Worked at Ullstein Publishing House, Berlin. Left Germany in 1933 on the rise of the Nazis. In Paris until 1935, in England since 1935. Cooperated in anti-fascist publications during the war. Member of the Free Germany League of Culture, London. Art assistant, Leicester Museum and Art Gallery, 1954. Curator of the City of York Art Gallery since 1947. Publications: Dank in Farben—Piper, Munich, Lyonel Feininger—Kohlhammer, Stuttgart; Thames and Hudson, London, Abrams Inc., New York. Articles for "Art," London, the Burlington Magazine, *etc.* Main interests: paintings of the twentieth century, philosophy, aesthetics.

BARKÓCZY, LÁSZLÓ (b. 1919). Doctor's degree in archaeology acquired at Pázmány Péter University, Budapest, in 1944, where he was assistant professor from 1942. Appointed to the Department of Archaeology of the Hungarian National Museum in 1944, now heads the Department. The domain of his research work is Pannonia, especially the *limes* and its surroundings. Has written several essays on this subject and delivered lectures abroad.

SÜKÖSD, MIHÁLY (b. 1933). Writer and journalist, works at the library of the Technical University of Budapest. His short stories, reports and essays have been published, since 1955, in various periodicals; his translations cover, first of all, the field of modern American literature. He published a volume of short stories *Ólomketrec* (Lead-Cage, 1960), a novel *Fáról-fáig* (From Tree to Tree, 1962), and two volumes of literary studies.

SZALAY, KÁROLY (b. 1929, at Kecskemét). University graduate, reader at Szépirodalmi Kiadó (Literary Publishing House). He is a critic and essayist, and his major interests are in comedy and satire. His monograph on Frigyes Karinthy was published in 1961.

SZABÓ, ISTVÁN (b. 1931, at Cserszegtomaj). Raised among poor peasants, and after finishing secondary school became a tractor-driver; returned to the village after completing his compulsory military service, and has been living in Budapest since 1953. Volume of short stories, *A lázadó* (The Rebel), published in 1956. Awarded Attila József prize in 1957.

GERELYES, ENDRE (b. 1935, at Zagyvapálfalva). Raised among railwaymen, miners and factory workers; graduated from Budapest University; and is a teacher of Hungarian literature and history at a secondary school. Major interests in theoretical questions of literature; started writing short stories recently. Volume of stories, *Kövek között* (Among Stones), published in 1961.

KAMONDY, LÁSZLÓ (b. 1928, at Balatonmagyaród). Son of a village postmaster; received university degree in Budapest in 1951; worked as reader at Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó (Literary Publishing House) from 1951 to 1960, and then became dramaturgist of the Budapest Gaiety Theatre. So far, two volumes of his works have been published, one of short stories, *Fekete galambok* (Black Doves), in 1957, and a short novel, *Apostolok utódja* (Successor to the Apostles), in 1960.

CSURKA, ISTVÁN (b. 1934, at Budapest). Son of journalist; graduated at the Academy of Dramatic Art as dramaturgist. Volume of short stories, *Tűzugratás* (Fire Leaping), published in 1956, and a novel, *Hamis tanú* (The False Witness), in 1959. His film, *Májusi fagy* (Frost in May) was released in 1962.

FEJES, ENDRE (b. 1923, at Budapest). Worked as skilled labourer (turner). First published in 1955. Volume of short stories, *A hazudós* (The Liar), published in 1958 and awarded SZOT (Central Council of Hungarian Trade Unions) prize.

VÁRKONYI, MIHÁLY (b. 1931, at Újpest). Member of the working class, was once a skilled labourer. First volume of short stories, *Kenyér és kereszt* (Bread and the Cross), published in 1960 and awarded the SZOT prize.

RAYMAN, KATALIN. Secondary school teacher of German and French. Obtained her degree at the Loránd Eötvös University, Budapest, and spent a year at the Sorbonne. Since the founding of the Magvető Publishing House in 1955, has been a member of the editorial staff, first as a reader, then as a chief editor. Formerly member of the literary department of the Hungarian Radio. Translates from German and French.

PASSUTH, LÁSZLÓ (b. 1900). Primarily a writer of historical novels. The title of his first novel was *Esőisten siratja Mexikót* ("The Rain God Weeps for Mexico"), a work which, besides appearing in several Hungarian editions, has been translated into English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch and Portuguese. His *Nápolyi Johanna* ("Johanna of Naples"), dealing with a *trecento* subject, has also been published in several languages (Hungarian, Italian and Spanish). Another of his novels, *A bíborban született* ("The Porphyrogenite"), presents a picture of the last Byzantine renaissance. However, Passuth is mainly interested in the sixteenth century. The age of Philip II is conjured up in *Fekete bársonyban* ("Black Velvet"), which was published also in German in 1960. His novel about Monteverdi depicts the early baroque period in Italy. This work has also been translated into German. *Négy szél Erdélyben* ("Four Winds in Transylvania") is the story of István Báthory who became King of Poland, while his most recent novel, a two-volume work entitled *Sárkányfog* ("Dragon's Teeth") evokes the chequered fate of Zsigmond Báthory. In several of his books the author has turned to art; *Lombard kastély* ("Castle in

Lombardy"—published also in Italian), and *Lagunák* ("The Lagunas") revive the Venice of Giorgione's time. He is a member of the Hungarian PEN Club and member for Hungary of the recently founded Community of European Writers. A preceding issue of The New Hungarian Quarterly (Vol. II, No. 2) contains a review of his "Identities Established" on the new acquisitions on show at the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts.

SZENTMIHÁLYI, JÁNOS (b. 1908). Librarian; head of department in the National Széchényi Library; took his degree in Law at Budapest University. From 1949 to 1961 reference librarian of the Budapest University Library. Has compiled and edited several bibliographies, is author of numerous essays and papers dealing with questions of librarianship, and lectures on bibliography at the Eötvös Loránd University, Budapest.

KERESZTURY, DEZSŐ (b. 1904). Literary historian and aesthetician, our regular theatre reviewer. (See our previous issues.)

GYŐRY, GÁBOR (b. 1930). Graduated from Eötvös Loránd University, Budapest; edited books for young people; then essays on the pedagogic, psychological, aesthetic and dramaturgic aspects of films for young people. Secretary of the Juvenile Film Committee of the Hungarian Film Art Association and editor of the periodical *Filmifjúság* ("Young People's Film Revue").

BARABÁS, TIBOR. Economist, senior official in the Ministry of Foreign Trade from 1947 to 1957. Scientific worker in the Home Trade Research Institute since 1958.

KARINTHY, FERENC (b. 1921). A versatil writer who had success with short stories, novels, plays and film scenarios. His earlier short stories and reports mainly described life in Budapest after the liberation and treated problems of working-class life; recent writings are colourful sketches of typical characters and scenes. Works: novels, *Kentaur* ("The Centaur") and *Budapesti tavasz* ("Spring in Budapest"); plays, *Szellemidézés* ("Necromancy") where he evokes the everyday life and silent struggles of his father Frigyes Karinthy the great satirical writer and philosopher, and *Ezer év* ("Thousand Years").

A SHORT ENCYCLOPEDIA

of some places, historial events, personalities and institutions mentioned in this number

AGRICULTURAL COOPERATIVES. Their origin dates back to 1948, when the first cooperatives were formed on the basis of voluntary association by peasants who had received land under the 1945 land reform for the purpose of exploiting the advantages of large-scale, mechanized farming. During the past ten years the country-wide producers' cooperative movement has developed by stages. In the simpler forms, the producers' cooperative groups, only crop farming is done in common, the livestock remaining individual property. In the more advanced forms, the so-called cooperative farms, all means of production, including the livestock, belong to the farm. The distribution of the earnings of the farm is done on the basis of labour units accomplished by the members. Beyond this the members also receive ground rent from the cooperative for the land they contributed when they joined.

ANGYALFÖLD. A working-class district of Budapest, comprising District XIII. Its residents played a leading role in the workers' movement of the capital. Before the Liberation, it was known far and wide for its poverty and shocking living conditions. Since then the wooden barracks, the mass dormitories and hoovervilles have been torn down and in their place modern, healthful apartments with park areas have been erected during the last few years.

DÓZSA, GYÖRGY. Leader of the Hungarian peasant rebellion of 1514. After the rebellion had been crushed by the armed forces of the nobility, the nobles bound him to a red-hot throne and burned him to death.

FILM SCIENCE INSTITUTE AND FILM ARCHIVES. The aim of the institute, established in 1959, is to investigate questions involved in film culture by means of scientific research and to help film artists in their creative work. The institute takes part in the work of the international scientific film organizations and directs the work of the Budapest Film Museum in showing films from the archives.

HOUSE OF ÁRPÁD. Hungarian ruling family descended from the leader of the conquering tribal clans that settled in Hungary. The first members of the family were reigning princes, and István I became the first Hungarian king in the year 1000, a milestone in the development of Hungarian society and of feudalism. Under the kings of the House of Árpád, the Hungarian State was strengthened and was able to defend its independence in face of the growing expansionist strivings of the German emperors. Endre III, the last king of the House of Árpád, ruled until 1301, and his death marked the end of the male branch. During the age of the interregnum, 1301-1308, Charles Robert of the House of Anjou succeeded to power through his kinship with the female line of the House of Árpád.

KOMLÓ. A fast-developing mining town in Baranya County in the Mecsek Hills. The population of this former small village has increased fourfold, from 5,900 in 1949 to 24,900 in 1960. Today, Komló is one of the country's loveliest, most modern cities. It is one of the centres of mining in the Mecsek Hills, with coking coal of a caloric content of 6,000-7,000. The coal is used by the Danube Iron Works. The quantity mined between 1945 and 1955 increased fivefold. The development of coal mining in Komló is one of the major aims of the Second Five-Year Plan of 1961-1965 and will bring with it an even swifter development of the town itself.

LAND REFORM, carried out in 1945, finally put an end to the feudal system of large estates which existed in Hungary until that time. According to statistical data from 1935, large estates of over 1,000 cadastral holds (1,420 English acres) made up 30 per cent of the total tillage area of the country. A considerable proportion of the agricultural population either were entirely landless or possessed only such a small strip of land that they had to hire out as day labourers. That is why Hungary was often referred to as "the country of three million beggars." During the Land Reform more than one third of the total area of the country—6,9 million acres of land—were reallocated. The landless peasants and dwarfholders received 4.1 million acres out of this, while the rest of the land (largely forests) was taken into state or community ownership. Altogether 642,000 peasants, among them 370,000 entirely landless, received land through the Land Reform.

MAGYAR NEMZET (Hungarian Nation). Daily newspaper, started in 1938 by Sándor Pethő as the political organ of the intellectuals who stood in opposition to the fascist regime in Hungary. During the Second World War it stood for national unity in the anti-nazi movement. The paper was banned after the occupation of Hungary by the Germans. Publication was renewed after 1945, and since 1954 it has been the organ of the Patriotic People's Front.

SCHOOL SYSTEM. The basis of Hungarian education is the 8-grade compulsory primary school for children between the ages of 6 and 14. In 1937/38, only 78.8 per cent of all children of primary school age went to school (1,096,048 pupils). During the school year 1961/62, 99.3 per cent have been attending school (1,444,543). (The age limit for compulsory schooling has recently been raised to 16.)

The secondary schools (general secondary school, trade schools, technical schools) grew in number from 285 in 1937 to 425 in the school year 1961/62. The number of children studying in the secondary schools rose from 52,349 to more than three times that number, namely, 170,933. The number of secondary-school teachers rose from 3,504 in 1937 to 9,232 for the school year 1961/62.

During the school year 1937/38, the number of students in Hungarian universities and colleges was 11,747, while in the school year 1961/62, the number rose to 53,302. Of these 34,526 are regular daytime students, while 4,595 are attending evening classes and 14,181 are taking correspondence courses. The number of students in the technical universities has increased seventeen times; the number of women students has increased from 14.2 per cent in 1937 to 38.7 per cent in 1961/62. The majority of the university students have the financial support of the State. For example, during 1960/61, 76 per cent of the students received scholarships and regular financial support, while 49.6 per cent lived in State student hostels.

SECOND FIVE-YEAR PLAN is Hungary's fourth general economic plan. Hungary went over to a planned economy with the first three-year plan (1947-1949), which served to restore the damage wrought by the war. The first five-year plan (1950-1955) set as its goal the socialist industrialization of the country. As a result, production of Hungarian factories increased fourfold as compared with 1938. Between 1958 and 1960, a new three-year plan was put into effect which aimed at a steady, stable growth of the national economy, thus paving the way for the second five-year plan.

During the period of the second five-year plan (1961-1965), the laying of the foundations of socialism will be completed and the building of a developed socialist society begun. National income is to be increased by 36 per cent, the consumer's fund by at least 20-23 per cent and real income by 16-17 per cent in the course of

five years. Socialist industrial production will increase by 48-50 per cent, that of State industry by at least 50 per cent, including a 75-per-cent growth of the chemical industry and more than doubling of the pharmacentical industry. There will be an above-average growth in the production of instruments (approximately threefold), in the telecommunications and vacuum-techniques industry, and in the manufacture of machine-tools (approximately twofold). At the end of the second five-year plan there will be no village in Hungary without electricity, while in 1945 only 39 per cent of the villages had electric power.

SOCIALIST SECTOR OF AGRICULTURE. In the spring of 1961 over 95 per cent of the total tilled area of Hungary belonged to the socialist sector, i. e., state farms and cooperative farms. Seventy-nine per cent of the fertile area was tilled by cooperative farms. The membership of the cooperative farms was more than 1,200,000.

TUDOMÁNYOS ISMERETTERJESZTŐ TÁRSULAT (TIT). Society for the Dissemination of Scientific Knowledge, established in 1953 as a result of the reorganization of the Natural Science Society which was originally established in 1841. Scientists and experts in the most diverse spheres hold lectures in factories, workers' hostels, cultural halls, and clubs on humanistic and scientific subjects. Free "universities" have been established in Budapest and in the country towns, and language courses have also been initiated. In 1961, 69,000 lectures were held with a total audience of 4 million persons.

KARL MARX UNIVERSITY OF ECONOMICS. Established in 1948 in Budapest, this university has three faculties: industrial, commercial and general economics. The last-named faculty prepares teachers of geography, statistics and planning for the technical secondary schools. In general the courses last 4 years, those for teachers and for experts in foreign commerce 5 years. Attendance in 1960/61 was 2,390. There were 171 teachers for 71 subjects. During the school year 1937/38, the number of students attending the former economics faculty was 75.

VILLAGE RESEARCH MOVEMENT. Scientific investigation of the living conditions of the peasantry, their social and economic situation. One of the branches of sociographic research, it acquired particular significance in Hungary in the middle of the 1930's when a group of so-called populist writers investigated the village way of life, undertaking to study the place of the peasant in society. Revealing the inhumanity of the large landholding system, they demanded a general land reform and in their realistic literature gave a picture of the lives of the poor peasants and the living conditions of the agricultural workers. Many of the former populist writers later took part in the movements against war and fascism. After the liberation, many of them supported the development of socialism in Hungary.

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