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The New

Hungarian Quarterly

**A Special Number in Commemoration
of the 80th Birthday
of
ZOLTÁN KODÁLY**
with Autobiographical Notes, Essays
and Musical Scores

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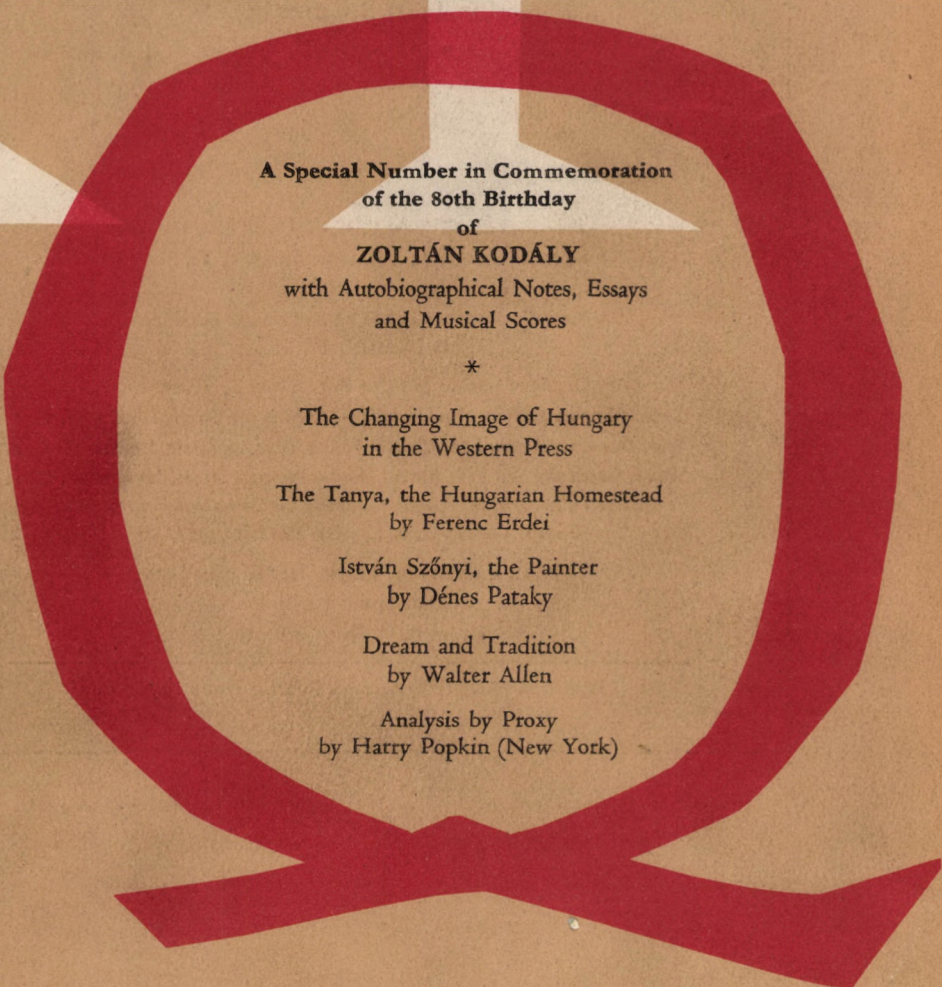
The Changing Image of Hungary
in the Western Press

The Tanya, the Hungarian Homestead
by Ferenc Erdei

István Szőnyi, the Painter
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Dream and Tradition
by Walter Allen

Analysis by Proxy
by Harry Popkin (New York)



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OCTOBER - DECEMBER

The New Hungarian Quarterly

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ZOLTÁN KODÁLY

CONFESSION

When the organizing committee of the Circle of Friends of *Nyugat** invited me here this afternoon, first I declined the honour, because I come from a past age and dislike speaking about myself. In our time even young girls sat at home waiting to be betrothed, and we waited for critics. Today everything is changed, and what was an exceptional phenomenon in old times—that a maiden should say to a youth “let God give me to you”—has become quite the usual thing. New trends have been introduced in both literature and art, a new kind of objectivity which warns us not only to say unpleasant things about others but also to add some praise of ourselves and not to wait until others utter an opinion about us, because it is sure to be bad anyway. Having given due consideration to these conditions I made up my mind to speak, but I must beg to be excused if this cloak, not cut out for me, should prove not to fit.

This piece played by Tivadar Országh at my request has again been brought up—though presumably many of those present have already heard it—because it is my most successful composition. No other work of mine has been played so often; there are wireless stations which still broadcast it every week. It is a very old composition, from the time when I knew practically nothing about the folk song, not more than was in the air and came to the surface. Conclusions may therefore be drawn from it as to the style I should have followed later if, for instance, I had not gone to the country, if there had been no folk song or I should have failed to come into contact with it.

Later in the course of this afternoon I should like to contrast this most successful piece to a group of the least successful, to be interpreted by

* *Nyugat* (“West”) was a literary periodical and the rallying point of modern Hungarian literature between 1908 and 1941. Kodály’s “Confession” was delivered as an address on Dec. 23, 1932, before the “Circle of Friends of *Nyugat*.” The text was published in *Nyugat* in 1933.

Mária Basilides, and I shall endeavour to define the cause of this difference. Here my venture will perhaps be justified by the fact that it refers to the activities of a period which may be regarded as concluded; after all, at fifty it behoves one to abandon the lyre and not to wait until its sound grates on the ear.

You must have noticed that this Adagio shows no sign of Hungarian folk music. "At last a piece which contains no folk music," some of my friends would say who are still opposed to my touring villages to bring back such material. This piece is quite clear and fluent, framed in an internationally comprehensible style. It has not been stolen from anyone, so there must be some individuality in it, and, as evidenced by its successes, it is easily accessible. Had I continued on this line I should have struck the path to quicker and easier success. But man is guided by his desires, and mine have led me where harder work yields lesser fruits.

In order to understand, you will have to remember what the situation was here in Budapest in our youth. The cult of Wagner had reached its peak. Concert programs consisted of items which would have made one think one was in a German provincial town, had the program not been in Hungarian; it is only a few years since the German text has been omitted from the back of philharmonic concert programs. (Those who wanted to could regard the Hungarian text as the back.) This was natural, since the majority of professional musicians did not know Hungarian, while the friends of refined music—not the patrons of the Opera House but those who made music at home, cultivating classical chamber music—preferred to speak German rather than Hungarian. No wonder that in this great German world a keen longing awoke in us for true Hungary, which could not be found anywhere in Budapest because in Budapest German was virtually the official language of music. This filled us with astonishment, for the newspapers that had been our source of information made us believe that Budapest was the centre of Hungarian life, swimming in the glory of the Millenary, and we were unable to resign ourselves to this painful disappointment. We were astounded to see that one had only to scrape Budapest and the old German town would readily emerge from below the surface. We failed to grasp why the cultivation of classical music called for the use of the German language, since we knew that it was being cultivated in Russia, France and England too. I had grown up on classical music myself; it was the first music that struck my ear. At Kecskemét my father had found some students with whom he played Haydn quartets, though none of them could speak German. Knowing German was no necessary prerequisite for playing classical music, but the

fact that it was left to the Germans came to have grave consequences for the development of Hungarian music.

Understanding of music composed to words is inevitably connected with the language; in Hungary, those who cultivated classical music lived in the world of Schubert, Schumann, and their companions in music composed to words, and the Hungarian songs that came their way impressed them as trivial, unaccomplished and uncultivable dilettantism. To a certain degree they were right; therefore, elevation of the Hungarian song and its development from its ancient roots to an artistic eminence equalling in level that of other countries' appeared to be an urgent and burning problem.

The paths leading to this goal could not be sought anywhere but in the musical atmosphere of the village. Many people still fail to recognize clearly the meaning of these journeys into the country, because they imagine villages to be the scene of ignorance, rowdiness and coarseness. That is where the error lies. The most tender flowers of the Hungarian spirit have bloomed in the country, most of them without ever reaching the towns. In the villages we have found not only a multitude of songs—it is immaterial whether a hundred or a thousand, at all events material that could be seized, tolerated and used—but also something else without which these songs could never have come into existence: civilization. However strange it may sound, it was a uniform, homogeneous culture, of which this song is an inseparable part, its apogee as it were, but in any event its organic blossoming. I am thinking of a culture which can be understood without reading and writing but which still possesses the chief feature of culture, that of steeling him who partakes of it against every eventuality and making him a happy man as long as he does not step outside the pale of life that is congenial to him. It is a very long time since I enjoyed a book so stimulating as the novel, bearing this very title, "A Happy Man," which I read last summer; this was the first work to shed a revealing light on the depths of that world. Innumerable passages made me exclaim that what they said was true, as confirmed by my own experience. Those who would like to get an idea of this decaying culture should look into the pages of this book. I must add that there were at the time quite a number of villages in Hungary where there lived no schoolmaster, no priest or village notary—that is to say, no "gentry"; these proved to be the most flourishing sites of popular culture and folk songs, where homogeneous uniformity was not disturbed by any incongruous factor.

Let me illustrate by four examples the paucity of understanding evinced in the old times for this popular culture. The first is the case of a parson who on one of my tours tried to convince me that it was utterly aimless

and unnecessary to collect the songs alive among the people, for they were only distorted and corrupted forms of songs brought from the towns and taken over from the educated classes. Another example is that of Count Albert Apponyi, who as minister of education expressed his conviction that the folk song was not worth any trouble, by simply declining to promote collection with a subsidizing grant. It must be admitted that since then he has travelled far, through his present political attitude right to the *Székelyfonó* (Szekler Spinnery). The third example refers to Endre Nagy. One evening at Endre Nagy's cabaret, Vilma Medgyaszay, attended by some girls dressed in Palócz costumes, stepped on the scene. They sang very nicely, and then Endre Nagy appeared and expounded his notion of folk songs, which naturally reflected the general attitude of his age. He said that presumably every region had its own poet who composed songs which then spread among the people. At the time the evenings in the Circle of Friends of *Nyugat* had not been started yet, so I could argue with Endre Nagy only in my own mind, thinking that anyone who was capable of writing but three such lines as those we had found was worth his weight in gold. The fourth example is that of Mihály Babits, who has written wise and profound articles about the folk-song problem on several occasions; according to one of them, popular poetry is no more than the poetry of people uneducated from the point of view of literature. An apposite and accurate definition, only it cannot be applied to true folk poetry; it may, however, be fully applied to the songs, still popular today, of the Hungarian middle classes and their composers. I mean no offence in stating—something they readily admit themselves—that such men as Balázs and Fráter cannot write poetry. As to musical education, implying familiarity with the classics, they do not lay any claim to it themselves; on the contrary, they proudly declare that they have no wish to know them. Babits's definition certainly applies to these, but it must be added that their songs belong *no longer* to popular art and *not yet* to higher art, being heterogeneous, whether viewed from the aspect of folk culture or from that of higher culture. Compared to these, the songs of the people are perfect and superlatively unique in their kind. To achieve this perfection and uniqueness was a rather lofty object, as will be understood by all those who were once attracted by Negro plastic art. The latter is also an ancient art rooted in folk culture, with no pretension to literary education, but you will have to concede that our own art of similar rank and kind must stand nearer to us, and nothing else could have supplied a more suitable starting point for bringing into existence the Hungarian art song.

For here is the Rubicon that separates us from the peoples of Europe: the language. Notwithstanding the great differences between European languages, they stand nearer to one another than any of them does to Hungarian; both in stress and natural intonation Hungarian differs from the others so widely as to be nearly contrary. What is the consequence? It follows that music composed to Hungarian words, provided it conforms to the natural pitch of the language, almost defies transposition into European languages; moreover, any melody line starting from the Hungarian text remains irreconcilably strange to other Europeans. This explains why Hungarian art songs have no audiences. If not due to their descent, then due to everyday practice, with part of them also descent, the rhythm of the German language is rooted in the minds of our well-trained musical audiences, making melodies flowing from German words sound natural to their ears. Audiences with a good instinct for the Hungarian tongue, on the other hand, are put off by the artistic superiority of these songs, which they feel to be a burden they are unable to carry. It is interesting that both strata are more responsive to Hungarian songs adjusted to a melody of foreign pitch.

This brings to the surface the tragic consequences of our poets' having overdone the cult of iambic metre in the past century. As natural as iambic verse is to English, to some extent even to German, French and Italian, so diametrically opposed is it to the character of the Hungarian language. During the 19th century our poets were nevertheless completely enthralled by the iambic metre, which resulted in innumerable masterpieces of our literature's being lost for music. Even János Arany declared that no Hungarian tune could be composed to iambs or trochees because when they were put to music the outcome was a foreign tune, unless the iambic metre was arbitrarily disregarded, as in Egressy's national anthem, producing a rhythmic deformity. Those who nevertheless attempted to write Hungarian songs on a superior plane were faced with almost insurmountable difficulties. The road was long; the wealth of forms of the folk song had to be first discovered and learnt, and only then could cautious attempts be embarked on—these were undertakings to write songs to words in a foreign metre by composing music that was not contrary to the natural melody trend of the Hungarian language. And here it was finally revealed that Greek and Latin forms were the most congenial to the nature of the Hungarian tongue, since they offer uneven and more varied groups of syllables than does the iambus or the trochee. Thus, however improbable it sounds, it was from the songs of simple-minded Hungarians that one had to learn how to put to music some masterpieces of Hungarian literature.

In a tiny village where no one had ever heard the name of Berzsenyi it became clear to me how Berzsenyi's words could be voiced in songs. The result was a series of songs, a few of which are to be recited here—for the present these songs have no audience. As to the time when they will, it is to be hoped that it will come, in the first place when popular culture will have been generally recognized to be not only the ancestor of Hungarian culture but also its living organic part, without knowledge of which our Hungarian education is sadly deficient. I wish to quote only one example in support of this point. A highly educated man with a refined sense for literature once said to me that he was unable to grasp the meaning of Ady's expression "Beágyazott a villás Vénység" ("Forked old age has made its bed"). This single line makes it clear that, whether we like it or not, the language and imagery of our greatest poets are identical with the vocabulary of the village vernacular; were we to delete from Petőfi, Arany or Ady the lines which are incomprehensible without knowing village life, it is well worth wondering what would be left.

Increasing numbers of signs are nevertheless heralding the approach of an era when we shall understand the significance of popular culture. Time is passing, and if we watch the most sensitive seismograph of public life, the daily press, we must notice that it is full of writings on rural life. Árpád Pásztor has written a whole volume of articles describing villages—would that he had done so when he went to America. Last year's Tripartite of *Az Est* (an evening paper) is full of dancing peasant figures (only they throw their legs somewhat higher than in reality). At the back of the same book over a hundred foreign boarding schools are recommended, with no consideration that if our children are sent there they will have to discover their Hungarian spirit in adult age. But no matter, interest is alive and will increase. It may also bring fruits in the field of music; moreover, a broadened musical education will, after all, finally reach competent Hungarian circles and make headway with them. Then there will be more people to cultivate Hungarian songs. Today there are very few, and they are unable to counterbalance what is happening at the other end, where thousands of tiny rodents assiduously prey upon the surviving fragments of Hungarian songs. I am thinking of the so-called light music, in each line of which there is a minimum of one offence against Hungarian accent. Many people find this humorous; indeed, many composers intend it as a comic feature. However, if the Hungarian language will continue to dance on its head for a long time, it may forget altogether how to walk on its feet, and I think we had better be wary of this laughter lest we should thereby finally entomb the language. As for myself I would wish

the Hungarian tongue to have friends of another kind, whose souls have been once touched by the boom of bells that was continuous in the Hungarian language from the *Halotti beszéd* ("Funeral Oration") all the way to Ady. I have endeavoured to hold fast a reverberation of those ringing bells; it has been arduous work, with poor results, yielding no more than a few roughly hewn blocks of stone. But some day the melodious tower of Hungarian music will stand erect, and if a few of these stones are incorporated somewhere in its pedestal, though the rest may perish, as Berzsenyi said: "I look with confidence to the dark night of my grave."

ZOLTÁN KODÁLY

THE TASKS OF MUSICOLOGY IN HUNGARY*

In 1951 the Hungarian Academy of Sciences formed a committee on musicology. Its aim is to organize the scattered musicological efforts, as well as to prepare the most important publications for the press, through a suitable division of labour. It is guided by the recognition that just as folk-music research cannot exist without a general basic knowledge of the history of music, so the history of music cannot dispense with the results of folk-music research. This applies particularly to our country, where the number of written records is very scarce. But even abroad the historical importance of oral tradition is being increasingly recognized, and parallel with the growing attention devoted to the history of a given people, the history of music is on the way to being supplemented by the historical background of folk music hitherto neglected.

It hardly calls for explanation that in this respect our musical history finds itself in a special position. We have so few written data relating to ancient Hungarian music that the concept of Hungarian music history cannot be complete without folk music. Just as popular language, in many respects, is identical with the language of long past ages, folk music, too, must make up for the lacking records of its history. From an artistic point of view folk music means more to us than to nations which created a musical style of their own already several centuries ago. In those countries, folk music was assimilated by art music and that is the reason why, for example, a German musician can find in Bach or Beethoven that which we can seek as yet only in our villages: the organic life of a national tradition.

Thus, we must take life as our point of departure—the living Present, which is not always easily recognizable—and then make our way slowly backwards, penetrating more remote ages, into which this Present is still

* First published in *Studia Musicologica*, Tom. I, Fasc. 1-2, 1961.

casting its light and which, we trust, it will illuminate always farther and farther. An old manuscript means little to the man who is unable to connect it with life. Though our ancient records are few in number, let us grieve less over what we lack and rejoice more at what we possess. Let us rejoice that we are sons of a nation which still has a living tradition; that the more precious half of the "Monumenta" of Hungarian music, far from being buried in libraries, is very much alive; and that we are living in an age which the Western peoples—as far as they themselves are concerned—can now only reconstruct. As contemporaries, eye- and ear-witnesses, we are able to observe this age. Hungarian music historians must not be content with research in libraries; they must identify themselves with the spirit of the musical life of the people, and, by doing so, they will already have taken a step into the past, because the past is a living constituent of the present. Foreign culture can prove fertile only if it strikes roots in the culture of the people.

Of course, Hungarian scholars must gird themselves with the whole armoury of foreign musicology. In doing so, they will be able to enrich the world of science with new achievements and turn to their own profit all that which is specific in the musical culture of Hungary and different from the development in Europe. Even in the realm of science the lack of a powerful, comprehensive grasp makes creative work impossible. A petty matter of detail, too, is brought to light differently by a man who is continuously conscious of the whole.

The first Hungarian musicological works were born in the reform era, during the 'twenties and 'thirties of the last century. As regards both research in folk music and the history of music, the plans conceived at that time materialized slowly, and only in part. Not only did István Széchenyi not live to see the essence of all his reformist endeavours realized—his fervent desire that "nine million faithful serfs" should rise from slavery to a life more worthy of man—but this wish of his came true only a long time after his death. Similarly, Széchenyi's Academy was unable, during the century of its existence, to meet all its commitments towards the people. Already in 1833 it had, for instance, decided to publish folk songs, but 120 years had to elapse before the Academy could proceed to put its resolution into effect.

Why was this so? The answer is provided by the history of these 120 years. The collapse of the Struggle for Independence in 1848/49 destroyed many a splendid initiative, and it had its influence also on the fate of folk music. The musical scores gathered through the first collecting activity got lost, yet if these had been published at that time, the voice of the

people would have been heard in music half a century earlier. The few imperfect collections published from 1851 on were unable to fulfil this mission, and the development of music fell far behind that of literature. The impetus of the reform era was exhausted, and the mighty surge of the popular trend was succeeded by an estrangement from the people, which was naturally also felt in the realm of music. Parallel with the imitations of Petőfi in literature, an urban folk song was born, but without a Petőfi in music.

This trend drove the genuine folk song back into the village, from where it had hardly begun to radiate; in fact, the "popular song" even made headway towards the village, through the so-called folk-plays (a kind of vaudeville) and through the gypsies. Ultimately, however, it reached an impasse; in half a century its forms lost their vitality.

Besides, it diverted the public attention from the genuine folk song for a long time. The folk song had to be discovered anew, it had to revert again to its abandoned basis and start once more from where it had begun to sally forth so dynamically in 1848, and to which 1867 not only failed to provide the continuation but actually reversed the trend. Indeed, if we want to make a nation of the people, we must start by making its music its common property. This is in the interest of the further development of our music, of our whole public musical education and of science alike.

The Hungarian Academy of Sciences also understood this when in 1933, that is 100 years after its first resolution, it decided once more to publish a scientific collection of folk songs. The fulfilment was again delayed, this time by the apocalyptic din of arms. From 1934 till his emigration in 1940, Béla Bartók participated in the preliminary work, but he did not live to see the birth of the "Corpus Musicae Popularis Hungaricae." The first volume of the Corpus was published in 1951; four further volumes have followed since.

Both the practical and the scientific import of this series is outstanding; among other things, it makes possible for the first time the inception of serious activity in the field of comparative musicology. This discipline is still in its initial stage in Hungary; what it was able to do up to now—on the basis of recent collections made accessible—was to point to the music of certain Soviet peoples, and to the indisputable common ancient characteristics in this music. A systematic elaboration of comparative musicology is still a task of the future, but by now we have reached a stage where the collecting activity undertaken on the spot by some of our young scholars is contributing to a better understanding of the music of these far-away East European and Asian peoples.

It is essential to engage in uninterrupted collecting also at home; we cannot, as yet, speak of the systematic completion of our collecting work, although the number of melodies recorded on paper so far has amounted already to some forty thousand. On the one hand, we must learn still more about the life, the evolution and changes of the folk song, and on the other hand—by seeking out and publishing the written sources—our main task lies in revealing and comparing with living traditions the ancient traditions of the musical creations and the musical culture of bygone centuries.

During the past decade, Hungarian musical science has taken the first steps in both directions. Now that with the assistance of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences it has reached the stage where it can, within the frame of a review published in foreign languages, regularly inform the world of international musicology about the results of its activity, it does so in the hope that its voice shall be heard and strike a sympathetic chord in every land.

ZOLTÁN KODÁLY'S YOUTH

by

BENCE SZABOLCSI

The Jesuit church of Nagyszombat, known as the "Church of the Invalids," was one of the finest baroque edifices of old-time Hungary. Its altar is particularly ornate, bearing the impress of the 17th-century master's wayward, almost unbridled imagination: the skies opening over crowded rows of saints: the hazy fumes of incense drifting towards multitudes of gilt garlands, decorations and carvings. This altar, like the church itself, may give many an impulse to a mind endowed with a susceptible musical imagination: it is indeed not unlike a polyphonic baroque *Te Deum* opening with a flourish of trumpets, in which the singers pass on to each other the melody vaulting ever higher.

The principal church of Nagyszombat, the two-steepled Saint Nicolas' Cathedral, dating from the end of the Middle Ages, was a worthy counterpart, where music of a higher level could be heard and where the boys of the archiepiscopal grammar school attended high mass. Formerly its choir used to be the scene of still more animated musical life, but around 1895 a number of instruments were no longer represented in the orchestra, and the crumpled and torn leaves of old scores lay scattered about. It was nevertheless in this choir that a grammar-school pupil lingered over some old wind instrument, picking it up again and again, to wonder how it may have sounded long ago, when in a major ensemble its triumphant voice blared forth, and to muse over the fragmentary melodies that no longer could be elicited in their one-time entirety from these broken instruments. What may that musical culture, now wrecked and disintegrated, have been like, when in its full bloom it pervaded the whole country? Was there any way of reviving it so that it might spread again all over Hungary; would there be anyone to evoke it, a nation to listen to it and recognize in it its fuller and clearer tones of yore? And even then, could a juster, more complete country find its resurrection in music and through music?

These day-dreams engrossed the mind of the Nagyszombat schoolboy, Zoltán Kodály, around the year 1895, as he rummaged among the old instruments and scores of the church choir. The first years of school were already behind him; and his experiences at the primary school of Galánta were to have a deep and lasting influence on him. It was there that he got to know the joys of roaming about the village, of rambling and making music together with his chums. His eyes had become familiar with Csallóköz, had rested on the rain-swept, undulating meadows of the Western Highlands. His experiences had grown still richer at Nagyszombat. From the old railway-station building on the Pozsony highway, which housed the family of Frigyes Kodály, the new station-master of Nagyszombat, one could see fields to the south, a village steeple some miles farther and, beyond, the wide plain of Pozsony County. Across the railway line there were only a few houses and some cemeteries; on the other side of the Tirna brook ran the old main street, leading to the principal square. If one wished to reach the old town-hall tower and the grammar school, one had to cross Saint John's Square, passing the old Jesuit church where Péter Pázmány and Miklós Zrínyi had once come to pray.

At what an early age music came to be associated with all these places and regions! His Galánta primary-school pals had included young gipsy musicians, who often brought their violins to the station. Their parents played in Mihók's gipsy band, but the boys themselves were referred to as the little team of their younger schoolfellow, as "Zoltán's tuppenny-ha'penny gipsy band." What childish, yet what fresh and healthy music they must have made! Even thirty years later a trio serenade was to draw on these memories; dominated as it is by the youthful village atmosphere, it seems, for want of a deep bass instrument, to hover in mid-air and send forth its sparks in all directions.

The first deep impressions of music in the family circle were also connected with Galánta: the family string quartet, which had to do without a 'cellist until the schoolboy musician had learnt to play not only the piano and violin but also the 'cello, without a teacher, stimulated only by his own insatiable thirst for knowledge. It was this little ensemble that played the first Haydn quartets that directed the boy's imagination towards a pure vocal line, balanced form and lucid construction. On the piano the boy studied Beethoven and Schumann, but as the young leader of the Galánta children's band he already heard the melodies of Haydn's string quartets combining in his mind with the rural improvisations of gipsy children. For the first time he went through the indelible experience that the two met somewhere deep down. And if they did so, then they should also meet up

on high: classicism and folk music were long-lost brothers who were forever longing to reunite.

Nagyszombat greatly hastened this process, and from the very beginning literature occupied a place of its own in the polyphonic intricacy of Kodály's experiences. The first, unconscious impressions are of decisive significance for every artist, but still more important, perhaps, is the moment when they are converted for the first time into conscious impressions, for in a certain sense a dormant life program awakens with them. It is significant that these impressions included the great messages of ancient and modern literature, and even more so that he acquired them himself on his own initiative; he was, essentially, his own instructor. He had masters, it is true, for example Béla Toldy, the conductor of the school orchestra, whose memory he still liked to recall after the passage of many years. But he soon became independent of school, independent of its loosely dogmatic religious education; his teachers could not persuade him to join the congregation; he wanted to discover truth for himself everywhere, truth that he could and would believe in. The Bible he knew only from afar, and it was only in the years following secondary school that he really came in contact with it. He took up Greek for the sake of Homer, became acquainted with Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Heine and the German romantics. The Greek spirit and the antique classical ideal of beauty affected him too deeply to be ever abandoned. At the age of twenty-five he wrote the song which he considered as the "birth of his voice," his first individual utterance, in which he sang of Nausikaa, Homer's wonderfully youthful heroine. Many years later, when his pupils plied him with questions, intent on discovering where and from whom he had "learnt" that tone, he answered, "From Homer."

In general these were the years of extensive preparation, the assessment of tasks and armour. His friends and pupils could never grasp when and how he had found time to acquire such a formidable armour; obviously, he soon learnt the art of emphasizing the crucial point, the art of selection and discrimination, and thus he swiftly matured into not only an artist but also a thinker and teacher. Above all, he soon got accustomed to the idea of responsibility and to speak only of the essential: "Say what is true, not only what is real." He became taciturn, for a time even an ascetic applying these severe rules first of all to himself, to extend them later ever more broadly.

Simultaneously with Endre Ady, he came to the conclusion that Hungary was the home of misfits, gifted amateurs, and broken promises; and it was then that the anxious vow took shape in him that what he did should nevertheless be complete, his humanity entire, his education, aims and victory those

of a whole creative personality; and since his demands were ceaselessly increasing, he would have to assist in changing the people, the country around him into a land of men of integrity. Let the broken instruments sound again, let their tones re-echo in a rejuvenated country or let the singing voices chime in and transform the sleeping country into a resounding chorus where "all act for one, and one for all," where "the work of everyone is of equal importance and where the mistake of a single person may spoil everything," where individuals of a fragmentary nation of fragmentary people would grow into the real home of real people, into a comprehensive whole.

So enough of barren dreams—and to work! Before all: there was a vast inheritance to be taken possession of if the right man could be found for the task. Hungarian history, Hungarian poetry, Hungarian music in the first place. Whoever craved for all of them and wished to shoulder the tasks would have to become a scholar: not only an artist, but a research worker, an explorer, a guide along untrodden paths in every sphere, perhaps even a missionary, an apostle, a prophet. Who knew all that lay still hidden in this country and of which the generation of his day was completely ignorant? Who knew whether the people itself was not the carrier of a tradition that might provide a key to the innumerable problems of the past, the present and the future. Did his contemporaries really know Hungary, did they know how the Hungarian people lived and felt, and what it had preserved for them?

Where was one to turn? History, the fine arts, poetry, literature and music—suddenly all grew communicative to the young artist. For a time he became an archeologist. A study written on the Latin inscriptions of buildings in Nagyszombat was awarded a prize at the grammar school. At the age of eighteen he was stimulated by Cyril Horváth's book to study old Hungarian literature; he began to take an interest in folk poetry without losing his fascination for music. What was to be done to avoid dispersal of his desires and forces amid this multitude of beckoning lights and calls? A German pamphlet on "too much music" fell into his hands; it seemed to reverberate the apprehensive warning of Verdi, then seventy years old: "Too much music is made nowadays, and there is too much experimenting. . . . The search is not for the truly great, but for the enormous, the extravagant. . . ." It was as if Kodály were hearing the tones of his own doubts, of his own demand for only the most important, for the minimum.

With intensified severity he now sifted and screened his work, selecting only a few to be committed to paper. Whatever was presented to the public was weighty and significant, though small in volume: no experiments, always the final, crystallized results. All that smacked of surmise, quest and

workshop he concealed in the manner of Mozart, to concentrate all the more care and vigour on the final achievement which, after having passed innumerable filters, was to stand every test. In his thinking and in literary and scientific work he followed the same course. On one occasion, at the end of some verbose reading, he jotted down the impatient remark, "When all's said and done, what have we gained from all this?" With increasing relentlessness he urged his contemporaries and later his pupils towards the same inexorable self-knowledge.

Despite his selective and inhibiting severity, his works clamoured to see the light of day. Their youthful beauty and brilliance seemed to defy ascetic self-torture. Zoltán Kodály was fifteen when his first compositions took shape: several pieces for the piano, an *Ave Maria* accompanied by organ and strings, a fragmentary mass. It is not accidental that, apart from the earliest attempts, Kodály's music welled forth first in the symbolical unity of singing voice, chorus and melody. These early works, never performed, were subsequently lost; but a few of their direct descendants, also dating from his school-years, have been preserved—as manuscripts: a third *Ave Maria* (for mixed choir and organ), a string trio and a string quartet. The series of compositions to be given public performance was, however, opened not by these, but by an overture for orchestra which was composed by the sixteen-year-old pupil for the orchestra of his school, "for school use." The first performance was conducted by Béla Toldy in February 1898: the composition in D minor, with a middle part of peculiarly arresting beauty in A major, had considerable success. There was even a review in a Pozsony paper (*Westungarischer Grenzboten*) stating that it was "pleasing to the ear, logically constructed, talented." The influence of Haydn and Vieuxtemps, which the critical eyes of the young composer later discovered in his work, could be traced chiefly in the balanced steadiness and clarity of form. The tone and inner form were already those of a young poet progressing along his own path. He had not studied theory or construction but derived his knowledge of forms from living music, from practice. At the age of eighteen he wrote a new composition for strings, the E-flat major trio for two violins and a viola, which already introduced romantic colours into the classical pattern: Haydn was joined by Schubert. About this time the young composer's prowling curiosity recognized the huge shadow of an old titan, the preludes and fugues of Bach, behind the known compositions of Beethoven and Liszt, Boccherini, Viotti and Volkmann, towering over all of them. The world seemed to be broadening around him as he absorbed every marvel, intoxicated by its promise. And very soon, at an astonishingly early stage, he developed an instinctive gift for sighting what lay beyond the apparent,

for perceiving the world concurrently in its being and its changes, in space and time, in nature and history.

Nature and history! Kodály's first works did indeed throw a revealing light on deep and typical contrasts which had by then come to live in peaceful harmony. His choral church music displayed the first flashes of that transcendental ecstasy that was to become characteristic of Kodály's later church music; at the same time they bear witness to his devoted, almost humble love for the musical material, the tools of expression, for the "craft." This type of music later established a school marked by the intimate affinity of "sacred and profane love," the inner union of the Renaissance, the inspiration and vital element of every great art, every "classicism." Beside this two-in-one inclination, the early compositions manifested two further features which were to grow ever stronger in the artist and his works: the magic of *nature* and a close spiritual link with the inner life of *language*.

Open, airy regions were the old companions and allies of the taciturn Nagyszombat schoolboy. In later years too, his passion for walking, swimming, mountaineering, skating continued undimmed. His compositions were conceived most readily on his long walks, while he feasted his blue eyes on hillsides and meadows. The outskirts of Galánta and the highroad of Nagyszombat, the Szilincs fields could have had much to tell about their warm friendship; later the circle expanded to take in Switzerland, Sicily and Wales, Paris, Moscow and Washington, but in the meanwhile Transylvania, the valleys of the Tátra, Moldavia and Transdanubia also claimed admission, almost at the same time. Man and nature are inseparable allies: one may speak for the other, and the great musical language of the Hungarian people could be produced only by giving voice to the whole of Hungary through the medium of music. For a long time Italian, German, French, Russian, English and Scandinavian landscapes had reverberated in the vast orchestra of humanity, only the Hungarian countryside had remained silent. Perhaps it had not been silent, but there was no one to understand it, to fashion its strains into words and tunes. The profound, inner music of the Hungarian countryside would therefore have to be captured and given back to it; what had been sung in these regions in past centuries had to be seized, held fast, and returned to the environs of Zobor, to Marosszék and Galánta, to the Mátra and Gömör, to Karád, Nagykálló and Budavár.

That broken instrument in the choir of the Nagyszombat church called ever more encouragingly and insistently, intoning gradually the whole of the Hungarian countryside; and there would be people to understand. "The whole day I walked without seeing a village, only forests and meadows," wrote Zoltán Kodály at twenty-three on a cross-country walking-tour.

"I never fancied that Csallóköz could be so lovely. Silver water (the Minor Danube), silvery willows and poplars, silvery meadows (overgrown with that bushy feather-grass-like plant) against the intense, deep-green background, while even the sky itself shone in a silvery light all day. I think this is more beautiful than Paris. . . ." Many years later, when he should have described the trials of the country and his own ordeal, he preferred to summarize everything in the phrase, "The garden is covered with snow." About his first major composition for orchestra we know that ". . . it was conceived on summer evenings, amidst harvested cornfields, over the ripples of the Adriatic." In the words he wrote to an early song his imagination was alive with the "autumn meadow," and one of his finest similes mirrored a vision of the countryside and nature: "The pure virginal breath of a different, more deeply rooted, fresh Hungarian people emanates from the new Hungarian music, like that of the *Székely* pinewoods, which in their depths retain something of the monumental, mighty flow of life that once encompassed the whole country." This stream of vitality was to suffuse all his compositions, whether they sang of nature or of man.

Another path towards the same goal was the discovery of the language. It was not enough to conjure up the scenery; man himself had to be endowed with speech, to make the region come to life as a human being, to make it breathe through human lungs and feel with a human heart. It was not only the Hungarian countryside that had been left undiscovered, the Hungarian language too was waiting for the musician-explorer to reveal its true colours. Hungarian musicians of the 18th and 19th centuries had disregarded the natural claims of the language, aspiring as they did to create works of European stature; thus they assimilated the throb of German, Italian and French airs in the endeavour to emulate their western models. In the meantime they deserted their own linguistic home, the natural heart-beat of Hungarian words and phrases, Hungarian rhythms and tunes, which alone could "pour true life into the words." The great Hungarian poets were far ahead, and there was no contemporary Hungarian musician of equal rank to follow their words: the great melodies, the "belated melodies" to be joined to their poems, lay still in the womb of the future. The young composer trained his muscles by tackling Latin texts, but he was already arming himself for the encounter with Hungarian verse and prose. Though Latin words have lined his advance from the first pieces of sacred music to the *Te Deum* and the Organ Mass, his *oeuvre* and his life are pervaded by the determination to arouse and put to music Hungarian words. His future work was to become the grandest thing that happened to the Hungarian language in music.

"Hungarian citizen of the world": this term was used by Zoltán Kodály with reference to Bartók's art. In dissimilar directions the art of these two masters was to realize this idea, which was alive also in the minds of eminent contemporary writers and poets. Moreover, a remarkable generation of representatives of the fine arts, which grew to maturity at the dawn of the 20th century concurrently with the advance in literature and music, was destined to be the Europe-wide standard-bearer of the same idea. At the beginning of the century the thought and the possibility were just glimmering; at the middle of the century they waned. By then Kodály's art was to be the only force to proclaim and represent the idea—alone even among his pupils and followers. As if no one but he incorporated it for the last time, or last for a long time, since most of the artists of the period had kept alive only some detail of the one-time Whole. The details, however, did not contain, nor was their sum identical with, the Whole. It was reduced to ashes and would be reborn one day, in another form; "it was here yesterday and will return tomorrow."

When the picture of the comprehensive Whole first took shape on the horizon of a young artist at the opening of his career, he well might stagger, as did one-time prophets under the weight of their mission. The burden had nevertheless to be accepted, for there was no other choice; the load that weighed down the young shoulders would one day presumably grow lighter as a result of ceaseless struggles, hardships and self-denial.

The day was, however, still far ahead. Zoltán Kodály, who at the age of eighteen had just finished grammar school at Nagyszombat, was well aware of this.

That is how he set out for Budapest in the summer of 1900, full of youthful endeavour and courage, to conquer the world.

KODÁLY THE MASTER*

by

MÁTYÁS SEIBER

I feel it would be a mistake to dissect in some way or to analyse Kodály's method of teaching; it is, in fact, neither possible nor permissible to assail with a laboratory tool this particular, lively, ceaselessly developing art of teaching that is suited to the individuality of every pupil. These lines are intended, rather, to outline and intimate the singular traits of this method, the traits that render it unique in present-day instruction.

The word "method" is inadequate in this case. It is, indeed, wrong to speak here of a method; with Kodály teaching is, in a certain sense, more than teaching, something far superior to instruction. Because of the peculiar, suggestive, compelling force that emanates from him, he elicits from his pupils the very best they are capable of, thus contributing to their progress by the mighty impetus of enriching their imagination. What is the secret of this effect? Only his powerful personality, extensive knowledge and the radiance of genius. When the composer Kodály takes in hand the education of the young generation his activity bears the stamp of genius, as do all his works. This is where the teaching of Kodály differs from that of dry school masters, theoreticians, and professors of composition. However good their methods may be and however thorough their work, their instruction amounts to no more than a dead and rigid skeleton as compared to Kodály's flesh-and-blood teaching, because it lacks the vital force of genius.

The well-trained groups of young composers that emerge from Kodály's classes each year, to hold their own by European standards, furnish convincing evidence of what an important factor Kodály's educational influence represents today for Hungarian and for every other music. While estimating Kodály's position as a composer, a complete chapter should be devoted to appreciation of his merits as a teacher.

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I shall endeavour to describe briefly and without systematization the ways and means whereby Kodály has come to exert his effect. The means themselves are merely external and secondary factors; the above-mentioned suggestive vigour that radiates from Kodály's personality should be borne in mind as a permanent, all-embracing explanation.

As a result of such strength, Kodály has no need of many words nor does he waste any: every phrase that he utters has a thousandfold concentrated significance. All his words impress the hearer with the unconditional power of authority, because they reveal the bulwarks of immense knowledge and make one feel that every one of his statements is the concise product of a profound train of thoughts, of extensive learning and study. By a single sentence he is capable of bringing about a complete change and of setting off a pupil in an entirely new direction, capable of flooding with light an area which had hitherto appeared to be impenetrably dark.

With amazingly acute perception, he can put his finger immediately on the spot whose quality determines the fate of a whole composition. When others have only a vague feeling that something may be wrong, he can point out the mistake precisely and tersely, as well as show how to correct it (often with extreme delicacy), and he cannot rest as long as there is a single passage that disturbs the unity of form. All his pupils evince signs of insistence on the importance of form, as if such claims ran in the blood.

In dealing with counterpoint, Kodály displays as much accuracy and strictness as in the field of form. I do not think there is anyone else who teaches his pupils the rules of traditional counterpoint with equally constructive power, intensity and severity. It involves hard work for every pupil but implies a wholesome and useful activity—perhaps the most useful study in the whole curriculum. On Kodály's part this is not only a great pedagogical achievement but an intuitive understanding of time and reality, a foreseeing of the renaissance of firmness, belief and construction in counterpoint.

Also in handling his students Kodály is unequalled. It is not a far-fetched simile to say that his method is invested with a touch of Buddhism. Kodály does not "redeem" his pupils, as it were, by cramming his own knowledge down their throats; he compels them to redeem themselves, to work out their own salvation by striving towards perfection. And that is quite right, for only what you have acquired through experience passes really into your possession. Every new result that a young, developing student obtains by his own efforts is a hundred times more valuable than the profoundest philosophy adopted ready-made from someone else.

Another factor is Kodály's incredible objectivity in teaching. In the first moment it may sound like a contradiction: Kodály, a subjective-lyrical

creative artist, has contrived to attain in teaching the highest objectivity that man can achieve. Only the greatest intellects are able to exclude their ego as he has contrived to do. I put it down as a characteristic feature that during the long period of studies under him we hardly ever heard from him the pronoun "I." Such phrases as "I don't like it" or allusions to himself as an example are unknown to Kodály. His remarks concerning various compositions and works are always completely impartial, referring to professional aspects regardless of his liking or disliking for the trend or style followed by his student. To quote his own words, he lets his pupils "grow from their own roots"; he refrains from interfering with anybody's individuality, allowing personality to unfold freely and follow its own path. Kodály has no use for stereotyped patterns. It stands to reason that this makes for an ideal relationship between master and student.

No one should, however, think that Kodály leaves his pupils to themselves. On the contrary, he guides them with a firm hand along a well-planned and well-built road, without that hand's being noticed. From the tiniest musical grain this road proceeds step by step to the powerful architecture of major works of art; the student suddenly finds himself composing a sonata of complicated form, whereas a few days before he had been unable to put down a simple little song without a hitch; or he writes a double fugue whereas a couple of days earlier he had found it difficult to cope with the polyphonic construction of two voices. This method rests chiefly on the support of inquiry into the style of the old masters. By regular exercises in traditional styles and forms he points out their organic nature and individual traits, teaching his students' respect for true masterpieces.

Like every great man, Kodály unites in his person the son of his people and the cosmopolitan. He is a nationalist without falling a prey to chauvinism; or his horizon may be limited, allowing him to be cosmopolitan without losing the ground from under his feet. This treasure he invariably endeavoured to pass on to his pupils as a spiritual inheritance, that they might be good Hungarians and good Europeans simultaneously.

Those trained at "Kodály's school" are fortunate, because it exerts an incalculable influence on the whole later development of a mind. Many would have been discouraged or would have given up had not Kodály guided them, showing them how to work, teaching them perseverance, self-confidence and self-recognition. Everybody could learn from him that only with purposeful work and complete proficiency in the craft can talent lead to the desired aim, that clever gestures are no good without serious, introspective, ascetic work. In this respect Kodály's merits are immeasurable.



ZOLTÁN KODÁLY

Sik Sándor Te Deum

1961. 12. 26.

Soprano (S+), Tenor (T+), and Piano (P) parts. The score is handwritten with lyrics in Hungarian. The lyrics are: "Hogy megvalósítsa minden népem, és az ég királyi székét is a föld mindenütt. Ha a gyűlölet és a háborúval, Hala legyen. Hogy minden adatait, minden adatait, Hala legyen. Hogy megmutatja a szent ammen, és megmutatja a szent ammen, Hala legyen. Hogy megmutatja a szent ammen, és megmutatja a szent ammen, Hala legyen."

ZOLTÁN KODÁLY: SIK SÁNDOR'S TE DEUM
(FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT)

ZOLTÁN KODÁLY— ACHIEVEMENT AND PROMISE

by

TIBOR KOZMA

It is a curious sign of these curious times that the witness and advocate, the espouser and proclaimer of Kodály's creative greatness must find himself—at least outside of Hungary—almost entirely on the defensive. The whirlpool of the contemporary musical scene, foaming and eddying in a permanent revolution between dodecaphony, electronic music, *musique concrète* and yet-to-be-devised methods of musical engineering, seems to have almost covered the tracks of the man who, nevertheless, must be regarded as one of the most meaningful phenomena in twentieth-century music. Meaningful, that is, if we are optimistic enough to assume that the history of music—with the history of man—is to continue into the future.

Reference to the future may at first seem odd in connection with Kodály whom quite a few learned scribes on music damned with faint praise by opining that his style is "essentially eclectic" or "not revolutionary" or that he is "a twentieth-century romantic"—rather a term of opprobrium in these days. It seems that Kodály's *originality* is being questioned, especially also in view of the fact that so many of his works are based on Hungarian folk—i. e., not "original"—thematic material.

It may be almost superfluous to point out that originality *à tout prix* of the thematic material was a matter of sovereign unconcern to any number of great composers from Bach and Händel to Liszt, Wagner, Brahms and Moussorgsky. Beyond this prosaically pragmatic fact, it is fascinating to observe in the history of the arts how rarely highest originality and highest mastery, trail-blazing and fulfilment, revolution and perfection manage to coincide in one and the same artist. Dittersdorf was certainly more "original" than Mozart; Liszt's harmonic innovations point well beyond Wagner; and Prokofiev, Hindemith or even Bartók have already been declared "old hat" compared to Webern, Boulez or Stockhausen. Sir George Grove's dictum about Kodály's music: "Its novelty derives . . . from his unconven-

tional approach to largely conventional procedures" could apply about equally as well to "The Marriage of Figaro" or to "The Well-Tempered Clavier." If the supercharged individualism of the nineteenth century heaped scorn on "eclecticism," we have been reminded since of the parent word *ἐκλεγίς*, meaning: to select, to pick and choose the best out of various systems, doctrines and ideas. The fire of genius is not an atomic explosion but a crucible in which past and present are fused into creative achievement.

Fusion is the key word in trying to understand and explain the genius of Zoltán Kodály. Throughout his career, the most decisive of the many influences which must needs affect the forming of a musical personality were, in rough chronology: the Vienna classics, especially Haydn; Brahms; Hungarian folk music; Debussy; Palestrina. The first of these was early, basic and inescapable, it was the *fons et origo* of Kodály's chamber music. The virile melancholia, the somewhat autumnal poetry of the Northern master must have struck a deep-seated resonance in the—to borrow Bartók's words—"predominantly contemplative" nature of Kodály; it left traces most palpably in his "art" songs and, perhaps, also in a general concept of sonority, aimed oftener at fullness and warmth than at virtuoso brilliance. To speak of Kodály's relationship to Hungarian folk music would mean, of course, carrying water into the Danube (if one may translate into English the Hungarian equivalent of "carrying coals to Newcastle"): this has been the very "organ point," ever present, in his entire existence. Debussy's example helped him emancipate himself from the perilous grandeur of German music, and Palestrina opened up new horizons to him when, in the fifth decade of his life, he turned with ever-increasing intensity toward choral music as one of his most characteristic and eloquent avenues of expression. Yet, all these multifarious, at times downright contradictory, elements are fused in the crucible; impressionistic chords and chromaticism must surrender their "colour-for-colour's-sake" autonomy to become subordinated to the shape of the melody; the austere vocal counterpoint yields new dissonances; the splendour of a "Psalmus Hungaricus" or "Te Deum," almost baroque in posture, speaks through a new *melos*; Eastern content meets with Western technique in the orchestral works; even the most basic style component is not merely Hungarian but encompasses the native idiom from its pentatonic dawn until its relatively recent flowering ("Doberdo Song"). What issues from the turmoil of creation is a completely homogeneous and intensely personal musical language of great beauty and expressive power, a language one cannot fail to identify immediately.

Great heritage is a great burden upon the creative artist. The very process of artistic creation would seem to become more and more difficult under

the endlessly accumulating weight of that which has been said, sung, painted or written before. The tragedy of the twentieth-century artist is that for the refinement of his culture, for the knowledge, study, awareness of his antecedents he may pay the price of disintegration under that weight. Else, if the creative demon or demiurgos in him is of exceptional strength, he may be for a lifetime in search of his own identity—like Stravinsky; or reflect in his work the Chinese apothegm, as quoted by Nietzsche, that in a doomed empire the laws become ever more rigid and more numerous—like Schönberg (or, at times, even his great antithesis, Hindemith).

To the “predominantly contemplative” nature of Zoltán Kodály, such dangers never really existed. Where other, more aggressive, more extroverted, more active or, in heaven’s name, more “original” talents dashed themselves to pieces or lost themselves in desiccated cerebration while *trying* and *doing*, his strength has consisted in *being*. His basically introverted, passive, in the highest sense naïve genius has been the catalyst of influences of the widest scope, without ever changing its essence.

Most enlightening is an unrecorded remark of Bartók which I am not at liberty to quote verbatim but whose authenticity is vouchsafed. It seems that some over-enthusiastic young musicians reacted in a somewhat *blasé* manner to the alleged conservatism of a newly performed Kodály score. Bartók, having overheard them, rebuked the criticism with a spontaneous and instantaneous flash of insight. He cautioned the critics that the time might well come yet which will regard Kodály’s art as greater, more classic and more modern than his own because Kodály had built his musical architecture with much less *unprocessed raw material**. The typically Bartókian, difficult compactness of this contribution to the characterization—if not definition—of the classic and timeless tends to establish a high-level link with the once-unfashionable art of Bach and perhaps also with Mozart whose true meaning and impact was so insufficiently grasped during a century of relentless forward thrust.

To say at this point that Kodály, the creative artist, the “maker of beautiful things,” has also been a musicologist of unique achievement and a trail-blazing musical educator would mean repeating a much-regurgitated commonplace. It might also mean a woefully limited way of considering merely the surface of a phenomenon. The composer-turned-musicologist-turned-educator is a lexicographically accepted image of Kodály but also a superficial image. Fusion, this *leitmotiv* of Kodály’s career, seems to strive here for a completely “unified field theory” (to use an Einsteinian phrase) on the role of music in the affairs of human society and civilization.

* “feldolgozatlan anyag” is the original wording

Ever since music has ceased to be the handmaiden of the church or the luxury article of the aristocracy of birth, it has existed in the ever-deepening crisis of its contact with the unpredictable, unfathomable Great Unknown: the audience. Of course, all art is an attempt to communicate with one's fellow beings in terms of aesthetically organized form, and music, the most absolute of arts, is no exception. However, the weakening of churchly and/or aristocratic support, with the simultaneous emergence of a paying public of infinitely varied tastes, wishes and expectations provoked in the creators of music two antipodal reactions (with some in-between stages): acquiescence in or defiance of the majority tastes. As composers began either to cater to existing demands or to insist, regardless of the existing demands, on communicating on their own terms, these fundamentally incompatible attitudes progressively rent music asunder in an ever-increasing schism between the desire to please and the desire for self-expression, between compromise and integrity, between the market-place and the ivory tower, between entertainment and art, between being—in the parlance of modern sociology—"other-directed" or "inner-directed." While in the last century the talent and charm of a Johann Strauss, an Offenbach or much of romantic opera seemed to bridge the gulf, the chasm is all put hopeless in today's Western world in which the choice is more and more between the total esotericism of a vanguard understood by few, liked by even fewer, and a flood of practically machine-made commercial music which no one with a modicum of aesthetic culture and musical sensitivity can stomach. Meanwhile, the "straight and narrow" path of music, neither channel of mere enjoyment nor highly sophisticated mental gymnastics but human communication—as represented by Kodály—must remain far above the grasp of those whose ears and brains have been dulled by the all-enveloping, uninterrupted stream of musical garbage and is, at the same time, sneered at by those who dwell in the oxygenless ionosphere of the permanent esoteric revolution.

To be sure, the cleavage and its potential danger was understood soon enough by both the musicians—who dreaded it—and the money-changers in the temple of art, who rejoiced at the merchandizing prospects of such a vast, new mass market. Obviously, the latter—infinately more influential in a business-centred civilization—would do nothing to close the gap. The former, however, while faced with the problem whether Mohammed (the public) should go to the mountain (musical art) or *vice versa*, with scant exceptions decided to move the mountain, to manipulate music, to strike a compromise whereby music might retain its technical-professional refinement and yet not antagonize the majority tastes by demanding too much effort on the listeners' part. Germs of this "mountain-moving"

attitude are discernible in the romantic-noble concept of Liszt and Wagner to be prophets and missionaries of music unto what they then considered a new mass audience; the same attitude becomes at times rather pathetic in the long final period of Richard Strauss. It was futile; Gresham's Law, effectively furthered by the beneficiaries of the new market, was in full operation and the "popular" branch of music's sundered tree trunk "grew" in inevitable tragedy from the naïve charm of Johann Strauss or the cynical charm of Offenbach to the bleak obviousness and predictability of today's "hit" songs or "musicals" in which we ought not to mention the names of composers since they don't matter anyway.

And yet, the way out of this *cul-de-sac* was always there, so clear and simple in principle that it took a genius like Kodály to see it. Mohammed must go to the mountain. It won't do at all to give him lumps of dirt and mud taken from the mountain, because dirt and mud will remain dirt and mud, no matter where they are taken from. The re-unification of great art and the public will not be achieved by the sly commercial trick of bringing quasi-art down to the level of the mentally forever nine-year-old, but only by the education of the future public to a higher level of literacy and sensitivity, a task incumbent upon an educational system which used to be notoriously more inclined to take its cue from the money-changers than from the great teachers of humanity.

Zoltán Kodály did not "turn" educator when he began his long fight for a reform in the system of school music education. Rather, he reached out for a new dimension in the life of the creative artist. One of the leading, extremely "original" composers of the permanent revolution once expressed the hope that his great-grandchildren might understand his music. (It is ever so often overlooked that of the three main grammatical tenses, past, present and future, the latter is the only one referring to that which *does not exist*: hence, the future is always the last refuge of the failure since the non-existent cannot be proven wrong.) Kodály, the maker of music which will always be understood by musical minds, regards it as part of his commitment that those musical minds should be there, cultivated and not corrupted, sensitive and not dulled, joyous and not beset by mental dyspepsia.

Kodály's plan of music education—at the present being put into effect in the general schools of Hungary—is aimed at nothing less than making future generations as soon and as completely literate in music as in the language. Music is to be a basic knowledge of the educated man, not only a profession for a chosen few. Regardless of whether a child will or will not become a professional musician, it will learn the musical alphabet and

the sounds it stands for at the same time as the common alphabet. Just as every educated man will read Shakespeare even though he may never have the ambition of playing "Hamlet" on the stage, every future adult, if he is not tone-deaf, will know music on the same level, even though he may never want to stand on the concert podium. Such musical literacy is achieved almost exclusively through the medium of singing, thus avoiding the frustrating complications of instruments which demand skills not given to every child and also avoiding the corruption of the musical ear which inevitably results from a lot of out-of-tune playing. The musical material used in instruction is at first based completely on folk music (polyphonic singing is introduced at once) subsequently widened to embrace great vocal literature from the oldest times to the present. To Kodály, the best music is just good enough to help form children's tastes.

The results must be heard to be believed. When they are understood, their true meaning should be shouted from the rooftops. The point is not just that ten-year-old children sing, often sight-reading, Palestrina, Schütz and Kodály choruses of complicated harmonic and contrapuntal problems with the utmost clarity, precision and correctness: such feats were accomplished before through dedicated training of hand-picked youngsters. The point is that this is done as part of a general school curriculum, with "average" children without exceptional musical gifts. The very word "sight-reading"—this paralysing bugaboo of music-makers everywhere—has lost its meaning to these children. They would no more think of "sight-reading" a page of music than of "sight-reading" a newspaper. They simply *read* it; they would consider themselves illiterate if they could not. While traditional musical pedagogy, the world over is laboriously bringing up a crop of outstandingly competent instrumentalists and singers of a highly specialized training for whom there may never be an outlet as their fellow citizens seem to be more interested in high-fidelity phonographs than in music, Kodály's life-work converts a whole nation into connoisseurs of music, into an audience of which artists have vainly dreamt for generations.

What we see here in the making is, if its potentialities are permitted to mature into fulfilment, an entirely fresh departure, a completely new beginning in the history of music. It contains the promise of a truly democratic musical culture in which quantity and quality may at last be reconciled. This promise of a future in which the torn body of music may yet be whole again, on the creative as well as on the social level, makes Zoltán Kodály one of the most meaningful phenomena in twentieth-century music. Meaningful, that is, if we are optimistic enough to assume that the history of music—with the history of man—is to continue into the future.

KODÁLY AND THE FOLK SONG

by

PÁL JÁRDÁNYI

In characterizing Kodály's art, it has become a commonplace, perhaps a debatable one at that, to emphasize the central role of the folk song. Even the superficial listener, who fails to penetrate deeply, may easily recognize the folk-song roots of Kodály's works. Yet one may question whether the essence of a classically mature master's art can be sought in such external features, considering that folk-song patterns are objective formal facts. Their role in Kodály's music is similar to that of the functional system of major-minor tonality in the music of Mozart or Beethoven. In portraying the musical character of Mozart or Beethoven nobody has ascribed a central significance to this system. Major-minor music was the decisive functional trait of musical style that prevailed over an extensive period, approximately from 1650 to 1900, that is, over several consecutive musical eras. It was a code that was observed by every composer for a long time, the product of a common idiom, a conventional formula. The same is true of every style relying on folk music, and anyone who, like Kodály, incorporates folk-song elements in his compositions, adds conventional, traditional, impersonal colours to the portrait of his individuality. (Mozart and Beethoven were equally impersonal when they concluded their melodies and movements in a dominant tonic.) Obviously, the true value of Kodály's art and his originality do not flow from his having made abundant use of the folk song or from having invested his own tunes with numerous folk-song elements.

Commonplaces, however, rarely represent gross errors. There is always a grain of truth in them. That Kodály's art is centred on the folk song becomes clear and undebatable as soon as his lifework is compared with that of his contemporaries. It is difficult to assess and compare 20th-century composers on the basis of the folk-song content of their works. The representatives of the Vienna school—Schönberg, Berg, Webern and their followers

—who consciously turned their backs on the folk song undoubtedly stood at one pole, while the youthful Stravinsky, Bartók and Kodály formed the other. Of the three, Kodály's relations to the folk song have been the closest. No one has drawn so copiously and deeply on folk music. No one has produced so many folk-song transcriptions equalling in value works based on themes of the composer's own invention, in addition to original works imbued with the spirit of folk music. Indeed, the term folk-song transcription itself is wrong, unworthy of the works in which Kodály applied folk songs. The tunes actually retain their original individuality, colour and message, but they are coupled with such highly developed, at times even cunning, musical treatment that they attain the highest levels of art music. Their essence persists, but they are enriched by putting on a festive glamour, not in the manner of a garment, for clothes are separate from the body; what Kodály adds to the folk song has sprouted from the folk song itself, is one with it.

Viewed from the aspect of proportions, Kodály's folk-song compositions may be divided into three groups. The first is that of the short, simple works for use in teaching, such as the little singing exercises of *Bicinia Hungarica*. In these miniature masterpieces, unison folk songs are given a congenial companion: in most cases a modest counterpart woven from the threads of the tune's own melodic elements. These technically extremely plain works were written by Kodály at the age of sixty, when he had already travelled the various roads of methods for the elaboration of intricate major compositions from folk songs. It is as if he had meant to convey that the task of creating simple and terse beauty is far from easy and by no means inferior to that of complicated elaboration.

The second group of folk-song works consists of minor compositions comprising one or occasionally two folk songs, longer and more complicated than the *Bicinia*. One branch of this group is the monumental work written in the opening years of the twenties, the ten-volume series entitled *Magyar Népzene* (Hungarian Folk Music). The fifty-seven pieces it contains are milestones in the history of Hungarian folk-song transcription. First of all, they proclaimed a new style in harmonization; new, because it broke away from the rule of major-minor function. This was natural and inevitable, since the harmonized tunes included very few that followed major-minor function. The majority are pentatonic or modal music. Moreover, this new technique of harmonization created a new style, with recurrent, repeated formulas that can be set forth in rules. Its harmonic range is extremely wide, harbouring an infinite multitude of shades, from the clear common chord to the boldest dissonance.

The Hungarian Folk Music series constitutes a milestone also on account of the prominent role assigned to the piano, which does not *accompany* the song, but shares in developing its drama. For every transcription amounts to a drama, a dramatic fragment; drama in the original sense of the word, implying action. Even the most lyrical piece involves action; the picture changes and develops, emotions well up. The spiritual and emotional changes reflected by the words are for the most part expressed by the piano. Kodály never alters a tune, every tone of which he respects and refrains from touching, apart from transposing it to a higher or lower pitch. Thus, what is left undone by the tune, which remains the same for every verse, is made up for by the piano, which interprets the dramatic sweep inherent in the words, its surging and towering, then abating and calming waves. At times, the composer does not shrink from clear and effective illustration. Yet the colourful, striking representation of details never impairs unity. All of these transcriptions are homogeneous compositions—compositions in the strictest sense of the word, with exposition, development and a conclusion, thus forming an organic whole. This organic completeness is ensured not only by the central part allotted to the melody, but also by the motives sounding from the piano, by the preludes and connecting interludes, and the occasional postludes.

From the viewpoint of technical execution, these transcriptions meet the criteria of original compositions both in content and form. We repeat, the fact, already mentioned, that the tune is neither changed nor developed for the various verses constitutes a singular feat of construction and elaboration. This technique represents a special kind of variation in that only the accompaniment undergoes change, thereby ceasing to be a mere accompaniment and achieving equal rank with the melody. This equivalence passes unnoticed, for, however ponderous it may be, however opulently it may proliferate, it never overshadows the melody, it never pursues its own ends, but always supports the melody, striving to express and bring into relief the words that are united with the melody, to intensify the emotional and spiritual forces inherent in the tune and the words and to multiply their effect. The piano part may grow conspicuous, even *dominant*, in order to *serve* the folk song.

Another branch of Kodály's minor works employing folk songs is represented by some of his choral pieces. All that has been said regarding the Hungarian Folk Music series applies to these compositions as well. The differences result from the particular genre. Contrary to the virtually boundless possibilities offered by the piano, the structure here had to take account of the much more modest technical endowments of the human voice, which,

at the same time, is the richest of all instruments as regards intensity of expression. Kodály, who has done so much for the renewal of vocal music in our century, is in his element here, handling the modest instrument with a master's touch and bringing to light its great treasures.

The choral compositions take us to the third group of Kodály's works grounded on folk songs: the major compositions. These include also some of the choruses for children, of which the *Pünkösdőlő* (Whitsuntide) is the best known and most advanced. The *Karádi nóták* (Songs of Karád) for male choir are of a similar nature, as are the *Mátrai képek* (Mátra Pictures). In these choruses several folk songs appear in succession. They might be denoted as folk-song suites, except that the various parts are connected more closely than is usual in suites, particularly in folk-song suites. Unity is assured by Kodály's having selected songs whose texts are readily associated. In the "Whitsuntide," for instance, he intertwined songs used to celebrate a single popular custom, while in the "Mátra Pictures" he sings of the fate of two typical, contrasting characters of peasant life, the solitary, tragic outlaw and the happy, prosperous farmer living in the same community (as Aladár Tóth aptly puts it in one of his essays). If pieces from the Hungarian Folk Music series have been alluded to as dramatic or as fragments of drama, these major works may be justly denoted as dramas, as scenes from the history of the people's life, worthy of the stage.

The *Székelyfonó* (Spinning-Room), woven from the finest folk songs, is not only worthy of the stage but was virtually born for it; an opera with folk-song arias. Most of the tunes (and also their development) Kodály took from the Hungarian Folk Music series. He did little more than put them in due order, while connecting and scoring them. That is exactly where art comes in: aligning, arranging and connecting the folk songs, so as to integrate them into a complete whole and permit them to flow along without interrupting the course of the music, yet preserving their original closed forms. And all this in such manner as to let the music run hand in hand with a stage action in which the folk songs become interacting, developing elements of a single organism.

Another important composition of Kodály's which rests on the folk song is *Felszállott a páva* (The Peacock). Whereas in the "Spinning-Room" he welded many folk songs into a whole, in "The Peacock" he created variety from a single song. Here he adopted the classical form of variation. Its greatest symphonic predecessors were the closing movements of Beethoven's "Eroica" and of Brahms' "Fourth Symphony" and Brahms' "Variations" on a theme from Haydn. "The Peacock" is the first series of variations in musical literature to paint the portrait of a folk song, to reveal to listeners

the colours and flavours, the arteries and sinews of a folk song, to disclose its secrets. Only a great artist is capable of doing this, an artist who has gained insight into the spirit of the folk song and not only knows the folk song superficially, from scores, but has encountered it in its original, living form—an artist, in short, to whom folk music is a home and not an excursion site. One can hardly err in affirming that the artist could not have made this work what it is if he had not been a folklorist. This clearly emerges from the Finale, a folk-song and popular dance variation of the slow rubato melody on which it is based.

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In the preceding pages we have endeavoured to outline the character of those of Kodály's compositions that make use of folk songs. In quantity and quality alike, these works are extraordinary, whether judged by the great masters of the present or those of the past. The main stress should, however, be laid on quality rather than quantity. Although the number of these works is striking, still more important is their value, which equals that of his more independent compositions. The commonplace already referred to that the folk song is characteristic of Kodály's *oeuvre* as a whole would not save it from mediocrity if it were not for the rare, sometimes unique art and originality with which he builds up his compositions on and from folk songs.

The ears of listeners bred on western European music are inevitably struck by the folk-song tone of Kodály's music. This tone is new and unusual. There are hints of it in Moussorgsky's melodies and in Debussy's modal and pentatonic music. In Kodály's works, however, it appears more definitely, more consistently, in more variegated colours, due not only to pentatony and modality, but to the peculiar phraseology, intonation and melodic construction that are inseparable attributes of the ancient layers of Hungarian folk music. And consider the rhythm, the unique rubato dance rhythms, and the unique ornamentation!

All this is to be found not only in the Kodály compositions containing folk songs, but also in those that do not contain any. In these latter too he employs the idiom of Hungarian folk music; the body and soul of the folk song animate also themes of his own invention. The crucial question is what he communicates in this language. Is it original and noble or banal? What does he use folk-song phraseology for?

Rhetorical questions! Whoever has heard the *Psalmus Hungaricus*, the *Te Deum*, the *Concerto* or the *Symphony* cannot but recognize that these works belong to the 20th-century masterpieces that will last *aere perennius*.

Some of them have already stood the test of time: amidst the rapid alternation of styles, they have for several decades remained permanent items on the programs of concert halls and broadcasting corporations the world over. Evidently, it is Kodály's genius that has passed the test, and not the folk song.

The tradition-conserving and tradition-observing nature of Kodály's art flows from, or is at least connected with, his knowledge and use of the folk song, his respect for it. In the music of the past century tradition played a strongly restrictive part. Not even the boldest innovators broke away from it, for they felt and knew that what was new in their compositions could hope to assume significance only in the environment of traditional elements, only when associated with them. As in the world of living creatures, a new work of art has its ancestors; being a "variant" of its predecessors, it must necessarily share some of their properties. After the three great classical periods (the Renaissance in the 16th century, the Baroque era at the beginning of the 18th century, the Viennese classics of the 18th and 19th centuries) and 19th-century romanticism that evolved from them, the relatively smooth development of music over several centuries seemed abruptly to have come to an end at the turn of our century. The road having become impassable, tradition would have to be discarded. There have been and there still are 20th-century composers who actually denied and rejected every tradition. Kodály, like Bartók, renewed without abandoning the past. He attached himself to an ancient folk-music tradition that, though utterly unknown to European music, had kept its millennial relics alive and fresh. To this he adjusted and with this he fused the other tradition, that of European musical culture, including Palestrina no less than Bach, Beethoven no less than Debussy.

The artist who observes tradition always expresses himself comprehensibly, using words the meaning of which is as familiar to others as to himself. However individual and novel his language may be, the train of his thoughts can always be followed. There is no chasm between the standard language and his own individual idiom. In his creations the community, the man in the street recognize their own sublimated ego. It is not the artist who stoops to them, but they who are raised to the artist. Haydn and Mozart spoke in everyday musical language, using it to express their individual and deepest thoughts. In Beethoven's last string quartet, the purest spiritual tones soaring to the most secret spheres speak the same idiom as do the *Ländler* of the Steiermark peasants.

As regards comprehensible musical language and lucid mode of expression, 20th-century innovators differ widely. The fund of expression of some is

completely new and the listener who wants to understand their works must first learn the new language. Kodály's music needs no dictionary, though it is novel, individual and original.

To speak clearly and comprehensibly implies lucid construction and balanced, temperate forms, with due regard to proportions. Kodály has learnt this partly from the great classics of the past, partly from the folk song. The folk song guided him back to the classical forms, which had been dissolved by romanticism. The pure architecture of the folk song, its symmetry and the notion of simple, rounded, closed motives (so close to the form types of the Viennese classics, similarly derived from the folk song) pervade Kodály's minor as well as major forms. In 19th-century music, the bonds of the period tended to grow less stringent, the differences between fixed and freer, weightier and lighter form-parts gradually vanished. Instead of the delicate play of classical forms intended to balance contrasts, astonishing and thrillingly novel effects came to be emphasized. Most of the 20th-century reformers were innovators of effect. In this respect they follow the traditions of late romanticism. Kodály's themes, which owing to their steadiness of form are kindred to both the folk song and the classical period, differ from the loosely textured transitional and developmental passages not only in function but also in character and construction. They therefore have a creative influence on the form as a whole.

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Considering the number of works based on folk songs, their intrinsic value, the penetration of folk-song phraseology into their range of melodies and into the throbbing of their rhythms, and the role of folk-song structure in developing form, the position of the folk song may justly be denoted as central in Kodály's art. Still, melodic phrases, formulas and structural peculiarities of key, tune and rhythm are external symbols. They belong to the more superficial properties of the work and have no bearing on the content. In music, however, form and content are not separate entities. Here everything is form and everything is content. Content attains expression exclusively through the medium of form elements. The traits of form characteristic of a work, of an artist, incorporate the characteristic elements of content. This content, being a musical content, is difficult of approach through words. Again and again we try to penetrate the inmost kernel of content with the aid of concepts derived from subjective feelings, association of ideas, similes and pictures. Success can never be complete, for music differs from words; it may be associated, but never mingled, with words. It has a substance of its own.

Neurology, psychology and musical morphology, still in its infancy, having joined forces, may one day progress to a stage where the correlations between objective features of musical forms—musical processes—and physiologically discernible states of mind—mental processes—can be studied on a scientific plane. This lies in the remote future. For the present we have to be content with less spectacular results. In being able to see, though only from the aspect of form, the art of this or that great master more clearly, a gratifying step forward has been taken.

KODÁLY'S ROLE IN FOLK-MUSIC RESEARCH

by

LAJOS VARGYAS

At eighteen years of age Zoltán Kodály enrolled in the Academy of Music and the Arts Faculty of the University of Budapest, wanting to prepare himself as a musician, scholar and teacher all at once. This start was symbolic, for all three of these objectives have remained important to him throughout his life. The research of a musicologist, the creative work of a composer and the cultural activity of an educator and politician are integrated in his life-work. To the fortunate combination of teacher and composer we owe a whole series of works which today influence a wide strata of Hungarian youth, giving them a musical education and a deeper understanding of their national traditions. Kodály's propensity for scientific research coupled with his artist's insight has given us outstanding creations from the national tradition which he himself uncovered. Finally, it took his ambition as composer as well as his scholarly interests to carry to the conclusion the great project of investigation of Hungarian folk music, which he has intended to use as a firm groundwork for the building up of a new Hungarian musical art and culture.

All these intentions were already apparent in Kodály's make-up at the start of his career. While the same pioneering enthusiasm led the young Bartók to compose the Kossuth Symphony and study Liszt's works, Kodály, exploring new fields in the library of the Eötvös College, became interested in old Hungarian literature and folk poetry. He chose "The Verse Structure of the Hungarian Folk Song" for the topic of his doctoral dissertation, and to write it he made good use of what was then the newest treasure of the Museum of Ethnography: folk songs recorded by Béla Vikár. No doubt Vikár's phonograph recordings played a part in sending Kodály off on his first collection trip in 1905. A year later Bartók, so receptive to all new ideas, went too, and together they began to explore

for and survey the treasures of Hungarian folk music. New Hungarian music and a new branch of science—Hungarian folk-music research—were the results of their activity.

The artistic and national assets inherent in the newly discovered folk music, plus the kind of enthusiasm that makes one ready for all sacrifice to save and preserve these assets, provide the explanation for the passionate work of collection which in itself would have been sufficient to give Bartók and Kodály lasting names in science. In the wake of their joint activity, folk music became the best-known field of Hungarian ethnography. They explored the entire territory of the country, and even the Hungarian-inhabited area of Bukovina beyond the border, recording all lyrics, songs, ballads, folk customs and children's games accompanied by singing, songs of lament, instrumental dance music, and songs of beggars that they could discover—all the musical manifestations of the people. This comprehensive attention was still more consistently maintained when they started to direct their successors. The fact is that all later research proceeded under Kodály's guidance and as a continuation of his program—the collection of instrumental music, the work of specialists recording customs accompanied by singing, the collection of church folk singing and the writing of monographs about single villages.

Collecting is, of course, only the first step in a science, a step which can be made in many ways and in different directions. Eastern European folk-song collections were published prior to Kodály—Hungarian, Slovak, Rumanian and Croatian collections—which give with some degree of professional understanding more or less authentic folk material, mixed to some extent with written urban music. It is precisely these collections that lead one to understand the significance of Kodály's and Bartók's work, where, for the first time, thoroughly trained, high-ranking musicians, in fact composers, investigated Eastern European folk music.

Among several other results of their concern, the exact transcription of the typical Eastern European *rubato* style of singing is particularly important, for the older collections were rather primitive in this respect. With this a high standard of folk-song transcription was introduced that has remained the yardstick for all similar attempts in musicology. The recording of *rubato* melodies is both an artistic and a scientific question. An artist will immediately understand that the varied performance of these songs, their embellishments, according to the momentary inspiration of the singer, and their free and unspecified rhythm, is an important aspect of the melody; if this has not been noted, the essence of the musical style has not been noted. On the other hand, as soon as we want to perpetuate all these

changes, all the subtle variations in rhythmic pattern and tempo, we are no longer transcribing a melody but giving its presentation by a performer. Recognition of this fact is at the same time recognition of an ethnographic problem: a folk melody, like almost every manifestation of folklore, lives only in its performance and can be captured only in the variations of a given rendering. In written music there is the authentic form of the melody, the "original" whose slight modifications in performance have only secondary importance and can always be related to what was written by the composer. In folk music there is no such preliminary model, no original score. The idea of the melody, whatever idea of it exists in the general consciousness, is expressed only in its ever-varying interpretation. If that is what we wish to record, we are up against the problem of accurate transcription of the verse-by-verse modifications.

These considerations led Kodály, after the detailed and exacting *rubato* recordings of *Erdélyi magyar népdalok* (Hungarian Folk Songs of Transylvania)*, to the precise showing of every variation in the several-verse recordings of the *Nagyszalontai Gyűjtés* (Nagyszalonta Collections)** and finally to the publication of *Kőműves Kelemen balladája* (Ballad of Clement the Mason), which can be regarded as a model. This latter publication, issued in 1926, gives the accurate recording of all 36 stanzas of the ballad, with every difference in shading, every momentary modification of the rendering. Here again the inseparability of the artistic and scientific approach is evident; this method of publication aims to perpetuate an artistically built-up composition, every variation of which has artistic significance. Rhythm, tempo, embellishment and even the melodic line itself are modified according to the demands of mood, words and artistic variety, and thus the conscious idea of the melody gets a new and different emotional setting with every repetition. Scientific authenticity and aesthetic value are inseparably bound together in this publication, just as in any given composition. In the science of musical folklore it would in fact have been impossible to create anything fine without artistic stature. (It did, in fact, take artistic stature to create something fine in scientific folklore.) The explanation for the high development of Hungarian musical folklore probably lies in this happy welding of aesthetic and scientific interest.

Just what does it take to record such a long ballad in an artistic performance? It should not be forgotten that the transcription was made when phonographs were used, before the new era of the tape recorder. The disks

* *Népies Irodalmi Társaság* [Folklore Society], Budapest, 1923. Also in French: *Chansons populaires hongroises de Transylvanie*.

** *Magyar Népköltési Gyűjtemény* XIV [Collection of Hungarian Popular Poetry, Vol. XIV], Budapest, 1924.

had to be changed after every four or five verses, and the performer had to be stopped at every change. Under such conditions the collector had to use all his tact and experience to get an even, representative recording of a given artistic rendering of a long ballad. It took a great deal of organizational skill and intellectual effort indeed to produce this publication, and in general all the results of Kodály's folk-music collections and research.

Recently some criticism has been voiced from abroad of this recording practice. "Too complicated," "conceals the essence of the melody," "the accidental features of the performance are perpetuated instead of the constant elements of the melody"—these are some of the objections. Without a doubt there is some truth in these statements, and for similar reasons a reaction has been seen in Hungary too against the over-intricate notations resulting from an exaggerated emphasis on detail. In fact, Kodály himself represents this trend toward simplification. Nevertheless, there is a great difference between the two reactions. Kodály wants to simplify *after* several thousand detailed transcriptions have been made, when the different types of Hungarian melodies, with all their variations in style, intonation and performance, are perfectly known, while musicologists abroad propose to do it *before*.

Bartók's experience with "Bulgarian rhythm" and certain Rumanian melodies is a case in point. Bartók also regarded certain modifications in rhythm in some of his Rumanian recordings as "accidental inaccuracies" and therefore neglected them in transcription and publication. Later, when he became more familiar with Bulgarian rhythm through his reading of theoretical writings and transcriptions, he became more aware of certain phenomena in his recordings. He listened to the original recordings and annotated them again, now with full and accurate details of their "complex" rhythm, their genuine rhythm.

It is interesting that no such reaction has been forthcoming from Eastern European folklorists. The Rumanians and Turks do not seem to think that detailed notations are superfluous; in fact, they would like to indicate still additional subtleties (chiefly in the pitch differences of intonation) through a perfection of their recording technique. Evidently they keep coming across new phenomena which they regard as important.

But do not other folklorists meet with similar problems in their own folk music? Whoever recalls the novel ideas raised by Samuel Baud-Bovy in *La strophe de distiques rimés dans la chanson greque** will realize that the same problems of rhythm may be latent in Western material as were at first neglected by Bartók. An examination of the rich ornamentation and protean

* *Studia Memoriae Belae Bartók Saera*, Budapest, 1956. Aedes Academiae Scientiarum Hungaricae.

changes verse by verse in French-Canadian melodies—changes which are more marked than those found in Hungarian melodies—will leave serious doubt as to the justifiability of the incomplete sketches which we sometimes see even in important American ballad publications, where in some cases the words cannot always be sung to the melody. These sketches resemble the notations from the first year of Kodály's and Bartók's work: equal, naked eighths above every syllable, the sort of notation they found unsatisfactory a year later because they realized that instead of reproducing the essence of the melody it misrepresents it.

The ideal procedure to follow, then, is first to record all the details as much as possible, to study from the details of hundreds and thousands of transcriptions the essential elements of the style, and then to simplify—as has been done by Kodály.

In addition to their advances in the method of transcription, Kodály and Bartók achieved another great result in Eastern European musicology: a system of classification. It is owing to this system that the Hungarian collections are not merely a disorderly conglomeration of melodies, unsuitable for comparative work, in the use of which reliance would have to be placed on notoriously unreliable individual memory. Even the early Hungarian and Rumanian publications presented the musical material according to a logical system—an achievement by which Hungarian researchers preceded all other nationalities, except the Finns, whose initiative they in fact perfected. The Hungarian adoption of Ilmari Krohn's system of arrangement is also a result of Kodály's many-sided interests. He studied the Finno-Ugric languages, compared Finnish and Hungarian melodies and analysed the rhythm of the Kalevala runes as early as 1906.

In the large folk-song collections many melodies cropped up among the treasures of popular tradition which people's memories retained from the written music of different periods. Kodály, who knows old Hungarian literature very well and has kept careful account of the smallest relics of Hungary's musical history, was of course greatly interested in these. In fact, these relics furnished him with the circle of problems most natural to his inclinations—interest in history being the most decisive trait of his personality—and in their solutions he made important contributions to musicology. In folklore he found the ancient traditions preserved and developed by the people side by side with all the fine stylistic trends that appeared in Hungarian musical culture; that is, within a small framework he found together the entire Hungarian musical past and the musical culture integrally connected with it. In the examination of this co-existence and the exploration of all its interrelationships Kodály was able to satisfy both

his main interests: he could unite folk-music collection and research with historical and philological investigations. In the wake of his discoveries all Hungarian musicological research took to new paths. Hungarian secular music history could rely on few data referring to periods prior to the 19th century. The vast majority of the few records that did exist were incomplete or erroneous. The outline-picture could be completed only by the relics passed down by folk tradition: richly embellished lyric and ballad melodies, dance melodies in artistic presentation with the traditional adornments and diminutions of instrumental rendering. The study of folk music has greatly increased the archives of Hungarian music history. It became possible to attach the proper melody to words whose melody had been missing, to decode illegible notations, and to fill out sketchy melodies with the fulness of live performance. Many long-debated issues were solved, new interrelationships were revealed, and the styles and development of entire periods became clearer through the elaboration of the new material.

Kodály, in 1933, first summarized the significance of the traditions for music history in *Néprajz és zenetörténet* (Ethnography and Music History).^{*} In this work he demonstrated through interesting examples how the folk data and historical records had a bearing on Hungary's particular position in music history. This realization, however, has its significance not only for Hungarian research. Recently, the fact has received increasing emphasis that European music history is also in need of the testimony obtainable from folk music, that the comparative study of folk music opens up sources which may throw light especially on the problems of the music history of the early and late Middle Ages, where even the sources of peoples with a wealth of written records run dry. It is generally believed that the first formulation of this working principle took place in the above-mentioned study by Kodály.

The actual formulation was the result of almost twenty years of preliminary work. Kodály's pioneer works—*Három koldusének forrása* (Source of Three Beggar's Songs)^{**}, *A hitetlen férj* (The Unbelieving Husband)^{***} and *Árgirus nótája* (Song of Argyrus, a *bella istoria* which the Hungarians of Bukovina sang from a tarpaulin as late as 1916)^{****}—began to be published from 1915 on. Each of these three papers treats a different field of music history, at the same time suggesting new research problems for his students, from which later they were to produce results. "Song of Argyrus" shows the common features in the style of the "recitative twelve," a type

* Ethnographia XLIV, Budapest, 1933.

** Ethnographia XXVI, Budapest, 1915.

*** Ibid.

**** Ethnographia XXXI, Budapest, 1920.

of folk song consisting of four twelve-syllable lines in strongly recitative *parlando* delivery with lengthened tones at the ends of the lines, and the 16th-century verse chronicle; from this analysis Kodály deduces the characteristic manner of delivery of a 16th-century Hungarian minstrel, Tinódi, explaining the apparently primitive rhythm in his works. The fact is that some scores of compositions by Tinódi and about a dozen of his contemporaries have come down to the present, and the rhythm is noted only in a perfunctory way. Nevertheless, in certain cases it is evident that theirs is a type of recitative melody similar to the "recitative twelve" which still exists as part of the Hungarian folk heritage. "The Unbelieving Husband" shows the appearance of a 16th-century rhythmic and strophic pattern in a contemporary Hungarian and Slovak ballad, a pattern whose history constitutes an interesting chapter in Hungarian verse and melodic history. Both papers have formed the basis for further research on Tinódi and on melodic and verse history, and, through the verse chronicle, they may provide inspiration for research into still earlier times. The paper on the beggars' songs calls attention to the material of old psalm books, from which the beggars' songs, modern popular church songs and even secular folks songs have retained a considerable amount. At the same time this paper has become a point of departure for research on popular songs, which may increase interest in another special area of music, and has drawn additional sources into research on music history.

These provocative studies and findings by Kodály, together with the personal inspiration and guidance which he is always ready to give, have inspired his students and set into motion music history research on a large scale, as a result of which Hungarian music history studies have become a significant part of those on Hungarian cultural history as a whole.

The reserved, unassuming titles of Kodály's studies are typical of the man and the scholar. He always designates an existing thing, something that is evident from the material and from which interesting conclusions may be drawn. Kodály is averse to theories incapable of proof, to reckless jumping to conclusions; he is always ready to wait until he can come forward with results that can be supported with proved data. With him this attitude does not set a barrier to imagination, only to unfounded statements and unprepared conclusions. Probabilities and bold hopes determine the direction of his further probing but are not proclaimed as results until they are well supported by facts. This discipline, factual realism and ability to wait is characteristic of scientists who need not rush ahead with shaky theories because they have plenty of firm results to stand on. Every new work by Kodály surprises the student with its multitude of new

results. The historical chapter of his book, *Folk Music of Hungary** (published in English by Barrie and Rockliff, London, and Corvina Press, Budapest, 1960; first Hungarian edition 1937), the most complete summary that exists on the interrelated problems of written music and folk music, is full of proved relationships and their logical corollaries.

There are still more complete results in his contributions to the narrower field of folk-music research. From the comprehensive area of comparative musical folklore, he has been most interested in tracing back the oldest threads that connect the Magyars with related peoples. There was ample room for guesswork and even a good many promising clues along this line: the Finnish songs and some Volga Finn (Cheremiss) melodies that found their way into the Hungarian museum offered parallels at first sight from which a less settled person than Kodály would have soon drawn his conclusions. Kodály, however, who was most interested in these very relationships, had the patience to wait for several decades until he could dig up material which absolutely provided certain similarities to prove the eastern origin, prior to the conquest of present-day Hungary by the Magyar chief Árpád, of certain strata of Hungarian melodies: those pentatonic melodies that descend by a fifth in the third line, or more gradually.

Certain well-grounded results have a way of growing and multiplying, leading to a wider and wider circle of new findings. The Hungarian research which relates to the interconnections and common problems of the Hungarian and of the Eastern European and Siberian pentatonic melodies (the chapter entitled *The Primitive Stratum of Folk Music* and his essay *Sajátságos dallamszerkezet a cseremisz népzeneben* (Peculiar Melodic Structure in Cheremiss Folk Music)** have furnished the finest results of Hungarian musicology and are assuming increasing significance from a historical point of view. However much his students have added and are still adding to this field, the main results and practically all the initiative are attached to Kodály's name. The fact that recently the relations of this melodic style are becoming more extensive as more or less similar melodies have been found in the archaic border areas of Europe, detracts nothing from the significance of his results. The greater purity of style of the Hungarian and Eastern melodic strata, the greater volume of melodies, and chiefly the large amount and often surprising melodic similarity, eliminate any doubt as to the fact that the Magyars brought the larger part of these melodies with them from the East, even if this style may come to be called Eurasian in the future. The larger the area to which the cultural phenomenon

* Title of the Hungarian original: *A Magyar Népzene*

** *Balassa József emlékkönyve* (József Balassa Memorial Volume), published in Budapest, 1934.

extended in the past, the further it reaches back into history, thereby strengthening the assumption that in the case of a given people it can be traced to very distant times and historical relationships.

The most important factor in Kodály's work is, however, that he introduces the idea of historical development into folk-music research. By defining the main strata of Hungarian folk songs (the "old" or largely pre-Hungarian-Conquest songs and the "new" songs which evolved in the course of the 19th century) and by showing how great has been the effect of the music of the different centuries, Kodály sets a new, constantly changing and developing series of traditions—a series which absorbs newer and newer elements and is even able to become radically transformed—in the place of the old concept of "ancient" and "eternal" folk song. Thus he demonstrates the existence of a historical process and works out the correct and modern historical approach to the folk song.

But Kodály's creative imagination is stirred not only by the life cycle of popular tradition, and he studies not only the ancient features of Hungarian folk music and the voice of distant centuries in Hungarian history. The same passion attracts him to the *verbunkos*, the period of Hungarian recruiting songs (as is shown by his works adopted from old scores and folklore collections, such as "Dances of Galánta," "Dances of Marosszék" and the dance music in "János Hány" and "Evening in the Spinnery"), to the romantic Hungarian dance music that developed at the end of the 18th century and inspired so many great foreign composers—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert—and even to the popular written songs of the 19th century, which Hungarian and foreign audiences at large know under the term "gypsy music" and which even Franz Liszt mistook for Hungarian folk music. In Kodály's library entire cases are filled with the printed works of well-known and barely known song writers. He devotes a surprising amount of time and energy to investigating the sources of nameless songs and tracing the origins of "Hungarian songs" borrowed from and attributed to various sources. And if he did this merely out of "scholarly" interest for its own sake, we could regard it as a piece of eccentricity, for it was Kodály who, against this music and its devotees, championed genuine folk music which he believed could revive Hungarian music. But he regards even this less genuine type of music as part of the Hungarian musical heritage that is so dear to him. Since he has already overcome it, since he has restored the more valuable part of our heritage to its rightful place, he no longer has reason to inveigh against the less valuable, and now he respects in it whatever contribution it can make and whatever it may have drawn from the national heritage. A fine product of this 19th-century melodic philology

is his editing of the folk-song collection (in manuscript) of János Arany, the great Hungarian epic poet.

Our picture of the scholarship and significance of Kodály's work would not be complete if we restricted it to his own works and neglected the guiding and inspirational influence of his spirit in the papers he encouraged others to write. Kodály himself never wrote monographs about the music of a given village; a superficial observer, noting his unusual interest in history, might believe that such functional investigations, the make-up, life and laws of folk culture, remained outside his ken. And yet it is owing to him alone that today there are three complete Hungarian village descriptions—the first in this area of research. Outside of Hungarian contributions in this genre, I know of only one other, Brailoiu's posthumous book, published in 1959.

It was to me that Kodály for the first time assigned the task of realizing what he set as a target in his preface to his *Folk Music of Hungary* in 1937; he gave the theoretical foundations and designated the problems to be examined, and so his contribution was the greater part of the work, for the elaboration of the study would naturally give less than the problems posed. Moreover, Kodály's was the will which started the work. In fact, when I returned from the field work and, having presented the material to the master, wanted to start on the actual writing, I received an envelope from Kodály containing slips of paper, notes on the backs of letters and other *pro tempore memoranda* which gave a complete outline for the work. Through these notes one could actually trace how the skeleton of the work developed, becoming more exact from year to year, for the slips all bore dates. "Use them just in case something of it hasn't occurred to you," said the attached note.

And I was not the only one who received such an envelop with the "use-it-just-in-case" note attached. Kodály was just as ready to give data, tips for papers and source books to his pupils as he was willing to assign tasks and to bequeath some of his incomplete plans together with the results of what he had done until then. *The Corpus Musicae Popularis Hungaricae** is based on Kodály's and Bartók's collecting, arranging and comparative work; it represents the two great masters' insight and plan, even though the successive volumes include a great deal of new ideas contributed, and a vast body of new material collected, by his students and by the members of his research team, and even though Kodály has been giving an increasing amount of independence to the "young generation"—

* Akadémiai Kiadó (Publishing House of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences), Budapest, 1951.

which is becoming no longer so young. His pupils are advancing on trails blazed by him, making them broader and easier to walk, whether they are dealing with children's games (for which his first children's choruses gave the inspiration) or with the volume of laments now under preparation, whose core consists of Kodály's early collections from Northern Hungary. (He prepared this collection for the press in 1924, and then when he realized that it still posed a great many unsolved problems he refused permission for publication; thus, some forty years later, he was able to publish a volume several times the size of the original, one which is the result of the collecting and documentation work of a whole research team, setting an example in the strict and unselfish service of scientific truth.) And now if his research team will carry out the plans for the "European Folk-song Register," and we shall have the chance to compare our material with that of Western folk music and even to investigate the specific problems of the latter, we shall only be going on with something that he began in the historical chapter *Folk Music of Hungary* when, relying merely on his memory, he compared the Gregorian chants, the medieval Spanish, French and German songs, Volta dance melody and others with Hungarian folk music and traced the development of the form-principle of the "new style" through the history of European written music.

Kodály is interested in the entire range of Hungarian traditions. He absorbs every relic of Hungarian music, from whatever period it may spring, and imbues it with his scientific and creative interest, either putting it in its proper place—if it is only of historical value—or adapting it in a work if it is of aesthetic value. In the same way he has imbued folk music with his scientific interest and built on it his whole life work as a composer.

KODÁLY THE WRITER

by

DEZSŐ KERESZTURY

On his return from the festival of modern music held last spring in Venice, Zoltán Kodály pronounced a really crushing opinion of the musical novelties he had heard there. "These experiments," he summarized, "are not natural continuations of musical development. What I heard amounted to a desperate search over barren ground." Giving his words a personal touch, he added: "This 'new music' is a sort of cocktail. We—old people—prefer to drink pure wine."

In the debates aroused by this statement (chiefly among the young and only in private conversations), more than one adherent of modern musical endeavours might have quoted to the author of the above-cited remarks various sentences in which, a generation ago, representatives of the conservative attitude attacked the leading personalities of the unfolding Hungarian musical revolution—chiefly Bartók and Kodály—in terms bearing an eerie resemblance to Kodály's present words. But are we, in fact, witnessing nothing more than the permanently renewed controversy between old and new? Are we to content ourselves with the commonplace formula that the most ardent revolutionaries become the most stubborn champions of tradition when their efforts have conquered? Or we might enlist the support of Goethe who, together with so many other great philosophers, warned about propriety in harmony with age: he disliked youthful conservatives and evinced antipathy for white-haired revolutionaries.

Those who are acquainted with Kodály's lifework know that the explanation lies much deeper.

In 1925, in reply to stormy attacks on his pupils, he wrote: "To your conservatism that of a limited German provincial town or an international banality, I oppose a Hungarian conservatism bred on universal civilization. We want to stand on our own legs and absorb from universal civilization what is good for us, what nourishes and invigorates. From what we learn,

to express our own essence more completely. We refuse to remain a musical colony any longer."

This conservative revolution turned partly towards the classical writers of Europe's past—as Ady, the great poet of the age, said: set up the west against the west. Partly it bent towards a still older tradition sunk into the depths of oblivion, preserved in the peasant world: "Profound study of folk music has revealed the living presence of an ancient, original, valuable civilization bogged in stagnation, which can be cleared of deposited fragments and used as a foundation on which to build higher art."

This was the program of a whole life, a populous school, even a whole national society. If Kodály, in full possession of his creative, organizing and directing powers, were to look back in his old age over the work of decades, crowded with extraordinary external and internal difficulties, he would be justified in feeling—for he knows—that as a result of grand planning and tough detail work he has contrived to achieve his clearly defined object and has developed his one-time ideas into society-forming, living forces. These ideas arose from the reality of advancing national education and pointed in the direction of necessary progress: their realization demanded extraordinary efforts, intelligence and consistency.

Recalling his great co-worker, Bartók, Kodály described in 1952 the chief difficulties as follows: "Bartók too was tempted by success abroad: he prepared for it, tasted it, but his strong patriotic feelings conquered and at the age of twenty-two he wrote in a letter: 'For my part, all my life and in every sphere, always and by every means I shall serve one aim: the welfare of the Hungarian people and Hungary.' At the time he did not know what a sacrifice this involved. Hungarian composers could not afford to act like composers of countries with an old culture, namely, to simply sit down in a room and write one work after another. What and for whom would they have written? After 1867 experiments in serious Hungarian music turned away from the people, abandoning the magnificent impulse of the reform age—which had, however, failed to attain to a fully formed Hungarian style in music. Musical life fed on alien compositions. Around the turn of the century, there lived here a very thin layer having a musical education, and it was entirely foreign to Hungarians (mostly in language as well). On the other hand, there were masses of Hungarians without any musical education, feeding on gipsy music alone. It was clear that to create from these elements audiences desiring and supplying higher music could be brought about only by transforming the educated layer into musically Hungarian, and the Hungarian masses into a musically educated, people."

This work could not be done by a single man or in one generation. In 1947 Kodály formulated the principal theses of the hundred-year plan of Hungarian musical policy: "The aim: Hungarian musical culture. The means: making reading and writing of music general through school. Concurrently, the awakening of Hungarian musical approaches to consciousness in artistic education and in the training of the public. The elevation of general musical taste in Hungary, continuous progress toward the better and the more Hungarian. Making the masterpieces of world literature public treasure, rendering them accessible to people of every rank and order. The totality of these developments will in the remote future produce the dawn of Hungarian musical culture."

Recently, in a broadcasted interview, Kodály was asked why it was only now that he finished the symphony he had planned several decades ago. He answered: "I was busy with more important work: I had to educate a public."

The justified consciousness of this role, which really assumed lofty, national-political significance, can be felt in his much-discussed statement on modern music. It is common knowledge that Kodály's lifework amounts to considerably more than the sum total of his compositions. The activities of the musicologist, the music-politician and teacher cannot be separated from those of the composer. His writings constitute highly important documents on his work in composition, continuing throughout his life, shedding light on his career, completing the fruits of his creative artistic endeavours. Those who have attacked him not infrequently criticized him for the intellectual colouring of his art. In fact, he belongs to the category of exceptionally conscious creative artists. It was Kodály himself who recognized most lucidly the problems that came up in connection with his artistic aspirations, and it was generally he who defined them first and always with conclusive clarity. Therefore it is best to quote his own words on these points.

II

Zoltán Kodály was educated at Eötvös College. This institution, brought into existence at the opening of this century as an analogue of the French *École Normale Supérieure*, was destined to train the elite of Hungarian schoolmasters. In its cultural policy it is not difficult to recognize the source of the conception of Hungarian musical education as laid down by Kodály. While German influence still prevailed, the school turned to the artistic and scientific masterpieces of the French, through them to those of world literature, and to the Hungarian spirit. Instead of the Prussian-German

provincial town and international banality, it turned partly to the concentrated essence and ancient values of the true west, partly to the national traditions preserved by Hungarian history, literature, the language and popular life. Two principal virtues were to serve this general spiritual tendency: the first is ceaseless self-education, focused on respect for subjects and reality, educated conscientiousness in forming opinions, and the widest possible erudition; the second is the educational principle of never disregarding responsibility to the national community. It was by no means accidental that this school trained not only an elite of Hungarian schoolmasters but also a long line of eminent Hungarian scholars and artists.

In each of the above-mentioned fields Kodály's versatile spirit did multi-lateral, practical work. He was elected in recognition of his scientific activities a member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in 1943, and its president in 1946; since 1951 he has been chairman of the Musicological Committee of the Academy of Sciences, head of the Folk Music Research Group and general editor of its musicological journal, *Studia Musicologica*. From 1907 to 1942 he was professor at the Hungarian Academy of Music, and since 1945 he has been chairman of its council of directors; until the year 1954 he took part in the educational work carried on at the musicological faculty set up at the Academy of Music. Since 1930 he has delivered lectures at Budapest University. He has been and still is a president and leader of innumerable scientific, cultural-political and educational associations. The problems, experiences and results of this practical work have all been dealt with in his writings.

These writings being extremely varied as to genre, it is hard to group them adequately. They include essays written with close attention to scientific detail, monographs summarizing the essential points of a well-defined subject, text-books, editions of music, prefaces, reviews, surveys dealing with musical events, declarations of views on matters of principle, papers discussing moot points in connection with details of topical problems, and various other writings prompted by the ever changing methodological situation. All are suffused with a concordant spirit that carries out its strategy with extraordinary consistency. It would seem preferable to try to survey them from the aspects of subject and method. In this way we reach the three main fields of Kodály's writings, those of the research scholar, the music-politician and the teacher. The three areas have always been closely correlated.

It was the young scholar who presented his first writings. His papers appeared in journals, first of all in *Ethnographia*. Fruits of folklore collection and research concerned with folk music include his dissertation, in 1906,

for his degree in philosophy: *A magyar népdal strófászerkezete* ("Verse Structure of the Hungarian Folk Song"). Minor works on gathering material and on details of research soon culminated in works on organization and questions of principle, such as *Az új egyetemes népdalgyűjtés tervezete* ("A Scheme for the New and Universal Collection of Folk Songs"), worked out together with Bartók in 1913, and *Ötfokú hangsor a magyar népzeneben* ("Pentatony in Hungarian Folk Music"), 1917, which was fundamental in its own sphere. These early papers were to form the basis of the activities of a whole life-time and also an extensive movement: an arduous and unswervingly followed path led from them to the comprehensive works. *A magyar népzene* ("Hungarian Folk Music") was issued first in 1937; later editions, enlarged and completed, have become authoritative in this field. *A Magyar Népzene Tára* ("The Treasury of Hungarian Folk Music"), the bulky volumes of which carry the names of Kodály and Bartók as editors, contains all the material of a uniquely precious collection, arranged with methodical thoroughness and due regard to the relationship of folk songs to life and their everyday function. (From 1951 to the present, sections I to IV have appeared in five volumes: *Gyermekjátékok* — "Children's Games"; *Jeles napok* — "Remarkable Days"; *Lakodalom* — "Weddings"; and *Párosítók* — "Pairing Songs".)

These volumes include every layer of the tunes and words that live or have lived among the people. The problems of Hungarian folk music and history of music arose together in Kodály's research work. Several basic studies in the latter field should be mentioned: they range from *Árgirus* ("Song of Argyrus"), published in 1920, to *Magyar Táncok 1729-ből* ("Hungarian Dances of 1729") in 1952, *Arany János népdalgyűjteménye* ("Folk-song Collection of János Arany") in 1952, and the work entitled *Szentirmaytól Bartókig* ("From Szentirmay to Bartók") in 1955. In addition to detailed studies illuminating and commenting on the material and the program followed in questions of method, the principles governing research and evaluation can be clearly discerned in such works as *Néprajz és zenetörténet* ("Ethnography and History of Music"), 1933, and *Mi a magyar a zenében* ("What is Hungarian in Music?"), 1939. The profound inner connections of these researches have been shown by Kodály himself. "The precondition and most important auxiliary science of work in Hungarian history of music is musical ethnography. Only ethnographic knowledge and experience can bestow the light and warmth of life on data of music history. The Hungarian historian of music must therefore become first of all a folklorist. He can have no hope of being able to cope with written relics unless he has grown familiar with the traditions of folk music through his own experiences.

This knowledge cannot be acquired without staying at villages for periods of varying length. The most assiduous library work and knowledge from recordings cannot make up for personal experience. Innumerable important elements of live performance are lost in the phonograph. Those who fail to gather the necessary treasure of notions from living performances cannot imagine the score pattern of old tunes."

As he advised historians of music, "The point of departure must be life, the living present, so difficult to know." That is what he carried out in his own practice. With Kodály the scholar's work is thus closely intertwined with that of the critic of musical life. From the year 1917 on he wrote musical reviews and accounts of Hungarian musical life for *Nyugat* ("West"), the leading journal of modern Hungarian literature, and for *Pesti Napló* ("Pest Diary"), the daily paper of the left-wing bourgeois intelligentsia, and from 1922 for the Italian journal *Il Pianoforte*. Articles of this kind from his pen have now become less frequent but still appear, and they have always dealt with important questions of development. "It is no good to gloss over facts: we only delude ourselves and render scientific recognition more difficult if we do not strive to see and describe musical conditions truthfully and accurately. To western eyes they naturally present a dreary picture marked by lack of culture. Let us, however, glance to the east and judge by the illiterate, purely oral musical civilizations living east of us. The Hungarians are found to stand midway between them and written European musical civilization. The difference lies not in rank but in age," he wrote in 1933, and added a year later, "All our tasks ahead can be summed up in one word: education." A long series of studies pointed out the guiding principles and tasks of this education work, such as *A népdal feltámadása* ("Resurrection of the Folk Song"), 1918; *A magyar népdal művészi jelentősége* ("The Artistic Significance of the Hungarian Folk Song"), 1929; *Népbagyomány és zenekultúra* ("Popular Traditions and Musical Culture"), 1935; *Népzene és műzene* ("Folk Music and Art Music"), 1941; *Magyar zenei nevelés* ("Hungarian Musical Education"), 1945; *A munkás karének nemzeti jelentősége* ("The National Significance of Workers' Choirs"), 1947; and *Ki a jó zenész?* ("Who Is a Good Musician?"), 1954.

All these writings point far beyond the domains of professional literature. In them the great teacher, who extends his educational activities to the whole people, speaks with equal care to nursery school children and school children, to adults of villages and towns, to musical amateurs and professionals, guiding his own pupils with expert, purposeful hands and protecting them from attacks—for instance, *Tizenhárom fiatal zeneszerző* ("Thirteen Young Composers"), 1925, and *Éneklő Ifjúság* ("Singing Youth"), united in a

country-wide movement. Thus he has lent the weight of his name and authority to numerous plans of tuition, text-books, collections of music and books of study, and to adult representatives initiating nation-wide movements. An eminent pupil of Kodály's, Mátyás Seiber, characterized his teaching in the following manner: "Because of the peculiar, suggestive, compelling force that emanates from him, he elicits from his pupils the very best they are capable of. . . he has no need of many words, nor does he waste any: every phrase that he utters assumes a thousandfold concentrated significance. . . Another factor is Kodály's incredible objectivity in teaching. . . Everybody could learn from him that only with purposeful work and complete proficiency in the craft can talent lead to the desired aim." Kodály's general conception of and practice in teaching music are marked by this objectivity and purposeful thinking, by full professional knowledge of the preconditions of musical education, of its ways and means and the passable roads.

And some more elements which, by the way, are definite traits of his whole personality and all his works: his belief in the susceptibility of human nature to improvement and of the social spirit to beneficial influence, his belief in the soul-forming and community-creating power of education. Perhaps the profoundest vein of his activities was revealed by the reply he gave in 1927, from the depths of an acute Hungarian crisis, to the question of what he wanted with Székely songs: "I should like to take them to every place where 'four or five Hungarians are leaning towards each other,' that they should not ask 'what for' but say: for this and for that and for everything—life is worth-while and should be lived."

III

In 1937, when national resistance, being driven back in the open arena, resorted to organization in movements of defence by spiritual means, he joined the Hungarian linguistic movement with the full weight of his authority and power of organization. He focussed his attention on a badly neglected problem of this field, that of correct Hungarian speech. Those who spoke Hungarian correctly "must feel that every uttered word amounts to taking a bodily stand for the nation. It must be carried so far that every mistake in grammar, every foreign turn of speech, every mispronounced word is felt to be a betrayal. As if a gap had been cut into the Hungarian border. This calls for a new feeling of Hungarian responsibility, a so far unparalleled intensification of national feeling. No flag-waving patriotism but the staggering recognition and wordless acceptance of thousands of duties." Also in

this connection the essence of all his endeavours became manifest—to create a community without the existence of which the greatest talent is reduced to moving in a vacuum. “All this can be instilled with life only through a mass movement,” he warned, and served the development of this mass movement by writing a series of pertinent papers. “The language is the creation of millions, and it lives more truly the more people use it consciously.”

He never tired of repeating that, in essential questions, the people formed the decisive forum where the Hungarian character was concerned and the works of the classics where general validity was at issue. “Hungarian pronunciation has to be learnt, even by born Hungarians. The best way is to have contact with village people who speak well. This would anyway do town-dwellers good. That oft-quoted Hungarian solidarity and spiritual union cannot be brought about as long as one layer does not know the other.” The same endeavour and guidance, therefore, in language as in musical education. At the end of the last century the language of the people was made to form the basis of instruction in the mother tongue: in 1942, the curriculum prepared at Kodály’s suggestion and intended to provide for musical tuition rested on the principle: “Primary school instruction rests on the folk song.” His own style developed in the atmosphere of these suggestions and ideals.

“As in their language, so in their music, Hungarians are laconic, gem-like, with long lines of ponderous masterpieces of tiny dimensions, as if airs of a few notes had defied the storms of centuries carved in stone. Their form is as final as if it had not undergone any change for a thousand years.” Terseness and rounded forms of convincing finality are among the principal endeavours and highly noteworthy attributes of Kodály as a writer. He himself is fully aware that “folk songs, like proverbs, cannot be composed. As proverbs grow out of the popular wisdom, observations and experiences of centuries, so in song traditions the emotions of many centuries live an eternal life in forms polished to perfection.” It was, however, not their proverbs or tunes that he wanted to acquire from the people, but the character, path, aim and sense of the creative process. In this he could follow such models as Petőfi or Arany did in poetry. Petőfi’s songs are not folk songs, nor are they imitations of folk songs: they nevertheless sound as if they were, and the people have adopted them, made them their own. Arany did not write any proverbs, yet his phrases express the wisdom of centuries with the lingual experiences of centuries. In the folk song Kodály sought for the suggestive model found by these great figures of Hungarian literature, and strove to turn the popular into the national, as did the latter. Hence he joined the powerful trend that determined development as the

leading movement of the Hungarian revival in the Reform Age, from romanticism to realism, to be reinforced at the beginning of this century with slight alterations. With utter conviction he cited the words of János Horváth, an excellent fellow-student of his at Eötvös College: "As we understand it, populism is a Hungarian speciality: not a passing democratic tendency or sheer romanticism, not lowering of level or mere fashion aping ingenuity, but a great national idea flowing from the development and necessities of our literature."

"The Hungarian folk song is Hungarian classical music at its best." The system of Kodály's whole lifework could be built up on the foundations of this sentence, written in 1929. As we have seen, this is one pillar of the conservatism which he opposed to his adversaries at the time. The other is the teaching, the example of the old masters. All his pupils have emphasized the study of the style of old masters as the chief support of his method and, furthermore, what arises from both sources: the recognition and acceptance of the importance to be attached to unity of form and pure construction. As with his compositions and his work as a teacher, his writings are marked by a certain classicism. His phrases are clear, pithy and rounded, tangibly picturesque or glittering with purity of conception as the case may be. He expresses his meaning with perfect logic, while the virtue of a flowing style is no less his own than conciseness. His method of construction bears the stamp of objective materiality, equally characterized by professional reliability regarding details and perspicuous, proportionate construction of the whole. He is not afraid of the commonplace: richness of content and clarity he values higher than individual originality of the picture or turn of speech. At places of supreme emphasis he does not hesitate to write such passages as "Hungarian folk poetry is like a mountain stream into the bed of which a huge rock has rolled. . ."; "Also with Hungarian music: the deeper its roots run into the earth of the Hungarian spirit, the higher will it grow, the longer will it live. . ." He boldly draws on the common-simile treasure of humanity, where has come to be stored a wealth of unambiguous symbols. More than one of his fortunate wordings have become common sayings. An excellent collection of wise adages could be selected from his writings without any trouble.

Hungarian musical style rooted in folk music, which he initiated with his best contemporaries after the First World War, was overtaken by grave crises. Soon the nation was deprived of the elemental prerequisites of cultural life. No "success abroad" could compensate a Hungarian musician for the loss. Because he had to live with one foot abroad, at home he looked around apprehensively: "The preconditions of organic development, do

they exist at all? . . . Can the happy moment at which we apparently joined the community of universal culture lead to fulfilment in a uniform, lasting musical civilization, or will it prove to have been only a passing episode in the life of the nation?" he wondered in 1929.

Here his path gradually began to deviate from that of Béla Bartók, the collaborator during his youth and young manhood. Bartók approached the trends of western music with increasingly decisive steps, while Kodály turned to Hungarian problems with finality and resolve, devoting all his energies to the tasks arising at home. His anxiety, rendered understandable and motivated by the gratifying results obtained, was for the garden planted with so much trouble, tended with so much care and slowly coming to promise an abundant yield, that it might suffer from the harmful, often hostile winds; he even envisaged a narrowing of the horizon in the interest of strengthening and deepening the results he had already achieved.

A diamond not only sparkles but is hard and leaves a scar if it must in some situations. A crystal constitutes not only a beautiful order of regular forms but also a prison of material shut into forms.

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THE TANYA, THE HUNGARIAN "HOMESTEAD"

by

FERENC ERDEI

Whether a person lives in town, in a village, or in a *tanya* may not be as vital a circumstance as whether he is a landowner or a labourer, the owner of a factory or an unskilled worker, and not even as important as whether he is a farmer, a lathe-operator or a schoolmaster, yet it comes right after these questions in order of importance and, together with them, is vital. This is recognized in people's minds as well as in statistics and in politics and even in the arts and the sciences. To put it another way, town and village are the two great scenes of men's lives, of society and of history, and the difference and the relations between the two are a great heritage of the past and the great concern of the future, their approach to one another being one of its great hopes.

But where among them is the *tanya*? "It is a variant of the village, more rural even than the village," is the general answer, and it is not usual to pose this question as a special problem. I, however, was born in a "village" that was really a town and in my youth worked on a *tanya* that belonged to the town, and that was where my special preoccupation with the problem of the *tanya* began. My first great experience in and my first independent discovery about social relations was that the *tanya* which I had come to know could not be classified as one of the variants of the village and that the "village" in which I grew up was a town, precisely because it had its *tanyas*. I could have no reason to doubt the correctness of this subjective discovery, for I had myself experienced its truth and the other people there had the same views as I. Yet wherever I read about the *tanyas*, whether it was in works of fiction or of any of the scientific disciplines, it was said that the *tanyas* could be regarded as villages but they happened to be scattered villages.

All this may not be easy for the foreign reader to understand, but it should not be impossible. The village in Hungary is the same kind of settlement as it is anywhere else in the world, nor is there any difference in the fact

that in some parts of the country the villages are larger and in other parts smaller. With respect to towns, the situation is somewhat more complicated. Budapest is the same type of metropolis as all the rest of the world's metropolises. Esztergom is the same kind of small town as any other small town in Europe. There is, however, a type of town in Hungary which is a relatively large settlement (20,000-30,000 inhabitants), but where the majority of the townspeople are engaged in agriculture. These are the agrarian towns. This is strange, because the agricultural population throughout the world usually settles in villages, large or small, or on solitary farmsteads, in order to be able to go out daily to the land they cultivate. The peculiar thing about these Hungarian agrarian towns is precisely the fact that the farmers living in the town go out a distance of 12 or even 18 miles to cultivate their land. One town of this type is the author's native town of Makó, which is here discussed.

It is to these towns that the *tanyas* belong. Now the strange thing about these is that they are not the kind of permanent dwelling that the Swiss "Einzelhof" or the British "homestead" is, but temporary abodes, seasonal dwellings. You will find these *tanyas* over nearly one third of Hungary's territory. They evolved in place of the villages destroyed during the Turkish wars. The number of *tanyas* began to show a more rapid increase at the middle of the 19th century, and up to 1950 they continued to multiply. Since the organization of cooperative farms, however, their number is diminishing more and more rapidly.

This puzzle of whether the *tanya* belonged to the category of the village or not would, of course, not let me rest, and at a very early age I started searching for the clue. And, although I believe I found the solution quite some time ago, I shall continue this investigation to the end of my life, because a great many people will not believe that this "mystery" of mine is a real problem or that its solution is what I have been maintaining now for 30 years.

It is the story of this peculiar piece of "village research"* that I propose to tell here.

I

The whole business began when my father, the son of townspeople at Makó (southern Hungary) who had acquired a few acres of land and risen from the agrarian proletariat, married the daughter of a family of small-

* A reference to the radical village-research movement of the 'thirties in which, together with numerous excellent writers and sociologists, the author played a prominent part. His principal works of this period: "Futóhomok" (Quicksand), "Magyar város" (Hungarian Town), "Magyar Tanya" (Hungarian *tanyas*), "Magyar falu" (Hungarian Village). Editor's note.

holders who had long been farming on a tanya. Thus my mother, the "tanya girl," became a member of a family of petty-commodity producers.

When we were small, we children lived with our paternal grandparents at the beginning of the broad street that led to the Arad road, not far, incidentally, from the main square of the town. Our parents were, like a few thousand other families at Makó, onion-growing farmers. That meant that, on the few acres of land that the grandparents owned, plus one or two more acres that we rented from year to year, we would grow the necessary wheat and maize and fodder enough for one cow, and, apart from the insignificant and not even regular surplus of marketed wheat, one or two fattened pigs, and some milk that we sold, our main commodity production was the one and a half to two acres of onions. Now the routine by which we farmed was that we daily went out to the fields scattered around the town, going once to plough and sow, then again to work on the onions, and we carted the produce home to our house in town. Actually we were farming according to the "village system."

We were, however, living in town and we had not the slightest intention of considering ourselves villagers. The village meant Apátfalva, Királyhegyes, Kövegy, or the like, and indeed we spoke of the people from those places as villagers. A glass or two of wine was enough to turn this into "bumpkins." On the other hand the tanyas, in our view, belonged to the town, but their way of farming was different from ours, we being "onion people." When we occasionally went out to the tanya to visit my mother's parents, it did strike us that it must be odd and interesting to live on a tanya, but for all that they remained just as much Makó townspeople as we were, for they also had a house in town—they simply did not always live in it. Throughout the town my grandfather was, in fact, known not as "Sándor Szabó of the Rákos tanya" but as "Sándor Szabó of Gyöngy Street."

Later, however, a notable change occurred. My paternal grandparents died, and the maternal ones, having grown old, moved "home" to their town house. My parents then moved out to the empty tanya farm, and we went with them. These changes were absolutely the usual, traditional way of things both at Makó and elsewhere throughout the Great Plains. It was only for me that it was a novel and interesting thing to be able to see the town and the neighbouring village of Királyhegyes from this angle, from the "tanya position." This happened in 1927, and it was here that I began to grasp the puzzle which I thought I solved when I became a university student.

The most interesting feature was that, although we had become tanya folk, we felt no less like townspeople of Makó than we had previously. This

was because, first, our house remained as it was in town, except that we were not living there "for the moment," having undertaken a long-term "assignment" on the tanya. (The essence of the matter was not affected by the fact—which was indeed part of the traditional order of things—that we sold the house that had been left by the paternal grandparents and moved to the house of the maternal ones, which now became our home.) Second, apart from our productive work every significant event in our lives took place in town. My younger brother stayed with our grandparents, while attending grammar school, and at dawn every Sunday we would go home to the house in town, leaving only one person behind whose turn it was to keep watch out there, and return home on Sunday evening (or sometimes at dawn on Monday). My father worked with political organizations in town, and I was also active in the town youth movement. The most obvious sign of this "duality" was that both official papers and private letters were always sent to our town address, because we never even thought of giving anyone our tanya one.

The most interesting thing to my mind was that there was nothing extraordinary about it all, for this kind of life was not an individual peculiarity of our own family but a time-honoured tradition and a general system which everyone considered perfectly natural. (The only individual feature was that I studied at Szeged University not just as what was then metaphorically called a "field student"—one who never attended lectures—but as an actual tanya student, for it was from here that I went in to take my exams.) The case was the same with all our tanya neighbours. Our nearest neighbours, the Szabós, were from Gyöngy Street, beyond them the Birós from Hédervári Street, and our more distant neighbours, the Geras, were also from Hédervári Street. Another customary procedure was for the old people to move home and the young to take their places. In fact, we considered it odd if someone put off the change. (Of our near neighbours both we and others often said: "When will the old Simas finally move home?") It is also worth noting, as characteristic of this situation, that we had less contact with our tanya neighbours than with the town ones, though we spent six days of each week on the tanya.

What kind of life did we lead on the tanya? It was completely confined to production. We would simply work, eat and sleep as necessary, but we did not really live there. Of our furniture, clothes and kitchenware it was only the most indispensable items that we kept on the tanya; if anyone fell ill we took him home; if we celebrated the slaughtering of a pig or there was some family festivity, we went home to town for it. It would have been hard for any of us to imagine growing old out on the tanya.

There were, however, some exceptions to these rules. To recall the 20-30 tanyas which I knew individually in our broader neighbourhood, there were three on which the people lived all the time, having no houses of their own or their parents in town. One of these was a fairly well-to-do farming family whose tanya, or rather house, lay within the limits of Királyhegyes and who saved up money with strenuous work, first to buy land and then, when they grew old, also a town house. Not everyone was, of course, successful in doing this. Nevertheless, during the more than ten years we spent on the tanya, I do not remember hearing of anyone who died on a tanya in our neighbourhood, with the exception of one fatal accident. An even sharper light is shed on this duality between town and tanya by the fact that I recall three cases of suicide in our tanya district at that time, and they all took place in town. One lad, who was disappointed in love, hanged himself in the attic of the grandparents' house in town one Sunday night—he was to have gone out to the tanya at dawn next morning. A girl, prompted by similar reasons, drank caustic dye in the pantry at dawn one Monday, when she and her mother were preparing to go to the tanya after a ball. In the third case a bankrupt elderly farmer went out to the tanya in his Sunday best on a weekday, having been to the town bank, and bade his family farewell, saying he still had some business to see to at the bank. He then went back to their empty house in town and hanged himself on the centre beam, where he was found the next morning by his children, who had hurried in because they suspected that something had happened to him.

Having appreciated all these facts, both the puzzle and its solution presented themselves to me with almost compelling force. It was this that I tried to formulate in my first, immature work, *A makói tanyarendszer* (The Tanya System of Makó), which was published in 1932. This piece of writing is like a first confession of love—overwrought and confused, but the cause and the aim are unmistakably clear: to formulate a situation which had so far not been given its proper name and to express the perspectives of the development of this situation.

As to how this complex set of relations was expressed by the young discoverer, who aimed at scientific precision, this was the kind of thing I then wrote:

“The thesis, then, is this: the tanya, as a peripheral productive unit, belongs to the town or village consuming unit. In contrast to the village system, where the farmer's yard and house are not only a consuming unit, a household, but also a productive unit, the tanya system implies differentiation—the separation of productive and consuming units—and on the other hand integration—the linking of the tanya and the village or town house.”

But I had even then to see that not every tanya was of this kind.

"There are, however, tanyas that have no link whatever with the town house but play the same part as the village houses. Here too, however, we must state as a fact that there is a tendency toward attraction of these tanyas to the town. Nevertheless, there are also some which do not strive to become productive units but are both productive and consuming units. These, however, may under no circumstances be treated under the same heading as the other tanyas but must be regarded as farms in the above sense, while this mode of settlement and of production should be called the farm system. This is not an arbitrary division, because the two essentially different groups of Hungarian tanyas may not uniformly be called tanya. If those of the one group are tanyas then those of the other are not."

And this double thesis I summarized as follows:

"Summing up, we must say that the tanya is above all a productive unit, and together with the town house, which is a consuming unit, it implies differentiation and integration.

"The separation, however, is a personal one only in a small number of cases—with the larger landowners who keep servants and tanya hands.

"For the greater part it is a family matter, where the young people are out on the tanya and the old ones in the town house.

"These are tanyas. As for those tanya-like units that have no links whatever with the town or village, we should call them farms, and the farm, the farm system, requires completely different treatment in every respect to the tanya or the tanya system."

Then, having gone into a detailed analysis of the relations of the tanya system at Makó, I also drew some audacious conclusions with respect to future development.

"As far as the trend of development is concerned, it is above all the urbanization of the peasantry that must be considered. Life out on the tanya was always a matter of compelling necessity, and now the element of compulsion is graver than ever, which influences development in two directions. Those who can do so live in town—the instances of individual differentiation are growing more frequent—while those who cannot do this try to take the town out with them. They transfer their households completely to the tanya, and the number of the farm-type of tanyas is increasing. As soon as they have a chance, they too immediately move to town. This process is not one that has just begun, but it is still going on and will continue to do so. The tanya schools, circles and centres partly promote it and partly are its consequences. The significance of the tanya centres (there are two or three quite small ones) is quite subordinate; the whole surrounding area, together

with its inhabitants, is so closely linked to the town and communication is so frequent that, as far as can be foreseen, such centres will indeed never acquire significance."

The final conclusion was particularly clear-cut and unequivocal:

"A one-hundred per cent tanya system would be that the consuming units, the dwelling houses, should be in town and be dwelling houses only, while the productive units, the tanyas, should be out on the fields with no one living in them permanently but going out to work daily.

"Such a system of tanyas cannot, however, be imagined in an individualist system. It would need organization. Then the tanya centres would acquire significance, though not as dwellings but as centres of production."

The sequel to this first experiment was the usual sequel to first confessions: All the subsequent ones are repetitions of the first, but they always differ from the first as you come to know more about the world and have lived more within yourself.

2

After such a beginning, what followed was inevitable. With whatever branch of learning I became acquainted and wherever I went, inside the country or out, I always had one eye on this triangle of town, village and tanya. It was not so much deliberate as acting on an involuntary compulsion that I always sought out how these things really were in other parts, how others appraise them and what the various sciences can tell us about them.

First I questioned the science of economics which was later to become my own discipline. I sought for support among various trends of bourgeois economics then in vogue, but in vain. Then, when I became more closely acquainted with Marxist political economy, I hoped that, in the same way as to the other great problems of the peasant's existence, to this puzzle also I would find a ready key. I did indeed find a key, but it did not straight away open the lock of my mystery. Under capitalist development agriculture lags behind industry and the dichotomy of town and village is strengthened—yes, this thesis let me see clearly that agriculture as a whole, and with it every kind of agricultural settlement, lags behind industry and the towns and that their dichotomy necessarily becomes more definite under capitalism. But can the chasm between them not be bridged at all while capitalism subsists? Can you not call a town such as Makó an agricultural town, where agriculture is certainly backward compared to industry but the farming population nevertheless lives in town and thus avoids the lot of the village? Or do they, even with the help of the tanyas, not avoid it after all?

Let us see. We too lived on a tanya, and beside us over a million people on the Great Plains. But did they all have a "home" in one of the towns? Were they all able to go home to the doctor, to attend school, or to take part in social gatherings? Certainly not. Even at Makó, on this tanya and that, it was not the owner who was in residence out there but the tanya-man, a farm hand or a tenant, and these were certainly exploited by the town owner. As for the poor tanya owners, they were, despite their few acres and their tanya, the kind of poor peasants who, when they went "home" to town, drove into the public house courtyard and, sitting on the sides of their carts, ate rancid bacon for dinner while their measly little horses munched away at some maize stalks. And aside from all this, was not a town such as Makó, with its mud and dust, its earth houses and crippling agricultural techniques, a glaring contrast to the industrial towns, despite the masses who lived together there and despite the fact that the level of Makó communal life was higher than that in the villages? In the last analysis a town such as this must surely be classified with the villages.

But the difference between a town with tanyas, such as Makó, and the villages can nevertheless not be neglected. That it certainly can not I felt even when I was living there myself, and I was also always aware of it when I thought about the system and compared it to others. The form of settlement and agriculture which developed in the towns with tanyas is theoretically suited to making it possible for those engaged in agriculture also to live in town. However, this cannot be put into practice even half way while there is a substantial difference between agriculture and industry and while the exploitation of man by man is possible. It is therefore only under socialism that this form can become the embodiment of an agricultural town. (I had already arrived at this conclusion in my very first confession.)

It still remained a problem, however, to decide how the difference between the village and the town-and-tanya form of farming, and the sense of each as a form, could be formulated, in order correctly to evaluate them and also to be able to develop them, in harmony with the developing social and productive relations. I then set up a theory according to which the "territorial economic structure" must be recognized, classified and rationally developed, and I shocked my professors by writing papers to this effect. The essence here was not the territorial destination of the produce and the recognition and formation of economic regions but the distinction made between places of production and places of consumption and an inquiry into how, under any type of production and in any area, both the one and the other become organized and how they are located in their relation with one another. It was on this basis that I thought to construct the system of

town, village, tanya and their many variations. I did not then get very far with these ideas, though I did achieve one thing, which was to explain to myself the mystery of the town-village-tanya triangle. (Now I also see that in a period when the forces of production are straining to burst asunder the old social forms, more use can be made of the seed of theory.)

Next I turned to the geographical sciences and tried to benefit from the explanations furnished by economic geography and the geography of settlements. The results were rather meagre. I was able to obtain information on towns and villages, on the factors of urban development, and on the closed-village and scattered forms of agricultural settlement, and also learnt that throughout the world there were a great many places where the farmers and live-stock breeders had not settled in compact villages but in scattered, solitary houses and farm-yards and that geography included our tanyas on the Great Plains in this category. I could not acquiesce in this and entered into an argument with the geographers. It was not a very successful one. I was not able to get any further than that the geographers were willing in certain cases to devote attention to the distinction between places of residence and places of production but that they did not know where to put "my" tanyas and showed considerable reluctance to accept "my" agricultural towns as well.

I was able to make more progress with the settlement planners, and particularly with those engaged in urbanistics. Then too, this discipline was the preserve mainly of town-planning architects, and their approach, which conformed to the concrete work of planning, considered precisely the functions of the various settlements or parts of settlements to be the most interesting. For this reason my account of the town-and-tanya situation and of my attempts at fitting the tanyas into the system of settlements met with the most lively interest in these circles. They, the engineers of the forms of settlement, generally appreciated the division of agricultural settlements into residential towns and productive tanya units, and they were well able to sense the perspectives of this solution.

I also found understanding among those concerned with ethnography and local history. For those familiar with "garden towns," the "sheep-fold gardens" for keeping animals, and the various "meadow gardens," the picture which I presented of the towns on the Great Plains and of their tanyas was not unusual. The scholars engaged in these sciences had discovered a great many varieties of agricultural settlement and had mainly been preoccupied with tracing their historical evolution. It was from them that I learnt what special historical reasons had contributed to the evolution of the particular system of settlement and agriculture into which I was born,

and also what trends of development and formal features are being manifested throughout the world in agricultural settlements.

During the 15 years which passed between my first paper on the tanya and 1945, I visited many places both in Hungary and also in neighbouring lands and in a few parts of Western Europe. I always travelled with some other aim or purpose, but everyone has his particular predilection and what struck me everywhere was what the towns, villages and tanyas were like where I was staying. Both my travel observations and my reading in geography and ethnography soon showed that there is a great diversity, but also a striking similarity.

To begin with, it turned out that agricultural towns the size of Makó—with “dual habitation,” i. e., seasonally inhabited tanyas and shelters—are only to be found on the Great Plains, including the Bácska district in Yugoslavia and the Bánság (Banat) in Rumania. However, I found in many places settlement forms of numerous kinds in which there are, apart from the village dwelling houses and farmyards, outer premises which serve some agricultural productive aim or other—to mention only the most frequent, press houses and cellars in the vineyards, hay storing sheds on the meadows, alpine milking houses, fishermen’s rests, sheep pens, the folds and enclosures of other animals, and gardening sheds. From all this I had to conclude that even though agricultural towns of the size of Makó, with their own tanyas, were only formed amid the peculiar historical and settlement conditions of the Great Plains, the solution itself, i. e. that apart from the permanent residences buildings should also be set up at the places of production and for the purpose of productive work, has been fairly widely adopted.

Very soon, however, I also had to notice that there is a surprisingly large number of places where scattered agricultural settlements and solitary tanya buildings which at first sight resemble the “real” tanyas are to be found. To begin with, there are parts of the Great Plains where the tanyas are overwhelmingly of this type—in the area of Szeged, on the Island of Mohács, in many places between the Danube and the Tisza, around Szarvas, and in other areas. But what was a really novel discovery for me was the fact that in some other European countries too, or at least in parts of them, it was not the closed settlement of the village but the scattered, solitary peasant farmyard that was the dominant form of settlement and of farming. They may be found in many parts of Austria and Germany, over most of Switzerland and the Netherlands, in some of the mountain districts of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and, as I was able to glean from the pertinent literature, in the Scandinavian countries, Poland and several regions of the Soviet Union.

Having obtained this information, the forms of agricultural settlement and farming came to present an almost self-evident system to me. The most general is the closed village, a settlement whose size is such as to permit the people to go out daily from the dwelling houses and farmyards to cultivate the land. Less general but also frequent is the scattered settlement where each peasant family settles separately on the farming lands, though these solitary homesteads are the same combination of dwelling and farmyard as the peasant houses in the villages. Beside these, there is the exceptional form of the "divided settlement," where the farmyard is at the site of production, separated from the house in the town or village, and provides temporary accommodation during the farming season. It was, moreover, not hard to recognize that it is the tanya system, which is outside of the two types of village (closed and scattered), that furnishes the form of settlement and production which, provided the general social conditions are favourable, makes it possible for agricultural towns to evolve. It is therefore this form that offers the greatest potential for future development.

I was not able to keep all this for myself and summed up the results of this particular piece of village research in three volumes, published between 1939 and 1942, dealing with the Hungarian town, Hungarian tanyas and the Hungarian village.* These were neither scientific treatises nor literary descriptions but a medley of observations, analyses, arguments and deductions, forming all in all a comprehensive set of documents on the town-village-tanya triangle. They were most directly concerned with our own Hungarian conditions, though they also alluded to more far-reaching and general conclusions.

3

Then came the World War II victory over Hitler-fascism, and the liberation of our country. A new epoch ensued in the history of the world and also in the development of our country. The world-wide competition of the new socialist order with the old capitalist system began to unfold, and, in our country too, achievement of the people's rule and construction of a socialist society was the next task at hand. In this struggle the seizure and maintenance of power by the workers and peasants, the socialist transformation of the relations of production, and the reshaping of social institutions gained the stature of historic tasks that relegated all else to the background.

Under these circumstances all that I knew and recommended with respect to the settlement and farming forms of town, village and tanya and of their possible development had perforce to take second place as questions of

* See footnote, p. 62.

negligible detail. The otherwise important and essential inner problems of agriculture, of the villages and all the forms of settlement, now became subordinate to the interests of the struggle for power and the transformation of the relations of production, losing their independent significance during the militant phase of the transformation.

Did I know this as clearly at the time? No, I did not, and in particular I did not express it in these terms but entered the lists with complete conviction, on behalf not of the agricultural towns of the future but of the general social and economic conditions for the more human future of the peasantry, on behalf of the achievement of socialism. In the midst of such a struggle it was only natural that I too should forget the different varieties of settlement and farming forms and the means by which they should be or could be developed. For me too, the problem became just as much confined to the possession of the land, the ownership of the factories and banks, and the conquest of state power, as for those who had previously not been concerned with such internal peasant problems as the difference between the tanyas and scattered settlements.

It was thus that I took part in deciding on and carrying out the land reform. I voted for it with no hesitation whatever and occasionally even took the initiative in having landlords' estates and the tanyas of rich farmers divided up and portioned out. I was perfectly content to note the building of tens of thousands of new tanyas on the distributed lands, regardless of whether they were true tanyas or scattered settlements. Did I not then think of the more distant future, when these questions could no longer be circumvented? I did and I did not. The one thing that I knew for certain, beyond any doubt, was that the land had to be given to each working peasant separately, so that it should not again come to be owned by capitalists, landlords or rich farmers who employ labourers. It would be the next step to see what forms of farming we could ultimately evolve on the land that had been acquired and thus how the villages, tanyas and agricultural towns would finally develop.

The time for this next step soon came. By 1949 the question arose of whether we could continue to subsist on the many small plots and, most important, increase output in the future to the extent required by the standard of living of the entire population, particularly that of the working peasantry themselves. The answer could only be in the negative, so that we had to begin socialist reorganization. At this stage we found ourselves confronted with the tanyas in a different way from when the land reform was being carried out. The way the question was now posed was whether it was possible to organize large-scale socialist farms as long as there were

scattered tanyas, or, to put it more precisely, whether it was a precondition for socialist reorganization to concentrate the scattered tanyas in closed settlements, in old and new villages. The idea then gained ground that the tanyas would stand in the way of organization of cooperative farms, so that we should strive within the foreseeable future to get the population of the tanyas concentrated in closed settlements. This was to be achieved through setting up tanya centres, planning new villages, distributing building sites, and lending support to the building of houses. It was to carry out these tasks that the Tanya Council was set up, and as an expert on these matters I became chairman of this council.

The outcome was that we established over 150 tanya centres, organized these as independent new villages in over 100 places, and in both the old settlements and the new villages and tanya centres developed housing schemes, distributed building sites, and set up a special construction agency. Centralized settlement, however, took place on nothing like the scale we had expected. In some places it never began at all; in others it got off to a start but then came to a halt; and a part of the new villages that were organized later proved to lack viability. Nevertheless, by 1961 the socialist reorganization of agriculture was essentially completed, and it was not hindered by the continued existence of the tanyas or by the failure to complete the development of the tanya centres and the new villages.

Was our conception unfounded and the plan incorrect? Yes, and here it is up to me to explain:

It is one thing to embark on and organize the socialist transformation of agriculture as a social and political movement and another thing altogether to organize, plan and manage the active units of cooperative farming. The process of socialist reorganization has been carried out in almost all the socialist countries, amid whatever conditions of settlement and farming practice happened historically to have evolved in that country. It is true that with certain kinds of farming and settlement pattern (e. g. on the manorial settlements of the former landlords) it was easier to achieve, while under different circumstances (in the case of very small villages, scattered settlements or tanyas) it was harder. However, none of the forms of settlement was an impediment to reorganization itself. On the other hand, under whatever circumstances the large cooperative farms were established, the actual organization of large-scale production and the rational arrangement of settlement and farming conditions occurred subsequently, as a further step.

We had linked the two together and even mixed them up, whereas a transformation on such a revolutionary scale can necessarily be carried out

only in several stages in the course of development. We had wanted to establish a whole series of small village settlements in place of the tanyas, which could actually not have been accomplished during the space of a few years and, indeed, would not have made the process of cooperative transformation substantially easier if it had been. At the same time it would have posed problems for future development which would have been no easier to resolve than those set by the tanyas. And the strange thing is that, though public opinion approved of this campaign, the people of the tanyas did not seize the opportunity offered them.

Finally, then, this "solution" of the tanya problem did not succeed, and it is better that it did not. We had attempted a solution, one that was subordinate to the requirements of political development, which would have brought us no nearer to the later real solution of the conditions of settlement and farming. Why did we not know this beforehand? I knew full well what the ultimate and complete solution of the tanya problem would be, but as for the steps by which it could be approached in actual historical development, we had no basis of experience nor even examples from elsewhere, so that our measures at the time were dictated by political expediency.

At any rate we acquired a great deal of experience through our attempt to concentrate the tanyas into villages, and I learned much from this historical lesson. My knowledge of the actual situation and historical development of the forms of settlement and farming was enriched by new elements, differing qualitatively from those I had known before. I acquired experiences on the possibilities, the practicable and the impracticable means of transformation and true development, and became armoured for the future against the temptation of overestimating transitional solutions. And having become obstinate and fervent about this matter, I hastened to summarize my recently acquired new discoveries. It was at about this time that I was elected to be a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences, so I thought it only natural that my inaugural lecture should be on this subject; it was delivered in December 1951, and its title was: "The problems of the tanya system in relation to socialist reorganization of agriculture."

This lecture came 20 years after my paper on the tanyas, during which time I had acquired much information and no little experience on the subject, yet there was much similarity between the two. The basic idea was the same, there was still much confusion over the definition of concepts, and the possible solutions were still shrouded in mist; yet with regard to the latter the difference had also become striking. In that first confession 20 years earlier, the image of the true solution had appeared only dimly and at an improbable distance, while in the lecture it was as an immediately attain-

able historical possibility that could examine the development of a system of agrarian towns based on large-scale socialist farming units and tanya establishments confined to production only.

4

By 1961 the socialist reorganization of agriculture was essentially completed in our country. In Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia it had been achieved earlier, while in the Soviet Union socialist agriculture could look back on a past of 30 years. We had entered a new historical epoch, when, compared to the old traditions, a radically new situation had come into being in the development and mutual relations of industry and agriculture, of town, village and tanya. After the transformation of the relations of production and the struggle waged to achieve it, every question of detail in the construction of the new order became topical, and indeed pressingly urgent. In the analysis of the system of settlement and farming and in its development on the basis of socialism, it was now that everything which I had searched for and incessantly urged for 30 years really came to be put on the agenda. It was now that "my time was here" in unravelling the complex web of town, village and tanya, and I plunged into the new spell of my earlier discoveries and plans with the heat of a passion that had often had to be curbed and with the more serious responsibility now imposed by having to shape a living practice.

The first time I encountered a practical exposition of the new opportunities and requirements with respect to agricultural settlement and farming amid the conditions of a socialist agriculture was in 1950. Nikita Khrushchev, then in his capacity as Secretary of the Moscow area, had written an article in April 1950 in which he discussed the need for larger collective farm settlements, the "agrarian towns," combining this with the idea of "field outposts" for cultivation of the more distant lands. This communication understandably aroused my excitement, for it was not hard to recognize in this conception a program-like statement of my own "town and tanya" approach. Since I was to visit the Soviet Union a short while later, I hastened to draft some questions which I intended to put to the author to make sure that this was really what he had meant. As things happened I did not succeed in handing him my carefully formulated questions and was thus not able to obtain a reply from him, but I was able to receive information from his associates, who knew his views. From this I ascertained beyond any doubt that I had understood the formulations of the article correctly, but I was also told that the program for these agrarian towns could not yet be

regarded as the trend to be generally followed, because the conditions for investments on such a vast scale were not yet ripe.

That this, however, is the path toward a solution, that it is through such a form of settlement that the elimination of the differences between town and village can be achieved under socialism, is a fact of which I was myself perfectly convinced both then and also earlier. And if anyone should still have some doubts, they may now read the following in the program adopted by the Twenty-second Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union:

"Gradually, the kolkhoz villages will grow into amalgamated urban communities with modern housing facilities, public amenities and services, and cultural and medical institutions. The rural population will ultimately draw level with the urban population in cultural and living conditions."

Since, however, I had no doubts whatever on this score, I began without delay, as soon as the opportunity offered, to undertake a more searching investigation of the conditions of farming and settlement which had evolved after the socialist reorganization, in order to be able to smooth the possible paths of development. My colleagues and I at the Institute for Agricultural Management were able as early as 1961 to publish a book which, dealing with the problem of "productive regions and specialization in agriculture," also presented the possibilities and the future course of the planned transformation of settlement and farming conditions.

The basic idea and the recognition of the historically evolved facts had not changed, but a new feature had been added to the old approach: These relations could now be measured and shaped with the eyes of a planner. The formerly vague theoretical concepts of a "territorial economic structure" now became methods for organizing farm operation and for town and village planning. In order to complete the picture and close the circle of this example of village research, let me reproduce the relevant summary of the book I have cited.

"Agricultural settlement forms have their precisely distinguishable operative basis, and this is the feature through which we can both reveal the part they play in the established territorial units and find the clue to their planned development.

"The agricultural settlement forms may, according to the operative organization of farming, be arranged in the following system:

"*Scattered settlements*, the form of settlement of the small individual or family farms, where the entire farming area is situated around the dwelling house.

"*Group settlements* (such as ribbon villages), which are also the form of settlement of individual or family farms, the land of the domestic farm

plot being located around the dwelling house and the outer farming area adjacent to it.

"*Closed villages*, with a garden, small or large, around the dwelling house, and the rest of the domestic farm plot generally situated in a garden adjoining the village. The larger, outer circle of farming takes place on the lands bordering the village—in small individual units or in common socialist ones. This form of settlement was the most usual under capitalist conditions, but in the present period it is also the most usual form of the socialist village.

"*Manorial settlements*, the form of large-scale units, with the farm-buildings situated on the farm land together with the permanent or temporary homes of all or a part of those working there.

"*Sundry accommodation units*, including tanyas and other farming establishments, and farm buildings at the site of production (such as stables, press houses, cellars, and stores), which provide transitional accommodation or temporary homes during the farming season. This form of settlement may supplement any of the previous forms and occurs in both capitalist and socialist agriculture.

"*Agrarian towns*, in their settlement pattern like the closed village with the difference that they are settlements of so great a farming area as to exceed the distance which may be cultivated by going out every day at the present level of technology. They are therefore necessarily supplemented by manorial settlements, accommodation units, tanyas and other farming establishments. This form of agrarian settlement was a peculiar development in Hungary in the course of capitalist evolution; otherwise it is unusual under the conditions of capitalism. It has also been broached in the Soviet Union as a possibility for a new and more advanced settlement form for socialist agriculture.

"The general problem of the operative relations of settlement conditions may be formulated by asking what the operative relation is between the productive unit and the household, or the place of work and the place of habitation—that is, how the living settlement and the productive settlement are situated territorially. These theoretically identical questions arise in the case of the small-scale farms as the problem of farming according to the village or according to the tanya system and in the case of large-scale farming as the problem of manorial settlements as living units or as farming units.

"The essential difference between the village system of farming and the tanya system is that in the first case the dwelling place is located in the framework of a settlement of some size, with the place of production divided

so that the farming installations are located beside the dwelling house, on the same site, i. e., divorced from the land which is cultivated; in the second case the farming installations are located on the land which is cultivated and the dwelling house is either at the same place (scattered form of settlement) or else represents a temporary accommodation at the place of farming, according to the requirements of the work of production (Hungarian agricultural towns).

"It may easily be seen that the two systems of farming and settlement produce very different operative conditions. Transport, storage, travelling to the site of work and similar problems may all be solved in a radically different way—according to whether farming takes place by the village or by the tanya system—not to mention the meeting of welfare, cultural and health requirements. It is also obvious that farming according to the village and the tanya systems and the attendant welfare and cultural issues are the peculiar and insoluble agrarian problems of the economic system of capitalism. Under the socialist system these problems, together with the individual and family small-scale farming which forms their basis, arise as the problem of socialist reorganization.

"The manorial settlement is necessarily a farming establishment and is an inevitable accompaniment of large-scale farming. Under the conditions of factory-type, mechanized wholesale production, this cannot, of course, be otherwise. Development in this respect merely means that the manorial settlement as a farming establishment increasingly comes to resemble a factory unit. The problem is occasioned by the fact that it also serves as a dwelling place.

"Historically—from the feudal beginnings of farming in manorial settlements right through to the end of capitalist development and also, generally, under socialist agriculture to date—the manorial settlements have at the same time been the housing settlements of those working there, with the exception of seasonal and occasional workers, and with the exception under capitalism of the owner and under socialism of persons engaged in certain special jobs. (It is in this, among other things, that the manorial settlement differs from the factory.) As a residential settlement it is, however, relatively very small, so that welfare, cultural, health and other services cannot be supplied there on an adequate scale. On the other hand, "living out" is economical from the operative point of view because it saves much transport and travel. For this reason there is a growing trend in the direction of getting those who work on the manorial settlement as a farming unit to live in some higher level of settlement and go to work from there. If, however, this higher-level settlement is

nothing more than a small or even fairly large village, then the problem has not been solved but merely divided: The social, cultural, health and other services improve somewhat, without having been satisfactorily arranged, while the burden of transport and travel increases at least as much on the production side."

The solution, or the perspective, may therefore unequivocally be nothing but the agrarian town which may be established gradually, through the planned organizational and building activities of a prolonged period of transition, taking the present situation, inherited from the past, as our point of departure.

5

There is in the whole story—it would be in vain for me to deny it—a measure of recurrent Makó subjectiveness. But by way of extenuation let me state that, wherever I have been in the world, I have always devoted much attention to inquiring into the situation of town, village and tanya, and I have endeavoured not merely to understand different types of conditions but also to compare them with those of the Hungarian agricultural towns which I knew from Makó. The actual fact, then, is that only my eyes remained "Makó ones to the end, while I have always endeavoured to see and comprehend the whole of objective reality.

I have, of course, not been able to see the whole, but I have seen sufficient parts to dare formulate an image of the whole. Let me just project the pictures of a very brief film from the tape of my memory, as recorded by the "village researcher's" eye in the course of my wanderings.

Home pictures: On a plain of black lands, in strict solitude but within no more than shouting distance of one another, stands tanya after tanya, consisting of simple, white-walled houses, sheds, stacks, poplars and acacias. At the edge of the horizon are towers and factory chimneys—the town—or the vast village from Makó to Debrecen and Szolnok to Gyula. Tanyas are grouped, in round clusters, around Nyíregyháza, like sheep at noon when they stick their heads together. On the sides and tops of gently sloping sand dunes, at the edges of the spacious valleys between them, are tanya houses surrounded by grapes and fruit trees, with hedges around them, from the Danube to the Tisza, from the Bánság (Banat) to the Jászág. Rows of tiny cellar-huts look down on the Danube valley from the Szekszárd hills and the series of mounds that flank the Danube. Villages and farmsteads, more villages and manorial settlements reach from the Danube to the Dráva, from the upper Tisza to the northern frontiers, sparsely interspersed with the steeples and tall houses of the towns.

Czechoslovakia: Mountain tanyas on the slopes and along the ribbons of the valleys among the Slovak mountains alternate with clusters of small villages, towns, and the infinite varieties between them. On the Czech and Moravian hills and in the valleys are village after village, as regular as you see them drawn in schoolbooks and, to the Hungarian eye, as tiny.

Yugoslav variations: In the Voivodina the pictures of Hungary beyond the Tisza continue: tanya after tanya and the same kinds of large villages and agricultural towns an hour's walking distance apart. In the mountains are tanya houses, solitary, in loose clusters, or in rows. On the Dalmatian coast and on the islands, villages composed of small houses are huddled closely together, and among them, in some places sparsely and in others more thickly, are pearls of small townships.

Rumania: On the plains and in the mountain districts all the varieties of village can be found; further up in the hills, at a greater distance from the villages and towns are shepherd tanyas and manorial settlements.

Bulgaria: In the plains districts and the broader valleys, villages are small rather than large. In the mountains are houses, tanyas and shelters in short rows or in scattered groups.

Polish pictures: In the central and western parts are such villages as Reymont's Lipce and among them manorial settlements with manor-houses. In the northern and eastern areas are solitary tanyas and houses on endless fields, and in the southern parts huge villages and agricultural market towns.

Austrian and Swiss variations: Villages right out of schoolbooks are found in the valleys and the areas of the lower hills and plains, and fortress-like tanya houses, alpine cattle sheds and milking pens, and hay sheds in the higher mountains, with scattered tanya houses in the central basin. In Italian Switzerland there are closely concentrated small villages.

Germany: As in a museum collection, all the existing varieties of village—circular, grouped, chess-board and ribbon—are to be found, as well as the full scale of manorial settlements, from those with large or small manor-houses to those of shed-like simplicity. There are solitary tanya houses over hill and dale, a day's walking distance from each other. And in the field of closed and scattered villages are all the varieties of town, from the small residential towns to the county-sized industrial centre.

The Netherlands: Among carefully tended lawns and smooth plough-lands beside the canals are endless fields of solitary tanya houses. Around the towns there are "villages" of glass houses and a colour-resplendent carpet of flowers. The towns are both large and small, but the eye searches in vain for the schoolbook type of village.

Finland: Whether in northern Lapland or in the southern regions, everywhere there are scattered tanya houses—on islands, by lakesides, in forest clearings and on open meadows, with only an occasional church steeple about which there is a loose agglomeration of various-sized houses.

Soviet Union: Over an area the size of a continent, there are varieties corresponding to those of 16 countries: tiny villages and groups of houses in the forest zones, larger, sometimes giant villages in the steppes, scattered tanya houses in the northern districts, more closely knit villages, large and small, in the Caucasus. And everywhere are large and yet larger manorial settlements and collective farm units in the areas between the industrial plants and the towns.

Chinese pictures: From Peking to Shanghai are tiny groups of houses, an infinitely extensive network of small villages only now and then interrupted by larger villages or the solitary houses of scattered settlements. On the lands between the densely situated little villages there are gardens, terraces, canals and pumping stations.

So many are the variations, seen with my own eyes, of that which, as a child at Makó, I understood to be the only and natural solution. And how many more varieties there are that I have not been able to see, but which I know from descriptions and maps, and how many more again of which I have not even heard!

However many varieties there are in the world, I now know for certain that they are all an infinitely multiple variation of the basic forms of town, village and tanya, and that in the last analysis the historical rule is that all the many varieties can be classified according to the two great opposing groups—town and village. What can, however, not be classified under either heading is the agricultural town with the tanyas belonging to it; this is an exception to the historical rule, not a third great class. But it is an exception which in future history will become the rule, and the present-day varieties are all developing in this direction, obedient to the law of progress.

When as a passenger you look out of the window of a train or a car, or examine the map that you see from the window of an aeroplane, and see these many and apparently confused varieties, it is well to bear in mind that hitherto it was the dual law of town and village that shaped the scene which appears before you, but in the future a uniform law will apply to the settlements of those engaged in agriculture, to both their dwellings and their places of work. And you should remember that in the socialist countries this is already being planned by an army of economists, agriculturists and engineers.

DEEP-SEA CURRENT

by

GYULA CSÁK

The Town Hall, just as in other villages, stood next to the church. The church was built on top of a gently sloping hill and was rather dilapidated. The Town Hall was no different. The latter had no fence around it either. The gate was there, though, but its latch was rusty. Two steps beyond was the pathway, trodden through trampled-down boxwood bushes, which everyone used to reach the back wing, entering the offices by going past a beetroot slicer with its support sunk into the ground and a bicycle leaning against a rack for drying crockery.

Although the sun shone brightly outside, there was dampness and a choking smell of mould and pipe-smoke inside the office. A ruddy-cheeked white-mustachioed old man with a Hungarian face verging on kitsch was drawing in the lilac-coloured fumes of fresh tobacco. He looked like one of those natural rustics on posters exhorting peasants to enter into contract with the State to fatten pigs. He was wearing a white shirt and shining boots and had a bright band of national colours carefully fitted onto his left sleeve. He sprawled on a creaking chair and eyed me with lazy glances.

He was leaning on his elbows at one of two writing-desks pushed up together. I thought: Maybe he is the chairman.

Hesitantly I put my trunk down on the floor and took a quick look about the room. I noticed a brown-coloured cabinet with chipped veneer in one corner, its top burdened with rolls of off-white papers that must have been gathering dust there for years. Perhaps they were primitive, home-made maps of the surrounding lands drawn up for the land reform of '45. Three flypapers and a chandelier heavily decorated with glass beads hung from the ceiling. The main wall space, above the old man's head, was occupied by a Van Gogh reproduction set in a frame ornamented like a Venetian mirror. Next to it, hung on a nail, was an ordinary kerosene lamp.

"Good morning," I mumbled in an undertone, with all the good manners I was capable of. "Are you the chairman?"

"The Guv's a deaf-mute. What do you want?" a woman's voice shouted from the adjoining room; at the same time, a plank door opened. I had not noticed it because the same picture of two Dutch children in sabots was painted on the walls all around. The voice was followed by the appearance of the woman who belonged to it. She looked much too short for her curves. "What do you want?" she asked in a snubbing tone.

"I want to talk to the chairman," I said, tilting myself with steadfast civility but shooting a startled glance at the deaf-mute poster. The woman's voice became even more chilly.

"Where do you come from?"

"Budapest. Just a few minutes. I ask to take up his time only briefly."

She of the curves disappeared behind her door, then, a moment later, called out again:
"Come in."

I wondered whether I should switch to the more self-assured pose of "the comrade from Budapest" but ruled it out. I'd take a chance on civility and see what happened. I decided to suit my behaviour to the chairman's.

After passing through two smaller rooms I came into the chairman's presence. He was a middle-sized fellow, rather thin. His face was parchment-like, the skin pores wide and noticeable. His eyes were blue, with pouches and wrinkles around them; his matted hair stuck greasily about his nape. He was wearing a baggy suit with a sheen and full of stains, of a cut some ten years old. There was a hint of an old crease about his kneed trousers. His handclasp was languid. Fortunately he had dry-skinned fingers.

He was standing by the corner of a desk, turning over a large bundle of papers—tax sheets, they were—and signing each leaf. With his head he motioned me to sit down.

Behind his desk stood a piece of furniture like a glass-cabinet, the pigeon-holes stuffed with yearbooks, statistics, and official gazettes. Lurking in one corner was a sort of whatnot, topped by a pennant of red silk with golden lettering. In another corner, amplifying equipment, obviously an accessory of the loudspeaker mounted on the chimney.

With my trunk at attention, I was waiting patiently.

"Come with the midday train?" he asked, without turning.

"By bus."

I was compliant, though slightly annoyed at not being able to get a better view of his face.

"You about the water business?"

"No-o," I said, chuckling at the absurdity of the idea. Quite another business.

For a moment he turned towards me, stared at me with raised eyebrows, then again showed me his back. I offered him a cigarette, but he refused. He called out to the buxom clerkess, who snatched up her papers and gave me a somewhat angry look. She slammed the door behind her.

"Well, so you've come from Debrecen?" the chairman said, lowering himself into a chair facing me.

"From Budapest," I corrected him, now slightly annoyed.

"Aha," he said, and eyed me reflectively for some moments.

Not that I couldn't understand his hesitancy. I must have seemed a rather queer phenomenon to him—my tight, cuffless trousers, pointed shoes, and the loose-knitted sweater I was wearing in place of a jacket were not the ordinary village gear. It was not even like the mostly puritanical rig, radiating conservatism, of county-council or metropolitan officials who would be coming to see him on official business. Besides, official people would be arriving by car or, at least, riding motorbikes, and while it was just conceivable that some of them would come by train they would not be toting trunks quite this size—let alone one in a red-and-black chequered cover.

Apparently he had decided to play it safe, for, with a shade of uncertainty in his tone, he now spoke up:

"Would you just show me some kind of paper, please."

I handed over my identity card, which, besides stating the fact that I was a citizen, of majority age, of Hungary, would not inform him of any assignment which I might have been entrusted with. He studied the document at length, visibly at a loss as to what attitude he should take.

"Well... here you are," he said with a sigh, after hesitating awhile, and handed me back my card. "Now what's brought you here?"

"Investigating," I murmured.

That got him confused still more. As he had not the faintest idea who I was, he smiled uneasily, then readjusted his countenance to look important.

"Well, what is it you want to know?" he asked.

"First of all, about some place I can stop at."

His crease-surrounded eyes registered fleeting resentment and shock.

"You'll find some place, I'm sure," he mumbled huffily. He looked at me expectantly: I had taken him for a reception clerk—now what else did I want of him?

Anxious to keep our relations from deteriorating any further, I endeavoured to be friendly and communicative and give him details about my plans.

"I am interested to know what changes have taken place and are taking place in people. That's what I'm investigating."

The thin man began shaking his left leg. I could read in his face the transformation that was taking place in his mind. Within half a minute, he was completely different. Now he was once more head of his office and of the village, master of the situation and of his own mind. He leaned back in his chair, developing a small and loose second chin like a turkey's wattle.

"Ah, so that's what you're after?" he said. "Changes."

"That's right."

"You mean in general?"

"Yes. Also concretely."

"Then you're not a Ministry-of-the-Interior man?"

"Well, not exactly."

"Then why did you say you were an investigator?"

Now it was my turn to get flustered. As a matter of fact, I had told him no lie, because a search to discover the truth about the realities of the social scene could as well be conceived of as an investigation to find some mysterious murderer. All the same, mixing up the two notions in this office and in this situation was apt to be misleading. I tried to explain and place our relations on a friendly footing once more, for I would only make my own job difficult if I quarrelled with the chairman. I produced my letter of commission from the publishers, then, taking a 180-degree turn, steered our conversation away from "rough" ground and asked some questions about generalities.

He gave his answers reluctantly—he was apparently sick and tired of my company. So, for that matter, was I of his; still, I stuck it out, partly because I had no idea how I could possibly get rid of him, partly because I was hoping that, somehow, it might yet take a turn for the better.

My hopes soon turned out to have been futile. The atmosphere was becoming charged with electricity, and for minutes we were silent. Meanwhile an odd little intermezzo was taking place. Both of us began fingering the tassels of the tattered table cover. Watching his hands with their uncared-for-broad fingernails, it occurred to me that, presumably, he nursed an anti-intellectual bias against me. But it was just possible that he was thinking that I was prey to an "anti-bureaucrat" attitude. As I had been staring rather fixedly at his hands, he glanced at mine, then at his own and, thinking of I couldn't tell what, began to laugh. I did the same, after which both of us rose and said good-bye to each other. We agreed that I would call on him again without fail before I left the place.

On my way out I wanted to ask that stuffed pigeon of a secretary where the national

guardsman had gone, but her pigeonship gave me such a dirty look, and was so tight-lipped in directing me to the hotel, that I lost the inclination to ask any further questions.

The "hotel" was a larger-than-average cottage. On the outside, it looked like the home of a well-to-do peasant; inside, it was a spa. As I found out later, it had been built in the twenties by an astute peasant from the price he got for a plot of land he had been allotted by the government as a *vitéz**. This idea of his had its value apart from his business considerations; to this day, it was the only place in the village where people could sit in nice warm water up to their chins.

There were six cubicles in a row in a glazed veranda, each containing a tiled bathtub and a couch. These cubicles would occasionally be let to temporary visitors, which they could do so all the more easily as local bathers were rather few and far between. This community had close to ten thousand inhabitants, yet there were not more than two or three bathing guests a day. (That remains a low figure even if one takes into consideration the fact that, as I was informed later on, several newly built homes did have bathrooms in them.)

I was received by a housewife, cordial yet at the same time reserved, with small, foxy eyes. She had red hair—a rarity in the villages of the Great Plains. As she was busy cooking, she had little time for me. We selected one cubicle, she gave me some blankets, and I filled in the registration slip. After a cat-bath that took me but minutes, I hurried out into the street. I felt attracted by the village, I wanted to digest everything immediately.

The baths stood in the market-place, which was also the Main Square, and the Main Square was, by and large, the geometric centre of this village. It was vast, out of all proportion. Two-thirds of it was a park, untended, surrounded by wire fencing; one-third was the market-place, constructed with concrete flooring. Beyond the park and the market-place stood a swing-boat and a shooting gallery. Except for two gipsy children there was not a living soul in sight. Regardless of this fact, the swing-boat operator kept his rasping gramophone blaring without a break. He had a stock of nine records, and these he played one after the other all day long.

It was 2 p. m., Saturday, all shops closed. I was annoyed mainly to find the shutter of the only espresso bar closed. I wandered about aimlessly, then plunged into the park and sat down on an unpainted bench made of knotty wood. I had to smile, for it was covered all over with carved hearts and names just like the benches in the City Park in Budapest—probably the fate of benches in public squares all over the world.

Seated on that bench, I started preening and trying my instinct-wings. I was going to need them badly. I've often found I could get farther on my feelings and instincts than on my brain.

Dead seriously I wanted to know how far the village had changed, to what extent the people had changed—on the inside. Here you could get farther if you had a good nose than you could with logic, however iron. I did not want just to hear and see—I had to feel, too.

A lot of experience warns one that reason and feeling often contradict each other. On the whole, of course, it's reason that one is bound to agree with. It's a truism that the alternatives the peasant used to face—to join the cooperative farm or not to join it?—were, in the majority of cases, clashes between reason and understanding rising to meet the exigencies of the time, on the one hand, and emotion and instinct holding to the past, to age-old customs. Nevertheless, with the spectacular triumph of reason the matter still is not half settled. One is happy not through "reason" but in one's "heart." And the main

* A title awarded to some ex-servicemen who showed particular loyalty to Admiral Horthy's new regime after World War I.

goal man strives towards is happiness. Harmony must therefore be established between reason and emotion. It is not enough to know that you live better; you have to feel it, too.

I was startled out of these and similar reflections by the realization that I'd been fumbling in my pockets for matches for quite some time. I wanted very much to smoke a cigarette.

I looked about for someone I could ask for a light. I spotted an old man, doubled into a question mark, in a far-away corner of the park. He was raking together fallen leaves and had a smoking pipe in between his teeth. He stopped working and watched me coming towards him.

"They keep falling, don't they?" I said as I came up alongside of him. "Of course, it's the season..."

"Yes, for a while. Till the pigs come home," the old man replied and raised his hat.

I failed to see any relation between his words and mine and decided that he must be another old man who was hard of hearing.

I offered him a cigarette, but he protested and pointed to his smoking pipe.

"You work here every day?" I yelled, making a sweeping gesture with my arm.

"Only when I have time," he said, wagging his head. It seemed I had raised his favourite topic, for words now poured from his mouth. "Anyhow, I should. I should be in all the time. I've told them on the village council: 'You give me a salary like a deliveryman and I'll be on the job all the time.' They don't give it. You can see it—totally out of shape. They ought to declare it a reserve, but they can't. As a result, it's being trampled down by young people, and they go and s—around the statue. I've lost all liking for the job. Yet six years ago I did it all by myself. I'm the only skilled gardener in this place. No, I have no qualifications, but I worked a good deal under the gardeners and I tended the duchess' gardens. Then she didn't pay the social insurance contributions for me, and so they won't give me a pension now. They called me a deaf old bouncer. With people like that, one ought to get a machine-gun and bump them off, right?"

I nodded. Though stooped, he was a head taller than I. Fury gleamed in his eyes. From time to time a great surge of passion would shake him and he would snatch at his pipe.

"You should complain somewhere else!" I shouted, rising on tiptoes to reach his ears. He waved his hand dejectedly. He turned to face me, as though he meant to hypnotize me and, placing a hand on my shoulder, talked to my forehead:

"Look, I'm a veteran of Nineteen.* I was a member of the party until fifty-seven, then I quit. My deafness had got too much. When I went to meetings I could hear nothing at all. All those bloody fools would sneer at me. Again the same lawyer from the county council came out here to look into things. You can imagine how it ended."

He scraped a few leaves together with his rake, whose handle was bound with wire; then he turned towards me once more.

"You're not in the cooperative?" I said, forestalling him; this time I whispered, leaving the words to movements of my lips. He got them all right.

"No. I was. Can't take it any more. Dropped out after three years."

"And didn't they put you on the pension list?"

"That wasn't the way things were done then. Six years ago. Then they invited me to come here to do gardening. And I did come, fool that I was; that's how it went."

* 1919: date of formation and dissolving of Hungarian Republic of Councils.

He surveyed the scene around him ruefully. He pocketed his pipe, then peered towards the highway.

"Could that be the pastry-shop keeper? So it is! It must be. My God, that woman can strut. Look!"

"Is she going to open her shop already?"

"That she is. She's a divorcee, you know." His chuckle sounded like a whimper; he must have been thinking some ribaldry. "Her father's an engine-driver. They came from Szatmár and got stuck here. Nice little hole, this village. Neither the teachers nor the constables or anyone else wants to leave this place, once they get an appointment. It's always been a cosy little hole..."

I had been told earlier that there was a luxurious espresso bar in this village. My first impression was that it was anything but that. It had uncomfortable tall chairs with narrow backs and the usual diminutive tables. The floor was oily and it smelled. The service was rather capricious: you were as likely to be served as not. There was another woman to help the engine-driver's prim daughter, but as trade would come in waves they would at times be kept so busy behind the counter that they had no time to attend to the seated customers.

Table customers were rare anyway. Most people drank their coffee, beer or dram of liqueur standing up, as people do in the Budapest bistros, some bringing children and feeding them pastries until they were nearly bursting their seams. Those who sat down mostly drank beer, wine or brandy. On the whole they were already tipsy when they entered. It was rare for one to sit down just for a cup of coffee.

In all fairness, of course, this espresso bar would have to be described as luxurious, for it was, compared with the other local catering establishments.

This Saturday afternoon things were fairly busy. Three wedding parties were actually in preparation, and most of the cakes and sweets had been ordered here. Dust-covered workmen in greasy overalls, coming from work, mingled here with wedding-guests in their black Sunday best who had been steeped in liquor since the morning. A good many people were drinking coffee, but as a rite suited to the occasion rather than out of addiction. Several men with husky voices ordered rounds of coffee three or four times. Apparently, not to get sobered or sober their companions but because they wanted to show off.

I decided on an unusual action. Having surveyed my situation, I came to the conclusion that if I wanted to get results I had to ignore both general etiquette and my own norms of behaviour; therefore I walked over to the noisy, coffee-drinking wedding-guests in the corner and accosted the most flower-decked and beribboned man among them.

"Would you be so good as to come over to my table for a moment?"

They all gave me startled looks, but the beribboned one rose and came over. At my table I introduced myself. The man spoke his name loudly and distinctly, in a soldierly fashion, which led me to infer that he thought me to be "someone," commanding some respect—so things were taking a favourable turn. I said I was collecting popular customs and, as he had rather caught my eye, I now would like to ask him about those ribbons. What did they stand for?

"You're a schoolmaster, aren't you?" he asked instead of replying to my question. Anxious not to complicate things, I nodded, and from then on they would "sir" me wherever news of my arrival went before me. I didn't care, for I knew that peasants respected and were fond of schoolmasters. Such had powers which did not threaten any untoward consequences, and they didn't cost much either; their authority rested solely on their knowledge.

My beribboned companion became friendlier and informed me that he was the best man.

"Related to the bride or the bridegroom?"

"Very distantly. You see, sir, here everyone is related very distantly to everyone else." He had a slightly scatterbrained way of speaking, and his red, greasy countenance shone. "A best man, you know, is very much like the M. C. of a ball."

He explained his office at length and with much devotion, and I gave out naiveté, looked astonished, primed him and got him to tell the whole procedure and course of the wedding.

"I say, do you have time?" he asked suddenly, slapping my knee.

"I do," I said.

"Please come along—see the whole thing for yourself! That's the best idea."

That was just what I had wanted. As I could feel assured of being invited, I began to make evasions. Oh no, I wouldn't intrude on them, or disturb the intimate family gathering, and so forth, but the burly best man had warmed to the idea so much that he dragged me by force over to his companions. Now I couldn't have got out of it if I had wanted.

The wedding guests had entered the espresso when the procession passed by in the street. Now we had to walk at a lively pace if we were to catch up with them. We walked a long way, to an entirely new residential section, one which had been built up after the whole village switched over to cooperative farming, that is, five or six years ago.

For some time the best man walked by my side and told me that we were going to attend the wedding of cooperative peasants. The newly-weds worked in the same team. I learned also that the wedding dinner would be attended by one hundred and twenty people. Three sheep and thirty braces of hens had been slaughtered. The bridegroom's father had laid out some eight thousand forints on the expenses. And this was not counted as a very gorgeous banquet, only the ordinary kind.

The best man, it seemed, discharged his function on a professional basis. This was the twelfth wedding party this year he had directed.

As we came to the house in which the wedding was celebrated, the orderly procession broke up. A good many people went home—they would return for the dinner in an hour's time.

In order to be admitted through the garden door one had to toss off a cup of wine. To cross the threshold into the house, you had to do it again.

It took us half an hour to get from the espresso bar to this rather small peasant cottage—it had taken the village ten years to come all the way from these cottages to the espresso bar...

The cottage was tiny. It consisted of three rooms in all. One porch, opening into the pantry on one side and into the room on the street-side. There were no electric lights. The pantry was locked; this was where the wine was stored and it also served as cloakroom.

The celebration itself was going to be held in the room facing the street. It had been cleaned out for the occasion. It was a strange experience, looking about at all those bare walls. Even the pictures had been removed. Two lamps were burning on two opposite walls. It was as if the house had been stripped bare. Beneath a thin layer of whitewash, like the capillary system of a living organism, ran millions of straw stalks mixed with mud. The earth floor of the house was strewn over with chaff, and from time to time they would sprinkle water on it, so that the feet of the dancers would not raise too much dust.

There were some benches hugging the walls, and it was onto these that the wedding party, temporarily diminished in number, now lowered themselves. A single, small table stood in one corner; at it was seated that most illustrious of guests—the *násznagy*.*

* Chief figure of wedding party, organizer of the celebration.

He was a huge man. Ruddy, bursting with energy, round-headed and shaved—both face and skull. A real Cossack *atamán*, such as Gogol might have conceived of. His eyes flashed, and he would pass the tip of his tongue voluptuously over his thick lips from time to time as though he had been drinking blood, yet he drank only wine diluted with water and even just a little of this, for he was under strict surveillance by his wife. The *násznagy* must not get drunk.

Notwithstanding my—this time quite sincere—protests, they made me sit down next to this man. On the other side of me sat his wife, who was very much delighted with my ignorance, my astonishment and ceaseless inquiries about everything.

The newly weds were sitting on the far side of the *násznagy*. The bride, as suited the surroundings, was diminutive and charming. I believe white-clad brides all over the world are charming. She was eighteen. Her bridegroom was twenty-two. Sitting there on the rough bench, they looked serious, even grim. The young husband linked his arm in his wife's. They looked and behaved so solemnly as to be almost comical.

The door that led into the room from the porch had been removed, so nothing now obstructed one's view inside or outside. Outside, the orchestra were tuning their instruments, and soon there came a frightful blare from the trumpets. A baby-faced, hulking lad wobbled in front of them, yelling a tune till he was blue in the face.

Gradually the benches became packed with gaping women and tiresome children. The grown-ups had tired, care-worn, haggard looks on their faces. Diverse in appearance, yet they all somehow looked alike. They resembled one another because of the common mark of their living conditions, and this resemblance was so strong that I thought I could tell—like black men from the whites—the peasants from other social strata among them like artisans. The mark of the common lot is still a tell-tale mark.

A white-haired man with a fine face and an unsteady gait kept popping up. He had a marvellous moustache. This was the apotheosis of moustaches, the finest moustache I had ever seen. It was not too large, not corckscrew, not trained in an extravagant, artificial way—it was simply The Moustache carried to the point of absurdity. Perhaps it was like that because he had never applied a razor to it, or perhaps he did use some method of moustache care that was better than any other method of the kind—I don't know, but it was sheer aesthetic delight to look at it.

He had a voice like a ship's horn. He now came to the door, and either because he didn't listen to the tune that was being played or because he didn't want to, he broke into quite a different tune so lustily and full-throated as to outblare both the orchestra and the whole party. The latter did, in fact, become silent. The baby-face seemed hurt as he looked at the old man; he was embarrassed, for he was fairly bursting with his adolescent pride that had now been given the go-ahead, yet at the same time he showed an instinctive deference to this stalwart sexagenarian.

"That's right, old chap!" the *atamán* exclaimed merrily, and he joined in the new tune. For the length of a few bars the two symbolic figures yelled in unison. Then the musicians changed their minds and the whole company joined in. The hefty youth, too, comforted and even awakened to a new consciousness of his self, sang a forceful *vibrato*. The hoary worthy leaned on his shoulder, and from this touch the lad—like some minor Anteus—derived the strength to snatch the bride away from the bridegroom's side and put his arm around her waist; they stamped their feet, leaped, and spun about.

"*Csár-dás!*" he bellowed to the orchestra, and standing the little frail bride on the ground he kicked wildly away at the chaff under his soles.

More couples started off; then, as the bride was footing it with her sixth partner, the

bridegroom stood up modestly. He clicked the heels of his boots, bowed, and cut in on the dancing couple. They went away at the *csárdás*, clumsily enough but in the manner of townspeople—a way of dancing fashionable in my ball-going time, sixteen years ago. When in the ballroom—where young peasants would be the majority—the gipsies or the railwaymen's orchestra were pressed into playing a *csárdás*, the young workers and grocers' assistants would segregate themselves from the rest by dancing tango, instead of taking two steps right, two steps left, in time to the *csárdás*.

Now it was only the young couple who were dancing, like mules. I had a suspicion, however, that this aloofness in their dancing had quite another content than in the old days. Then it would indicate a different social status; today, the difference was only of generations. Very cautiously, half convinced, I was beginning to formulate the thought: One might say, perhaps, that, considering the way they thought and dressed, their behaviour and tastes, young peasants of today were now about level with the slightly more civilized rural middle class, or rather the fringe of it nearest the peasantry. This was rather a trifling advance, and it was doubtful if it was a real advance at all, and not just an insignificant change of place or even retrogression disguised as progress. Could an aping of pre-1945 local petty gentlemen by even more paltry gentlemen be regarded as progress in the case of the peasantry, however great the depths from which they had risen? Was it not in another direction that they ought to advance?

It was in the dancing scene that the prelude to the wedding party culminated. From here on, the spirits of the party dropped steeply into desultory conversation and silence. Wine was poured out and glasses put into even the musicians' hands.

"What about Zsiga?" the *atamán* looked about him with flashing eyes.

"He isn't coming," a trumpet-player swayed his head.

"Why not?"

"He's gone and hanged himself."

One week before, the same band had played at another dance. Three of the musicians came from the neighbouring village, two were local. Zsiga had been the band-leader.

There was dead silence for a moment, then several people uttered a neighing laughter.

"Well! I don't know why he couldn't have waited one more week!"

He had committed suicide because, not working in the co-operative but only making music, he was not given a personal household maize plot—of course by right. Not knowing that in advance, he had sold his non-existent crop, "on the stalk," to two different people. He even took advances for it. Therefore.

So they say, and it may be so or it may be another way. It is difficult to find out a dead man's intentions.

Either the pressure was already high in their heads or they were concerned for the wedding atmosphere, because the tragedy was easily laid aside. I suppose the indifference might have a third reason too. Peasants living even in the most abject conditions consider gipsies far inferior to themselves, and therefore the death of a gipsy is not much more staggering for them than that of a shepherd's dog in their street.

The *násznagy* was a brigade-leader at the cooperative farm. He maintained his rank here too, his voice usually commanding, his conversation condescending. I suppose he had been called upon to increase the fame of the festivity by his presence. My assumption was verified perfectly later on by his wife. With an indulgent smile and forgiving gestures, she explained that for them this was really—a burden. The invitation cost them 800 Forints, but then they did not want to refuse: may "these" people also have their pleasure.

This sort of social climbing, inviting high-ranking persons to accept the honour of

godfather, etc.—has been known for a long time. People have always been inclined to rub shoulders with fortune and rank. But to rub shoulders with the brigade-leader—this is a new village feature.

I have been acquainted with the cooperative movement, mainly in the Great Plains, right from the beginning. I might even confess that in 1948, in the highly romantic time of organization, I was in this very same village on a publicity tour. I saw the reluctant faces, I heard the people scared to death of food's being measured out in tithes, communality of women and other nonsense that was alleged to be associated with Communism. I remember the time when the cooperative of a whole village still lurked in the brief case of a fanatic prophet-president: there were the registers, the reports, the whole administration, the whole bureau. To enroll somebody as brigade-leader involved imploring, perhaps even intimidation, because the lot of a brigade-leader was more often than not ridicule, humiliation, neurosis forever. And now we have come so far that to be team leader is an enviable existence!

At first I had thought the *násznagy* was a former wealthy peasant or a *kulák* and this was why he was surrounded by the cajolery mixed with respect. It soon turned out, however, that he had owned no more than three acres, and even that he obtained at the repartition of land after 1945. He was no party leader, no president of a land claims committee, nothing at all. If he had it somewhat easier than the others it was only because he had begot only one son.

If the brigade-leader had enjoyed a certain respect only at gatherings or at some official occasion, it would not mean much. The title of *násznagy*, however, that had been offered to him reflected that he had authority in private life, too, in the subjective appreciation of the people. This, in any event, is a completely new phenomenon.

It is another question whether it is unequivocally positive. For the old representative of power are we now trading on the sympathy of the newly powerful? The king is dead, long live the king?

In the wedding, of course, all this was not revealed so crudely as to justify this harsh wording. The cajolery was full of delicate nuance, the pride of the *atamán* was properly disguised—but one drop contained the whole ocean.

It was not clear how, but there was room for everybody. It reminded one of a film cartoon where twelve persons disappear into a telephone booth. Even more benches and trestle-tables were brought.

The supper began with shell-shaped *pasto* soup, continued with mutton stew, then roasted hens and finally fancy cakes. Because of excessive modesty I found myself squeezed out of the "great" house and had to take a place only in the porch, at the musicians' table. The giant baby fidgeted here with his five besotted pals and—to my joy—soon the moustache-king appeared with tottering steps and, shoving a lad aside, elbowed his way toward me.

The eating, or to be more exact the stuffing, could be again compared only with an animated cartoon. A bucketful of soup, four huge plates of stewed mutton and at least five pairs of hens disappeared within a few minutes—at our table only.

On account of his uncertain steps I believed my table companion with the wizard's head to have taken several drops too much. It turned out, however, that he was dead sober. He hardly drank anything, and generally would not drink at all. His walk was swaying, his tone, his shouting noisy, because general custom would have it so. He liked to be in good spirits, to have fun, but the wine was not especially important.

His eyes were arch. He laughed boisterously, and when I asked anything, he gazed questioningly for some time before answering.

Years ago he had been chairman, now he was a simple member. He assumed the pose of the Grey Eminence, but he was anxious to give himself away. He would have liked me to recognize that he was a more important man than one would think by his position and that it was only because of his outstanding character that he did not mind his "fall." In reality he was worried by it, because he felt he had been wronged.

"Not the members, the district council relieved me of my office," he muttered with irritation. "Somebody there didn't like me."

They had told him: increased requirements call for new leadership. This was not clear to him. He would not say anything against the present chairman, but he would be able to do the same thing.

In the course of our conversation, with its changes of mood, his peculiar character emerged. I have met similar people at different places. There is a whole "caste" of them in nearly every village. They could be summed up under the term: peasants who are signed by power. Within the "caste" at least five types can be distinguished.

The oldest, who have been almost completely forgotten in the course of time, are those who appeared immediately in forty-five. Many of them have a long history in the Communist agrarian movement. It is a strange paradox that perhaps the majority were set aside by the Rákosi coterie for having been too "leftist." Maybe with reason, but in most cases without. Chronologically follow the rural party leaders of the coalition period, a number of whom were valuable, intelligent people, apt for leadership. Most of them have lived in retirement ever since; at best, the Popular Front movement that rose periodically after fifty-three lifted one or another provisionally to the surface.

New men were thrust into prominence again when the cooperatives started. I know a village in the Great Plains where no less than thirty people have already been chairman of the cooperative. Some held the office for no longer than a few weeks, but even that gave them opportunity to acquire a smattering of power. And finally there are the present leaders.

After supper the atmosphere was rather dull for a time, greasy belching swimming up to the surface, until somebody commanded the gypsies to start making music.

I was glad when the ex-chairman suggested we take some exercise in the open air. As soon as we stepped out, without further ado I confronted him with the question: did he think that the people were happy in the cooperative?

"Some are, some aren't," he replied.

After some more questions and lengthy urging at last he launched some interesting comments. The result of his thinking out loud can be summarized something like this:

People accept the cooperative as an unalterable reality. Reluctance, the longing for individual farming, has shrunk almost to nothing. What they are after is how they can live better here and right now. Those who owned more when they entered the cooperative came more reluctantly because they had more to leave behind. Then, after they joined, they lived better just because they kept more. Those who had less to lose on entering now feel better. The position of the poorer and the well-to-do gets equalized in the cooperative and they start their new life with equal chances.

In the "individual world" there was competition between the people. As you make your bed... As a rule, the stronger, the cleverer, won. It was no use for somebody to be talented, superior, more valuable; he lived to the end with a pick and shovel. It's the same now. The stronger, the more dictatorial, the more aggressive—that one wins. That's the one who gets a better job and earns more easily and better, has better relations with the leaders, gets a building site sooner, building material, free conveyance, gets his children into higher schools more easily, and so on.

"And when you were chairman, were things this way, too?" I interrupted.

He burst out laughing and nodded vehemently. Exactly. At the very most he tried to "pick out" those people who really had merit. His approach to the question was different. . . . But finally he arrived at the conclusion that in his time it was not so. There was no such jostling at that time at all, the people rather drew away, kept looking outwards. Nor was cooperative life so profitable; the individual household plot and free-lancing outside the cooperative brought more grist to one's mill. Today already the larger piece of bread was coming from inside. Particularly if one had a family and everyone was working in the cooperative, they could live much better now, as could those—as he said before—whose elbows were sharp.

I tried to raise a further objection, but suddenly we heard screams, trampling, bumps, cursing and a heavy fall. Jumping up, we trotted out to where the sounds came from, towards the gate of the house where the wedding feast was on. By the time we got there there was already a tumult, somebody climbed out of the ditch, a hoarse voice shouted: "Let me alone!" but the fighters had already been separated.

The best man was busy there, too. As soon as he caught my eye he invited me to step in, the bride's dance was just beginning.

As I found out later, a jealous scene had taken place at the gate. At first the husband fell out with the wife, then with the suspected lad.

The bride's dance brought in three thousand Forints. Thirty people were dancing, and each gave a hundred. While the bride was getting dead-tired from dancing for their first common earnings, I spoke with the bridegroom. He told me, among other things, that their marriage ceremony was not held in the church.

The peasants of the Great Plains, particularly the Protestants, were never zealous church-goers, at most in old age, when they had more leisure and became more sensitive spiritually. People who passed their prime, by instinct but also for lack of free time, distinguished between belief in God and church-going. A wedding, baptism or burial, however, could not pass without ecclesiastical assistance. It required extraordinary strength of mind to override this custom, and even if somebody had it he would not have the courage. Such behaviour elicited a wave of indignation, whose consequences were difficult to foresee.

The young people had both the strength of mind and the courage, and no scandal came out of it either. This is another eloquent testimony of the great change that was taking place in the village.

At three o'clock in the morning I took my leave from the nuptial gathering. From the porch door I threw another backward glance on the swarming group. The new wife, "her hair knotted up," and the young husband sat at the place of honour allotted to them. They looked tired and serene.

Right beside them the man's father-in-law and mother-in-law were huddled together. They emanated only tiredness. Not temporary, not the wedding feast, but the tiredness of life. The man, about fifty years old, was infinitely haggard, typically dried-up, the begetter of and bread-winner for nine children. His wife had exactly the same minute build as her daughter, and they were the living image of each other.

All four sat as if they were in front of a photographer. As if they were their own reflection in a mirror.

I had a letter of introduction to the chemist from Budapest. I intended to call on him later on, but since it was Sunday I could not go to official people and there was no sense in dropping in anywhere as a stranger.

The sky was already turning grey; the herds of cattle and pigs were being driven home, the animals on their way home raised clouds of dust throughout the village.

The groceries were closed the whole day, I was able to buy some fruit only at a peasant's. I was very hungry.

I drank coffee in the espresso-bar and ate a pastry, which was much too sweet, for lack of anything else. I trusted that the chemist would offer me some solid food.

The pharmacy was next to the Town Hall. At first I only walked by, trying to peep in, but the window was opaque and I couldn't see anything. I tried to compose a speech with which to go in, but the more I brooded over it the more embarrassed I felt.

I knew personally just one chemist in my whole life. He had the pharmacy in our village, with a big house, and my aunt used to be a servant there. As a child I often went there to help. Twice a week I had to fill the water-tank of the bathroom. The tank was placed high up on the wall outside of the bathroom so that I had to climb on a ladder to pour in the water. I got tired out after pouring in thirty buckets of water, but it was worthwhile because they regularly gave me fifty fillérs, sometimes even so much as a pengő.

They had a motorcar and an ice-cream freezer of their own, and sometimes they entertained guests from Budapest. On such occasions they would have a party that lasted until dawn and my aunt would need me again. On a gallows-like frame a wooden ball was hung from a string, below which stood the skittles that they overthrew and I had to set right. There was one night when I earned as much as three pengős. In addition my aunt always stuffed me with food on such occasions. I got extra pay if they had let me recite poetry, but they rather seldom felt the need to rejoice in poetical works as interpreted by me.

Now when I stood there in front of the pharmacy I could not help smiling at my own embarrassment, because, though all that I have just described happened exactly so, since that time I have moved more than once in high society. Once I had a conversation for three quarters of an hour with a member of the British House of Commons; in Belgrade I made friends with a Viennese millionaire of Hungarian origin; I have dined as a table companion of Khrushchev; and, see, I have a troubled and accelerated pulse when I make preparations to get acquainted with the chemist of this small dusty settlement. My childhood background was so deeply ingrained that it reacts even on my present mind and is likely to accompany me to the grave.

The pharmacy, though, was much more shabby from the outside than the other one, in my time, had been. Here and there the wall was shedding its plaster so that the bricks were showing, and the whole house was much too shrivelled and small against the pharmacynotion that lives in my memory or, to be more exact, against the notion of pharmacy.

Nobody went in or came out. At last I made up my mind and entered. Cleanliness, a palm, brown furniture and porcelain jars, as it always was in pharmacies.

The chemist came out of a side room separated by a rug instead of curtain. He was a short, balding man with a black moustache. He looked about forty. He limped a little, his white coat was threadbare and patched.

Earlier it had crossed my mind that perhaps the chemist might be a "new man" of working-class extraction, in which case I need not worry, but now, as I saw the soft features of his face, I was sure that he belonged to the intelligentsia by origin. In his youth he could have been a typical mother's darling. His face seemed too large.

He listened wryly to my explanation that our common Budapest acquaintance was giving him notice of my arrival by letter.

"No letter has come," he said, spreading his arms, but he still invited me to come into the office behind the rag, then, suddenly changing his mind, guided me backwards, toward

the living rooms. There were three rooms to the flat, they are entitled to all three, still the Council had two kindergarten teachers move in. Luckily they were good girls, they caused no trouble.

The furniture was old-fashioned, apparently inherited. This he confirmed saying that he had been an independent married man for fifteen years but what he had produced so far did not amount to much. There were two school-aged children and his mother to support, so they could not get much out of a chemist's salary. He had no special complaint, they kept alive, but the money had to be very carefully apportioned. He could not afford to spend much on books, pictures, records, this three-in-one hobby of his.

He offered liqueurs of his own make and of a very bad taste, and in the meantime made arrangements for his wife to take his place in the pharmacy. She came in for a moment, an incredibly youthful, pleasant-featured woman—as we soon found out, she attended a higher form in the same grammar school as myself. This was, by the way, a favourable turn; I got closer to them. We recalled professors and school-companions, and it turned out that we had many common acquaintances, the husband, too.

They kept offering the drinks until I candidly confessed that I was more hungry than thirsty. This was good fun. Of course they knew the local conditions of food supply, although more from heresay, because it had not even attracted their notice whether the restaurant or the espresso-bar was open or not. They had never yet been in either of them.

They rolled in an occasional table of the relic-type jammed with savoury home-made specialities. The atmosphere improved rapidly. The mistress of the house left us, and within half an hour we were already shouting, I and my new chemist-friend, with released and runaway passion about the village of today and the position of the rural intelligentsia.

My host, without false modesty, admitted that he was the most educated man in the village. In the course of our conversation I soon came to believe this, and later, after I had become acquainted with the other members of the local intelligentsia, I found it to be perfectly true. He greatly surpassed his colleagues in culture and also as to character and merits in public life. He had connections with the Hungarian intellectual aristocracy and referred to such intellectual notables—though more or less keeping himself in the background—as personal acquaintances before whom, startled and ungainly, I myself whipped off my objective cap...

All the same, his position was not a happy one. His father had had a pharmacy of his own by lease in one of the nearby villages, and he was therefore qualified to be a *kulák*. Irrespective of that he had obtained an esteem that was mostly in proportion with his personal merits, but in fifty-six he had held some unruly harangues, whereupon he was interned. When he was set free he was transferred here, but he came as a stigmatized man and ever since then he had not succeeded in reversing the antipathy of the local leaders. To be quite frank he had not even made very strenuous efforts. He was tired out and wanted to live in comparative retirement. So he was living, as a matter of fact, but sometimes—he had to confess to himself—he suffered terribly from this condition. He craved public life, action, but—so he thought—he could not stir, he would not be welcomed anywhere.

He said he was 90 per cent Marxist. The other ten per cent belonged to God.

"Where is the plus? Where is the plus?" he exclaimed time after time, as if summarizing the thoughts that had ripened in his solitude and drawing the conclusions. "Where is the plus due to socialism? The qualitative rise of humanity! We eat, we drink, we clothe ourselves—but this is not socialism yet! Look at the peasants! They have a good life, they are building new houses, but they are still capable of selling father and mother. Look at the local intelligentsia! They run after money, do everything just for money. They fish, play

cards, keep in contact only with each other. Public education, social problems, etcetera, only interest them as overtime money and extra earnings. There are about a hundred intellectuals in the village but over four years I cannot remember a single conversation with a similar topic to this one. With maybe two exceptions, nobody collects books, but there are great feeds everywhere. And they can do what they are doing because everything stimulates them to that. The better they hide their real thoughts, the better they get on with the leaders, or, more precisely, their position becomes easiest when they have no thoughts at all. What do you call that? Is this country a pig farm or a community of the builders of a new society?"

While he was shouting, his two wonderful little girls—the one ten, the other twelve—played around us. Now they stared at me, now climbed into the armchair or onto the neck of their delirious father. They behaved without emotion, with perfect indifference about the speech that filled the room, so I concluded they must have already heard these fulminations many times.

Once in a while the charming wife of the chemist came in; now she tried to calm her husband, who was running back and forth in the room like a madman, now again she disciplined the children. In the course of our often interrupted conversation I learned that she was the daughter of an ex-wealthy peasant from one of the next villages and was just then preparing for the school-certificate examination—privately.

There was a moment when the husband ran out to fetch something and the wife somewhat gloomily remarked that she was sorry for him, because he had nobody to be friendly with and there was no possibility for him to give full vent to his potential energies. She did not know much about the things we were talking of and was constantly frightened lest her husband should get into some trouble with his unruliness.

I wanted to question her a little closer, but fearing that the chemist might rush in any moment, I could only ask:

"What is the objective of your life?"

"Only to have the children well educated," she said, adding with remarkable wisdom, "to educate them for today and tomorrow. So as not to get into such a tragic situation as myself, educated by my parents to become a young lady without learning and qualifications, the disadvantages of which I am feeling every minute now."

"What do you do for entertainment?"

"Occasionally a movie, and educate the children. Now and then we see the doctors'. They are Jewish, but very decent people."

As I left I had to pass through the room of the two kindergarten teachers. Shrieking, they took cover behind the wardrobe-door; they were just getting dressed for the Sunday evening entertainment, where I intended to go myself.

At the evening entertainment I again ran across the old man with the Hungarian face who wore the arm-band. It turned out that he was no militiaman but a bicycle-park attendant. He stood at the door of the overcrowded pub and stood on tip-toes to see inside.

I was pressed next to him. The program was already going on, I could not get in for the moment. I asked the old man some questions, but naturally he did not answer. A peasant woman about fifty explained instead that I should be patient: there would be plenty of room later on because they always turned out the ones who got drunk.

Sure enough, very soon a group of about eight lads, who were expressing their indignation noisily, were driven out, so some who stood in the door could get in.

A peculiar picture appeared. As it was once the practise in some theatres in Paris, people were sitting on the platform that served as stage and while the program was going on the

spectators ate and drank. I was also able to obtain some remainders of a stew and some brandy; the wine and beer had already run out.

The program was being given by two guest-artists, from Budapest. As we were going in an operette-duet had just come to an end and the artist, who kept exhibiting freely large stretches of her full bosom, and her bald, lanky partner retired for a short rest into the kitchen that now served also as dressing-room.

The audience was composed of 70 per cent young and 30 per cent older people. Bones thrown under the table, drinks spilt and piercing cries of joy proved that people were amusing themselves well and cosily.

I looked carefully over all the tables without finding a single face that looked intellectual. The local intelligentsia was represented by the two kindergarten teachers, who succeeded in forcing their way in soon after I did. They were typically old-fashioned, dust-covered figures of spinsters as created by Krúdy*. Surely they had come because they were longing for the sort of lighter entertainment to be found here, but they could not have felt at ease, because no man except the waiter running about dared to approach them. And if anybody had approached they might have repelled the advance. This type of spinster, belonging to nowhere, has no air in the village today.

My table-companions—the oldish woman whose acquaintance I had made in the door and her short husband—drank brandy. Though the woman only sipped a small goblet of some liqueur, the husband had already taken three half-decilitres of apricot brandy. This made him feel more amiable, and he began to ask who I was.

“Only on my way through,” I answered evasively.

“Not the horse business?”

“What horse business?”

“This rumour that the leaders of the cooperative might burn their fingers.” The short man was getting into his stride. He pointed to his wife’s glittering earrings. “You see? Here are my two beautiful greys. What the management threw me for them was just enough to buy these.”

“And before, your wife had no earrings?”

“She never would have had any without the cooperative. But this is the way her living standards have risen. We hung our fortune on her ears. But my living standards, they’ve risen too. Formerly I had to carry the dung from two horses, now from thirty. Do you know what that means? I do not feel my arms after each night-shift.”

“Therefore you get the working-day units.”

“Less would be enough. I don’t crave work anymore. I mean . . . No news about the horses? Are they going to pay for them properly?”

“Why don’t you quit that job, caring for animals?”

“That’s where I’m put. Why should I jump? Besides, it’s still better than working on foot. Of course I have to be on the move day and night, but meanwhile the wages accumulate.”

“So you have a good position after all.”

“Damned if I know.”

“Would you let me come and see you one of these days?”

“Now, if you like. As far as I’m concerned, we can leave here this . . .”

“No, just have a good time now, I’ll come in the daytime.”

I said good night to them and left for my bathing-box.

* Prominent Hungarian novelist of the beginning of the 20th century, who described Hungarian life of the past in a somewhat dreamlike style.

Next morning I paid a visit to the central office of the cooperative. I wanted to see Sándor, the legendary chairman whose fame had spread across the nation, but he was just then in the capital on official business. Instead, I met the equally renowned chief agronomist, who, as I was told, had been a farm manager in the past and knew all about farm business.

His exterior showed at first glance the old overseer of a big estate. He wore checked Polish breeches patched with leather at the knees, a leather spencer and a Tyrolian hat with a tuft of chamois-hair at the back. Only the riding switch was missing. His gestures, behaviour, manner of speaking betrayed him, too.

He did not receive me in a very friendly way. The cooperative had a lot of visitors of various kinds with whom he had to talk long and tediously, mostly about the same subject, while a heap of work waited for him.

I understood all that and suggested not to talk to me but simply go about his work allowing me to remain near him.

"This time I have to stay on the spot and we might as well talk," he answered. "I can't move from here because the arrival of a West-German delegation has been announced. I have to show them around."

"Well, then, let's talk," I suggested, but all of a sudden I did not know what to ask. In the first place I felt an interest not in the cooperative's business but in his own personality, and I did not see a suitable way of taking the hull off this haughty and unfriendly man.

"Is there discipline in the cooperative?" I finally asked in confusion.

"We make it," he answered with conviction.

"So there is not?"

"I wouldn't say so. Generally the people work hard but sometimes one must crack the whip."

"And don't they grumble then?"

"I see. You want to provoke me now?"

"God forbid! I should only like to know whether there are discussions between leaders and members."

He lit a cigarette, and meanwhile I read something in his face, as if he was deliberating about whether he should argue with me or show me the door. Finally—I don't know what inner argument influenced him—he answered in a comparatively calm tone.

"Naturally discussions occur between leaders and members."

"And does it happen that the members are right?"

"Yes, if you ask them. Not in my opinion. We only want what is in the interests of the members."

"Are you always able to convince the people of this?"

"Not always. But then the work has to go on."

"So it may occur that—so to speak—cooperative democracy is prejudiced sometimes, by the leaders, I mean."

He drew at his cigarette until the burning tip came close to his nicotine-stained fingernails.

"Let's leave the democracy alone, if you don't mind. In such a mammoth enterprise, sometimes the success of a work procedure depends on a few hours' time and then there's no room for discussion. A lot of people all over the country envy this cooperative. I've heard the accusations already that there's autocracy here and all that. But may I ask, how can we, with discussions, lead according to the idea of a democracy set down at a writing-table, when the ones who are discussing don't know what they're discussing? Only he who leads

can know the troubles of leadership. The members don't see into these things. Not because we don't let them but because it is practically impossible to show the people. They don't understand agronomy, financial affairs, planning, farm organization—so what should they discuss? Maybe someone has some special knowledge, but even then he can't see the whole. Last year we tried to let loose a discussion. We put the question to the members: how do we distribute the common fodder? If we leaders had not been firm, the cooperative's stock could have starved to death; the wise members wanted to distribute the hay to the last blade of grass. Can we go down that road? It may be that there is less explanation and discussion here than in other cooperatives, but the working-day unit will be worth 42 Fcrints the fifth year. This is the proof of our leadership, and what's more, for both leaders and members. And one more thing"—he raised a dry-skinned finger when I tried to interrupt him—"the leaders were elected by the members, proof, probably, that they trusted them to be qualified. The leaders can be changed, but as long as they are the leaders they can't be deprived of the right and possibility of leading. To direct the welfare of a thousand five hundred families is not a matter for chit-chat but a serious affair."

It would be easy to open a passionate academic discussion about this lecture, because theoretically perhaps not everything the agronomist said is correct; yet I felt his words were convincing and full of the taste of experience. And his trump card, the 42-forint working-day unit, is as a matter of fact, a respectable "proof."

All the same I was going to argue with the old gentleman, because his peremptory tone made me want to contradict, but at that moment we were told that the West-Germans had just arrived.

The West-German peace delegation in point of fact consisted of three men: two Germans and an interpreter. One of the Germans was a shaky old count, the other a sort of secretary. The count incessantly talked in too loud and strident a tone, insisting that he was called the red count "over there." Of course everyone could see that his countship was not a Bolshevik, but from his own words it appeared that, as measured with the standards of his social status, he was a fighter for peace with really progressive ideas and presumably useful actions.

He was a landowner but knew very little about agriculture. So the chief agronomist whispered, making a wry mouth, and suggested that instead of theoretical information we should rather acquaint ourselves with the facts. Obviously he was very much bored by the guests.

We pressed ourselves into a motor-car and dashed at top speed towards the cow barn, which was one of the prides of the farm. On the way—secretly—I watched the German aristocrat with the copper nose, then the agricultural expert of the old Hungarian counts, who had stayed, and tried to read on his face emotion, humbleness or any such feeling, but I saw only the same mild superiority and self-confidence he had shown me before. This man was absolutely at home. I acknowledged this finally with a pleasant feeling, to be quite candid.

In the barn three hundred calves were being reared by some young men; none of the young men was more than thirty years old. When they learned that they had an aristocratic visitor, they flocked together, about fourteen of them, and gazed at the old man who had come from abroad, just like, a few steps away, the calves.

"How old are you?" the old gentleman asked one of them.

"Twenty-two," answered the lad without embarrassment.

"How much do you earn?"

"It comes to about two thousand a month on the average."

"Hm." The count was genuinely surprised as he listened to the interpreter. "Do you support a family?"

"It's enough for me to support myself."

"Your father?"

"He is with the horses."

"Does he also earn?"

"It would be difficult to persuade him to work for nothing."

"Does he earn as much as you?"

"I think so."

"Have you got brothers?"

"A tractor driver."

"Does he also earn?"

"You bet he does. More than I."

Maybe the count was annoyed by his insolent tone, because he asked now, a little angrily and a bit sharply: "When you entered the cooperative, was force used?"

"Sure," the lad nodded earnestly, to the pleasure of the count.

"No! And how was that?"

The lad looked around mischievously and began:

"Evening was approaching, the moon had a beautiful, big halo. At that time already everybody was in the cooperative, only our family wasn't. So we all, the three of us, went to the Town Hall and wanted the secretary of the council to write us in, too. He didn't want to, because he was in a hurry to get home. That day they'd killed a pig and he was keen on the fresh sausage."

The count put the palm of his hand behind his ears to hear better, leaned a little forward and even kept his mouth open, listening, but visibly he did not understand the interpreter. Finally, infuriated, he burst out:

"Now then! Where's the force?"

"Well didn't I say? That's what we used on the secretary of the council."

All of us cheered up and—although wryly—the aristocratic guest smiled, too.

After a few schematic questions and answers he took his leave. The Germans got into their immense motor-car and dashed away in a huge cloud of dust. The chief agronomist and I returned to the village in a carriage. Since it was dinner-time I wanted to say good-bye, but the old gentleman detained me vehemently and asked me for dinner.

I ate one of the worst dinners I have ever had, but in some respects it turned out to be the most interesting one.

The agronomist's wife looked just like any old peasant woman. She had no intellectual traits, though her parents were teachers and she had also got a school certificate. She had never yet been in Budapest. Her behaviour was constant panic and humility. She moved in double-quick time, uttered choky sighs and constantly fumbled with her knotty, work-roughened hands around us and at the table. She did not eat with us, but while we were eating the caraway soup she stood behind her husband, just like a servant. Horrifying sight.

"It's not warm," the agronomist pushed his plate aside. His wife, without a word, jumped and ran with the soup to the stove. I protested that it was very good for me, I did not like it and could not eat it if it was hot, but the agronomist resolutely pulled away my plate, too, and snapped his fingers for his wife, who was bustling about the stove. She ran towards us and took my plate.

"Cold soup means illness," declared the truculent husband. "It's up to the woman to keep the soup warm."

Generally he spoke in affirmative sentences and was fond of definitions. Adopting his blunt, sputtering style I looked straight into his eyes and asked him:

"Do you like the democratic system?"

He gazed at me with dilated pupils, took the spoon in his hand and, tapping the edge of the table with it, declared:

"I am more important for the system than the system is for me. The system likes me and I rightly accept it. . ."

He must have been pleased with this statement, because without warning he burst into sharp, uproarious laughter. The wrinkles doubled on his face and then—again with an unexpected suddenness—arranged themselves back in their natural position. The rubber-like visage finally became completely gloomy. I couldn't tell what he thought.

The old woman brought back the soup plates.

"Already?" noted the agronomist and greedily began on his soup, which was hot as fire. I couldn't swallow a single spoonful.

The second course was raised pastry rolled in sweetened walnut-meats, with dog-rose marmalade poured on top. I could have imagined that dish as a sort of dessert after the meal, but I had never heard of its constituting the main course.

"Wholesome," said the old man. "One does not always need to eat meat."

His wife was still standing behind him. I suggested that she sit with us. Instead of answering out loud she only made alarmed, protesting, but at the same time veto-ing motions. The old man became aware of the pantomime, nodded and enunciated:

"It's up to the woman to wait on the guest."

Visibly, he considered these rules of the house, surely created by himself and petrified long since, as natural.

Since he, too, had various things to do in the afternoon, we said good-bye, assuring each other that by all means we would meet again in the next few days.

I went to the cooperative-farm couple with whom I had become acquainted the night before. They lived in the southern row; the street end of the sturdy house, built on a stone foundation, faced a grazing-ground for geese and pits for making adobe. A typical house of the Great Plains, with an immense courtyard that offered plenty of room for farm wagons to turn in and for several stacks of forage, which had now almost disappeared as individual farming had come to an end. A small haystack, supported all around by maize stalks and cartwheels, and a rancid straw stack that had become nearly black crouched in the back corner of the yard, which occupied about half an acre.

The master of the house was still asleep. His wife received me and reported that her husband had got terribly tight at the night's entertainment and since he had to work the night shift he wanted to sleep his brain clear. Still the woman protested that she would wake him, but I did not let her.

I inspected the courtyard and the buildings.

The woman had thirty hens and fourteen ducks—five of them fattened. In one of the pig pens with a double run three piglets grunted; there were two porkers in the other. In a corner of the cowshed a young bull that got lame and a young cow with its first calf trampled about. The place of the horses that had been handed over to the cooperative was occupied by nine sheep. The household included as well seven pigeons, two cats and a furious Hungarian sheep dog kept on a chain. He was used only for barking; they did not dare unchain him even for the night, because he would dart out on the street and bite people and animals alike. They had already been punished twice for such occurrences.

The woman showed me around and related how they had had twelve acres before entering the cooperative. They had two sons, one of them married, the other still single and a tractor driver in the cooperative. The oldest son worked with the bricklayers. The woman had not come into the cooperative because then there would be nobody to maintain order at home. Sometimes, maybe, she would help in the household plot, in very urgent cases.

After we had looked the courtyard over we went back into the kitchen. By then the husband was awake.

He was fretting because we had not awakened him before, but I smoothed things over by saying that it had been entertaining being with his wife.

"The entertainment of that woman might have been dispensed with," he said with an ill-humoured gesture. "Now there's little time left for a talk."

The big stable was eight kilometres away; he had to go there. It was his custom to walk, and if he wanted to get there in time he could only eat something and start off.

"Can I come with you?" I asked cautiously.

"Well, I've never yet had such an honour guard," he burst out laughing, but seeing that I really meant the suggestion he asked me to sit down and looked me in the eyes. "Then it is true, after all, you came about the horses."

"Why should I have come for that?"

"If it's not so, why would you want to accompany me to the horses?"

"I'm not interested in the horses but in the people. It's mere chance that you happen to work in the stable and we can't talk except on the way there."

"You could be interested in the horses, too. We men manage somehow, but the horses are killed off. They made sausages out of the draft-power of the country. What a crime! . . . But it will be night before we get there. How will you find your way back?"

"Couldn't I stay there?"

"Till morning?"

"I was thinking that."

"Well—there's a couch. We have room for you."

There were forty horses and six men, seven including me, in the big stable for the night. The moon was full; after watering we sat outside on a cart-ladder that had been thrown down, like swallows on a telephone-wire.

The outlines of abandoned carts and unwieldy forage stacks could be seen in the distance. The night-watchman's two dogs were yelping playfully and resoundingly somewhere at the end of the farm buildings.

Three of those present had not been assigned to the horses. They only lived here in the one-time servants' building and came when they heard that "somebody" was there to deal with the horse business.

Nothing could wash that off me now. I did not even bother to protest. If they thought a man had come sent by some office, whose work might be useful to them, maybe they would speak out more freely.

My cigarette box made the round, we all smoked.

"Once upon a time," remarked somebody with a moustache twisted pointedly upwards like the classic Hungarian horseherds used to wear them, "humanity preferred smoking pipes. Nowadays we've got used to cigarettes."

Nobody interrupted him, we all waited for what he was driving at. The fellow continued:

"The pipe, though, it's better."

"Why should it be?" I asked listening to the concert of the dogs that seemed to be moving off.

"It's better," answered the figure out of the popular plays about village life. Even his hat was broad-brimmed, grey and greasy as that of the one-time horseherds. "When I smoke a pipe I can work in the weed without danger of setting fire to something. I just close the lid and smoke away."

Silence again. From the stable came the hollow sound of horses pawing the ground. A horse suddenly neighed and the trampling became heavier. One of the men stood up, slowly walked inside and rebuked the nervous animal, not without some cursing.

"And the pipe," our spokesman continued, "is a measuring instrument too. The squire Meggyesi, for instance, used to pay by the number of pipes he smoked. I would start to plough, he'd light his pipe, go and come back, and when he was finished with it come to see me. 'Hey, damn you,' he'd shout, 'I already finished a pipe and you only made three turns!' I had to plough up a five-pipe area in a morning."

"It's a wonder he didn't get cancer," interjected my new friend, who was fidgeting more and more restlessly next to me on the beam.

"There was no cancer yet then."

"Of course there was, only they didn't know what it was called."

"If you were Minister, would you do away with the cooperatives?" I turned to the man with the pointed moustache.

There was a sudden silence, so that one could hear the light crackling of the cigarette paper. Somebody at the end of the row began to hiccup, and laughter broke out.

"Stop up your mouth and nose, chum, that will help," shouted a fellow on the other side.

"Well, what's your answer?" I urged the man with the hussar's moustache.

"I'm not Minister," he answered quietly.

"But if you were? Sincerely. Do you find that the cooperative is a Russian invention, not suited to the nature of the Hungarian people, that they do not like it because they have lost their liberty? Please. Openly. What would you do if you were Minister?"

"Sincerely?"

"Yes."

"I would have you locked up."

I drew the smoke so deeply in that my chest began to ache. My sturdy neighbour laughed, belching, and shook his bent head in disapproval. Evidently he was embarrassed because he considered me to be his guest and thought I was hurt, but he did not know how to help. The two men who were sitting on the other side came closer to hear better. One of them crouched down on a piece of brick, the other on the bare ground. I stamped out my cigarette and murmured, my chin cupped in my palm:

"Good. That would be your first action. And then? Do you think the people would be better off?"

"The people, sir—are never well off. Never were and never will be."

"Of course they will!" shouted one of the fellows crouching in front of me. "As soon as fences are made out of sausages!"

The Moustache stood up. In the moonlight his form, well enough built without it, became gigantic.

"Never will be," he repeated. "The lot of the people may improve a little, but it will never be really good."

"In your opinion what would be really good?"

"What doesn't exist, can't be expressed, either."

"In imagination?"

"You can't imagine what can't be imagined."

"Just try it. Perhaps it will be good when the fence is manufactured out of sausages."

"Somebody may believe that just now. But if it were so, then we would long for something else. Humanity can never be happy. It won't let itself. That's our nature. We can't even find out what happiness is. Maybe for you it would be happiness if you had a palace. Another man would like to own a ship, this youngster Lajos maybe wants to have all the wives of a Turkish pasha."

This "youngster Lajos" was a silent lad crouching in front of me on the ground. He was fidgeting and giggling with the others.

"In short," continued the Goliath, "it can't be said what happiness is. One by one we know what we ought to have, but that all people together should be well off at one stroke, that can never be. Suppose Lajos here got the wives of the pasha and frisked about to his pleasure, then what would be left to the pasha? Maybe happiness for him, too, means having so many wives around."

"He should get some new ones!" young Lajos called out, visibly livened since he became such an important figure in the conversation.

"But he wants the same ones as you! What happens? You'll come to grips and perhaps a third man will steal all those beautiful females."

"So it is not worth-while to mull over the problem of how to improve human conditions?" I asked the giant, with increased attention.

"To each his own—his own business. . ."

"What do you do to be happy?"

"Nothing. I am happy without it. I was born so."

My sturdy neighbour dug me in the ribs and said in an undertone, half-mockingly:

"He's a Nazarene. Never eats meat."

"Is that so?" I stared at the Goliath.

He waved his hand. He squatted down on his heels, took a small piece of wood and drew a circle in the dust.

"This is a circle. Right?" He looked at me piercingly.

"Let's say so," I answered uncertainly.

"So. I can be outside or inside the circle. Right?"

I did not answer but began to watch my companion's face in the moonlight. A regular-face, only the oddly twisted moustache let one suspect a will in him that would dare defy the outside world and the general customs. Such people may be eccentrics who are only interested in outward appearance, but they may also be the bearers of peculiarities of real value. I have encountered many such people among the peasants, with various endowments, perhaps even by nationwide standards, but these remained mere potentialities; conditions choked and wilted their capacities, and when they grew old they were taken note of at best as whimsical in an environment that failed to understand them. The greater the capacity was that had thus got dried up inside, the more cruel their lives were apt to be.

"Nothing stops me from being outside or inside this circle," continued the Nazarene. "And people still believe that they are not allowed to step over the line. So they are unhappy."

"Do you step over?"

"Whenever I want."

"Do you mean you are allowed to do anything?"

"I do."

"And how do you know that?"

"I had a brother. He was prisoner of war in Russia in the First World War. He came and told us that there was a priest called Tolstoy and his disciples spread this."

"Tolstoy was a writer and a count, not a priest."

"He was a priest. He lived to find happiness."

"Did you read a book by this priest Tolstoy?"

"He did not write books; his doctrine was spread from mouth to mouth."

"And do you know what this doctrine consists of?"

"It says that man should not separate himself from nature. Herbs, trees, birds, animals, they all are brothers of man. We all come from the same source. But people deny this brotherhood and this is why they are unhappy. The nearer we are to nature, the happier we can be."

"So, after all, humanity will be better off one day?"

"Only a few. We have already strayed so far away from nature by now that only few people can find their way back to primitive happiness."

"Do you also belong to these few?"

"Yes."

"And before you heard of Tolstoy, were you happy then?"

"Then, too."

"With 22 acres of rich soil I'd have been happy, too," mumbled a very thin man who had kept quiet so far.

"Why do you bring that up?" the Tolstoyan raised his voice. "Did I want it? As long as my father was alive I could not leave the land."

"You were as rich as that?" I lit another cigarette and watched the form that was becoming more and more interesting under the cover of the smoke.

"Please," he rose to full height, "I was an only child, with no education, no qualifications, because my father wanted me to be a peasant. I could not leave him by himself. But I felt nothing of these riches, just as this cart-ladder here does not. . . . Still they slandered me."

"Were you on the black list?"

"Certainly."

"Then after all you were not always happy," interjected the lanky man sitting next to me.

"It was not bad. I forgive it. Sorrow and happiness—these come from the same spring. Once I was released I went to work in a hospital, in an anatomy institute. I didn't mind that either. One day the head surgeon asked me to put a casualty on the table. I lifted a badly crushed young man and put him on the board. The head surgeon asked me whether it didn't make me feel sick. Why should it? I told him. These are parts of nature exactly as when they were living. They have only changed their form. From their dust herbs and flowers will grow, or perhaps another man."

"Stop this idiotic nonsense," called out our lanky neighbour angrily. "I don't like even to listen to it."

"It's not to you I'm telling it," said the burly fellow, suddenly discouraged, and he went back to his place. Probably they had told him that many times, perhaps also sneered at him; anyway it was clear that he was in an inferior position amidst his co-workers.

By and by my interest in his obscure speech also diminished; all the same I turned to him again.

"You said some interesting things, my friend, only I don't know yet what you want me locked up for."

"For inciting rebellion!" the Goliath threw his head up. "If once people have been driven into the cooperatives, the gate of the pen should not be opened again. Where should the

people scatter? All those fools would dash out and hurt themselves on everything and the result would be that they would gather here again. And those who stayed outside would be destroyed by time just like stray lambs. Why should we do that? The people have been bruised already. We entered, we are in, so it should be left at that."

"Do you think so, too?" I turned to the others. The lanky man next to me was drawing figures in the dust with the heel of his boot.

"That's about how it is," he mumbled. "Though it is difficult to become resigned to our having left the free life, it can't be changed any more. Neither is it worth-while. Life would not have the same taste as it did once. Why, we did not drudge only for ourselves but also for our families. But the youth of today can't appreciate that any more. They don't want to be peasants either outside or inside the cooperative. What do they want? Maybe they don't know themselves. My son also ran away. He was called up, I waited for him to come back because I needed the labour, but all of a sudden he writes that he is going to stay—as an officer. All right, I don't say anything against it, but why the bother? I can't take anything with me. What I need, I can find here, too."

"They destroyed the horses!" my sturdy host hung his favourite topic on the line of the conversation again. "And the peasant can't exist without horses. There are a thousand of us men in the cooperative and seventy teams of horses. Here we somehow keep it going because we have got machines, but I would need horses if I had to make a new start. Where would I get them from? I would need a wagon, where to take it from? Harrow, roller, fodder and so on—where to take it from? A few of us could get them, but nothing would be left for the majority. And there would be no zest, no confidence for the enterprise. And as my pal says, what for? Let's suppose I get back my 12 acres; what do I do with it? One of my sons is in the brick-works, the other a tractor driver; they would not come home any more. All ways are closed here that are leading backwards."

"And are they open forwards?"

"They are for some people."

Those of the farmstead went to bed. The stablemen and myself walked into the stable to look after things. I took a fork, too, and we arranged the litter and forage scattered about in the crib. Suddenly I heard somebody whistling. I could clearly make out the melody: *You are my Destiny* . . .

It was the lad whistling at the other side of the stable, who, according to the Tolstoyan, was itching for the wives of the Turkish pasha. I took up the melody and whistled, too, whereupon the lad stopped short.

"You know it, too?" he shouted with as much astonishment as if he had more reason to be amazed at my knowledge than I did at his.

"Well, do you know who used to sing that?"

"Who?"

"Paul Anka. Did you ever here the name?"

"A woman?"

"Why should it be a woman?"

"Anka, that's . . . Ann, isn't it?"

"No. This is his family name, only the English put the family name second after the Christian name. Where did you learn that song?"

"It's always playing on the radio and in the espresso-bar."

My sturdy host and the lanky peasant who had reduced the Nazarene to silence were on the other side, cursing and sometimes even striking a blow, because the horses were disturbing all the hay.

"Isn't it dull here?" I asked the lad.

"We make sure it won't be," he said with a flash of his eyes. "Are you a supervisor?"

"I'm only interested in things. . ."

"Will you come again?"

"I don't think so. Are you making good here?"

"Enough."

"What do you do with the money?"

"There's a place for it! We are eight brothers and sisters. Two married sisters, and I'm the oldest after them."

"Don't you want to go to sleep?" the sturdy man shouted at me.

"I'm not sleepy," I answered. "But if you want, please do so."

He complained of a headache, still from the tipping of the night before. He stretched out for a while; maybe it would cease. He had to lift the beetroots tomorrow in the household plot, he would have no time to sleep then.

His lank companion also arranged a place for himself at the top of the bundle of prepared forage, and I and the lad went out for the cart-ladder in front of the house

"How old are you?" I asked the boy.

"Nineteen."

"What do you want to be?"

"Next year will tell that. Maybe I'll remain here even after my service. I haven't talked it over yet with the woman."

His tone was facetious and earnest at the same time. Although I couldn't see his face well, I felt that he was embarrassed.

"Are you married?"

"Nothing of the sort! With my two bare hands? There are still six little ones at home."

"But you have got a woman who is fit to be your wife?"

"That's the easiest thing to find."

"Do the girls want very much to get married?"

"It all depends. . ."

"But the majority?"

"Well, they think that's the order of things."

"Would you like to get married?"

"Later. It is no good to be in a hurry for that, because a man can easily fall flat. After military service. If there's the means."

"What do you think one needs for that?"

"A house. Hush! Just listen. . ."

I heard a noise, a little cough from beside the dwellings. I saw a shadow rapidly sliding in the direction of the other end of the farmstead, towards the stacks. The lad chuckled quietly.

"She is waiting for me."

"Who?"

"The one who went there. But she can wait tonight. . ."

He laughed restlessly. His self-confidence had obviously risen. He offered me a cigarette.

"Is that the one who is fit to become your wife?" I asked, instinctively whispering.

"Nuts. I am only a subsidiary for her husband in bed."

". . . Well, if she is waiting, you should go."

"Let her wait. If I don't come back from the service, it will be on her account. I can't get rid of her. Once I took her, and now she thinks it will continue for ever. After all, damn it. . . I could just as well go. I'll tell her not to wait. She might catch cold."

The boy went, but I don't know when he came back. I leaned my head against the wall and looked at the moon and the stars. In the stable the horses were trampling and rattling their stalls, noisily chewing hay. Otherwise, outside, there was a great silence.

Budapest came into my mind. Friends, acquaintances who at this hour of the night were still swarming in the coffee-houses where I used to swarm, too, conducting theoretical discussions about the village that embraces me here now, about peasants who are lying here an arm's length from me where their snoring mingles with the cracking of the horses' cheekbones, about desires and dreams of peasants, about a reality that vibrates here in all my nerves.

A mousing hedgehog was tapping at the foot of the wall, and since I was immobile as an object it sniffed around my shoes and then carried its spearhead further.

How far the stars are? Is anybody looking this way at us from there, too?

And does the servant wife of the hundred-year-old agronomist stand now, too, at attention at the foot of her husband's bed?

What is Sándor doing, where is he, the enigmatic chairman, who I thought would hand to me in a water-tight package this new piece of peasant's soul, changed and free of all stain, that I am searching for as assiduously as the little hedgehog the earth-coloured vanishing mice? I hope Sándor already knows everything and I only have to take notes of what he says and what the poor chemist searches for, roaring—the surplus that means a qualitatively elevated social consciousness. Who can prove that convincingly? There are proofs and counter-proofs. Who is God to see and comprehend everything at the same time? There are those who believe and see it, there are those who believe it without seeing yet, and there are those who do not believe.

The little hedgehog creeps backwards. I must smile, I am really the same sort as it. I snuffle and investigate on this handful of the Hungarian piece of the earth's surface; I search for the change that, according to my belief, must appear as a result of conscious and unconscious activities, but that, like the deep-sea current, is not truly reflected by the surface, and only a diver can measure the forces, trends and results of that deep current.

I went into the stable and by the light of two or three matches arranged a place for myself on the top of the heap of hay, next to the lanky peasant. He did not wake up, only groaned a little, tossed about and threw one hand on me. I cautiously removed it and, lying on my back, listened for a long time to the noise of the horses.

I remembered my childhood, when, not on an occasional excursion, but as a seemingly inalterable fate, I had to take to the stable for accommodation and straw for a bed. How terribly far away is that time.

THE CHANGING IMAGE OF HUNGARY IN THE WESTERN PRESS

by

LAJOS KOROLOVSZKY

“**T**oo good to be true!” was the title of an article about Hungary by Professor A. J. P. Taylor, of Oxford, in the April 30th, 1960 issue of the *New Statesman*. This witty and startling title cast a sharp light on two aspects at one and the same time—on Hungary and the changes in that country, and also on the Western approach which had frozen in a fairly well definable set of conceptions at the beginning of 1957. The comparison may perhaps appear frivolous, but what happened was somehow like when a film suddenly stops and becomes a still at a particular scene, a movement, a gesture, and then remains that way.

The frozen movement persisted in the vision of the Western viewer, while in Hungary a process of development of no mean proportions took place that touched far more than the surface. This was probably the cause of the surprise in “Too good to be true?” What did the well-known Oxford historian, always ready to find contentious issues, discover in Hungary in spring, 1960?

“There is more food and more academic freedom. There are no arbitrary arrests, no knock at the door in the night. Most of those sentenced to prison in 1956 have just been released under an amnesty. The Communist Government is still there, outwardly monolithic, but it rules without fuss. It does not ask to be loved or admired, only to be left alone while it tries to do its best. . . .”

Here are a few more characteristic passages from Prof. Taylor’s article:

“...The solid, unmistakable fact is that Hungarians are now pretty well off. They have enough to eat—indeed more than enough for our contemporary English appetites. . . . I calculated that wages were about half the English rate—the average industrial wage said to be between £6 and £7. Against this, rents are much lower, only about a quarter of what they are in England.

...But politically? Here I was as much in the dark at the end as at the beginning. People did not seem to want to talk about politics. This was not, apparently, from fear: They would talk if I provoked them into it, but they were not interested. Was this apathy? Indifference? Or tolerance of the present government? I never reached a clear answer. I never encountered assertive discontent, though I met a number who had never been Communists. On the other hand, I failed to see any signs of enthusiasm...

"... To me (and I have some experience in these matters) people did not seem to be either frightened or discontented..."

"Joan Robinson summed up our impressions: 'Too good to be true.' A Hungarian friend replied: 'It is true all the same.' Which was right? I am at a loss for an answer. Conditions in Hungary were certainly much better than I expected them to be. But whether they are all that they are claimed to be I just could not make out. I fear that my Hungarian friends will call this '*bourgeois* objectivism.'"

In other words Prof. Taylor found himself confronted with the fact that life in Hungary is fundamentally other than what he had expected under the numbing influence of the Western headlines of 1956/57, but also completely different in its entire atmosphere to what it had been before 1956. And this change, though not immediately, and not even following the article just quoted, has nevertheless slowly, at first in an almost imperceptible trickle, begun to have its effect on the Western press. Now we may well say that Hungary's image in the papers of the world beyond Vienna has undergone a change during the past twelve months. The Hungarian observer may note with undeniable joy and satisfaction that the Western papers are turning with enhanced interest to his country, which has for some time now been visited by increasing numbers not only of tourists but also of the correspondents of foreign newspapers. Is this because the Hungarian authorities have provided the facilities and because, for instance, a group of thirty Western journalists visited Hungary at the beginning of December 1961, at the invitation of the Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs? Obviously this is not the reason, for this is only one element of the changes in Hungary, or more precisely one consequence, not to mention the fact that 1957, 1958, 1959 and 1960 also witnessed visits by a fair number of Western journalists to the banks of the Danube.

The reports show that this interest has been aroused by the facts, by the marks of change. The subject, tone and atmosphere of the accounts, of course, differ considerably. There are some which gladly welcome the

diagnosis they are able to make, others hedge themselves in behind reservations, and there are also some reports whose authors (or their papers?) are annoyed at experiences which are incompatible with their preconceived ideas. All in all, many objective and well-intentioned descriptions close to the truth have been given of Hungary during this period. They concern not only the atmosphere and general impressions but also living standards, industry, agriculture, education, intellectual life and those most important items of everyday life that are called unimportant trifles. Thumbing through these articles, occasionally even the Hungarian reader or journalist is amazed at the wealth of figures, the professional punctiliousness of their fact-gathering, as for example—and these really are only examples—in the articles of *The Times* on December 18th, 1961 (Industrial Revolution Brings Problems) and on the 20th of that month (The Labour Scene in Hungary), in an account of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* on January 2nd, 1962 (Hungary's Industrialization Takes a New Turn), or in the *New York Times* of June 6th, 1962 (Howard Taubman: World Theatre—Budapest. Research Institute Collects Material from the East and West).

It is, moreover, undoubtedly due to the incentive effect of the changes in Hungary that longer series of articles have also appeared during this period, such as those in *Combat* by Louis Teissier (Hungary at the Hour of De-Stalinization, January 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 26th, and 29th, 1962), in *Le Monde* by Thomas Schreiber (Hungary Between Stalinists and Revisionists, May 24th, 25th and 26th, 1962), in the *Christian Science Monitor* in the form of Eric Bourne's reports (Budapest Takes On Brighter Aspect, Hungary Relaxes-Slightly, "Tolerance" Inside Hungary, Respect for Kádár Mounts, July 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th, 1962) and elsewhere. And we must also mention the fact that the interest which has arisen has not been confined to the press alone, but has mobilized the other mass media as well. We have in mind the talk by A. Alvarez, the eminent literary critic, broadcast over the BBC on July 6th, 1962, in which the author, using the device of ingeniously edited tape recordings presented the voices not only of several writers from Hungary, but also of Hungarian writers living in Britain, who are opposed to the Hungarian regime. Setting out from a broad historical and literary background he analysed developments in Hungary, examined the "revisionism [which] came in terms of physical comfort," and many other "curious and peculiarly Hungarian" features of the past and present. Another case in point is the tour of Hungary being undertaken, as this article is going to press, by the staffs of the Paris and Munich television programs, who are preparing TV films of this changed country.

It is not the aim of this survey to conduct polemics, even in the case of factual errors. We would like, without any particular attempt at selection, to furnish a brief review of the more important Western articles which have appeared about Hungary in the course of 1962. One reason why there is no need for polemics is because ultimately the errors and even the distortions serve but to prove that the image is changing. In some cases the polemics have been conducted indirectly, by proxy, and we may add objectively, in the articles of the Western papers. We believe it will not be too great a digression to stop for a moment at the most interesting and perhaps the most characteristic of these cases. This is concerned with Anthony Rhodes' "Letter from Budapest," written for the November, 1961 issue of *Encounter* and also published in *Der Monat*. The entire line of thought of the author, who is undoubtedly capable of a more profound analysis, carries the marks of the previous political Ice Age, and might be called typically police-terror-conscious. This is immediately apparent from the first lines of the article, in which he showed full agreement with the information he was given, that "...the Communist Party has got its clutches into the heart of Hungary more firmly than ever before—more even than in the time of Rákosi..." Under the shadow of this *verbum regens*, all his reluctant admissions on increased freedom of speech and criticism were naturally invalidated, particularly as he capped them by making statements about certain writers, or attributing remarks to them, for which, if his arguments were true, prison sentences would be administered in Hungary. It is an honourable manifestation of literary objectiveness that A. Alvarez, in the introduction to his talk over the BBC, considered it necessary to deal with the picture presented by Anthony Rhodes. This is what Mr. Alvarez said:

"It made me embarrassed at times for my own kind. For example, I was unfortunate to follow in the tracks of a *storm-trooper* from one of our own highbrow cold-war journals who had been in Budapest last summer. He had seen and talked freely to everyone. Then he went back and wrote what was, by any standard, a wildly indiscreet account of his visit, implying that all the writers he met—whose names he sedulously gave—were champing against the regime, yearning to get out from under the Russian winter and under that cosy American umbrella. Perhaps he was being oversubtle. Or more likely perhaps he was being over-naive. So far as I can judge, all he had done was translate native Hungarian cynicism into an idealist political language which simply does not exist in the country. He had also done harm. Not that anyone was popped into jail—which they would have been had the implications of his article been true. But

people were distinctly annoyed and embarrassed, and many writers had foresworn altogether visiting foreigners. . . .”

“ . . . *the Government says . . . official statistics suggest . . .*”

After this intermezzo it may not be without interest to point out how much careful reserve, anxious vigilance and reticence characterizes the greater part of the first articles to register the change. The reasons are quite comprehensible to the Hungarian observer, who can equally imagine the presence, among the various motives, of confusion, adherence to a previously formulated image, a fear of being misled, and the priority of cold-war requirements. Could it be that sometimes the perception of a “thaw” takes place more slowly and more laboriously than the thaw itself?

This was especially noticeable during the first wave of articles in the press about the change in Hungary, at the time last December when the thirty Western journalists we have mentioned were in Hungary. The articles, including the negative ones, reflect what the representatives of the press experienced, heard and saw in Hungary, and differ sharply from the information they had brought with them. In some cases the clash of the two conceptions led to a peculiar, partly defensive and partly offensive attitude.

The reports in *The Times* on December 18th and 27th are very characteristic from this point of view. The reporter discussed the industrial problems of Hungary with such detailed thoroughness that no Hungarian colleague in a Hungarian paper could have done better. In the case of his positive findings, however, he held the official sources up as a shield before him, “. . . there is no check on what the Government says. It claims that the standard of living of the people is rising and that the morale of the workers has improved are plausible, but it is impossible on a short visit to be certain how much they are exaggerated. . . . In spite of the difficulties, official statistics suggest that industrial production rose by nearly two-fifths in the past three years and it is expected to increase by another half by 1965.”

The correspondent of the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, Maximilian Teichner (“Hard Soil and Tough Functionaries,” December 21st, 1961), takes cover behind the following remark at the end of his account: “Of course liberalization in the Western sense cannot be expected of them. Some of my Hungarian partners think they perceive signs that the screw is once more to be tightened.” *Le Figaro* (December 13th, 1961), projecting the problem onto the arena of the struggle between the socialist and the

capitalist world, speaks of "apparent relaxation" outwards, and "increasing restrictions inwards." As for the article of Anthony Rhodes which has previously been quoted, its conclusion is that "... In the basic behaviour of the Party towards the nation, then, little has changed in the past five years..."

Another example or two might well be adduced to show this obscuring of the issues, prompted by varying motives, but this would involve the danger of letting a few negative quotations taken from their contexts distort the overall picture. Whereas it is this overall picture, the initial wave in December 1961, that first reflected the signs of change in Hungary.

"Observers considered it possible that a new soft breeze was blowing in Hungary"

The reflection was somewhat indistinct, sometimes no more than a brief flash. Here too, we intend rather to indicate its tendency than to detail its content. Its weight and significance did not in fact lie in the number of words written, or in the concrete statements made, but in its ice-breaking role.

What was to be seen in this first reflection, which was to be followed by more comprehensive and homogeneous accounts in the course of the year? A perception of the main trends expressed in the changes which had taken place in Hungary, accompanied by reserved caution or undisputed recognition depending on the trends concerned. After the continuous international skirmishes of four years, and in the shadow of the "Hungarian question" which was maintained on the agenda of UNO, it is not difficult to understand why it was precisely the general change of atmosphere, the progress of democratization in Hungary, that was the most warily handled by the representatives of this first wave. "A certain liberalization may be found" according to the *Deutsche Zeitung* (Kádár Strives for Western Contacts, December 18th, 1961). "The situation... presents a confused, contradictory picture of concessions here and clinging to the bad old ways there" pronounces *The Economist* (Hungary and Its Past, December 15th, 1961). "Some Western observers considered it possible that a new soft breeze was blowing in Hungary..." wrote the *New York Times*, which incidentally devoted the whole of its article to a Budapest television revue which "lampooned the shortcomings of the regime" (Budapest Regime Smiles at Satire, January 5th, 1962). Somewhat more categorical recognition was accorded to the improvement in living standards. The correspondent of *The Times* found that "the people in the streets of Budapest are adequately,

if not particularly smartly dressed. The children are looked after. The shops are bright." The *Deutsche Zeitung*, in the previously quoted issue, reported that "very decently decorated shop windows may be seen, with goods of not too bad quality." The *Economist* declared that "Most industrial workers . . . can already thank Mr. Kádár for some improvement in their lot."

These reports, or the majority of the reports, note that the changes in living standards are in no small measure connected with the change in economic policies, i. e. that "This Government has set its economic plans on a more modest but more sensible foundation, concentrating mainly on those labour-intensive sectors which have low material requirements, which have long traditions and a good name in Hungary. . . ." (Hungary's Industrialization Takes a New Turn, *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, January 2nd, 1962). There are far fewer inhibitions when it comes to setting down the broad circle of cultural achievements. The *Frankfurter Rundschau* considers it an "undeniable achievement" of the system that it has "vigorously promoted schooling and further training." Judging from the figures—the Hungarian people have been seized by an unprecedented fever of education." The *Deutsche Zeitung* is struck by the fact that the bookshops contain West-European literature in quantities "that are now increasingly rare even in the West." The *Economist* remarks that "In Budapest one can see the best Western plays and films." It may not be uninteresting to conclude this group of quotations with the remarks of an Italian writer, who strives on the scale of shop windows, traffic and television to score a goal on behalf of Western "supremacy," but then continues: "There is, however, something in present-day Hungary from which Westerners may also learn—the fever to study, the appreciation of books, music and theatre, the intensity of community feeling, the levelling of wages and salaries, the progress towards a different future, which show that the comparison should not only be made in the sphere of living standards" (Carlo Fuscagni in *Italiamondo*. December 2nd, 1961.—Hungary Five Years After).

Beside statements of differing degrees of warmth on the facts of the change, there are of course also plenty of critical remarks in the articles of the first wave. Some of these criticisms are actually of the kind the Hungarian observer will also readily agree with, whether they treat the problem of the more inefficient cooperative farms, the lack of certain agricultural skills or of sufficient qualified workers. The correspondent of *The Times* in raising this problem (December 18th, 1961) mentions the rapid structural transformation of society among the reasons. Although the heritage of the past does not figure, the Hungarian reader can but

evinced admiration for the author who links the above problem without any explanatory text to a brief account of the Hungarian educational reform and the trade schools.

However, it was not only the more or less faithful mirroring of the changes which implied a serious step forward after over three years of a cold-shouldering that in no way served the cause of international co-operation. A matter of no less significance was that a survey of the situation in Hungary provided an opportunity and an incentive to certain influential organs of the press to stress the requirements of coexistence. The value of this fact is by no means reduced by their "reasons for their reasoning." "There is some evidence," *The Economist* wrote in the previously quoted issue of December 15th, 1961, "that the Hungarian government would like to get on better terms with the outside world. This should surely be encouraged. . . Mr. Kádár is probably the best prime minister the Hungarians can expect to get. If most of them recognize this, should not the outside world do so also?"

"A coming to terms between rulers and ruled"

Ever since the first wave, the interest of the Western press in Hungary may be considered to have become permanent—symbolically speaking, a continuous, quiet train of waves has started towards our home shores. The outlines of the picture of Hungary that is presented are more and more definite, and as sharper contours have appeared, so the image has always tended to change with the progress of time. This, of course, cannot be separated from the fact that the policies which have been consistently implemented in Hungary since the end of 1956 are making their effect felt more and more recognizably in every domain of life. It also needs no proving that the theses of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party, published in August, 1962 for its Eighth Congress to be held in November, moreover its measures for the final reparation of the illegalities committed under the Rákosi period, have not only implied an important milestone in this development, but have also consolidated and at the same time accelerated the whole trend in Hungary. At the same time the approach of the Western press has undergone a great change since the first wave in December, 1961, and the greater part of the journalists who have come to Hungary since have been far less police-terror-conscious than their pioneering precursors. "As numerous observers have already pointed out, compared to 1956 the changes that have come about in Hungary are considerable," wrote Thomas Schreiber (*Le Monde*, May 24th, 1962)

in the introduction to his series of articles on Hungary. Presumably he and his paper were not the only ones to be influenced by such information.

The image of Hungary reflected in the Western train of waves dating from 1962 has become far more detailed and is at times surprisingly discerning. There have been hardly any articles that deny or fail to stress the change in the general atmosphere, the ways in which the way of life differs from pre-1956 times, in fact the process of democratization, which in the terminology of the Western press generally figures as liberalization. In what do our Western colleagues see this "liberalization"? The weightier and lighter arguments, superficial and profound considerations, mingle in pleasant harmony to provide the answer. Sometimes the one reinforces the other. Louis Teissier, who in a series of analytical articles for *Combat* examined the changes that have taken place and the problems that he considers have still to be solved in Hungary, is prompted by the overall impression due to a splash of colour, a spot of atmosphere, a tasty dish served on an airliner, or a "Gallic anecdote" heard in a cooperative farm, to remark: "Nothing. . . was such as to make me feel that I was henceforth living in a world subject to the authority of a proletarian State. This feeling of remaining in a familiar atmosphere, of continuing to meet people 'just like at home,' was one that I experienced throughout my stay in Hungary. . ." Eric Bourne, who produced a veritable study in the *Christian Science Monitor* to sum up his impressions of Hungary, also condensed his conclusions as follows, in a report for the *Sunday Express* on July 22d (Hungary Forgets — With Beer and Gay Music): ". . . Comparing a sunny week-end afternoon in Hyde Park and on Budapest's Margaret Island, he finds that though there is a difference in the music to be heard, "even this—if you have just dropped in from the skies—does not reveal you are in a Communist capital." All this was obviously intended as a compliment by our two colleagues across the Rubicon, and it is as such that the citizen of the proletarian State, of the Communist capital, must accept it. Nevertheless, as a marginal note and not with polemical intent, one thing should be said. What ballasts, what deep-rooted prejudices have been produced by the extreme events of the cold war, the past years and the Stalin age! How powerfully a kind of Orwellian picture must have penetrated into the minds of men, if a natural, human tone, relaxation and a certain level of civilized comfort, at the first impact give rise to confused surprise in a Western observer.

The changes in Hungary are seen and presented from a rather individual angle by Richard O'Regan, the correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune* ('Western Decadence' Is Back in Hungary, July 27th, 1962).

Of what, in his opinion, does the change consist? "Hand-kissing and bridge have come back to Communist Hungary..." "The czardas is making room for the samba and the cha-cha-cha—but not yet the twist..." You can see things that were formerly "banned, as 'Western decadence,' French perfumes, Scotch whiskies and Italian fashions." (The availability of Scotch whisky and similar goods, incidentally, figured prominently in almost all the Western articles.) University students, O'Regan goes on to say, are more interested than anything else in "what sort of bridge was played in America." And finally: "Hungarian women are probably the best-dressed and most carefully groomed of any behind the Iron Curtain."

Undoubtedly this too is one way in which the image is developing. Indeed, perhaps for some readers this is more convincing than the mirror of the analytical reports. Let us nevertheless cast a passing glance at the latter. According to *The Times'* leader published after the first wave (Something Was Won, January 30th, 1962), "The political and intellectual margin of relaxation in Kádár's Hungary is greater than in any other country in the Soviet bloc, except Gomulka's Poland... The writers and other intellectuals... enjoy a qualified tolerance. Much greater scope is allowed to writing critical of—or at least detached from—communist orthodoxy." Louis Teissier considers that for economic progress it is necessary to leave the field open to the most gifted, so that "They consent to the progressive liberalization of their regimes." *Basler Nachrichten* (Kádár's Latest Line in Hungary, March 3rd and 4th, 1962) notes the beginning of a new line in Hungary "which is characterized by an effort to bring about national unity" (March 3rd). Kádár's "new line has undoubtedly aroused a certain sympathy for him among the people" (March 4th). Thomas Schreiber perceives the change in general atmosphere ("Undoubtedly there is a thaw"), as consisting of an advance in the freedom of the press, in open criticism, in respect for "the socialist rule of law," as well as in the changes that have taken place in living standards, clothing and cultural relations. What struck Thomas Ross, the correspondent of *Die Presse*, Vienna, (Kádár Considers Time Is on His Side, June 15th, 1962), was that "nowhere are so many jokes told as in Budapest" and that one of the theatres each evening plays to packed audiences a piece that "openly and relatively strongly criticizes failings both in the Soviet Union and at home." According to the correspondent the regime "strives to rule the non-Communist population by persuasion, patience and economic pressure, in place of the terror applied in the Rákosi period."

Thumbing on through the Western papers, in one way or another we may almost everywhere come across a recognition of the change in atmo-

sphere and general mood. Eric Bourne, who subjected Hungarian life to a broadly based and thorough investigation, quotes Western diplomats who are satisfied that they are now able to talk to the intellectuals and the ordinary folk, and who say "The relaxation is considerable." This correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* concludes that these advances, and the greater freedom of movement generally for non-Communist diplomats, are "part of the more flexible character of the regime..." (July 5th, 1962). In his view "Nowhere in Eastern Europe is the process of 'de-Stalinization' being taken more seriously than in Hungary..." where "... a coming to terms, so to speak, between rulers and ruled which seems the main and obviously essential objective of Mr. Kádár's policies" (Kádár's Policy Shifts Hungary, September 8, 1962). Examining the effects of the manifold changes and the new political trend, he writes of the fact that Kádár "has neutralized many people and gained considerable respect by his reforms" (July 8th, 1962).

Paul Underwood, in the *New York Times*, calls Budapest "the most pleasant of the Eastern European capitals," where "there are more tourists... than in almost any other Soviet-bloc capital," where there is "a surprisingly relaxed attitude on entrance formalities for tourists" (A Brighter Budapest, September 14th, 1962), and finally where "the average [citizen] has a measure of freedom unsurpassed anywhere in the Soviet bloc except Poland" (Hungarians Find Controls Eased, September 16th, 1962.)

Nothing is further removed from the compiler of this survey than to engage in a consideration of the existing or presumed differences between the Socialist countries. It is only the fact that we are concerned with Western press quotations that has prompted us to let *Reuter's* Warsaw correspondent Vincent Bruist's words wind up this chapter. In his report "Better Still in Budapest...", written on September 15th, he wrote: "...and when the 'Paris of the East' is mentioned, many Poles are prepared to recognize that in the summer of 1962 something happened in Budapest that has made it a serious competitor for the title. Life there is much gayer, much more free than anywhere in the Eastern bloc... They state objectively, without any bitterness, that Hungary is now progressing faster than anyone else in relaxing her regime."*

"Not only the motor-cars indicate Hungary's relative prosperity."

During the years of the People's Democracy the circumstances of the entire Hungarian people have changed, with respect to employment, con-

* Retranslated from the Hungarian text of the Hungarian News Agency.

sumption, clothing wages and salaries, social security, in fact the standard of living in the most general sense. Previous issues of *The New Hungarian Quarterly* have also pointed out that the rate of change, the rate of the rise in living standards, has increased since 1957 (Tibor Barabás: Trends of Personal Consumption from 1950 to 1960. Vol. III, No. 7, 1962). What features of this transformation are represented in the various organs of the Western press? The approaches differ considerably, but the findings are more uniform. Teissier, in the January 22nd issue of *Combat*, while showing some amazement, was nevertheless glad to discover that Socialism does not aim at "Spartan asceticism." The author—surprisingly—considers this as evidence of respect for "bourgeois values," and in the concluding part of his series of articles (January 29th), deals in detail with the question of living standards. "There is no need to spend much time in this country to discover that there is no shortage of food. People in even the most modest homes eat plenty and cook imaginatively." Of the menus in the works canteens, his impression is that "they are nourishing and prepared with greater care than in the French canteens, while their prices are very modest."

Thomas Schreiber, who had been to Hungary previously in October 1956, summed up his experiences as follows (May 24th, 1962): "The improvement in supplies as compared to 1956 is even more perceptible. Shop-windows offer a wide assortment to consumers. The best known brands of French cognac and Scotch whisky are represented..." (The Scotch whisky again!) The shops and food supplies have lured many writers to enter on the tempting path of gastronomic analyses. According to Teissier, "the tradition of good feeding is a kind of religion" in Hungary. Alvarez goes so far as to place the "great cooks, great eaters, great wine-bibbers" in a historical and sociological framework. (Unfortunately Teissier, abandoning the proverbial French gallantry, also noticed something else in the course of his gastronomical prowl: "Under this regime," he writes, "people, especially the women, tend to grow fat quickly, for they very much like the exquisite pastries that can be bought everywhere, at relatively modest prices.")

Living standards can of course not be measured merely through the quantity and quality of the food. The correspondent of *Combat* indeed, gives a detailed account of the "second incomes" expressed in welfare benefits and considers it a "merit of the regime" that it has eliminated unemployment; he says that "noteworthy efforts have been made to see that the masses should participate ever more widely in all forms of instruction and enjoy cultural advance." Thomas Ross of *Die Presse* goes

into some detail on how essential a part of Hungarian life "social security" is (Hungary's Calendar Dates from 1956, June 19th, 1962).

The leap in the manufacture and purchase of consumers' durables has also struck most Western journalists. "Measured by an Eastern yardstick, Budapest is crammed full of motor-cars. . . ." However, it is not only the motor-cars that indicate Hungary's relative prosperity. "In the shop-windows there are TV sets, radios, cameras, refrigerators, textiles, clothes and even furs. . . ." (Hans Joachim Metzloff, *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, June 24th, 1962). "Two things most immediately evident to one returning to Budapest after two years away are the number of cars on the streets and the fact that Hungarians apparently have more money to spend on amusement" (Paul Underwood, September 14th, 1962).

The picture of course also has its shadier sides. Both Teissier and Schreiber conclude that the standard of living in Hungary is lower than in the Western countries. "At the tourist rate of exchange," remarks Metzloff, "consumers' durables are more expensive than in the West. This does not apply to foodstuffs." Such findings may be regarded as general—the greatest departure from their tone is in the despatch of the *New York Herald Tribune's* correspondent. Having "observed" that French perfumes, Scotch whiskies and Italian fashions—"things that in pre-revolution times were banned as 'Western decadence'" — are now available in Budapest, he goes on: "However, these can be bought only by the new Communist upper class. . . ." This sentence in O'Regan's verdict is supplemented by a remark that "The working class is still plagued by low wages. . . the exorbitant price of consumer goods," etc. We have repeatedly stressed that our aim is to survey and not to conduct polemics. Thus, as far as the ability to purchase the more "decadent" items is concerned, we would prefer to let two of O'Regan's colleagues do the speaking. "During the Stalin period," writes Th. Schreiber (*Le Monde*, May 27th, 1962), "the party aristocracy formed the privileged class of the regime. In 1962, however, it is rather the non-party people who are building villas in the Buda hills, purchasing plots by Lake Balaton, and who can afford to take part in the Mediterranean cruises arranged by IBUSZ." In the opinion of Louis Teissier (*Combat*, January 22nd, 1962), "Technicians and members of the professions. . . buy the holiday bungalows and new flats. . . as well as the motor cars imported in a tiny trickle. . . . In the countryside the local authorities strive to attract and retain agricultural engineers and doctors, whom they badly need, by building comfortable homes for them according to their wishes and giving them cars as soon as they have the opportunity."

Socialist industrialization, the transformation of the pattern of industry,

collective agriculture, are all understandably subjects that engage the attention of the Western journalists who visit Hungary. There are now fewer who examine the path that has been traversed than at the time of the first wave—it is now rather particular features of the situation that has evolved which engage their attention. The raw-materials problem, productivity, experts, the situation of the agricultural cooperatives, the new trend in industrialization policies, COMECON—these are the issues which some investigate more closely, others treat only superficially.

“Respect for competence”

Teissier, who has examined the whole economic situation in Hungary in all its ramifications, deals in detail with the lack of raw materials, fuel and power, and reaches the conclusion that if the country does not industrialize, it “condemns itself to stagnation and to mediocrity.” Writing on the socialization of agriculture he declares. “After what I have seen, I do not hesitate to say that it constitutes the most rational solution of the problem” (January 23rd, 1962). The correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* also treats the reorganization of agriculture: “It is claimed—with a good measure of truth—that this was on the whole done without the pressures and duress of the pre-1956 campaigns” (July 26th, 1962).

Several comments disapprove of the unsatisfactory figures of industrial and agricultural productivity. At the same time some of the correspondents report that the Government’s new industrial and agricultural policies are aimed precisely at eliminating these deficiencies. “The aim of the system being worked out,” writes the correspondent of *Die Presse*, who incidentally considers all centralized planning to be contradictory, “is to encourage individual initiative, technical progress, and an increase not only in the quantity but also in the quality of the work.” The correspondent, in agreement, with those of several other papers, stresses a feature that was already voiced in the accounts of the first wave, *viz.*, that the Hungarian Government now intended, contrary to the harmful and erroneous practice of the previous period, to develop the sectors of industry with a high labour requirement and indigenous traditions (June 13th, 1962). These journalists devote particular emphasis to the problem which they call the question of experts. This means the principle adopted by the Hungarian Socialist Workers’ Party according to which everyone may hold any office—apart from Party posts—for which their abilities render them suitable. “I have been assured that respect for competence has never been so great. More and more, there is a tendency to entrust the leading posts

to people who are really efficient, without caring too much about their extraction, their political past, or even their religious beliefs" (Theissier, January 26th, 1962). "The trend of the new Kádár line is to have experts in the important posts, irrespective of whether they are party members or not" (*Basler Nachrichten*, March 23rd, 1962).

A number of reporters treat a general phenomenon which has, however, assumed a sharper form in consequence of the changes that have taken place in Hungary—that of the migration of country people to the towns. P. Underwood enters on a long disquisition over why Hungarian industry has been so largely concentrated in Budapest, explains the Hungarian Government's plans in this respect and the "difficulties" in carrying out these plans" (*Industrial Production in Hungary*, September 29th, 1962).

"Stendhal, not Mickey Spillane"

Hardly any Western voices may be heard that do not carry a certain measure of tribute to the achievements of Hungarian cultural life. Those for whom it would be too embarrassing to set this on paper, prefer not to say anything and to avoid the question. It is not surprising that the most detailed treatment of this issue is by the literary critic A. Alvarez, in his BBC broadcast:

"Well the apparent achievement, however, is extraordinary. And this is not only a question of the proliferation of extremely well-equipped cultural centres, with their own libraries, theatres, lecture halls and dance halls and evening classes and everything. It is also a matter of the sheer increase in reading. . . and books are both beautifully produced and very cheap—as low as 3 forints each. . . The shops which sell books are as busy and as well stocked as those selling food. And the books are all good books. The taxi-drivers waiting on the ranks read Stendhal not Mickey Spillane. There is, of course, a simple reason for this: Mickey Spillane and similar trash is not available, just as cowboy films are not shown. . ." In the opinion of Alvarez the taxi-drivers reading Stendhal have only a very muffled idea of Stendhal's values, but he goes on: "All the same, they read him, undaunted by length or *longueure*. And *this is a colossal achievement in popular education*. It is also part of the Hungarian temperament." The same phenomenon has also struck Howard Taubmann, the stage critic of the *New York Times*. "There has been a formidable growth in the publication and distribution of books in Hungary, thanks to a policy of low prices. A novel about Monteverdi. . . has sold almost 100,000 copies in a country of fewer than 10,000,000." Taubmann in this report (*Hungarian Arts Gain Freedom*, June 30th, 1962),

also examines other spheres of cultural life. Of the theatre his opinion is that "on the whole it has burgeoned in Hungary. . . Provincial towns for the first time have their own opera, ballet and dramatic companies." In the visual arts "there are examples of more recent, advanced schools. Abstract work is hung with others." With respect to musical life, he writes particularly of the importance of musicological research in Hungary. P. Underwood (Hungarian Film Controls Eased, *New York Times*, September 16th, 1962) considers that as far as socialist realism is concerned "the regime makes no pretense about preferring it, but other 'isms' are permitted, provided they constitute no threat to continued Communist control." As a symptom of the "new atmosphere of humanism," he mentions among other things the fact that the periodical *Új Írás* has published a short story by Tibor Déry.

Finally many correspondents consider it necessary to mention the fact that numerous Western plays and films are being shown in Hungary, indeed, according to Eric Bourne the Western films which happened to be showing in the city's thirty movies were "as fair a selection, if not better. . . as you will find, for example, currently in neighbouring Vienna" (July 25th, 1962).

An attempt at completeness would probably require that we should also show the reflections of other facets of Hungarian life, possibly with their still extant darker, and ever more frequent gay colours. We believe, however, that even so the "Changing Image of Hungary in the Western Press" will have become sufficiently clearly delineated to the reader. The point of departure is that in Hungary the laying down of the foundations of Socialism, and then its full construction, are accompanied by a development of democratism. This trend expresses the correct practice of establishing socialism, and there is a wealth of sometimes painful experiences behind the principles that nurture this practice. Nor may this trend be divorced from the relative relaxation that has occurred in the international situation in recent years.

On the other hand it can hardly be disputed that the change in the Hungarian situation is itself no mean contribution to the normalization of international relations and the promotion of a purer atmosphere both inside and outside UNO. Those organs of the Western press that have presented this change to the public of their countries have contributed to the endeavour to melt the remaining icebergs of international life.

ISTVÁN SZŐNYI, THE PAINTER

by

DÉNES PATAKY

István Szőnyi's generation, which included, among others, such eminent artists as the painters Róbert Berény, Gyula Derkovits, József Egry, Aurél Bernáth and Béla Czobel, the sculptors Béni Ferenczy and Pál Pátzay, embodied a brilliant period in Hungarian art. In their works the peculiarly Hungarian character of the art initiated by the impressionist paintings of Pál Szinyei Merse (1845—1920) was perpetuated. From the closing years of the 19th century, Szinyei's heritage was taken over by the group of painters around Nagybánya, while the succeeding generation—that of István Szőnyi—which marked out the path of Hungarian art after the First World War and in the interwar period, continued the traditions of the Nagybánya impressionists.

The works of these three interlinked generations came to form the main branch of new Hungarian art, void of foreign influences and rooted organically in its own traditions.

Most members of Szőnyi's generation were, indeed, pupils of the Nagybánya school, although at the outset of their careers they were inspired by other schools, many of them by the constructivist-expressionist trends of the groups known as the Eight (*Nyolcak*) and the Activists; indeed, Róbert Berény and Béla Czobel themselves were actually leading members of the Eight. However, their mature art, flowing from the impressionist traditions of Nagybánya, belongs to that branch of postimpressionism which continued to be guided by the spirit of impressionism. The style of these artists may therefore be denoted most appropriately as post-Nagybánya—substituting the Hungarian counterpart for the international term. Apart from their common Nagybánya origin or their later acceptance of that style, these artists are linked by the noble, manful lyrical atmosphere which is as characteristic of István Szőnyi's pictures radiating the warmth of the sun-drenched soil, of Aurél Bernáth's ethereal works that capture

the fleeting mood, or Béni Ferenczy's delicate, sensitive figures aglow with the propinquity of life, as it is of Gyula Derkovits's revolutionary art that takes its stand with the oppressed.

István Szőnyi, the first to represent, direct and mould this style, was born on January 17, 1894, at Újpest, a northern suburb of Budapest. After finishing school—where drawing and chemistry lessons alone held his interest—in 1913, he enrolled in the Budapest Academy of Fine Arts, where he joined the class of Károly Ferenczy, a leading painter of the Nagybánya school. In the summer of the following year, Szőnyi, having obtained a scholarship, worked at Nagybánya under Ferenczy's guidance.

Nagybánya, a provincial town situated in a picturesque environment, where the Great Hungarian Plain encounters Transylvania, began to play an important role in the history of Hungarian art when, in 1896, Simon Hollósy (1857—1918) made it the permanent residence of his famous art school, which previously had functioned every winter at Munich. In addition, several older painters joined the school colony that had moved to Nagybánya, including Károly Ferenczy (1862—1917), whose name is inseparably linked up with the development of the true Nagybánya style, marked by distinguished compositions of noble tone and inspired by visual experience that have made Nagybánya into one of the finest chapters in modern Hungarian art. In 1901, Hollósy's school left Nagybánya, but the painters who had struck root there—Károly Ferenczy, Béla Iványi-Grünwald (1867—1940), János Thorma (1870—1937), and István Réti (1872—1945)—continued to work in summer at Nagybánya, where they founded a free school. As Hollósy's before, the school attracted many young painters, not only Hungarians but a number of Austrian, German, and Russian students as well.

Among those that studied here were to be found most of the eight young artists—Róbert Berény, Dezső Czigány, Béla Czobel, Károly Kernstok, Ödön Márffy, Dezső Orbán, Bertalan Pór, and Lajos Tihanyi—who in 1909 formed the group known as the Eight. This group broke away from Nagybánya impressionism, and, actuated by Cézanne and the Fauves, evolved its own style through the structural problems of body and space. Béla Czobel even became a member of the Fauves and exhibited works at their 1906 show in the Salon d'Automne. French art, however, affected them not directly through its style but indirectly through its problems. Later, at the time of the First World War, the initial problems of form were supplemented by strong endeavours at expressionism in style.

From 1915 the Eight were joined by the Activist painters, Béla Uitz, József Nemes Lamperth, and János Kmetty. Instead of basing themselves

on visual experience, the Eight and the Activists started from constructivist and compositional principles. In their works visual beauty was superseded by emphasis on space and the construction of forms, an emphasis that finally led to contortion. What was at first a merely formal contortion gradually became the form language of their later expressionist period. They were the Hungarian exponents of the stage in European painting represented by the adherents of Fauvism in France or the Brücke and Blaue Reiter groups in Germany. Their movement was ephemeral; all played a prominent role in the Hungarian Council Republic of 1919, after the collapse of which they emigrated. A few years later many of them returned, but in the meantime their surging style suffered a break, and they could no longer proceed along the road they had embarked on. Subsequently some of them, among them Berény and Czobel, went over to the post-Nagybánya school which was in full bloom at the time.

In the days when István Szőnyi started on his career as an art student, the Eight exercised a powerful influence on the young generation of painters. At the outset Szőnyi too was imbued with the spirit of the two trends represented by the impressionism of Nagybánya and the constructivism of the Eight.

The outbreak of the First World War, however, put an end to his studies. In autumn 1914 Szőnyi joined the army and fought until the end of the war. Only in 1917 and 1918 could he spend a few brief summer weeks at Nagybánya, where the Academy of Fine Arts had arranged summer classes for its soldier-students. Szőnyi's works from this period reveal the direct influence of Béla Uitz, but without displaying any trace of the perturbed expressionism that marked the latter's art.

The art colony that had flourished for nearly a quarter of a century at Nagybánya began to break up at the end of the First World War. Béla Iványi-Grünwald had withdrawn from it earlier, and in 1917 Károly Ferenczy had died. From 1919 the town belonged to Rumania. Of the old school only János Thorma remained there, while István Réti continued to represent the spirit of Nagybánya at the Budapest Academy of Fine Arts.

When upon his demobilization in 1919 Szőnyi returned to the Academy, he too became a pupil of Réti's. But he did not stay there long. His pictures painted in this period and exhibited in 1920 at the show of the Fine Arts Association already revealed him as a mature artist.

In the same year he arranged his first collective one-man show at the Ernst Museum and was awarded the first *grand prix* of the Szinyei Association founded to cherish the heritage of Szinyei, together with membership in the Association. The show had an immense effect on the art

of the age; Szőnyi became the leader of the young artists and influenced the work of almost every one of them.

Having outgrown the immediate influence of Uitz, Szőnyi at this stage painted powerful compositions of figures in the nude, whose interwoven superficial lights and ochre colour scheme showed no more than a slight affinity to the figured charcoal compositions of Béla Uitz during the beginning of the 1910's. In the finest specimen of these early pictures, the canvas entitled "After the Bath" (1921), the nude figure is moulded into sculpturesque plasticity by the interplay of gleaming lights and reflexes. In his other figure compositions, such as "Bethseba" (1923) or the "Danaïdes" (1923), as well as in his landscapes he is engrossed by the same problem, the representation of light and bodies in their spatial correlations. In his "Zebegény Hillside" (1923) the plastic curve of the bushy slope is set off by bundles of light brushing against the forms, making the spectator aware of the disintegrating effect of light on form.

Szőnyi came to know Zebegény through his marriage in 1924. The family of his wife had a summer-house at this tiny village nestling against Saint Michael's Hill in the Danube Loop. The white-washed house with portico and veranda, built in the style of the 1880's, was situated in a small, crooked street of the hillside part of the village. A long plot of land behind it stretches up the foot-hills, commanding a wonderful view of the Danube Loop with its ceaselessly changing panorama, diversified by the shadows of fleeting clouds cast on the distant hills or the tiny white houses of the village.

Gradually the elaborate compositions of figures in the nude came to be superseded by the canvases of this enchanting village scenery and of his family. Already in the "Danube Loop" (1925), outstanding among his landscapes, pictorial light begins to preponderate over the representation of masses. The influence of the Eight is on the wane, yielding to free nature, and scenic beauty, the heritage of Nagybánya, has become dominant. His palette has acquired more colour. Dark ochres have been enriched by greens and blues. The finest of his family portraits, representing his little daughter Zsuzsa with her wooden horse (1927), reveals the degree to which plasticity has been replaced by pictorial tachisme.

Elaborate compositions still attracted him, but the nudes represented on the Zebegény bank of the Danube in "Rowers" (1927), the figures emerging from the green gloaming of the light scattered under the trees in the "Fruitpickers" (1928), or the scene set against the glittering surface of the water in "Crossing the Danube" (1928), all proclaim the priority of the pictorial concept.



ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: GARDEN SEAT



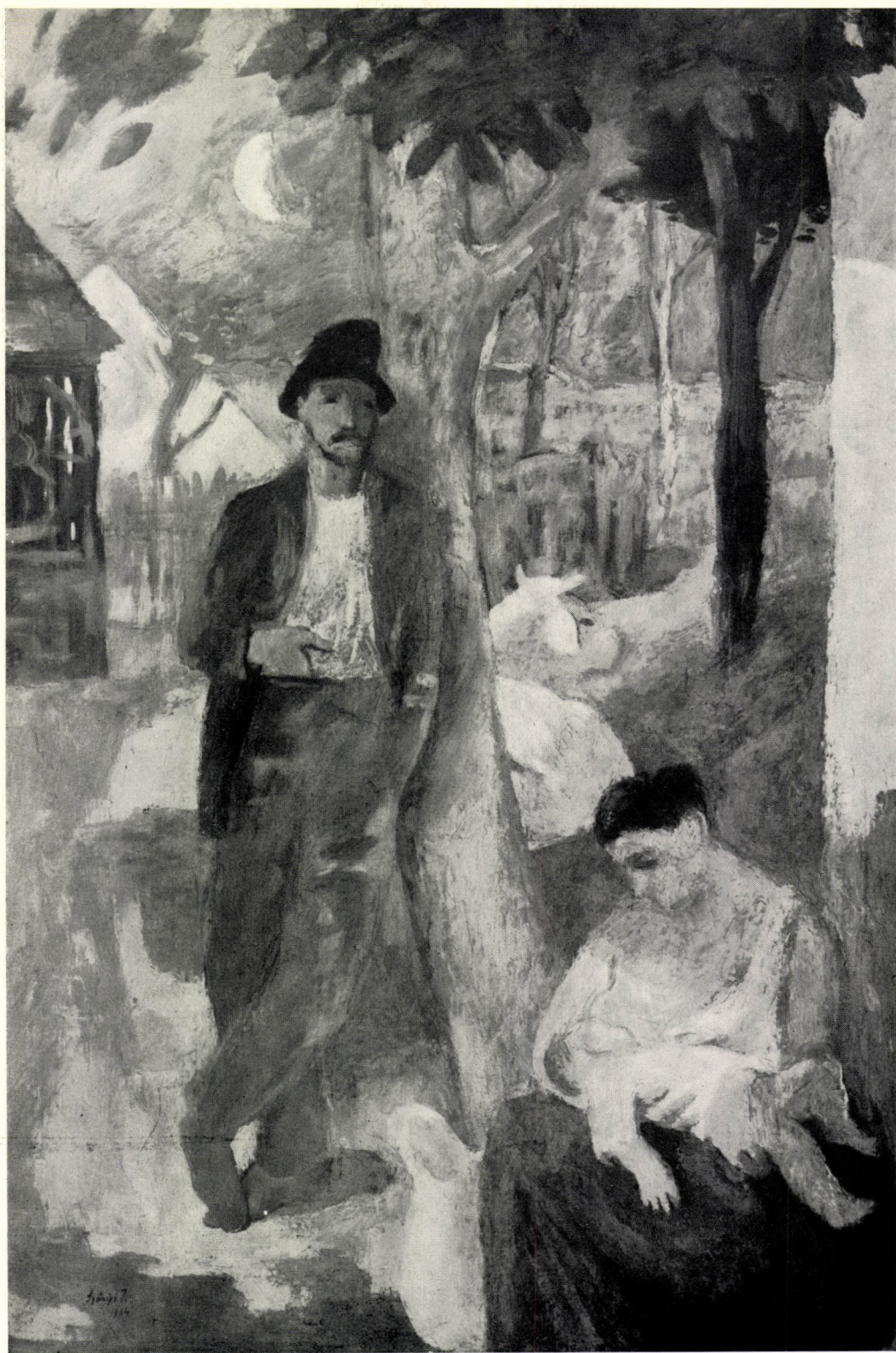
ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: ZEBEGÉNY SCENERY

ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: AT THE WELL





ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: SHEPHERDESS



ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: EVENING



ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: MOTHER AND CHILD



ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: ZSUZSI AT THE DOOR



ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: UMBRELLAS



ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: ZEBEGÉNY VIEW



ISTVÁN SZŐNYI: ZEBEGÉNY FUNERAL

Concurrently with the latter two major compositions he also produced a minor picture, "Waterside Scene" (1928), which in its pictorial treatment and bright colouring for the first time displays those features that were to become characteristic of his second coloristic period. His water-colours and China ink wash-drawings of this era are similarly marked by more lucid and airy representation.

However, for the time being this small picture and the sketches were overshadowed by the maturest works of his first period: "Evening in Zebegegény" (1928), with villagers chatting in front of the house in the blue-green twilight of dusk, and "Zebegegény Funeral" (1928), the masterpiece of this period, in which a hearse is depicted proceeding towards the snow-covered cemetery under the sombre sky of a winter afternoon.

From 1929 his style underwent a noticeable change. The transition from the first period to the second is indicated by a few harsher, drier pictures, characterized mainly by more luminous, often whitish colouring and stressed composition. Among the pictures of this kind from the transition period, "Zsuzsa at the Door" (1931) is perhaps the most significant. On the other hand, parallel with these more deliberately and strictly composed canvases, a more released picturesqueness, reminiscent of the "Waterside Scene," appeared with the evolution of his second period.

The union of this twofold orientation, associated with the transition time, and the conclusive initiation of the second period were accomplished in the large canvas, "Calf for Sale" (1933), marked by light, occasionally chalky, colours and pictorial presentation in which traces of deliberate composition both in arrangement and in the moulding of figures are still evident.

The first masterpiece of the new period, entitled "Evening," was created in 1934. This work, representing the family resting by the courtyard well in early evening light, and dominated by the suckling mother and the tired man leaning against the tree, is one of the purest, most beautiful achievements of modern Hungarian painting. The style of the second period is closely connected with that of his earlier works; there is an unbroken progression that proceeds in a harmonious line from the dark colour-scale to light hues, from plastic forms towards the pictorial. The ochre tints of the early works has given way to the most fascinating colours, while the plastic treatment of forms tends to change into completely released picturesqueness. Composition still plays an outstanding role in Szőnyi's art, but without the emphasis on construction that is typical of several pictures of the transition period. The construction of the picture is now concealed by the pictorial element of loose blots.

The requirement of pictorial treatment demanded the development of a new technique, which he devised to satisfy his own needs. Oil-colours and brushes were now exchanged for tempera and knife. Distemper was applied in patches with a knife, and the colours he wished to have glint through one another were put on in several superimposed layers; then, in contrast to the technique of transparent glaze in oil-painting, he softened these layers slightly with water and, scraping them off with his knife, contrived to obtain a reciprocal interplay of colours as well as a smooth surface of dull glaze.

In the abundant flow of works that continued uninterruptedly till his death, one of the finest river landscapes from the 1930's, the "Grey Danube" (1935), and "Umbrellas" (1939), another of his principal works, will worthily represent Szőnyi's art on behalf of foreign readers.

The sketches of the second period, mostly in China ink or water-colours, were superseded by *gouache*, a technique related more closely to tempera. In these painting-like small masterpieces he perpetuated his visual experiences with marvellous ease and mobility, reflecting the captivating scenery of the Zebegény region in its ceaseless change, his family, his wife and children, his home, the house in Zebegény, his garden with its fruit-trees, a basket of plums, or a few downy peaches brought from the orchard and placed on the covered table of the veranda, the pathetically amiable little calf, village life, harvesters, a dreamy-eyed shepherd boy looking into the distance as he stands leaning on his staff among the resting flock, a peasant ploughing in the wan autumn sunshine, the Danube, a boat moored to the landing-stage, or trailers.

In 1942 he was engrossed by a new commission to paint a fresco in the church of Győr-Nádorváros, a task which was not alien to his art, for familiarity with its requirements had already been revealed by the great compositions of his first period. He solved it by applying the most difficult but at the same time most noble techniques of pictorial art, producing a magnificent work that brought out all the virtues of his genius.

In the meantime Hungary was drawn ever deeper into the war raging around her. Szőnyi struggled against its foul waves through the beauty of his art. It was at this time that he created one of his finest gems, a white garden seat reflecting the sunlight of a brilliant summer morning in a clearing of the garden surrounded by sun-drenched foliage (1943). But it was not only beauty with which he protested against the horrors of the age; during the months of terror that followed the occupation of the country by the Germans, when persecution and mass deportation were the order of the day, many people owed their lives to Szőnyi, who took

the deadly risk of hiding and rescuing them. In 1944, the darkest year of the war—for the night is always darkest before daybreak—he painted the masterpiece, “Mother and Daughter,” based on a motif that had figured in the fresco at Győr. For the first time in Szőnyi’s work, this picture seems to communicate a symbolical message, as if the mother’s gesture, protecting but nevertheless encouragingly releasing her daughter, and the little girl’s raised head and brave look forward were meant to manifest confidence in the future.

The war in its agony brought devastation over the country. Szőnyi himself suffered heavy losses. During the siege his Budapest apartment and studio were destroyed and many of his pictures were ruined. Only a few wrecked items, fortunately including the “Zebegény Funeral,” could be restored. The saddest blow was the death of his highly gifted son, Peter—already seriously debilitated by privations during the siege—who succumbed to an infectious disease.

The blows sustained left no mark on Szőnyi’s art. Indeed, the country’s liberation was followed by one of his most creative periods, giving rise to some of his most beautiful works. Among its first fruits was “At the Well” (1945), representing the draw-well of the Zebegény courtyard shaded by nut-trees: a girl carrying water steps into the sunshine, her figure virtually melting into the brilliant light. This picture, one of the finest of the second period, is a worthy counterpart to the splendid “Garden Seat.” Typical works painted at this time are the “Zebegény Scenery” with its bare hills across which drift the shadows of fleeting clouds, and a *gouache* sketch of the Danube Loop.

From 1950 he was again absorbed by frescos. First he made a competitive design for a planned government building; though he won the prize, the project was unfortunately never carried out. His grandiose conception, one of his finest fresco compositions, representing agricultural work and reconstruction, and set in Zebegény scenery, remained a *gouache* sketch. The same fate was to overtake his fresco design for an underground terminus. This composition, kindred in spirit to the former, never passed beyond the stage of large-size cartoons. In 1951 he was, at last, able to complete a commission for seven panels representing peasant life; he was also able to complete a beautiful wall-painting for the post-office of Csepel in 1957.

Besides devoting himself to these great tasks, he also produced a series of pictures, outstanding among which is the “Shepherdess” (1957), an exquisite poetical canvas based on a motif first used in 1937.

In 1957 a film was made on Szőnyi’s art; after introducing his early

paintings it showed the artist at work, preparing charcoal drawings with a steady hand, then a delightful *gouache* sketch, and finally illustrating his method of rendering a theme—the figure of a peasant girl standing at the well—in tempera. The film ended with the artist working at the last details of an engraving.

Throughout his career engravings remained a constant feature of his activities. Among his best leaves were "Thirst" (1923), "Motherhood" (1923), representing a woman nursing her baby, "Winter at the Village" (1924), a view of snow-clad Zebegény, the "Fruitpickers" (1925), elaborated later into a major canvas, and the large-sized "Snow-covered Village" (1928). They led to the rebirth of Hungarian graphic art in the early 1920's. In the engravings of the second period pictorial qualities came to prevail. The finest of those produced in the 1930's are the delicate "Fishermen on the Bank of the Danube" and the vigorous leaf representing the arch of "Erzsébet Bridge," while the most outstanding of his later works is the engraving entitled "Ploughing," on the theme of a canvas painted in 1954.

In addition to creative artistic work, Szőnyi attached great importance to teaching. From 1925 to 1930 he gave instruction at the Municipal Free School, from 1930 he taught at home in his own school, and in 1937 he was appointed to a professorship at the Budapest Academy of Fine Arts.

Szőnyi died unexpectedly on August 30, 1960, lamented by the whole country. Thus came to a sudden close a life-work of extraordinary beauty and wide horizons.

Like his paintings radiating the warmth of sun-drenched fields, the man behind these creative achievements won the love and admiration of those who knew him by his friendly, serene and harmonious character, his superior intelligence and a natural directness of manner. People invariably responded to his magnetic charm and wherever his tall, straight figure was to be seen, even those who did not know him immediately realized that his was an exceptional personality.

His nobly and manfully lyrical works, with their delightful colours and fascinating technique, proclaimed throughout the joy kindled in him by visual experience, by the beauty of the world.

DREAM AND TRADITION

On the English and the American Novel

by

WALTER ALLEN

The fact that English novels and American are written in a common language often blinds us to the differences between them. In individual cases, of course, these differences may be so slight as to be almost indistinguishable. Is Henry James an American novelist or an English? The commonsense answer is that he is both; his novels belong to both literatures. Even so, the English reader will do well to remember that James was American before he was English and that Hawthorne was his literary ancestor no less than George Eliot. And when one turns from individual novels to the body of what seem representative novels of both countries, then broad and well-defined differences between them are immediately apparent, differences that reflect differences in historical experience and in the national character history produces.

Nor are these differences recent in origin. They were just as strongly marked in nineteenth-century fiction as they are in that of today. Indeed, to set the great English Victorian novels side by side with the great Americans of the same period is to be aware almost of a difference in kind. If there is no American Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot or Trollope, there is equally no English Hawthorne or Melville. The divergence is radical, and light is thrown upon it by F. R. Leavis's note on *Wuthering Heights* in *The Great Tradition*:

I have said nothing about *Wuthering Heights*, because that astonishing work seems to me a kind of sport. . . . Emily Brontë broke completely, and in the most challenging way, both with the Scott tradition that imposed on the novelist a romantic resolution of his themes, and with the tradition coming down from the eighteenth century that demanded a plane-mirror reflection of the surface of 'real' life.

Leavis is right: in terms of the English novel as the overwhelming mass of its finest examples compels us to conceive it, *Wuthering Heights* is a sport—a freak. But suppose, writes the American critic Richard Chase in *The American Novel and Its Tradition*,

suppose it were discovered that *Wuthering Heights* was written by an American of New England Calvinist or Southern Presbyterian background. The novel would be astonishing and unique no matter who wrote it or where. But if it were an American novel it would not be a sport: it has too close an affinity with too many American novels, and among them some of the best.

Mr. Chase goes on to list some of these—they include *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Blithedale Romance*, *Moby Dick*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *As I Lay Dying* and *The Sun Also Rises (Fiesta)*, and he could have added many more—remarking that “all are eccentric, in their differing ways, to a tradition of which, let us say, *Middlemarch* is a standard representative. Not one of them has any close kinship with the massive, temperate, moralistic rendering of life and thought we associate with Mr. Leavis’s ‘great tradition’.”

From the very beginning, American novelists themselves have been aware of their divergence from the English tradition. Awareness was forced upon them by the nature of the society in which they lived as compared with that of Britain. Almost a century and a half ago Fenimore Cooper complained of the American scene:

There is scarcely any ore which contributes to the wealth of the author, that is found, here, in veins as rich as in Europe. There are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offences against decorum for the moralist; nor any of the rich artificial auxiliaries of poetry.

Hawthorne took up the complaint thirty years later and was at pains to persuade his readers that his books were not novels but romances. Novels, he said, were “presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary course of man’s experience”; and his reason for not writing novels was that the attendant circumstances necessary for the novel did not exist in the United States. After the passage of a further thirty years we find Henry James, in his

critical biography of Hawthorne, expanding the indictment of the shortcomings of American society from the novelist's point of view:

One might enumerate the items of high civilization, as it exists in other countries, which are absent from the texture of American life, until it should be a wonder to know what was left. No State in the European sense of the word, and indeed barely a specific national name. No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors, nor old country houses, no parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins; no great universities nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom, nor Ascot! Some such list as that might be drawn up of the absent things in American life—especially in the American life of forty years ago, the effect of which, upon an English or French imagination, would probably as a general thing be appalling. The natural remark, in the light of such an indictment, would be that if these things are left out, everything is left out.

Everything? Not at all, exclaimed James's friend and fellow-novelist William Dean Howells: there remained "simply the whole of human life." One sympathizes with Howells's democratic fervour, but, from the point of view of the novel, he was wrong and James, soaked as he was in the fiction of Balzac and Dickens, Flaubert, Turgenev and George Eliot, was right. The great theme of the European novel, and perhaps especially of the English novel, has been man's life in society, more precisely, the education of men and women, in the sense of their learning to distinguish, through their inescapable involvement in society, the true from the false both in themselves and in the world about them; and this applies no less to the fiction of a rebel like D. H. Lawrence, whose work is as much about society as about sex, than to that of Jane Austen.

The kind of society that was the natural soil for the growth of the English novel not only did not exist in the United States of a hundred and fifty years ago; by the definition of the United States itself it could not. The items of high civilization listed by James, no doubt in conscious and humorous exaggeration, were precisely those elements of European society the first American had left Europe to escape. "If the nineteenth century," Lewis Mumford has written, "found us more raw and rude, it was not because we had settled in a new territory; it was rather because our minds

were not buoyed up by all those memorials of a great past that floated over the surface of Europe. The American was thus a stripped European; and the colonization of America can, with justice, be called the dispersion of Europe—a movement carried out by people incapable of sharing or continuing its past. It was to America that the outcast Europeans turned, without a Moses to guide them, to wander in the wilderness; and here they have remained in exile, not without an occasional glimpse, perhaps, of the promised land.”

The promised land, the American Dream, whatever it was to be, was certainly to be as unlike the Europe that had been renounced as possible. Indeed, its nature had been stated as early as 1782 by Hector de Crevecoeur in his famous essay, “What is an American?” American society, Crevecoeur writes,

is not composed, as in Europe, of great lords who possess everything, and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts, no kings, no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominion, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe. . . . We are all animated with the spirit of an industry which is unfettered and unrestrained, because they are equitable. . . . We have no princes for whom we toil, starve, and bleed; we are the most perfect society now existing in the world. Here man is free as he ought to be. . . .

And Crevecoeur ends his catalogue of the virtues of American life, which is quite strikingly similar to James’s list of its deficiencies sixty years later, by announcing, “The American is a new man.”

In a sense, the classic American was a man who had opted out of society in anything but the simplest form. For many Americans, the repudiation of Europe and the past was tantamount to a repudiation of all external restraint upon the individual. To society the American opposed—himself. In a way, this is the point of the great novel that has been so potent a shaping factor in the American myth. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, with its concluding sentences: “I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she’s going to adopt me and sivilise (sic!) me, and I can’t stand it. I been there before.”

The classic American novels have dealt not so much with the lives of men in society as with the life of solitary man, man alone and wrestling

with himself. Thus Hawthorne dramatized his own tortured, ambiguous relationship with his Puritan ancestors and with his consciousness of sin. Melville, in *Moby Dick*, dramatized his sense of the evil that stems from man's overweening pride, his refusal to recognize limits. Whitman's line, "I was the man, I suffer'd, I was there," echoes through much of the best American fiction, of past and present alike. The emphasis is on the individual, whether Crane's hero in *The Red Badge of Courage* or the boy Nick in the early stories of Hemingway, on the individual human being alone, testing life. And there are times when the individual becomes more than an individual and seems to contain all human life within himself, to become Man, as in the Walt of Walt Whitman's *Song of Myself* or the heroes of Thomas Wolfe's novels. And continually, there is the opting out of society. In our time, the great example of this is Hemingway. From a European point of view, it must seem a weakness in him, the fundamental weakness, that after his early stories he could not take in or come to terms with the American life of his day; but seen in the tradition of American writing it appears rather differently: he was lighting out for the Territory, seeking the promised land that seems to be an essential part of the American Dream.

Such solitary heroes dominate American fiction as certainly they do not dominate English. They appear, by contrast with the heroes of English novels, often to belong to a different order of experience and conception. Abstracted, alienated from the society of their times, surrounded as it were by an envelope of emptiness, they seem somewhat larger than life, at any rate of life as rendered in the broadly realistic English novel in which the crowd of men and women depicted must bring the central figures down to a level approximating to their own. They have, these American heroes, an epic, mythic quality; and the point may be made merely by a roll-call of characteristic American heroes: Cooper's Natty Bumppo, Hawthorne's Hester Prynne, Melville's Ishmael and Ahab, Twain's Huck Finn, Fitzgerald's Gatsby, Wolfe's Eugene Gant, Faulkner's Sutpen and Joe Christmas, Salinger's Holden Caulfield, Bellow's Henderson. They are characters not in process of discovering the nature of society and of themselves in and through society but are, on the contrary, characters profoundly alienated from society. One may here contrast Holden Caulfield in Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* with a roughly contemporaneous English hero, Kingsley Amis's Jim Dixon, in *Lucky Jim*. Each is at odds with the society in which he finds himself, but Dixon much more superficially so. In the end, one knows, he will find the society to which he can adapt himself; but for Caulfield adaptation, any adaptation, will

be self-mutilation. One might say that society and the characteristic American hero are irreconcilably opposed.

These heroes strike one as being, in a sense, figures of dream, projections even of a national unconscious, and the novels as interior dramas in which the author works out, often violently—the violence frequently being as much evidenced by the texture of the prose as by the action delineated—the causes and consequences of what Henry James called, in a famous phrase, the complex fate of being an American. By that, James meant the continuously ambivalent relationship of the American to the Old World, with its fluctuations, often rapidly alternating, of rejection and overvaluation of Europe. But there are other factors making for the complexity of the fate. The conditions of frontier life, which dominated American behaviour for several generations and which is still a powerful shaping force in the way Americans see themselves, are among them. Another is what Richard Chase has called “the Manichaeic quality of New England Puritan.” “As apprehended by the literary imagination,” Chase writes, “New England Puritanism, with its grand metaphors of election and damnation, its opposition of the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness, its eternal and autonomous contraries of good and evil—seems to have recaptured the Manichaeic sensibility. The American imagination, like the New England Puritan mind itself, seems less interested in redemption than in the melodrama of the eternal struggle of good and evil, less interested in incarnation and reconciliation than in alienation and disorder.”

All these deep-seated historical factors have contributed to the sense of individual isolation that seems central to the American experience. It is out of this sense of isolation and the sense of alienation that goes with it that the American novel and its characteristic mode of expression spring.

The mode of expression is allegory and symbolism, which, though different in effect, are closely related, almost at times to the degree of Siamese twinning. Indeed, symbolism seems to be the specifically American way of apprehending and rendering experience in literature. It is certainly not the English way. And allegory and symbolism are engrained in the American sensibility for good reasons: they are part of the heritage of Puritanism. Daniel G. Hoffman, in his *Form and Fable in American Fiction*, has shown how Hawthorne, with Melville, depended “upon the single mode of literary expression sanctioned by his inherited culture: allegory.” Professor Hoffman goes on:

As the faith which had sustained Puritan allegory withered or was transformed, as the supernatural certainties to which allegory anchored the

things of this world became dubious or obscure, the mode yet persisted and lent itself to new uses. The imaginations of Hawthorne and Melville were both committed to allegorical premises and sceptical of allegorical truths. Allegory was designed for the elucidation of certainty; they used it in the service of search and scepticism, and, at times, of comedic affirmation of human values. In the process they transformed allegorism into a symbolic method.

This bent towards symbolism was further strengthened in the nineteenth century by another derivative of Puritanism, the Transcendentalism of Emerson, with his doctrine:

1. Words are signs of natural facts.
2. Particular natural facts are symbols of particular spiritual facts.
3. Nature is a symbol of spirit.

And behind all this is the inevitable tendency of the interior drama of the solitary human being to body itself forth in symbolic terms. For it is not as though American fiction was symbolist only at one stage in its development: it has remained so right up to the present time, in Faulkner, in whose work symbolism and allegory are often confused, in Carson McCullers, in much younger novelists like Flannery O'Connor.

But there is another abiding factor, perhaps even more fundamental, in the American novel that distinguishes it from the English: a constant preoccupation with the meaning of being an American. It is only in work written in times of extreme national peril that one finds anything in the English novel comparable to this: Joyce Cary's *To be a Pilgrim* comes to mind as an instance. Generally, Englishness, what it means to be an Englishman, is not a subject of the English novel. No Englishman could have written, or made his hero write, as Joyce does Dedalus in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*: "Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race." The conscience of the English was created not by one man but by a multitude living in many centuries. But historically it has been the great task of the American poets and novelists to do exactly what Stephen Dedalus boasted he would do; and after almost two centuries of national independence they continue to do so. It is as though the American were not simply, as Crèvecoeur said, a new man but was also a self-created man. In every generation it seems that the American, by virtue of his being an American, with all that that entails, must come to terms with his Americanness and seek to define it. In the last analysis the theme of many of the best American novels is America itself. The

obvious instance, perhaps, is *The Great Gatsby*. Fitzgerald's novel is an exposure of the quality of life at a certain place at a certain point in time; but, as we see in the last pages, it is also something more, and the "something more" is exactly what we could not expect to find in any English novel. We realize, in those last pages, that the figure of Gatsby has become a symbol almost of the United States itself at that moment in its history, or rather, of the American intoxicated by the American Dream in its contemporary version. So that, quite suddenly at the end, we discover that the novel exists in a further dimension. It is no longer the story of one man's tragi-comic life but a novel in some significant sense about the United States, about Americanness.

The interpretation and the emphasis shift, of course, from generation to generation. When the theme was James's he sought to define it by contrasting his American heroes and more particularly his American heroines with the Europeans they encountered in their pilgrimages to the Old World. In our own day, not entirely owing to the genius of Faulkner, it often seems to have narrowed down to the consideration of what it means to be a Southerner.

But there is something else. *The Great Gatsby* ends with these words:

Gatsby belived in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

The green light at the end of Daisy Buchanan's dock, the orgastic future, are Fitzgerald's images of the American Dream that lures and recedes. The Dream, which is still one of the most potent myths in the American mind, is impossible of realization because impossible of anything like accurate definition: its only blue-print is each man's private dream. Nevertheless, the lure of the Dream and the feeling that it has been betrayed have been central to much American fiction since the earliest days. It is fundamental to Cooper's Natty Bumppo novels and it accounts in large measure for the especial bitterness and violence of many American Radical novels from Frank Norris's and Dreiser's to Norman Mailer's. These novels are critical in attitude; it is as though the novelist has come to his subject—America or some aspect of America—with a pattern in his mind of what life in America should be which he has set against the actualities of American life in order to judge them. When Dreiser called his most

memorable book *An American Tragedy* he did so because the story he recounted—whether it is in fact a tragedy is beside the present point—seemed to him specifically American. The nature of the tragedy had a great deal to do with the immigrant's dream of America—Dreiser was himself a first-generation American whose immigrant parents he had seen betrayed in their dream of America.

Dreiser, too, is an almost perfect example of another apparently abiding characteristic of the American novelist, what Professor John McCormick, in his *Catastrophe and Imagination: An Interpretation of the Recent English and American Novel*, calls "the American writer's paradox of traditionless tradition." It seems worth noting here that the notion of literary tradition scarcely existed in English literary theory until it was introduced round about 1917 by two young American poets, T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, and for them the works that made up the tradition were drawn from all the literatures of the civilized world.

Plainly, Professor McCormick's "paradox" is akin to W. H. Auden's idea that "every American poet feels that the whole responsibility for contemporary poetry has fallen upon his shoulders, that he is a literary aristocracy of one," committed as it were to a wholly new start for poetry. We are back with the twin themes of American isolation and alienation. It is a historical fact that American novelists have tended to live as solitaries as English novelists have not. One recalls Hawthorne's twelve years of seclusion in Salem, Melville's obscurity in the New York Customs and, in our time, Faulkner's long periods of inaccessibility in Oxford, Mississippi. No doubt too much can be made of this, but the contrast between the American literary scene and the gregariousness of English literary life, concentrated as it is almost entirely in London, is violent. The isolation in which many American writers live must seem to an Englishman deliberate and wilful. It is as though the literary life itself has become a microcosm of the society the novelist is opting out of.

Isolation has both advantages and disadvantages for a writer. Nothing so strongly nourishes ambition than the feeling that one is different from one's fellows and alone; and when a man has no peers to measure himself against anything may seem possible to him. But if a man is to continue to write and to remain alone the severest self-criticism is necessary if he is not to lapse into indiscipline and eccentricity. Faulkner, genius as he is, is a case in point. Indeed, there are times when one feels that without the genius he would be nothing. His genius pulls him through, but all the same there is much truth in Edmund Wilson's criticism:

... the weaknesses of Faulkner... have their origin in the antiquated community he inhabits, for they result from his not having mastered—I speak of the design of his books as wholes as well as that of his sentences and paragraphs—the discipline of the Joyces, Prousts and Conrads... The technique of the modern novel, with its ideal of technical efficiency, its specialization of means for ends, has grown up in the industrial age, and it has, after all, a good deal in common with the other manifestations of that age. In practising it so far from such cities as produced the Flauberts, Joyces and Jameses, Faulkner's provinciality, stubbornly cherished and turned into an asset, inevitably tempts him to be slipshod and has apparently made it impossible for him to acquire complete expertness in an art that demands of the artist the closest attention and care.

The strengths and weaknesses of the novelist who learns his craft in solitude, far from his peers, are likely to be those commonly found in the self-educated. Auden's description of the differences between British and American poets in their attitudes towards their art seems to me to hold for the novelists also:

A British poet can take writing more for granted and so write with a lack of strain and over-earnestness. American poetry has many tones, a man talking to himself or one intimate friend, a prophet crying in the wilderness, but the easy-going tone of a man talking to a group of his peers is rare... On the other hand, a British poet is in much greater danger of becoming lazy, or academic, or irresponsible... The first thing that strikes a reader about the best American poets is how utterly unlike each other they are...

There is, of course, another obvious difference between the American novel and the English. If the great theme of American fiction has been the exploration of what it means to be an American, expressed often in solitary heroes with a whole world to roam over, the great overriding pre-occupation of English fiction throughout its history has been class. Class turns up everywhere in the English novel, and in all ages. It is in Gissing and Wells and Lawrence and Orwell no less than in Jane Austen and Thackeray and Meredith. The snobberies and the aspirations inseparable from the notion of social class have been a source of comedy in English fiction from Fanny Burney to L. P. Hartley and Anthony Powell. Though it would be absurd to deny the existence of a class system in the United States, it is,

for the majority of Americans at any rate, largely a concealed thing. Americans are certainly much less aware of class than are the English, who, as the whole world knows, are obsessed with it to a degree almost pathological.

Perhaps the differences between the two fictions could be summed up in this way. It may still be possible for a young novelist in the United States to dream of writing the Great American Novel: nothing comparable is possible to an Englishman. Behind him lie two and a half centuries of English novels, and their pressure is all but inescapable except by writers of genius. Whether he likes it or not, whether he is conscious of it or not, the English novelist is born into a tradition of fiction. It is not a narrow one; and since the novel is anyway an international form, the English novelist may derive in part from traditions of the novel as they exist outside England; he may draw on Dostoevsky or Proust or Joyce, to say nothing of the nineteenth-century French. Nevertheless, while the native English tradition is extraordinarily capable of assimilating foreign modes, it subtly changes them even as it absorbs them. Arnold Bennett, for instance, came to the writing of fiction in considerable ignorance of what had been done in the English novel but with a pretty good knowledge of the French and Russian, and in *The Old Wives' Tale* was working in conscious rivalry with Maupassant. His aim, in a sense, was to write a French masterpiece in English. But when we read his novel today it is certainly not his French affinities that strike us but its incurable Englishness. Whatever Bennett himself may have thought, *The Old Wives' Tale* shows that he had much more in common with Dickens and Wells than with Maupassant.

The power of the great English novelists has been such as to impose upon the English, writers and readers alike, certain ways of looking at and interpreting experience that have become almost conventional. It is as though Fielding, Jane Austen, Peacock, Dickens, Trollope, George Eliot, even Gissing, have become gigantic invisible presences that compel the English to observe and assess certain combinations of characters and situation through their eyes; or it is as though, in given circumstances, the English tend to play parts and speak lines allotted to them by these invisible presences. From this form of tyranny of the past the American novelist is free.

All the same, the English novelist gains much from the tradition of which he is, willy nilly, a part. He can see himself as a member of a body of craftsmen whose existence goes relatively far back in time. Given reasonable powers of self-criticism, he will know what he is likely to be able accomplish in relation to his forbears. He may very well see himself as following in the footsteps of one of them, perhaps in conscious emulation,

as one feels that Kingsley Amis is emulating Fielding and adapting his art to the mid-twentieth-century scene. Or he may react violently against one or more of them. He will scarcely be able to escape awareness of them, which means that his attitude towards the novel will tend to be literary, with all that that implies both positively and negatively. He will probably be much less self-conscious about his writing than his American colleagues, and probably more sure of himself since he will know his limitations. Yet the very existence of the broad tradition of the novel in which he works, dominated as it is by a dozen or so exceedingly powerful figures, of whom the lesser figures will generally seem in some sense derivatives, may blinker and inhibit him more than he is ever likely to know.

The American novelist, on the other hand, will probably be more ambitious and more daring; and also cruder, relatively unconcerned with or impatient of style in the narrow sense of elegance of expression and of subtlety of psychological analysis, of what Thomas Wolfe dismissed as the "European and fancy." If the gap between ambition and talent is considerable, he will be likely to be much more pretentious.

Individual novelists on both sides of the Atlantic will of course continue to make nonsense of these generalizations, but when the two fictions, particularly as they have been written during the past thirty years, are surveyed and compared, they do seem broadly true. One cannot pretend that American and British fiction complement each other; yet the very fact that they are written in a common language means that at any given point in time each may be used as it were as a check on the health of the other.

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“ANALYSIS BY PROXY”

American Drama from O'Neill to Gelber

by

HARRY POPKIN (New York)

The American theater has entered a period of change, but, then change has been frequent and natural in a theater which has been peculiarly independent of tradition, authority, and subsidy. Without repertory theaters of such father-figures as Shakespeare or Molière to remind us of the past, the American drama begins anew every season. Our drama is too young to have anything that can be called a history. After all, the man whom most regard as the true father of our drama, Eugene O'Neill, died only nine years ago, and many still remember the impact of his innovations when they began, nearly fifty years ago, to reshape our drama.

Of course, the American theater flourished before O'Neill: that is to say, people bought tickets, and actors and dramatists made a living. The leading figure of that older theater was surely not a dramatist but the actor Edwin Booth, whose art evidently stood comparison with the best of Europe. As for the plays, we ignore them now, except to laugh at what previous generations took seriously. Only to mention *The Drunkard* or *Way Down East* is to provoke laughter, and revivals of such plays make it hard to believe that they were ever taken seriously. In other nations, plays that precede the period of Ibsen's influence are still performed: Ostrovsky, Schiller, Hugo, and even Sardou continue to be honored in performance—but not their American contemporaries, who wrote facile farces and melodramas, plays that were given substance only by occasional spurts of moralizing. I fear it is possible to say that, in the nineteenth century, the one event in the American theater that has permanent importance is the assassination of President Lincoln.

In one respect, at least, the American drama acquired some of its distinctive character during the nineteenth century. It became detached from the rest of American literary life. Even those novelists who showed some drama-

tic flair in their fiction seem never to have considered writing for the stage. Consider Herman Melville, in whose life Shakespeare was the great, the overwhelming literary influence. Melville furnished Shakespearean stage directions to many dramatic scenes in his *Moby Dick*, but he never wrote for the real stage even when the failure of his novels led him to earn his living in the civil service. Nathaniel Hawthorne elaborately staged such scenes as Dimmesdale's public confession in *The Scarlet Letter*, but only for the theater of the imagination. While Melville, Hawthorne and Poe, another writer of histrionic talents, eschewed the theater, such European contemporaries as Balzac, Dickens, Flaubert and Gogol all wrote for the stage with varying success. The most striking instance of an American novelist who strove to become a dramatist requires some serious qualification: Henry James wrote primarily for the British, not the American, stage.

Why were American men of letters indifferent to the theater? ("Theater" is the word I should use. It was Henry James, I believe, who observed that he was meant for the stage but not for the theater.) The theater was, in America, quite frankly a business enterprise. Still, elsewhere in the world, it has been a business and has managed to attract artists and to produce art. But, in nineteenth-century America, it was a business without the prestige of a great national theater or a long native tradition. The actor-managers and the theater-operators felt no great stimulus to serve the dramatist's art. If any art was served, it was the art of the actor, or so the careers of Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth suggest. The actor vied with the impresario for control of the theater, and the man of letters had good reason to fear that he would be subordinate to one or both.

Eugene O'Neill, whose father was an actor-impresario, took the theater out of the hands of the actors and impresarios, and he exerted another novel influence in the American theater. Until his coming, the American theater drew its sustenance from the large playhouses in and around Broadway, in New York City. Gradually the theatrical district moved north, but it clung to Broadway. O'Neill, however, was the first of the Off-Broadway dramatists. His career began when one of his short plays was performed in Provincetown, Massachusetts, and when his associates came to New York, they called their Off-Broadway theater the Provincetown Playhouse. Almost at once, with *Beyond the Horizon* in 1920, O'Neill reached Broadway, but he had pioneered a new path to theatrical success. Even later, when he wrote a play that was too experimental to be a commercial possibility, it was performed Off-Broadway. His early experimental play *The Hairy Ape* was seen Off-Broadway, but only a few years later his unconventional *Strange Interlude*, famous for its abundant use of the soliloquy and the aside, was an enormous

popular success. Even experimental drama seemed, in the 1920's, to be possible on Broadway.

By imposing his will upon the theater, O'Neill established the ascendancy of the American dramatist. His steadfast honesty set a mark for others to emulate. He brought an unsweetened, unsentimentalized naturalism into the American theater and belatedly made the influence of Ibsen and Strindberg felt. All by himself, he fathered our social drama, our psychological drama, and our experimental drama, and both the outraged public and the equally outraged theatrical managements learned to put up with his creations. He took an active role in the staging of his plays; his biographers make it clear that, while a production was being prepared, he insisted always on the truth of his peculiar vision of life and refused to permit those softer variations that might please an actor, an actress, or an audience. When each play was being written, he was sure it was the best he had ever done; he never compromised, even though he may later have changed his mind. One example; for whatever reasons, his private vision of the play decreed that the feminine lead in *A Moon for the Misbegotten* must be a husky woman nearly six feet tall. He found a sufficiently tall actress, made her eat potatoes to gain weight, but finally abandoned the production because his failing health made it impossible for him to supervise it; only since his death has the role been played by actresses of conventional size.

O'Neill's younger contemporaries—Elmer Rice, George Kelly, Philip Barry, Robert Sherwood, Sidney Howard, and others—saw life more steadily than the earlier generation of dramatists, and they followed O'Neill in providing a more probable, less sugared view of human life. Their best plays reflect their individual qualities as writers; that is to say, they, too, made the theatrical managers respect their serious intentions. The Theatre Guild, a producing organization founded in 1919, introduced many highly regarded foreign authors but also presented the work of such Americans as O'Neill, Rice, Barry and Howard; it combined high standards with commercial prosperity and even briefly maintained a repertory company, something very unusual in the modern American theater. The 1920's saw the flowering of the American problem play, in which articulate characters, people with whom the playgoer might identify himself, faced some crisis, talked it out among themselves, and overcame it by understanding it. The great international depression of the 1930's fostered dramas of social criticism, some of them staged by the social-minded Group Theatre or by the Federal Theatre, America's only experiment in government-subsidized drama. In the same decade, Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre provided spirited reinterpretations of older plays. To protect themselves from inter-

ference by theatrical managers, five dramatists, including Sherwood and Rice, founded, in 1938, the Playwrights' Company so that they might present their own plays. All of these individuals and all of these organizations except the Federal Theatre belonged to the commercial theater and specifically to the Broadway theater. They existed by selling their wares, and yet they kept their quality high. Without exaggerating the permanent importance of their work, we can applaud the seriousness of those dramatists already named and also of Maxwell Anderson, Clifford Odets, Thornton Wilder, and others. They found that the popular audience was suspicious of experiment, and so they cast most of their plays in a strictly realistic form. After the 1920's, only O'Neill and Wilder ventured to depart from realism, although Anderson often wrote in blank verse that might as well have been prose. The rise of talking pictures took actors, writers and audiences away from the living theater, but still Broadway flourished and remained dominated by its playwrights.

The pattern that followed World War II was curiously different. The nation's general prosperity discouraged social drama, but, facing the competition of the films and the new threat of television, Broadway faltered. Mounting costs of production caused considerable rises in the price of tickets. Theatrical managers became increasingly cautious. They relied more upon the pre-Broadway responses of such try-out towns as Boston and Philadelphia, and they were more dependent also upon the play doctors who would "repair" plays before they came to New York. While the typical theatrical controversy of the pre-war days began with the sort of attack that Anderson and Rice made upon the drama critics who rejected their plays, the typical controversialists after the war were such dramatists as Meyer Levin and William Gibson, who objected to the "doctoring" of their work. Levin lost control of his play *Compulsion* and unsuccessfully sought to have his "version" of it performed. Gibson revealed the bitter arguments that accompanied his concessions to Henry Fonda, star of Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw*. Obviously, "doctoring" became more frequent because the danger of failure was greater, and so, too, was the need to make every effort to insure success.

Social drama petered out in the face of post-war prosperity. Arthur Miller was the last of the important social dramatists and, in *Death of a Salesman*, the last of the expressionists. Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*, a play of Negro life, was a late, isolated instance of social drama, a reminder that some of the issues of bourgeois life which the Jewish and Italian families of Odets' *Awake and Sing* and *Golden Boy* had confronted years before were now figuring in the lives of American Negroes. But Miller's last play,

A View from the Bridge, acknowledged the new tendencies by creating a hero who harbored incestuous inclinations and who was so intent upon demonstrating his rival's homosexuality that he possibly betrayed a latent homosexuality of his own. The new trend, in short, was psychological, and it examined issues that the stage had previously hesitated to touch upon.

The new kind of play was fathered by Tennessee Williams, who, in *A Streetcar Named Desire* and other plays, interpreted problems that were personal and emotional rather than social. Granted, Blanche DuBois of *Streetcar* is a representative of a dying aristocracy and she is destroyed by a man who represents the rising, aggressive "new blood" in society, but her real problem is that she has been pure-hearted in a world that has no use for purity; her unhappiness has driven her to ruin herself by nymphomania and alcoholism. The heroine of *Summer and Smoke* is another martyr of purity in an impure world, and so is the sister, Laura, in *The Glass Menagerie*. The clash between purity and pollution becomes more extreme in the later plays, but the references to reactionary Southern politics in *Sweet Bird of Youth* should not persuade us that Williams' emphasis has altered. He still finds his true center in the individual; if society is bad, and it generally seems to be, he offers no hope that any simple recommendation will set it right. His two most recent plays exhibit curious variations upon the master pattern, but they do not constitute departures from it. *Period of Adjustment*, Williams' second comedy (if we assume that *The Rose Tattoo* is comic), takes the characters' emotional maladjustments a little too lightly for comfort and then, somewhat facilely, assumes us that happiness is in sight. While *The Night of the Iguana* dramatizes again some old neuroses, it also offers the striking characterization of a woman who resists adversity; a neurotic, self-pitying hero appears again, but, for once, he is told that he is play-acting to win sympathy.

Period of Adjustment shares in the optimism of most of those dramatists who might be called "the school of Williams": William Inge, Arthur Laurents, Robert Anderson, William Gibson, Paddy Chayefsky, and, most recently of all, Hugh Wheeler. I do not mean to suggest that these writers are alike in all (or even most) respects or that the plays of any of them can readily be mistaken for the plays of the others. But they do have in common their habitual preoccupation with the individual's psychic disturbance and the possibility of its adjustment. The structure of their plays tends to be the presentation of the progressive steps of a successful therapy. Other things happen, to be sure; Inge in particular likes to paint a large canvas. Still, therapy is the primary goal. For the hero of Chayefsky's television play and subsequent film *Marty*, marriage will provide the necessary adjust-

ment; it will guarantee both companionship and independence. The same nostrum is recommended by Chayefsky's stage play *Middle of the Night*, and it is relevant even to his biblical play of last season, *Gideon*. I find Gibson's *Two for the Seesaw* the most curious case in point. It presents the story of two lovers who meet, fall in love, have an affair, and part. To say so much is to summarize any number of plays; love in Greenwich Village is not a new subject. But in Gibson's play, the lovers must provide mutual therapy; they must cure one another's ills. The man gains self-confidence, and the girl learns to take care of herself; suitably improved, each returns to the former pattern of living.

Why are so many American plays like this? Because, in times of prosperity and especially when the political atmosphere seems rather tame, these are the problems that remain. They get more attention than usual, and perhaps they get excessive attention. If the outside world imposes no great sorrows upon us, we are compelled to create our own, and we invariably succeed. Also, it must be remembered that the American drama is, substantially, the product of the environment of New York City, and New York is addicted to psychoanalysis. Not all professional people and intellectuals are in analysis, but everyone knows someone in analysis and almost everyone in certain circles has to share his friends' analyses; I refer the reader to Jules Feiffer's cartoons (in the *London Observer*, the Paris Edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and other publications) for a satirical portrait of those circles in New York where both amateur and professional psychoanalysis is going on incessantly. The plays of the optimistic dramatists of the school of Williams provide an inexpensive substitute for psychoanalysis—an analysis by proxy that takes place on the stage. The cures are more sentimental than scientific; they are the analyst's advice reduced to the simplest of helpful mottoes.

In all this time, no significant links had been created between the theater and the literary world. O'Neill had brought American drama into the main stream of modern realism, but he still had not made it suitable medium for the serious novelist. The United States has no equivalents for those world figures like Chekhov, Pirandello, Sartre and Camus who were equally interested in fiction and the drama. In fact, a gulf divides our drama and our fiction. Novels are dramatized but seldom our best novels, and although many novelists who have an obvious theatrical flair are urged to attempt drama, few have responded. The discovery that this gap exists is often coupled with the observation that the novelists are thinkers and the dramatists are not, that the novelists present ideas and the dramatists do not. Sometimes, the additional criticism is made that our drama was more

thoughtful in years past. To this last attack, one of our very few novelist-dramatists replied ironically that O'Neill was indeed a great thinker, every bit as great in this respect as his fellow Nobel Prize laureate, Pearl Buck—which is the same as saying that he was no thinker at all.

This piece of sarcasm has the merit of taking us a step towards the truth. At least it reminds us that we must distrust simple generalizations. It is easy, far too easy, to extract ideas from the Broadway plays of recent years. Many, like certain plays of Laurents and Robert Anderson, seem primarily designed to recommend ideas that are fairly common coin. What merit these plays possess is likely to lie in incidents or in characterization and not in thought, although thought, after a fashion, may be present. It is rather more difficult to extract detachable ideas from the fiction of Hemingway or Faulkner or from the novels of such more recent writers as Saul Bellow or Bernard Malamud. It is, to say the least, difficult to associate any of these novelists with a coherent body of thought, and that is because they, instead of flinging single, simple and obvious ideas at us, have conveyed some of the genuine complexity of human experience.

I agree with those critics who prefer American fiction to American drama, but I think the grounds of the preference need to be more carefully examined. The novelists do not face the mass audience of the theater, nor do they face these theater managers who are so concerned for the preferences of the mass audience. The novelist is more free to set down his private, personal vision of life; he can write to please himself, and if no one else is pleased, his publisher's loss is relatively insubstantial. The novelists I have named have been more personal, more honest, more true to probable human experience. The dramatists have been more concerned to please, in accordance with a well established pattern of pleasing—but here I must exclude Williams, who did most to establish the pattern—and consequently they are in danger of failing to please.

This school of playwriting has reached a dead end. It continues to dominate Broadway, but few new recruits write this sort of play; Wheeler is the only newcomer in the last several years. But just as Broadway gives the appearance of having run its course, new blood has appeared in the place which gave birth to Broadway's last previous rescuer—the Off-Broadway theater. The new element in the New York theater has arisen out of the burgeoning movement Off-Broadway. For some ten years now Off-Broadway has enjoyed new importance because it can, in its small theaters, present plays for much less than the cost of Broadway productions. It has been limited principally to revivals, new foreign works, and occasional experimental plays. Dramas by O'Neill, Williams, Miller, and others have

been reinterpreted Off-Broadway, which has also become New York's only refuge for Chekhov, Ibsen, Strindberg, and the other fathers of the modern stage. And now, beginning in 1950, Off-Broadway has found its own distinctive group of dramatists. So far, they are four: Jack Gelber, Edward Albee, Jack Richardson and Arthur Kopit. Plays by two of them, Albee and Richardson, are scheduled for Broadway performance in the 1962-63 season.

These new dramatists do not consciously constitute a school, but they have certain traits in common. They have departed, in varying degree, from realistic convention, and they have a certain harmony with the French theater of the absurd. All of them celebrate the rebel nonconformist, and two of them, Albee and Richardson, have attacked the enemy by burlesquing middle-class life. Two of them, Albee and Kopit, have suggested that the true enemies are cannibal parents who rule their children's lives. But it is easiest to get at the heart of their plays by speaking of the conflict between the square and the hipster. The primary reference of these terms is to jazz. The hipster is the man who understands jazz, the man who, in the colloquial phrases, "digs" it or is "with it"; his response to it is instinctive and not intellectual. The square, on the other hand, is a conventional citizen who does not dig jazz. If we remove the context of jazz, the hipster is a rebel who has an instinctive understanding that cannot readily be translated into words, the square is the conformist who does not comprehend.

Gelber's *The Connection* and Albee's *The Zoo Story* are both direct presentations of this conflict, and they are, perhaps, appropriately, the most considerable works which this group has produced. In *The Zoo Story*, the two archetypes meet on a bench in Central Park. They talk, they explore their areas of disagreement, and the hipster is killed; the hipster has not been fully understood, and, in particular, he has not been able to tell his promised story about what happened at the zoo. The hipsters of *The Connection* are drug-addicts whose bohemian life is harmful only to themselves. The squares are intruders—first, four men who want to use the addicts' life for a film they will make, and then, a representative of the Salvation Army. A little victory is won by the hipsters, for they convert two of the intruders and find a buried kinship with the Salvation Army sister. In the extraordinary performance of the Living Theatre (which has toured in Europe), *The Connection* is the most moving and disturbing piece of theater produced by the United States in recent years. These writers have yet to fulfil their promise; it is certain, however, that their promise is great and that their development is worth watching.

HAMMERSMITH*

by

JÓZSEF LENGYEL

At long last we are to reach that first meeting of Széchenyi and Tierney Clark on the 15th of September, 1832. We have skipped ten years—ten very important years. In all likelihood we shall have to return to an event or two, not only on account of Széchenyi's person—he, in the meantime, had founded an Academy, made speeches in Hungarian at the Table of Magnates, and published books—but also because of historical events, of which I shall now mention but two or three: the first railway between Manchester and Liverpool had been put into operation; there had been a revolution in France in 1830. As the third occurrence I should perhaps mention the workers' uprising in Lyon—but immediately a hundred other things come to mind, I have again reached the point where I cannot but repeat that fewer than a hundred volumes would be insufficient to relate the life-story even of an ant.

Thus and for this very reason we now find ourselves at Hammersmith, on the 15th of September, 1832, when four men are discussing the building of the bridge. Two Hungarians and two Englishmen.

On this talk a document has come down to posterity. It is entitled: "The Questions as Proposed by the Count Georg Andrassy and the Count Stephan Széchenyi to W. T. Clark, C. E. Together with the Answers, 15 September, 1832."

The negotiations were resumed on the 20th of October but it was only on the 10th of November that William Tierney Clark signed the document of questions and answers. This document was taken home by Széchenyi and Andrassy for the Bridge Society, which had been founded in February of the same year.

* A passage from the author's book "Három hídépítő" (Three Bridge Builders), Szépirodalmi Publishing House, Budapest, 1960. In this book the author describes an important turning point in Hungarian history—the so-called Reform Era in the first half of the nineteenth century—in the form of an imaginary voyage.

The commencement of the bridge-building can be reckoned from the date of this document; it was on this occasion that Széchenyi, who had wanted the bridge built (it is not by chance that I am using the past perfect tense in this case), met the man who was able to, and who actually was going to, design the bridge both artistically and technically. Széchenyi and Tierney Clark. . . The two others—of whom, for the sake of economy in narrative, not very much is to be said further on—were remarkable men too.

Mr. Yates, principal of the firm Walker & Yates, was a man of consequence, the owner of an important iron works which, already at that time, gave work to two thousand people. It was he who arranged for the meeting between Clark and the two Hungarian aristocrats. Perhaps because he wanted to have a share in supplying the material for the bridge, but perhaps only because Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the great banker and head of the family's London branch, had asked him to lend a helping hand to the two Hungarian magnates.

György Andrásy was a liberal aristocrat, clever and sober-minded. Although younger than the highly strung and hot-headed Széchenyi, he seems to have been one to inspire a capitalist with greater confidence than the latter. This may have been due to the fact that in London he was thought to be related to Metternich. . . Anyway, as it happened, Rothschild invited him to a party but omitted Széchenyi. Yet it was more difficult to gain admittance to Rothschild's house than to a lord's.

It was not just one of the persons eligible for the task that Yates had put the two foreigners in touch with, but precisely the most suitable one. Tierney Clark's bridges had already spanned the Thames: the Hammer-smith, Shoreham and Marlow Bridges. In all of England—which may be taken as the whole world of those times—old Telford was the only bridge-building engineer with more experience than Clark. But at that time Telford was seventy-six, so Tierney Clark was the right man for the job.

Of the four level-headed and long-sighted men, two undoubtedly had the quality that, for want of a better expression, we usually call the prophetic power of genius. What a pity that, in spite of this, I cannot paint this sort of fine pathetic tableau of them: Széchenyi, the exotic great aristocrat, with an olive skin and a brow knitted into strange and tortuous wrinkles, and Tierney Clark, whose pale and sagging face would suddenly blush when he was vexed or become yellowish-green after he had imbibed some Port or Madeira adulterated in the cellars of London (he liked wine but was not a connoisseur), catching sight of each other, mutually recognizing the extraordinary man, shaking hands and even joining in an embrace. . .

No, it did not take place in such a picturesque manner but in a rather—how should I say—conventional way. Hoping to make a better bargain they thought it wiser not to reveal how intensely all their nerves felt that they needed one another. This was not the same as when lovers feel that they cannot live without each other, but the difference was not as great as one might have thought judging by external manifestations. It was not Tristan and Isolde who met, but the conductor and the score, the initiator and the creator. In this case emotions were moving in a sphere different from that of love; thought was striving for embodiment. The process took place in a deeper stratum of consciousness, where feeling and logic meet or unite. . . .

For the time being they are only measuring up, surveying one another.

Tierney Clark says: "I should gladly accept the commission. The Pest-Buda bridge would not be the first to be built by me. Even today I can find all sorts of opportunities for building many a bridge."

Széchenyi answers: "We should be very pleased if our bridge were to be built by you. It has not been difficult to observe the splendour of your constructions across the Thames, though it must be pointed out that to build a bridge over the Danube is a vastly greater task. Greater, because the Danube itself is greater. The bridge will be exposed to floods and pack-ice. But there are so many outstanding experts in England. I don't doubt that such experts will be able to cope with the job." He speaks as if he were writing or reading out a rhetorical essay.

"Certainly. If we take the difficulties into consideration well in advance, we can calculate the forces needed to overcome them," remarks Clark.

At this point Széchenyi produces a piece of paper on which he has jotted down his questions, and his words now come rapidly.

"How much does an iron bridge cost? How much does a suspension bridge cost? Though a suspension bridge may be less expensive, is it an expedient solution? Suspension bridges tend to sway and swing. Would it be to the purpose to build a suspension bridge in a place where a tremendous traffic is to be expected? Pedestrians and riders, carts and coaches, the military and the public will not let themselves be ordered about. Carriages will drive at a high speed, the crowd may become congested. How much does a ton of iron cost on the spot? What will it cost to ship it to Fiume? Provided that it is shipped to Fiume, a matter still to be reflected upon. . . . Could the iron parts not be manufactured in Hungary? Or, perhaps in Austria?

Clark answers soberly:

"First of all we have to know on what kind of soil the bridge is to be built. On rock, sand or clay? For it is easier to build on rocks. . ."

"The soil is sandy. And would the big piers not cause floods?"

"No. For this reason too a suspension bridge or an iron bridge would be expedient. With their small number of piers they would not hamper the flowing of the water."

"But it isn't only the water that must be reckoned with but pack-ice as well."

"Here in England we have no large ice-barriers. But if the force of drifting ice is taken into account beforehand, nothing need prevent the building."

At this instance Yates comes to Clark's assistance.

"We shall speak to Colguhoun. They built bridges in Saint Petersburg, on the Neva. There the ice is twenty-six, thirty or even thirty-four inches thick."

"Would not the mass of iron parts attract electricity? Is there no danger of lightning destroying the bridge?"

"In England we have not experienced such storms, but we shall investigate this point too. . ."

Thus did their talks begin. The above-mentioned document was drawn up on the basis of the questions and of Clark's carefully considered answers. And they did well to act in this manner. It would have been unnatural and dangerous if the affair had begun otherwise, if Széchenyi had immediately taken a fancy to this commoner and had embraced him forthwith.

Only with the peers did he make friends quickly and rapturously—say, with a man like Dénes Esterházy, with whom, down there at Debrecen in the first three days of their acquaintance, he played at being fast friends. But, as I have already said, on the fourth day Széchenyi could hardly keep his aversion under control.

Nor could he strike up with Tierney Clark the sort of "ideal" friendship he had established with Wesselényi in a couple of days—a friendship of which nothing but resentment remained to the end of both their lives. . . Clark would have been downright frightened by this kind of expansivity.

Clark was cool. Széchenyi did not make a secret of his mistrust. But both of them wanted the bridge. Széchenyi must have felt, but, I believe, Clark felt it even more strongly, that the time had come for realizing the greatest work, the life-work—an opportunity that must not and could not be missed. And therefore they must not miss each other either.

Széchenyi had not made up his mind yet, but he did not leave Clark alone. In the period between their two official meetings he called on him several times. On the 3rd of October he appeared at Hammersmith.

Neither could Clark keep idle. And, lo and behold! he showed Széchenyi the drawing he had made of the imagined bridge.

When leaving, Széchenyi got into a boat at Hammersmith Bridge and had himself taken along under all the bridges of London.

He had a look at the wooden bridges of Putney and of Battersea, for it was not impossible that the Bridge Society would decide upon a wooden bridge. Then he surveyed the iron bridge of Vauxhall, the stone bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars, and the Southwark iron bridge, which was said to be the most beautiful bridge on earth. Finally he had himself taken to London Bridge, the ancient, moss-grown stone bridge. Thus, by boat, he traversed the whole giant city on the Thames. Nine English miles, nine bridges! Three of these bridges had been designed by Clark. . .

What a lot of sights to be seen between the nine bridges, along the nine miles! Five-masted sea-faring vessels, which had come from Australia with a cargo of wool or grain, and thousands of other sailing ships. Steamers which still preserved their masts, innumerable steamers. Docks, wharfs and warehouses—the river was truly the pool of the world's wealth, its water full of all the dirt and all the richness of this big city. Downstream, where richness got accumulated like gold or pus, the water smelt of decay. Upstream, where the rich, the sated lived, there were shady banks and beaches for boating. And everywhere people, throngs of people. Negroes and Icelanders, Italians and Russians, the grinding and squeaking of cranes and pulleys mingling with the sounds of wrangling and the singing of drunken sailors.

This was the fourth time that Széchenyi saw the river; now he had seen the bridges too. Ten years before, he had been in London with Wesselényi, who very early in the morning went for a ride while Széchenyi swam the distance of a mile and a half between Vauxhall and Westminster bridges. But at that time he mostly watched the fine sporting yachts. Now, when seeing the Thames for the fourth time, he wanted bridges and ships and could better understand this navigable, deep river, which carried all dirt down to the sea and brought all riches up to the city. This new meeting served to enrich his experience. Lords, horses, palaces, proletarians. Red mahogany, golden citrus fruit, and children pale with the hue of cellars. Rickets, the bow-legged disease. . . Warehouses full of grain. Rats. . . But enough of this. It is not my business to describe London. If anyone wants to enjoy an authentic description of a metropolis let him read Thomas Mann's "Joseph in Egypt," where Joseph arrives at Thebes, the Egyptian city with a hundred gates. Then let him multiply it by a hundred and he will get London in 1832. But perhaps a hundred is two small a multiplier. . .

Széchenyi next visited Clark on the 6th of October and again on the 12th, when he obtained data about the manufacture of cement and concrete from his host. The following day the two of them went to Shoreham. Two days later, on the 15th of October, Széchenyi called on Rothschild in the City.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild favoured the building of the bridge and informed Széchenyi that both he and his brother in Vienna would willingly participate in the founding of the bridge-building company.

Széchenyi was impressed by the Rothschild fortune and by the banker's way of life—particularly the latter. On his return home, he immediately put down the following note: "Rothschild's house is furnished with an iron pipe and a leather tube by means of which he can communicate with those on the first floor." However, he did not consider the Rothschilds as suitable allies. True, they were great men of finance, the financial and even political informants of Metternich, and the Vienna Rothschild had disentangled the money matters of Metternich's third wife, Melanie Zichy-Ferraris. Still, Széchenyi felt that they were not the bankers for him.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the "dark shadow" of the London exchange, was too sly and too cautious. Of course, he would gladly invest his money in bridge-building, the more so since by his over-caution and his lack of fantasy he had already failed to exploit the railway-building fever. By the time Nathan Mayer Rothschild took notice of the great changes, the building of railways had begun all over Britain and he was virtually left out in the cold. Solomon Rothschild of Vienna wanted to counterbalance Nathan Mayer's blunder. His experts were already in England, delegated by Metternich at Solomon's initiative. With Metternich's assistance Solomon succeeded in securing a contract for the building of the first Austrian railway line, in the north of the country. But if he, Széchenyi, were going to have a railway built, he would prefer to establish connections with Baron György Sina. Sina was also a banker and a banker of parts, at that. The Rothschilds depended on the Pope and on Metternich, and served feudalism. It was not difficult for the author of *Hitel* (Credit) to see this. More modern capitalists suited him better; if a railway were to be built in Hungary too, he would side with Sina. He counted upon Sina for financing the bridge-building too.

But then Yates was connected with Rothschild, and Clark was recommended by Yates. . . . This was reason enough to arouse Széchenyi's distrust. The following day he therefore had an interview with an American engineer.

Wright, the American, was against suspension bridges. He said that in America they built wooden bridges.

No, this would not do! However much he liked Americans, however fond he was of American liberty and of George Washington, wooden bridges could not and should not be built in Hungary. Even a bridge with stone piers—he wondered if it could withstand the formidable force of the drifting ice on the Danube. Iron, iron was needed for the bridge that was to connect Pest and Buda. However, this too had to be thoroughly investigated. Was there no danger, for example, that lightning might strike the bridge? Clark's answers were vague. . . True, his favourite writer, Benjamin Franklin, had discovered the lightning conductor, but still. . . And what should the iron bridge be like? For Clark had been unable to dispel his fear that suspension bridges were bound to sway terribly. A swaying bridge! What an idea!—There would be consternation among all the judges of the County Courts in Hungary, and all the enemies would get busy. . . Not long before, in Cologne, the clergy had protested against gas-lighting, saying "it was vicious sinfulness against God to make the nights light, since He had ordered them to be dark." Oh, many a question still had to be clarified before the building could be embarked upon.

On the 7th of October he went to see Yates' works.

At the Gospel Oak factory two thousand people—"sombre cyclopes"—were working. Széchenyi moved about among them in the owner's company. Yates did not speak to the workmen. And they? They acted as if they did not notice the two of them walking about there. No greetings, no bowing and scraping, no smiles whether friendly or servile. Nothing. "Sombre cyclopes." Széchenyi understood this and interpreted it as follows: "English equality based on ancient rights and customs." Yes, and something else too: "Unbelievable carelessness! In 1831 thirteen people lost their lives."

The squire who kept serfs, though he knew that his peasants were clad in rags, would not let his own people perish or starve to death. He took care of them, at least as much as of cattle of less value. He who had never given a penny for charity, hospitals and the like, even he was struck by the cold indifference of the capitalist. Certainly in the iron works and mines of Yates the life of the "free" wage-earner was of less value than that of the horse that was drawing the dump-cart. The men did not belong to Yates, only their work. Yates was not the lord of the workers but he held in his hand their cruel fate, by controlling the wages and thus the very lives of the workmen. It did not enter their mind to greet one another.

By the 20th of October the discussion of questions and answers was completed. But Széchenyi was still mistrustful and kept on studying bridges. On the 23rd of October he went to see the bridge spanning Menai

Straits, that masterpiece of old Telford's: "It is suspended from four cables, each cable consisting of four wire ropes which again are composed of five wires each. Eighty wires would thus have to snap for the bridge to collapse. When I was on the bridge, five horsemen trotted over it; but the bridge was swinging terribly! . . . Conway Bridge is the most beautiful I have ever seen."

Having inspected these bridges he called on Telford and cross-questioned the rosy-cheeked, merry and deaf old gentleman. He described the visit as follows:

"He: 'I have built some twelve hundred bridges.'

"I: 'We only want to have one in Hungary. Of a length of about one thousand six hundred feet. People over there think this impossible. They say that the ice would sweep away the piers—or would cause an inundation. What do you think of this?'

"He: 'It is difficult to judge without being acquainted with the circumstances. We have to know how deep the water is and what the soil is like.'"

Floods and ice-packs were not dangerous in Telford's view.

But Széchenyi was worried about the swinging of Telford's bridge at Menai and asked him:

"Don't you think this is dangerous and that another kind would be better?"

"It's not at all dangerous," Telford replied. "Do you know what would be the best, however? A cast-iron bridge with arches of four hundred feet. Such a bridge would last forever. The ice wouldn't pile up against it and it would not give rise to floods. But have you got enough money? Such a bridge costs two-thirds more than a suspension bridge."

And the silver-haired, rosy-faced, talkative old gentleman explained with relish:

"I always leave the piers hollow, so that I can see from the inside too how the stones have been laid."

"And does this not weaken the pier?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Telford, raising a big, black ear-trumpet to his ear.

"Will the pier not be weaker for not being compact, that is, for being hollow?"

"Our neck is not weakened by our breathing and by our inhaling air through our throat. And what an advantage it would be if we could look into it by means of some apparatus. If such an instrument existed, with a sort of mirror, the doctor could see what is wrong with my ear. . . . He

might even be able to repair it. He might exchange the defective parts. Hm?" said the old gentleman with a laugh.

Széchenyi knitted his thick eyebrows, the wrinkles of his mobile forehead playing, but then forced his features into a smile.

"I see," he said.

"There you are, Count. And I can see that you catch on to things quickly," said Telford.

Having explained everything to Széchenyi in the friendliest manner, he presented him with a drawing of Waterloo Bridge, built of stone.

"If you need anything, Count, come to me. Come to me direct, not through some sort of intermediary."

However, Széchenyi was interested not only in bridges but in ship-building as well. At least as much as in the Bridge he was engrossed in steamships, in the regulation of the Danube and the improvement of waterways down to the Black Sea. The Bridge was to crown it all . . .

He went to see Seaward, who was just engaged in an experiment for the famous Lord Cochrane. He had a long talk with Seaward and the Lord. In Seaward's opinion one Captain Brown was the most competent person with respect to bridges; he had been commissioned by the Government to build a number of bridges . . .

Then Seaward showed him his latest steam-engine, the Brilliant. It was an engine of 120 h. p., twice as powerful as the one Széchenyi had heard about during his first journey to London. Seaward even told him its price: eleven thousand pounds sterling. If required he could send any engine to Galatz and could send a mechanic along to assemble the engine there. How much a steam-ship would cost? Machinery would account for more than half of a steam-ship's total building costs . . .

The diary covers all these problems:

"It would not be bad business to buy a dilapidated ship and, having ensured it, send it off with a cargo of pigs, then have it towed up the cataracts . . ."

Yes, "with a cargo of pigs" . . . I do not know what it was like in those times, but at the turn of the century and particularly prior to 1914 Hungarian landowners would not have tolerated it! Rather a war with Serbia! For—lest we forget—at the beginning of the First World War the enthusiasm of the Hungarian ruling class fed on the fat of Serbian pigs—or, more exactly, on the fear of this fat.

Towards the end of his London sojourn Széchenyi summarized his "Follies" and his "Gains," each in six points.

Among the "Follies" figures the fact that he had bought two coaches and

three horses he did not need; in the sixth point he noted: "I blindly gave myself into the hands of Yates and Clark..."

The "Gains": designs of bridges; cement, agricultural machinery; data on railways, steamships, steam-mills and dredges...

Clark must certainly have heard about Széchenyi's various visits and trips. That is why he was cool, or at least pretended to be cool, even though trembling with excitement at the prospect of obtaining the magnificent commission, the greatest commission of all. At the time of its greatest successes this quick-tempered and passionate people had learned how to show self-possession. It may have been out of greed, but perhaps only to commit Széchenyi also financially, that Clark, stimulated by this very clever and quick-witted aristocrat, who seemed to be a good businessman and attracted Clark by his very distrust, asked to be paid for his preliminary work, for the drawing up of the document and for the sketch of the bridge. He did not charge too much, nor did he charge too little: a hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

On this Széchenyi expressed the following opinion:

"150 £ to Clark. I make myself bitter reproaches. I have spent my time and money in the wrong way. At night on board the steamer Bellefast." But would he have given Clark a single penny if he had not trusted him? He objectively defined the confidence he had developed for Clark in his diary as follows:

"As soon as a resolution has been passed by the Diet that a bridge is to be built, we shall make use of talents without taking personal considerations into account."

With this entry he reassured his diary.

And so he departed from London. What he saw in Paris only confirmed his confidence. On the 16th of November he recorded the following: "Pont des Invalides. A suspension bridge, for carriages too. Its middle span is 200 feet, it scarcely sways. Then Pont d'Arcole, absolutely according to Clark's designs." He underlined the last half of the sentence and even drew the picture of the bridge in his diary. On the 27th of November he was in Vienna: "Lunch at Metternich's with two Turks."

THE TEMPLE OF ISIS OF SZOMBATHELY

by

TIHAMÉR SZENTLÉLEKY

At Savaria, now Szombathely, the one-time religious and administrative centre of the province of Pannonia, an extensive Roman imperial centre of worship dedicated to the Egyptian goddess Isis has been unearthed since 1955. The town itself, founded under the reign of the emperor Claudius in 43 A. D. and given the name of Colonia Claudia Savaria, had retained its importance for over four centuries. The temple of the Capitulum Triad stood in the centre of the town, in the neighbourhood of the present cathedral. The large marble statues of the shrine, the torsos of Jupiter, Juno and Minerva, have been preserved; these are copies of the statues carved for the Roman Capitulum at the time of the emperor Vespasianus.

As evidenced by valuable pieces of marble sculpture, Savaria was prosperous at the end of the 1st and the beginning of the 2nd centuries. The flourishing nature of this era is also confirmed by extensive burial grounds that have been uncovered within the boundaries of the town. Merchants of Italian origin who belonged to the leading classes and retired soldiers built splendid tombs for themselves. In addition, the presence of a large number of plain tombs beside those with inscriptions and relief-ornamentation indicates that after Savaria was founded the original population, from the surrounding rich Illyrian-

Celtic settlements, soon started to stream into the newly built town, which had every comfort of Mediterranean civilization (such as drainage, central heating and baths). Recent excavations around the temple of Isis allow to trace the remnants of huts and small houses in suburban areas from the end of the 1st century.

The first major crisis in the life of the town was caused by the barbarian ravages of invading Marcomannian-Sarmatian tribes in the 60's of the 2nd century. Although Marcus Aurelius contrived to break up their aggressive forces at the cost of many years of heavy fighting, the territory along the border and the line of attack followed by the barbarians underwent heavy destruction. Town populations, and thus the inhabitants of Savaria too, presumably were able to save their lives inside the city walls, but the minor settlements and rich villas of the outskirts were demolished. After the cruel war a new upswing developed, first in the larger walled towns of the western region of the province, where the population could stay at home and maintain the achievements and implements of its advanced culture. The province increased greatly in importance during that period. The barbarian inroads clearly showed that the *limes* along the banks of the Danube could be defended only with strong military contingents. Four legions and numerous auxilia-

ry units were stationed in the two parts of Pannonia. The proconsuls of Pannonia Superior and Inferior and the legates commanding the legions were salient personalities even in the history of the empire (Hadrian, Aelius Caesar, etc.), and not infrequently proconsulship of a province was the last stage in their rising public careers before they ascended the imperial throne. In the civil war of 193 to 197, Septimius Severus relied on his faithful Pannonian legions for support to ensure the imperial throne.

By the close of the 2nd century the town of Savaria had grown considerably. What had been suburban areas were joined to the central nucleus of the settlement. Public utility works became a necessity, because the inundation area of the river Perint, which intersected the town, prevented growth to the south. As early as the 80's of the 2nd century the raising of dyke-like ramparts and expansion of canalization made it possible to establish connections with the southern parts where, from the end of the 1st century, there had been round huts built on piles. In all probability these were wrecked by floods from the river Perint, because their ruins were swamped with a thick layer of mud. Starting with the second half of the 2nd century, this region was covered with square-shaped, cob-walled buildings that were subject to fire. (As a rule, ruined mud buildings were set on fire and their remains levelled for the site of new buildings. At various places layers three times renewed may be distinguished in the exploratory digging.) The Iseum, one of the most outstanding public buildings of the town, which had been enlarged to the south, was dug into these early layers at the end of the 2nd century, presumably before 188.

In Noricum, a former ally, and after the great revolt also in Pannonia, the Roman conquest proceeded under relatively peaceful conditions. In agreement with the empire-building concepts of Rome, worship of

local, native deities was tolerated in addition to the cult of the official gods. The local gods were identified with deities which, though imported by the conquerors, possessed characteristic corresponding attributes. The cult of Isis-Noreia and Mars-Latobius thus spread in Noricum. Isis, the goddess of fecundity (earth and maternity) in both notion and exterior properties, stood near to Noreia. In the inscriptions of Hohenstein and Ulrichsberg near Klagenfurt, the goddess was already mentioned by the common name of Isis-Noreia. The shrines in her honour were built at more ancient Illyrian-Celtic settlements, the above-mentioned Hohenstein in the Glan valley, and Frauenberg in the vicinity of Leibnitz (known as Flavia Solva in antiquity).

In Pannonia numerous relics of the Isis cult have been brought to light: altar stones, relief representations, sacrificial jugs, Egyptian night-lights, and others. Since the excavations, the marble relief of Savaria, representing Anubis and known for several centuries, deserves particular appreciation.

One of the largest buildings of the town of Savaria, the Temple of Isis, was erected around 188, on the area marked off in the present town by Thököly Street, Rákóczi Ferenc II Street, Zrínyi Ilona Street and Vorosilov Street. The depth of its foundation walls and the thickness of the outer walls permit the inference that during the first period of the shrine's construction the new bed of the river Gyöngyös had not yet been dug. This must have taken place only in the second half of the 3rd century. In the second period of building considerable level work is found, and the outer walls of the new building, instead of $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards thick, are only 1 yard. The holy precincts of Isis occupied an island of the Roman town. Excavations have disclosed a basalt-covered part of the main road running from the ancient forum in the direction of Sopianae. A similar road section has been discovered in front of the entrance side.

The courtyards serving as scenes of cultic ceremonial, the so-called holy precincts, and the adjoining dwelling houses belonged to the Iseum. The holy grounds lay lengthwise, northeast to southwest, presumably extending over an area of 55 by 80 yards which was divided into two parts, an inner and an outer court. The boundary of the outer court was a large building situated lengthwise along the road. The façade and the building itself were reconstructed once, while the whole outer court was rebuilt into one huge hall in the middle of the 3rd century. This hall was 55 yards long and 20 yards wide. In the premises the floors were covered with cast terrazzo or tiles. The portal led through the south wing of this building. The roofing of the enlarged room rested on eight pillars. Their large square bases are clearly discernible in the horizontal plan. The walls along the two narrow sides of the outer court later formed the sides of the hall. The columns supporting the roof of the vast hall were surmounted by white marble capitals 1 yard high and, as suggested by their triple line of acanthus leaves, with reference to Aquilean analogies, the pillars may be assumed to date from the middle of the 3rd century.

An ornamental portico stood in the centre of the holy precincts: the presence of different levels points to the possibility of its having included a flight of steps.

The initiated who came in from the colonnaded entrance had a magnificent view. The longitudinal court, its dimensions 45 by 55 yards, was lined with a row of rooms edged by pillars towards the inside. In the middle stood the central shrine, with a white marble-covered front and steps leading up to the entrance. A large—5.5 by 6 yards—altar base stood in front of it. The inner area of the courtyard was broken up by minor buildings and dividing walls. The building of the central shrine consisted of two parts, the two-piece cell and the colonnaded porch. The steps, which played a significant role in practices of the cult, led

from the inner central section of the colonnaded porch to the entrance of the cell.

The porch had its access under the ornate façade, covered with white marble and divided into three fields by four vertical pillars. Horizontal elaboration was also exceedingly rich. The sandstone columns that stood on the hall floor were crowned with white marble composite Corinthian capitals: then came the architrave frieze over the entrance, which was adorned with foliated vine scrolls. The surface beneath the architrave was also abundantly carved, with chubby faces representing winds blowing from the corners towards the floral ornamentation.

Over the cornice ran the 10-yard-long frieze, divided into three fields and seven parts to represent scenes. From the 10 yards only a few fragmentary parts are missing, and these can be reconstructed from the content and the architectural division of the façade. Supported by characteristic features of the ground-plan, the scene-adorned frieze has contributed to identification of this extensive group of buildings as the Iseum of ancient Savaria, which had been surmised for some time.

The central field of the cornice frieze is occupied by the principal inscription inside a frame of a typical spiral design that has been known from sculptures of Pannonia and Noricum from the end of the 2nd and beginning of the 3rd centuries. The proconsuls' names found on sarcophagi define the date of sculpture within the limits of accuracy of years. The letters SAC on the recovered, smaller fragment of the principal inscription may have formed part of Isidi Aug[ustae] sac[rum]. The inscription consisted of two lines. Of the last letter of the lower line only traces can be distinguished. At the two sides of the principal inscription, as a result of vertical division, two slightly jutting oblong vertical elements were devised to correspond to the two inner pillars. In each of the niche-like deepening fields there stood a figure of Victory; the

specimen that has been brought to light, coming from the left of the principal inscription, holds a palm branch in her left hand and a wreath in her right, and her eyes are turned towards the inscription. The body as well as the wings and the folds of her garment were painted deep red.

The longitudinal fields on both sides were covered by scenes with figures. At the right the figure of Isis is seen riding the dog Sothis, shaking a *sistrum* in her right hand and holding a basket of land produce in her left. The dog looks back: of its sturdy legs the front right one is lifted, the back left one is flexed. The scene is generally known, from reliefs on coins, to be from the age of Hadrian. It revives the lines written by Dio Cassius on the Roman Temple of Isis, the same Dio Cassius who had spent a considerable amount of time in Pannonia Superior as proconsul. The figure of Fortuna-Abundantia stands in front of Isis and Sothis, holding a horn of plenty in her left hand and a sacrificial vessel, a *patra*, in her right.

In the other longitudinal lateral field the figure of a priest of Isis is represented in the middle, disguised by Anubis' dog's-head mask and changed into Anubis during the service. In his left hand he holds a palm branch, in his right a *kerikeion*; Isis, standing to the right, wears a *modius* on her head and holds a writhing serpent in her hand. To the left of Anubis, Osiris-Asklepios is seen with a *modius* on his head. All the marble findings have been brought to light in the course of the excavations carried on for the past three years, except the stone with the representation of Anubis, which has been known in the literature for two centuries. In his comprehensive fundamental work on Savaria, István Schoenvisner has given a description and an accurate etched engraving of it. In the southern section in front of the façade where the relief stood, the layers showed traces of extensive digging. This piece of marble may have been unearthed several centuries before; Schoen-

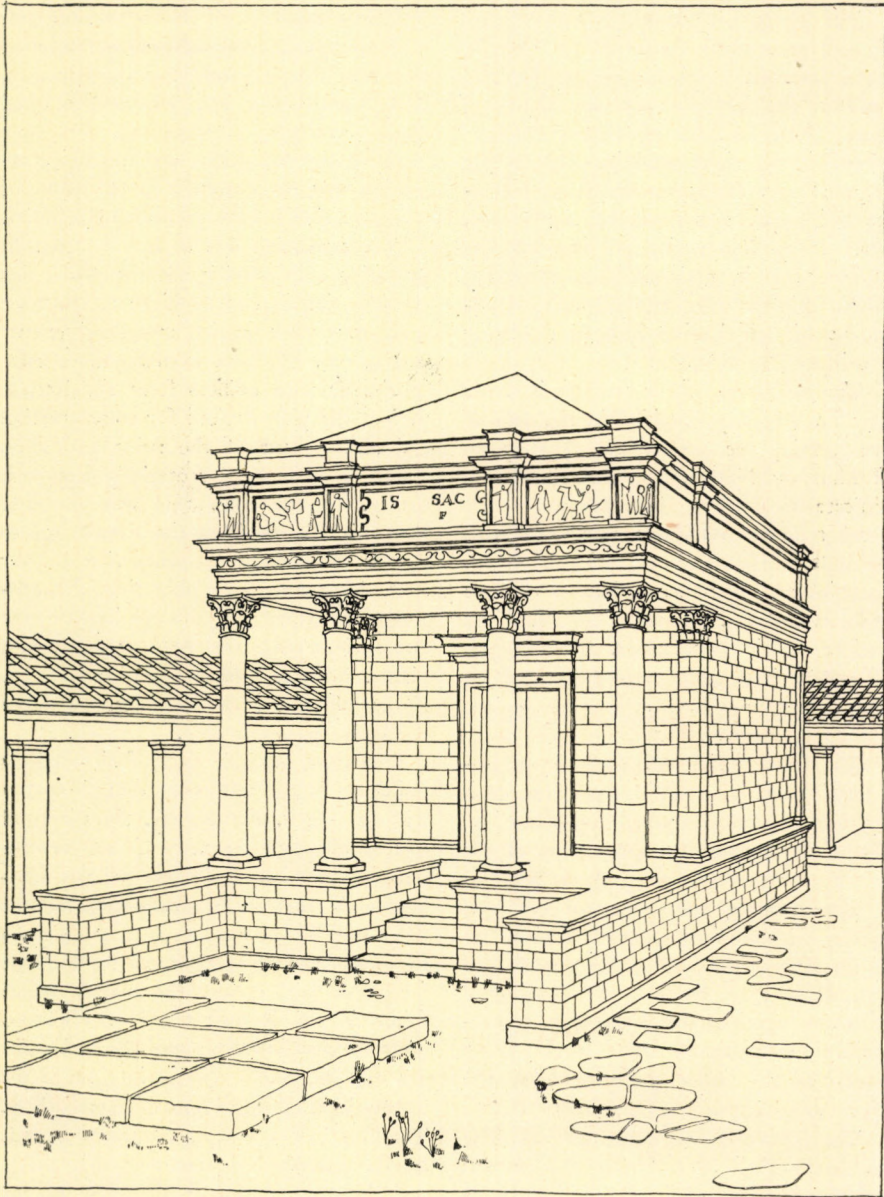
visner learned of it, and that is how it came to be given its present place when the stone collection of the museum was arranged. The badly worn surface and re-cut edges bear witness to a past full of vicissitudes. These signs permit the assumption that it was employed for building some time in the past.

Minor salient fields of oblong shape appear at the corners. The figure of Harpocrates, identified with the god Mars in the Roman age, stood beside the scene representing Isis. The stone has undergone slight damage, and both the head and the feet are missing. In his right hand he holds a spear turned downwards, in his left a long, angular shield. His cloak is flung over his left shoulder, from which hangs a sword on a strap. The upper, damaged edge of the field must have been closed in by a margin similar to the top framework of the figure of Victory.

The relief-ornamentation was continued at the sides. On the narrower side of the same stone, in an arched niche, stood the figure of Hercules leaning with his right hand on his club.

The series of reliefs determined the division of the front and also the decoration to be applied along the sides of the porch.

The carving on the marble surfaces points to the workshops that were kept busy in the province. The Noricum material also reflects the activity of local stone-cutters' shops, remarkable for accomplished, proficient workmanship superior to that produced by average provincial masters. The figures of Victory and Mars-Harpocrates are commonplace representations from the end of the 2nd century. The framework and niche-like position are typical. The scenes in the longitudinal lateral fields are carved more flatly. These figures were common in Roman sculpture at the end of the 2nd and beginning of the 3rd centuries, Abundantia, Isis mounted on dog Sothis, and the masked Anubis being known also from other representations; they never-



The Temple of Isis at Szombathely (Reconstruction)

theless must have amounted to special tasks for provincial workshops.

The contents of the scenes in the frieze show a noteworthy fusion of the oriental cults favoured at the close of the 2nd century, the imperial cult and the local cults. The trite figure of Victory with the wreath in the right hand is a sign of the imperial cult. The representation of Hercules had acquired a particular significance, since from Commodus all through the Severus era it maintained a consistent relationship to the imperial cult, Commodus himself having insisted on being worshipped as Hercules.

The two lateral fields with their scenes may be definitely classified in the area of rites serving the cult of Isis. The figures of Mars and Hercules, on the other hand, indicate local cults, in addition to the usual religious ceremony associated with the cult of Isis. The veneration of Mars-Latobius and Hercules is known to have been widespread in areas inhabited by ancient Celtic populations. The ranging of reliefs into series was facilitated by places for tenons having been carved into the upper surfaces.

The frieze series was edged by a surmounting marble corbel jutting out to a depth of nearly half a yard. As evidenced by one of the tenons, the cover-plate of the crowning corbel supported sheer beams.

The floor of the two-room cell was covered with terrazzo. Its crushed pieces lay on the floor of the vault which was divided into narrow chambers. It cannot be deduced with any certainty, from the thin, course-grained mosaic *tesserae* found in the filling layers of the inner premises, that the floors were adorned with mosaic.

The cell walls were painted inside. The rubble knocked down from the painted walls and preserved in the filling layers shows traces of red stripes on a white ground. Fragments of masonry painted red, yellow, green and blue have been brought to light from the vicinity of the walls sur-

rounding the inner and outer courtyards and from the area around the large group of buildings that shut off the outer courtyard.

From outside the cell was surmounted by a row of square *ante-fixae* of burnt clay. The narrow rear wall was also finished off by a corbel of white marble.

When the excavations were concluded, attention was concentrated on the work of reconstruction and the arrangement of relics.

Reconstruction was begun in 1961. In preparing and carrying out the plans, due consideration had to be given to the time span, over 15 centuries, and the immense destruction. Without available knowledge of similar local edifices from the Roman period, the plan devised for reconstruction and arrangement of the ruins and relics could at best only tentatively approach reality. In any case, this was the first Pannonian façade from the Roman age to permit of open-air reconstruction on the spot. After complete elaboration, the 110-yards-long group of buildings between the two ancient roads will be surrounded with plants. Visitors will be admitted to the garden of ruins through an entrance in the northeast, narrower side.

The most valuable part of all the holy buildings is the two-room central *sanctum* with its porch. Fortunately, the pieces of marble detached from the façade of this structure have survived in the greatest number, and therefore reconstruction of the front may be undertaken with reliance on the finds brought to light. Along with the façade of Isis' shrine, the marble reliefs found in the Roman tomb of Haterius, representing a building from the end of the 1st century, stand closest in time to the construction of the temple of Szombathely. The front of a temple dedicated to Isis stands unearthed in Pompei; this shrine was, however, raised at the close of the 2nd century B. C. and underwent extensive renovation in the 10's of the 1st century A. D. With regard to these circumstances, reconstruction had to be based on the exist-



FIGURE OF ISIS FORTUNA ON THE FRONTAL CORNICE FRIEZE (SZOMBATHELY)



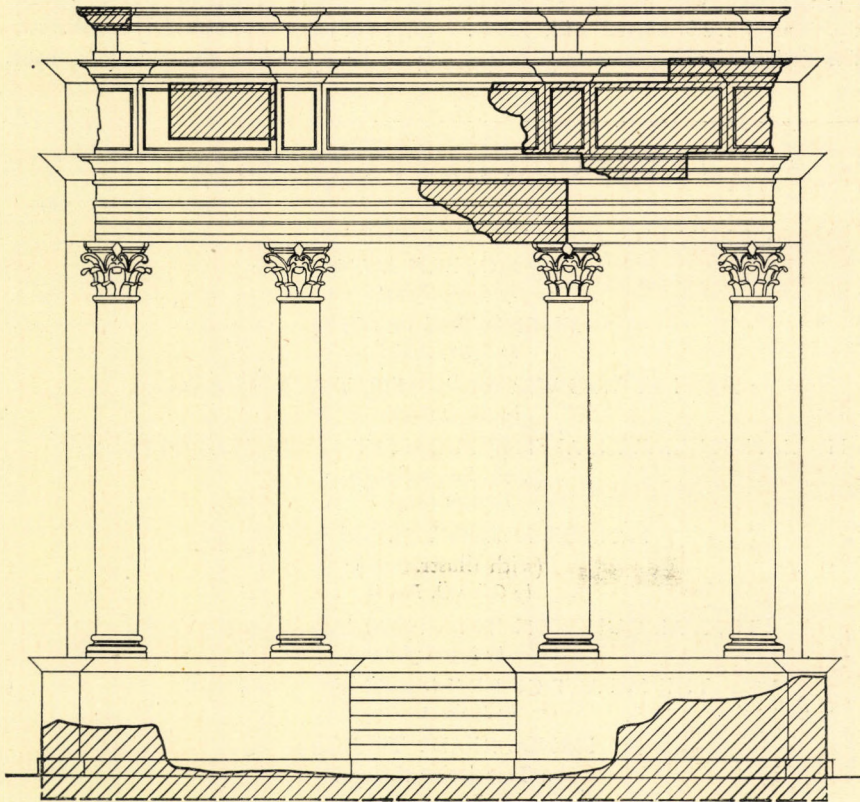
FIGURE OF HERCULES ON THE FRONTAL CORNICE FRIEZE
(SZOMBATHELY)

ing pieces of the façade, as well as on temples from the end of the 2nd century which were dedicated to other cults. The outward appearance of the other parts of the two-cell building can only be inferred. Therefore, no plans have been drawn up for the completion of the entire central *sanctum*, reconstruction of the façade alone being intended. A light roofing had to be applied in order to protect the valuable pieces of marble: placed on the level of the ancient cell wall, it rests on the concrete wall indicating the entrance.

As in the case of other completed wall sections, the original Roman foundation is separated from the complementary part by a stripe of red concrete.

Profiting from experiences collected in other areas, we have also resorted to a solution unlike usual methods in connection with the preserved walls of the central *sanctum* ground-plan. As a protection from winter frost and other damage, and also to mark off the ground-plan, the walls have been left incomplete and given a protective concrete roof which creates at a glance the impression of the original design.

The southeastern wing of the row of chambers lining the inner court around the central temple is to be indicated only by the foundations that have survived. On the northwestern side, a light building is to be raised over the existing foundations, imitating in appearance and line the niche design



The Façade of the Temple

of the ancient row of premises. Here visitors walking along pavements all around the wall-tops will be able to see valuable pieces, exhibited in glass cabinets, from the more than 10,000 findings brought to light by the excavations.

From the reconstructed square altar base a flight of steps is to lead to the foundations of the hall that occupied the northeastern side. The roof of the 55-by-20-yards hall was supported on eight columns. The white marble pedestal, grey basalt shaft and white marble capital of a column have fortunately been found lying intact in the layer. The other columns brought to light within the area have been transferred to the spot, so that six pillars of the hall can be reconstructed. The wall of the Iseum's northeastern wing will lean on the margin of the Roman road covered with basalt.

The design of the surrounding garden

also constitutes a special task. The central temple was embraced from both sides by sections of abundant stretches of plants. Minor parts of such gardens have fortunately been perpetuated in antique representations. The environment of the central shrine in the Iseum is to be shaped similarly. The inner spaces of the premises are covered with whitish sand and gravel, the floors of rooms were tiled in Roman times with red slag. Trees and bushes native to Hungary but showing a resemblance to southern plants are being planted in the vicinity of the ancient group of buildings. From Zrínyi Ilona Street, a row of firs imitating cypresses is to border the path leading to the holy ground.

According to the prepared plans, this important relic of ancient Savaria, the new garden of ruins at present-day Szombathely, is to be opened to the public in 1963.

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CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

A Short Story

by

EMIL KOLOZSVÁRI GRANDPIERRE

The Headquarters of the Army Corps was located in a school on Eagle Hill. It may have been a rather conspicuous spot, but there was no other building in the neighbourhood with a room that would do better for an officers' mess. The gentlemen always sat in order of seniority at the horse-shoe-shaped table, with the general at the head and subalterns and officer-trainees at the extremes of the horse-shoe's prongs. Anyone could be perfectly easy about arriving at one minute to 1 p. m., for the general arrived at one o'clock sharp. But after he had taken his place the doors might as well have been locked. The soup was put in front of him and he immersed his spoon in it. As soon as the spoon reached his mouth, the gentlemen were also free to take a spoonful. Not a moment before! From the instant when the general left off eating his soup, meat or dessert, no one else could continue with it. If his appetite flagged, everyone fasted with him.

"Blasted idiocy! Blasted idiocy!" cursed Lieutenant-Colonel Saraglyay. The ruddy splotches on his bloated, greasy face, the marks of good feeding, glowed with indignation. "What idiocy! The war's in its last spasm, half the country occupied, Budapest about to become a battlefield, and here one isn't even allowed to enjoy one's lunch. Is there any sense to it? Any point? Having to eat with your eye constantly cocked on him? And once he's had enough, to leave the best bits on your plate? If I eat the slice of veal whose calories I need to do my official work, he has me quizzed. Quizzed for heving eaten my lunch—the rations properly due me. Now that's something that's inconceivable in any other country, my dear fellow, anywhere in the world. It could only happen here. What are you grinning at?"

The cadet was in fact grinning, with the clown-like gaiety for which everyone liked him. Occasionally even the frigid countenance of the Arrow-Cross member Krummel would relax, when he was in good form and telling

his jokes. It was here at Corps HQ that the cadet discovered he ought really to have become an actor, as he had once planned. "Don't be a barnstormer, son!" He belonged to one of those bad years, a generation who had found it hard to get jobs, who entered life at the time of the economic crisis and could make no demands on the world. By way of compensation they were given shortened military training and became auxiliary reservists and office staff. The cadet had been a relief worker, had shovelled snow, worked by the day at the Statistical Office, tried his hand at journalism, written for the radio, and occasionally acted as compère to raucous shows in the provinces. He was a Jack-of-all-trades and a master of none. His father had been a petty clerk: "He just had time to spoil my life, then died as though he had made a good job of things."

"What are you grinning at?" asked the lieutenant-colonel, and his face became transfigured in advance, preparing to smile, perhaps to chuckle. It was on this power that the cadet based his conviction. How could he have failed to become a good actor if he was able to force his good cheer on others? This was the only source of joy in his service.

"Believe me, sir, another thing that can only happen in our country is that when the enemy has almost surrounded the capital, we have official hours from 8 a. m. to 2. p. m. at Corps HQ."

"Hmm," grunted the lieutenant-colonel in surprise. "I suppose you're right, devil of a cadet that you are. So that was what you were grinning at. Why today, my dear chap, there's steak fried in batter, and I shan't be able to consume it in peace. I can't eat it, though it may be the last fried steak in my life. Any moment, son, we may have an American bomb dropping on our heads..."

He always spoke only of the Americans. It was said he had so much confidence in the British that if their aircraft attacked he did not even go down to the shelter.

"You'll see, cadet, at the very last moment. They know what they're up to... Great politicians they are... But that's not why I had you called. Look son, we've had this Captain Molnár with us for about a month now. We still don't know anything about him. Here we are, living with him, son, the situation's ugly, it's easy to trip up. He's a nice chap, never known a Staff College graduate like him. But then he's head of the Evacuation Department—the master of life and death. You know what these Arrow-Cross people are like, with their reckless ways. One of them has a brainwave, and off we go, packing for the West. I've decided with my father-in-law, the lieutenant-general, you know, to celebrate Christmas at home. We'll have time enough to go out after the holidays—if indeed the English

troops don't come by then. The whole family's come up, and here's this Molnár just now, ranting away. . . This kind of thing's always been your business, son. I want you to find out somehow whether this Molnár is an Arrow-Cross man or not. Because if he's a gentleman, you see, then one can talk to him, and if he's an Arrow-Cross man, then there's also a way. . . perhaps. . . But at least I'd know where I was. There's a war on, son, hundreds of thousands dying all the time."

When the cadet had joined the Corps HQ almost a year earlier, the lieutenant-colonel had been reticent towards him. How much energy it had cost him to soften him up this far! The cadet could speak everyone's language, always taking care only to be impudent when there was no one else about, and doing it pleasantly, with a naïve look that seemed to suggest he had no idea of the sacrilege he was committing. He balanced his way along between the various fears at Corps HQ like a tight-rope walker. The lieutenant-colonel was afraid of the Russians, the Germans and the American bombers. Krummel, the Arrow-Cross man, appeared for a time not to know the feeling. He had an office job which had spared him the vicissitudes of warfare, and he believed the root of all troubles was that the Fatherland, bleeding from a hundred wounds, was being led by a decrepit dotard like Horthy instead of Szálasi who had effervescent, fresh blood in his veins and fresh ideas in his mind. Indeed, he gave full vent to this opinion on the historic day when the general, a supporter of the National Leader, had wrested command of the Corps from his predecessor, the Horthyite general. The change was announced to a meeting of the officers in a picturesquely masculine manner. The gentlemen had been waiting impatiently. The door opened, and the general sallied smartly in, with the imperviousness of a great leader about him. He turned to face the gentlemen, while the three officers with sub-machineguns who had accompanied him stood behind him with their fingers on the triggers. "Gentlemen!" the general cried. "Gentlemen, I assume command of the Army Corps. Those gentlemen who do not agree with this, take a step forward, gentlemen!" He, Krummel, had been one of the officers with sub-machineguns. It was when the officers had dispersed that he had expressed his optimistic view on the improvement of the situation. But fresh ideas, fresh blood, had all been in vain. The noose around Budapest was tightening. Krummel began to feel afraid, and beyond that which every gentlemen feared he was also afraid of the Jews.

"Cadet!" he said, waving to the auxiliary reservist to come to him, as he was leaving the lieutenant-colonel. This irregular title actually carried a nostalgic reminiscence. The old lieutenant-colonel recalled the fine days

of the emperor-king's army and immersed himself in the past, when officer trainees were really called cadets. Lieutenant Krummel was young—with a bit of good will the cadet, who was not far off forty, might well have been his father. Nevertheless he addressed the cadet in the familiar form, while the latter had to call him "sir."

"At your orders, sir," said the cadet in his para-military way, and then with a touch of familiarity bent nearer the lieutenant. "Shall I tell you a joke?"

The lieutenant waved, and he had to sit down; the lieutenant offered him a cigarette, and he had to smoke; the lieutenant sat silently, and he too had to keep quiet. "It's the torment beginning again," thought the cadet with a somewhat bad conscience. As he sat opposite this silent, depressed and so fearfully frigid cub of a man, he recalled what he said to other people, the things that he ridiculed and the rumours gleaned from foreign broadcasts which he spread among his confidential acquaintances. And now he was silent. The cadet, around whom there was always a whirl of jokes and laughter, was now as quiet as a snail. It was inconceivable that his silence should not be conspicuous. A single word would be enough to have the Arrow-Cross men take him off and no one would know what had happened to him.

"What's new?" asked the lieutenant when he had lit his cigarette from the cadet's match.

"Beg to report, sir, the Russians will soon enter Budapest, that's what's new. The Germans will be forced to their knees, that's what"—the fact that he always felt tempted to return answers such as this increased his confusion. "Beg to report, sir, I don't know anything"—he had done it several times before, but he nevertheless had another try at news items about the wonder-weapons.

Krummel shrugged his shoulders with a despondency that would have been sufficient reason in these martial times to have anyone dispatched instantly to the front lines. The cadet's throat went dry. What was he to do? Should he start arguing with him and assert that the introduction of the wonder-weapons was a matter of days and that as soon as this happened the course of the war would change and the red monster crumble to dust? Was Krummel expecting him to furnish some evidence of his unfailing faith? During these crushing moments he could not have prided himself on his prowess as an equilibrist and tight-rope walker. He was as transparent as tracing paper.

Krummel's table was outside the pale of the community, excluded from all human contact, and whenever he sat down beside the lieutenant he felt that he too was ostracized. Apart from the cadet and the messengers,

Krummel, the former professional NCO, occupied the lowest rung at Corps HQ. Nevertheless he received treatment second only to the general's. Even Tompa, the spunky ordnance captain, fawned on him. Everyone avoided him, but they purchased the right to draw away from him by first being very pleasant, smiling and attentive. His writing desk was surrounded by an aura of isolation; it was near the stove, but it was nevertheless the coldest place in the office.

A few indifferent questions followed, and then a request to the cadet to get some French brandy, the more the better. Their conversation having bogged down, the lieutenant was asking a favour. It was not the first time this had happened, and the cadet began to feel worried. When Krummel asked for something, it was always as though he was engaged in a manoeuvre to divert attention. But what did he want? This time a certain amount of light came to be shed on the mystery.

"I have a supply to last me till Christmas, old pal. But I definitely must have some drink for Christmas Eve. You can bring it whenever you want—I'll be alone in any case."

"Are you spending Holy Eve alone, sir?" the cadet echoed stupidly. Was Krummel trying to make friends? To break out of his isolation?—He's just the chap I need to make friends with, damn his bloody eyes! The cheek of expecting me to run about with his brandy on Holy Eve!

The door swung open, and the general came clanking and blustering into the room. He looked quickly around and made straight towards them, stopping in front of them with a threatening mien. Krummel reported smartly, followed by the cadet:

"Officer Trainee Márton Kacsó begs to report, sir!"

For a moment the general stared at them with his famous inquisitorial look; then he spoke in a voice that was deep and gutturally hoarse from always yelling:

"Europe is burning at every point of the compass and the gentlemen are spending their time gossiping. Of course, Christmas is coming and the gentlemen are thinking of the Christmas tree. The trouble with you, gentlemen, is that you don't know the smell of gunpowder. You will go out on patrol to the front, gentlemen, to find out what war is."

The lieutenant was upset that the general had not recognized him, who had stood behind him, sub-machinegun in hand, in defence of the righteous cause. He did not know what to make of this humiliating lesson. He told the cadet to write a pass, had it translated into German, and then the patrol, consisting of the lieutenant, the cadet and two privates, sauntered down to the tram stop. They had to make a detour to have their pass visaed

at the Astoria, at German HQ. There they again took a tram, and it was only over the last stretch of their journey that they travelled on a lorry, by courtesy of a German driver. The truck suddenly stopped, the driver pointed at something and explained something to them, but they did not understand much and he drove off. The noises of war came from nearby—mortars, machineguns, sub-machineguns—all with shrill, individual sounds. In the distance there was the dull, fused roar of the guns. The houses round about, caps of snow on their roofs, waited with deathly indifference for their fates to be sealed. In some places there were ruins, remnants of air attacks, craters. Not a living creature anywhere.

Krummel tried angrily, with contracted brows, to find his way about. He took somewhat longer over it than was strictly necessary. The cadet's nerves sensed the uncertainty that emanated from him, and so did the two privates. They peered at him sideways, sizing him up with a strange end-of-war furtiveness. It was obvious that Krummel was setting out at random and that the only thing which made him seem purposeful was that he had been trained to order people about. He headed for the firing, as behoves a soldier, towards the gunpowder which he had been ordered to smell. He proceeded unseeing, with a springy tread wherever the terrain did not prevent him.

It was one of the privates who noticed the road signs up a side street. The Germans had nailed a post full of arrows, and projecting from among the smaller ones was a sizeable sign bearing the legend: "Kommandantur." There was no longer a single Hungarian inscription among them. The lieutenant looked questioningly at the cadet, but the latter could not guess what the look was intended to convey and, instead of answering, set out in the direction indicated. He had hardly taken a couple of paces before he was overtaken by Krummel, who was determined that he should be first, and not his subordinate.

Opposite were the Russians, on this side only Germans, and it was here that they had been sent by the commander of the Budapest Army Corps with that idiotic pass. How often the cadet had argued about the war, how much he had talked about it! They had all been wasted words. Krummel went straight ahead, like a sleepwalker, never looking where he trod, and yet he did not trip over the rubble, which had in some places spilled over the street, and even managed to avoid the holes. The two privates followed them, panting.

This stretch of the front was being held by SS cavalry. The cracks were sharper now, and the air was bitter. These cavalrymen were on foot—it was a mystery why they had even been given the name. The commander

happened to be eating when they entered the room. Having spread a slice of bread with margarine and sprinkled it with castor sugar, he now turned the food over in his mouth with an exhausted effort, as though his tongue had been hurt. He was younger perhaps even than Krummel. To their salute he returned a gruff grunt. As he read the pass, his jaws minced faster and his face reddened. He raised his head and looked at them, no longer indifferently but with hostility. His eyes were aglow. Quickly, almost gasping, he asked something in German, and as he received no answer he stormed out in a rage.

"There'll be a bad end to this," said the cadet, his lips quivering. "He thinks we're spies."

Krummel's eyes blinked. The two privates glued their eyes on the door. Occasionally the windows rattled; their constant tremor had dislodged half the putty, and the panes were held in place only with tacks, the triangular, tin kind that you hardly ever see used nowadays. The SS captain returned with his interpreter, a Swabian lad with a pimply face and a slouching gait, born and bred in Hungary. After a few questions to which Krummel had to reply, the SS captain burst out, while the Swabian interpreted at a high-pitched yell, failing to call Krummel by his rank, just as though he were addressing a civilian.

"The captain says that if the Hungarian staff want to inquire about the front they should go to the Astoria and not send people here. We shoot spies. And now get out of here, you have five minutes to go, if you don't you'll be lined up against the wall. You're lucky to be called Krummel. You've me to thank for your lives."

At the end of his say he repeated the captain's gesture—an impatient wave of dismissal. Outside they were received by the rattle of small-arms. They had never found the screech of mortar-shells so pleasant before.

"I could even be glad of a Katuska now," muttered the cadet, half oblivious and glad that he no longer had to face the SS captain. How different the anger of this man had been to that of the general! It was only now that his fear really overcame him—he felt cold, but sweat was pouring from his body. He had no wish to look at the lieutenant; in fact he only noticed his presence when he again began to exude that air of indecision. The cadet's steps became uncertain. Suddenly he stopped.

"He didn't sign the pass," he said.

The general was angry in a different way, in the manner of an operetta. He avoided critical situations such as this, but that did not prevent him from dealing out death. How many people he had had executed on October 15th and before!

"We can't prove that we've had our smell of gunpowder," said the cadet. He looked back to see whether the Germans were following them, whether they were going to shoot at them now that they had stopped moving. The two privates were thinking the same thing, and they took cover in a gateway.

"The best thing would be to go back..."

Screaming, Krummel cut into his sentence:

"No! I haven't gone mad, to go back! That wild beast would have me shot."

"...To go back to the signpost."

The impudently calm voice sounded like a rebuke. The lieutenant's fury, his fury at the humiliation he had had to suffer, mounted to the bursting point. The SS captain had not saluted; he had treated him as a piece of rubbish. The SS recruit had not called him sir. The pass had not been signed. The general had humiliated him! He howled and bawled, his eyes staring bulbously from his inflamed face. The cadet snapped his heels together and stood at attention, putting up with the hail of curses that beat down on him. It had happened to him so often before, and the text was always the same sloppy drivel of meaningless idiocies and bombastic boasting with an admixture of threats. It was absolutely superfluous for him to listen, and the cadet had his own text for an inward retort to the stereotyped army tirade: "Just you wait, you son-of-a-bitch, I'll kick you in the bum that hard, you won't be able to sit down for three days 'cause of the pain in your clever parts!" Why should he have listened? True to tradition, the lieutenant wound up by asking: "Get me?"

"Beg to report sir, yes sir."

They set off, but he again had the feeling that the lieutenant had no idea what to do. They had covered no more than a hundred paces when, as though nothing at all had happened, he asked in a friendly tone:

"What was it you wanted with that signpost?"

"To look for another HQ somewhere nearby. We'll surely manage some-time to find a decent old reserve officer who will sign our pass."

"Ah."

This time it was a *Webrmacht* lieutenant, a professional soldier, who threw them out. This was no game; this was war. With the Third *Reich* fighting for its very survival, he had no time for stupidities like this.

They were on safer ground now, and the two privates closed up behind them. While they had been talking in the office, the privates had made a deal with a German sergeant-major over the signature.

"Lieutenant Krummel, sir," whispered the younger of the two urgently. "Let me have that pass quickly, sir. I'll have it signed."

They were standing there, the three of them, the German sergeant-major and the two Hungarian privates, and drinking brandy from a Hungarian flask. Brandy was the price of the signature. The private did not go up to Krummel as he should have done but merely stretched out his hand for the paper with an impatient gesture. The lieutenant sprang up to him as though a general had waved. "A simple psychological situation," the cadet thought.

With the pass in his hand, the German sergeant-major went into the office. He returned with a broad grin, and the paper had a smudged stamp pressed on it, complete with an illegible signature.

"*Schnaps*," he remarked tersely, and drained the flask that was thrust in his hands to the very last drop.

They walked to the tram terminus. The car was empty, and the two of them sat down while the privates stayed on the platform to be able to smoke a cigarette. The corporation continued to forbid smoking, but they were less strict about it. The relief occasioned by the passing of the danger showed in Krummel's behaviour, but it did not rid him of the pressure that weighed upon him. He was possessed of an effervescent nervousness, and though he had always been noted for his reticence he now seemed almost familiar.

"Well, there won't be any more trouble about this, old chap. The Hungarian peasant is capable of miracles, provided you know how to treat him. But before I forget—you know I really do want that brandy. French brandy, it's the best, for whatever you say, that's one thing they know how to do. I've sent my mother and sisters to the West. The day after tomorrow is Holy Eve and I need the brandy. There's another thing I'd like you to do. I know that you're the factotum at Corps HQ and that you've done harder things before now . . . But I'd be obliged to you for a lifetime, cadet. You see, the fact is, you who know so many people, who are at home in the coffee-houses and among the bohemians, you're sure to have . . ."

His voice went silent, and his face mirrored the strain of having to overcome his own objections—a struggle manifested in tremulous spasms. This was obviously the stage where he had arrived at the kernel of his say—something that he had long wanted to blurt out. At this moment he caught sight of a man who had just boarded the tram.

Krummel looked at him searchingly and he looked back at him.

"What is it that I have, sir?" asked the cadet with curiosity.

"We'll return to the matter, we'll return to it . . ." he sputtered nervously and aloofly. This was all he said, and meantime seemed to have drawn

a mile apart from the cadet. His mouth was now narrow, his eyes glassily cold; you could not even suspect where his thoughts were wandering. Suddenly he spoke—obviously in the manner of a man who thinks he is alone and has been seized by a recollection. His dry, uncouth military voice, grown colourless with constant shouting, assumed a veil of sirupy sentimentality. His words sounded unnatural, as unnatural as the movements of woman-imitators. Pink skirts and slippers below, but on top the bald, bristly man's head shows through the make-up. This was what he said:

“When the laburnums are in flower . . .”

“Beg pardon sir?” asked the cadet, turning towards him with alacrity. The lieutenant gazed back but looked as though he was peering out from under deep water.

“Yes,” he muttered. “We’ll be there soon.”

The Corps HQ was seething. The wind of unrest was so strong that as they went up the stairs the cadet was prepared to hear some really big news. Had Hitler been blown up? Or had the Swedish fleet intervened in the war? Tompa, the ordnance captain, was heading towards him.

“The lieutenant-colonel’s waiting for you. Hurry up, it’s important!”

The cadet liked the lieutenant-colonel; he was a kindly old gentleman. He would never forget his smile when he had committed a blunder once and the old office soldier had winked at him, saying: “We won’t make a fuss about it.” A few weeks earlier, Krummel had had Gabi Kecskés sent to the front for a far smaller piece of negligence. He had died. The cadet did not forget his chief’s goodness, but the old man made him nervous because he walked all over him, exploited him, and was never short of faintly maniac, cunningly idiotic schemes, in which he was always to play the main part.

The cadet enjoyed the fact that his role was on the increase, that he grew ever more powerful. The general was engaged in office work, the supervision of the Officers’ Mess, disciplinary hearings, raids like the one carried out that morning, and the hunt for white shirt collars—regulations prescribed khaki collars in wartime.

He was born of a poor family, had always had to endure privations, had made little progress, and it was only here that he began to partake of the true savours of life, to acquire an assurance of his own value, an opportunity for action. There were half a dozen other trainees serving in the building, but it was he who was the cadet, you did not have to add his name. He was in charge of compiling the various tables and charts, he drafted the reports, he knew about everything. He was the extra playing a leading part, who bowed and begged to report, yes sir, certainly captain, but he

was fairly sure that even if Captain Molnár evacuated the whole Army Corps to the West he would stay behind.

That was the issue which had now stirred up everyone at Corps HQ. For the moment none of the cadet's superiors wanted to go to the West. Pay Corps Captain Sima, who was in charge of Records and was the brains of Corps HQ, had insured himself for the future. He had had engineer Barczay brought back from the Russian front, where he had been sent because of his Jewish wife. He had destroyed the engineer's record file and had, at the engineer's request, moved to the latter's hill-side villa, complete with his three children, wife and mother-in-law. Ordnance Captain Tompa had simple but very realistic plans. As behoves a clever quartermaster, he speculated that there would be an inflation after the war, so he distributed his stocks of stolen goods among his relatives, in several places in order to lessen the risk. Reserve Lieutenant Péntzes simply declared: "I'm not budging an inch, old boy."

The lieutenant-colonel's head had swollen to twice its size with worry.

"Who on earth sent you away, son, just when I have most need of you? The trouble I was afraid of is upon us. The vehicles are here in the courtyard—lorries and cars. Of course Molnár won't talk; everyone will find out what concerns him in due course, he says. There's no time now to try and discover whether he's an Arrow-Cross member or not. Only you can help, son. The hog's here from the country, so's the potatoes and a quintal of flour. I can't give up my Christmas dinner because of this over-hasty evacuation order. My father-in-law, the lieutenant-general, told me he would let me know if there was anything wrong. I've certainly got more confidence in him than in this Molnár. The Christmas dinner is a family tradition with us, my wife would never forgive me. . . . You must see to this business, and I know how you can do it. . . ."

Saraglyay stopped talking and made a despondent gesture. His stratagem was to remain untold. There on the threshold stood Staff Captain Molnár, sprightly, freshly shaven, with a boyish smile on his face.

"I've come for the cadet, sir. If you can do without him, I'd like to borrow him for a while."

The lieutenant-colonel stood about for a bit, then looked at his watch and was suddenly rejuvenated. It was past two o'clock, the State had received what was due it, and he set off briskly homeward.

The cadet, in the Captain's room, having asked for permission, sent the batman down to the kitchens for his lunch.

"You just eat," said the captain. "I've got some phoning to do first." You can't get the Hungarian soldier to charge if his belly's empty.

Everyone knew this—they taught it at the military academies. A German soldier will make do with jam, but the Hungarian peasant requires bacon. The *muzbik* is even more modest in his wants than the Germans, the cadet recalled. He had heard somewhere that the Chinese could live for a week off a couple of pounds of rice.

He was to draw up the lists from the captain's notes of those who were to be evacuated and those who would stay in Budapest, then to type the necessary orders. Anyone who did not know the people concerned, their names, the ideas behind the move, the standard abbreviations and those of the captain's own invention, would have had to toil away till midnight. A cursory glance was sufficient to show that the lieutenant-colonel and his crew were not to be evacuated. He had never been unduly concerned about Saraglyay's fears, because he knew how many people yearned to go west. Especially since those who were sent officially could load tons of belongings on the lorries. He discovered Krummel's name on the evacuation list.

While he worked he had his sweetheart in mind—the lazily beautiful and chubbily charming Erna, whom he was concealing, together with her obese sister, at his mother's flat. He was so rarely able to see her nowadays. The lieutenant-colonel and the other officers could go home at two o'clock, but he always had to act as duty-officer or see to some extra work such as this, to carry out all sorts of commissions. He always had a bad conscience about visiting Erna at his mother's flat. He was afraid that Erna and her sister might be discovered through him.

In the meantime his attention was caught by Molnár's phone calls. The captain was organizing a party of some sort, a farewell to his comrades who were to stay behind. Only Maca had gone, Maca on whom the captain had so much counted. "A poor show, old chap, most unpleasant." Disappointment made his voice sound colourless, and he was peevish, like a gluttonous child who is not given a third helping of the pudding.

At this moment the cadet's eyes lighted on a slip of paper bearing his own name. It made him dizzy to think what would happen to his mother and what would happen to Erna and her sister if he was to set out with the convoy at 11 a. m. the next day. So far he had only been annoyed, but now he was outraged that Krummel's name too was among those to be evacuated. Krummel had, it was true, been quieter in the past few days, but previously he had been only too vociferous in declaring that they must resist to the last cartridge and the last drop of blood. Here was the magnificent, unique opportunity! He pondered a while, then put Lieutenant Krammer on the list. Staff officers rarely noticed mistakes of this sort. Now

that he had carried out the change, the cadet felt relieved. It was a great part. An intoxicating feeling, to meddle with men's destinies.

"Got stuck, cadet?" asked the captain, stepping up to him.

He glanced sideways up at him, with the clown-like grin that he usually assumed when he was about to be impudent or to tell a joke.

"Actually, sir, it's now that I've got stuck, at seeing my own name. So far I've been getting on like a house afire."

"Aren't you glad to come with us, cadet?"

"Of course, I am, sir, only I'd have liked to spend Christmas Eve with my mother. She's counting on seeing me, and she's over seventy, poor thing."

Captain Molnár wrinkled up his nose, and his thin, lady-killer's moustache began to twitch. This ugly habit was the only thing that occasionally disrupted the harmony of his handsome face. From the way he looked, the cadet could see that he would not have to set out next day with the recruits, files and stores.

"Now get on with it," urged the captain, "and meantime rack your brains to see whether you don't know some pretty wench that would come and have a good time with a set of Hungarian officers. If she wants to go west, I'll help her. See what you can do, cadet."

The cadet took the captain's car and drove to the Broadway Café. This was where he had heard that Dolly Szemőkey had been hanging out for days, trying to get a wagon. The Titian-headed actress lived at Óbuda. Now he did not find her, only her younger sister Ica, also an actress, also Titian-headed and also untalented. She was in a raging temper, poor girl, for her elder sister had emptied the flat and taken all Ica's things with her.

"Don't be silly, Ica," said the cadet, going straight to the attack. "The captain is in love with you. He saw you in *Gyurkovics Sisters* and was struck by you, you were so beautiful. And anyway, why shouldn't you accept an invitation to dinner?"

Ica yielded and set about preparing for the dinner. The ladies and gentlemen were all there by the time the cadet arrived at Molnár's private residence. The batmen clumsily waited on the guests; the tables were groaning under their load. There was a surprised stir when Ica appeared. Heels clicked, her hands were kissed, there was a flashing of moustaches, eyes and teeth.

The cadet had called the captain from a street phone to tell him when and in what role he had seen the actress, when his love had been kindled.

"Beg to report, sir, you needn't waste time about getting down to brass tacks."

Everything went fine. At about midnight it was madam be damned, when you're kissing me don't call me madam.

"Angelface," said the captain. From the floundering depths of his intoxication he tried to reach after his memories. Both the girl and the cadet had told him her name. It was no use, he could not retrieve it. "My little dolly," he crooned to her.

"You don't even know my name, you dirty trickster," she screamed hysterically. "Dolly again! Wherever I go it's always Dolly! It probably wasn't me at all, but her that you saw. If only you knew how much better I am than Dolly," she yelled, and she spat.

The guests had gone; only a major of the Medical Corps lay snoring beside the tub in the bathroom, with one of his shoes cradled in his hands on his chest.

The actress calmed down and nestled softly against the man's chest, closing her eyes.

"Do you love me, Sanyi?" she cooed, ready to be pacified.

Clad as he was, in dress trousers but without his jacket, Captain Molnár leapt to his feet, not on the floor but on the couch where they had up to then been lying. His face was livid, as though he was about to have a stroke.

"I'll have you know I'm not Sanyi, I'm Karcsi! Karcsi! Even a lousy streetwalker like you could remember that much. Preposterous! Imagine being called Sanyi in one's own home! Karcsi—simple. Easy to remember. Get it clear, I'm Karcsi. Karcsi!"

"You're a man," murmured the girl half-consciously, continuing to snuggle, her eyes closed, her mouth pursed like a bird's bill, as she thirsted for a kiss. "You're a real man, smash a glass against the floor."

Some hours later Ica sat up in bed and an absent-minded frown appeared on her still fresh forehead. She shook the captain, who lay motionless by her side.

"If you meet Dolly, spit on her on my behalf. Promise you'll spit on her!"

"Who should I spit on?" inquired the Medical major, ready to oblige. Someone, in the course of the night, had played a joke on him and thrown one of his shoes down the ventilation shaft. He knew at once when he failed to find it that that was the only place where it could be. He gazed at it sadly from above, as it lay black and lonely at the bottom of the shaft.

Molnár ought to have got up at seven to see to the business of the convoy, so he woke the batman in the kitchen by kicking him several times. The lad had drunk so much of the remains of the party that he was still swaying. When he got to his feet, the captain boxed his ears expertly for a while.

The movement refreshed him, and he was almost cheerful when he returned to the room. He buckled down to a bout of phoning. "Everything was all right, beg to report, sir, everything was all right, old chap, but then the Germans as usual . . . as a result of which the evacuation is to be postponed twenty-four hours . . ."

"All the business one has to attend to! All the business!" he sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. It was a few minutes after this that Ica stepped out of the bathroom. She wore Molnár's bathing wrap and had her red hair piled up on her head. She was very beautiful.

The shock led the captain to remember all that the girl had told him during the course of the night and that he had then let pass unheeded. "Just one more day to live . . ." he hummed cheerfully, as though he were singing about immortality. He shrugged his shoulders boyishly, went to the wardrobe and opened his safe-box.

"Did that slut Dolly really take all your linen? Buy yourself twice as much!"

He began to throw hundred-pengő notes all over the eiderdown. Ica leaped on the bed on all fours and collected the banknotes with a preoccupied look on her face. Her lips were moving—she was counting. Needless to say she was only too glad to stay for another night. "He gave me a hundred pengős for a tip," the batman proudly confided to the cadet that morning.

In the courtyard of the school on Eagle Hill the twelve motor cars, the buses and lorries were lined up, the recruits paraded and the officers all turned out. The roll of guns had long become one of the usual phenomena of nature. The guns seemed almost to roll in vain, for no one heard them any more. But now that the westward convoy had assembled and those most concerned did not know why they were not starting according to schedule or where Captain Molnár had got to, now that they could get no information from anyone, the morning Wehrmacht *communiqué* lost much of its already impaired reputation for truth. The firing became louder and more frequent and approached at a frightening rate. Then someone blurted out what they had all, in the depths of their souls, feared: "Budapest has been surrounded. We're caught."

"If I must perish, why then I'll perish," said Krummel darkly, with a kind of repulsive softness about his bony body. "I was to be sent to the West too, to organize further resistance. It's all the same now. Haven't you got the French brandy yet?"

"I'll get some, sir, of course I will, but believe me it's not so easy."

The lieutenant sized up the cadet with a look as though he was trying to estimate his weight. His lips quivered. The cadet felt a tremor run

through Krummel, as if all the mass of nervousness that crackled and sparked, strained, vibrated, and throbbed here chose his body for its target. "Blurt it out, you beast! Blurt it out, wretch." The situation again offered him a part to play, and as soon as he recognized this he felt relieved. It was he who had kept the wretch here, when he was momentarily acting the vengeful god. And how cleverly he had fixed it that he should himself remain here. "I ought really to have become an actor," and at this he drew himself out, took a deep breath, and spoke almost commandingly to Krummel.

"At your service, sir."

"What a coward he is," he thought with enjoyment, seeing the lieutenant quail at his brisk tone of voice. It took time for him to recover. He replied sharply, as though administering a rebuke:

"See to the brandy!"

But this made no difference, for through the aperture of that tremor he had gained an insight into his soul, and the victor was the cadet. Captain Molnár, his face reflecting the utmost physical well-being, burst into the courtyard. The staff officers who were to have been evacuated formed an anxious circle round him. His teeth flashing, his moustache squirming, he exuded good cheer and answered them all at the same time: "By no means colonel, yes captain, not at all major, bureaucratic difficulties, of course we're going, twenty-four hours' delay, just twenty-four hours colonel. . . ." Meanwhile he would shoot an occasional conspiratorial smile and wink at the cadet, snapping his fingers.

The delay was really not more than "just twenty-four hours," and at 11 a. m. the next day, on December 24, 1944, the convoy left the buildings of Corps HQ. The event caused satisfaction mingled with sorrow among those who stayed behind.

"The fact that they were able to go," explained Ordnance Captain Tompa, "shows that everything is not yet lost. On the other hand the fact that they had to go shows that we're in great trouble."

"Excellent," exclaimed the lieutenant-colonel in his sanguine voice. To lend his remark greater emphasis, he not only laid down his fountain pen but also took off his spectacles. "You've given a classical definition of the situation. I've long felt that that's how it was, but I couldn't have put it so cleverly. Not on my soul."

As time went on and nothing monstrous happened, the hope became ever firmer that those who had stayed behind would have a "peaceable Holy Eve." Once it was over—off to the West. Unless the English paratroops came to the rescue.

"We deserve this holiday, old chap, we deserve it," said the lieutenant-colonel as he buckled on his sword. "The cadet will be duty officer."

The building was soon empty and quiet, more like a school than a military headquarters. The cadet drank wine in the Mess with his fellow duty-men—shabby officer trainees, each with a bottle in front of him. At this moment a very considerable part of the country's troubles reposed on their shoulders. He had never yet crossed the country's frontiers, and the cadet now felt some nostalgia for those who had left, for the excitement which must overcome them as the scenes and people around them changed. That, somehow, was what he imagined travelling must be like. He finally found comfort in the thought that once the waves of the war had passed over them he would marry Erna. He was a trifle ashamed on this score, for without all these loathsome and horrible events he could never have come anywhere near such a smart, rich and educated girl. Never! By rights, or rather by rank, he ought to have hidden Tubi Schwarz—Erna and her sister had been brought to him by Tubi, the shopkeeper's daughter, the poor relative bringing the rich. Tubi had gone elsewhere.

He sensed an acrid smell of perspiration near him. A man had sat down not far from where he was, an elderly man, panting asthmatically, his face a purplish red and bluish veins all over the whites of his eyes. He pressed his right palm to his chest, just about where his heart was, his jaws dropped, his tongue almost lolled out of his mouth. How had he come to be here? The cadet had not seen him arrive.

"Gentlemen," said the panting man all of a sudden. "Gentlemen, the Russians are at Pesthidegkút."

"How do you know, sir?" the cadet asked him with the respect due to a colonel.

"They came in by the door and I jumped out at the window. The Russians!" he added for emphasis. "The Russians are at Pesthidegkút."

This piece of news really meant that the ring around the capital was about to close; indeed it might already have been closed. The colonel, while delivering his somewhat irregular account of what had happened, kept reaching for the wine bottle, almost absently pouring some in his glass—never more than an inch—and immediately drinking it in tiny, frightened sips, again to seize the bottle as though afraid that someone might take it. By now everyone in the Mess stood round him and listened dumbfounded. The old gentleman's voice trembled with indignation. He just could not understand why he, an elderly man, had had to walk from one end of the town to the other in winter-time, bareheaded and without an overcoat. From his words and the way he stressed the point, the cadet

gathered that he had for a long time importuned his superiors for the use of a car but his request had been refused and it was in consequence of this short-sighted decision that he had now been forced to escape on foot. He dwelt minutely on the details, but most of those who were listening to him only found out later that the colonel had fled from the Assembly centre at Pesthidegkút of which he had been in command.

"Everything's lost," complained the old man. "Even my silver cigarette case. I always keep it open on the table in front of me; I smoke a great deal when I'm nervous. I've become as poor as my finger."

With a hesitant movement he raised his thick index finger in front of his face and gave it a twist, as though drilling a hole into the air.

"You must report to the general," said someone at the rear. Several others concurred. The colonel shook his head and protested in alarm, saying they had better leave it till later. He could not appear before the general as he was now, in a dirty uniform, without a belt and cap. They thrust a telephone in his hand, and a prim voice said:

"I'll put you through to the general."

Having listened to his report without interrupting him, the general said:

"You will return immediately and see that the files are safe. They must not fall into the enemy's hands. Dismissed!"

The old man was shattered.

"What am I to do now?" he asked, letting the handle of the telephone slip from his left hand and reaching for the wine bottle with the other. But the bottle was empty.

A discussion started on what was to happen now, what the Hungarian government ought to do, whether it was right in the first place to enter the war and, once we had entered, whether we should fight to the last cartridge or try and switch over again—"you see what the Rumanians have done." On Eagle Hill every event in the war served merely to revive this indestructible argument, which had been writhing along like a huge maritime serpent ever since the beginning of the war.

The cadet went up to the office, which seemed to smell much worse now that it was empty than when someone was sitting at every desk. "The ring has closed," he thought. He had been waiting for this, yet now it found him unprepared. A few more days and it would be over. He longed to rejoice—through the years he had become accustomed to suppress his feelings and thoughts. He had been glad without seeming to be, applying a kind of inner mute to himself. Five of his years had been spent on the war, the five remaining years of his youth. He had never known before just what he was going to do, how he was going to make a living, and he did

not know now, but he was nevertheless filled with hope of the great changes to come. It would indeed be shameful if Erna was to become his wife and he could not maintain her.

Dusk was beginning to spread over the snow, and the sky was much darker than the earth. There was a kind of mauve twilight over the lonely trees. He was to take a car with a driver and set out immediately for the lieutenant-colonel, the quartermaster, the records officer and lieutenant Krummel. General's orders.

"Explain to them that there's a war on," said the ADC over the phone. "The Russians are materialists. They don't believe in God. Explain that to them. The Russians don't care that it's Holy Eve, that the Saviour was born this evening. They say the Saviour's dirt. You can't expect them to observe a holiday. And there's no reason to despair. There's plenty of manpower and supplies at our disposal. The reason why we need the gentlemen is to take the necessary steps to stop the Russians. Explain to them. . ."

The ADC was always glad to lay it on thick, but not in this style, and not when talking to an officer trainee. The cadet felt in his own nerves what was now taking place in the nerves of so many people. The ADC had come down a peg, descending from the plinth of his position. Even orders were no longer really orders.

Before the car arrived a lieutenant came clanking into the office. He wore a steel helmet, top-boots, a German sub-machinegun slung muzzle downwards on his shoulder and hand-grenades stuck in his belt all round his waist. The general's orders were that the cadet was first to take him to the quarters of the garrison battalion at Vérmező and only then proceed on his errand.

He did not sit down but strode up and down the room taking long paces and knitting his brow with concern.

"It's no laughing matter this time," he would exclaim every now and then, always doing so as though he had made the discovery that very moment. He would then give a tug at the strap of his sub-machinegun.

There was an irreconcilable contradiction between his smartness and his bellicose attire. He looked as though he had just come out of his bath. An illustration to the Manual: "Officer in regulation combat attire." Boots shining, helmet greased, face freshly shaven, buttons shipshape, shirt immaculate. The cadet kept glancing at him furtively; he was at least as strange a sight as if he had been a Zulu chieftain.

"It's no laughing matter this time," the lieutenant grunted menacingly.

The urgent sound of a horn rent the air. It was the car. The cadet went to the coat rack. The lieutenant wanted to sit beside the driver, but the

hand-grenades would not let him. He sprawled over the back seat, half sitting, half lying, and groaned whenever they drove over a pot-hole.

After some waiting the lieutenant, who had gone in to the garrison battalion's quarters, came out again, ushering a colonel to the car. This was the commander—a small, sanguine man, with a combat outfit just like the lieutenant's.

"Get going!" he said sharply to the driver when he had told him the destination.

The smell of gunpowder blanketed Italy Avenue, acrid and stealthy, alien to the clear winter air which it contaminated in splodges. All the traffic was in the opposite direction; no one, neither vehicle nor pedestrian, was going outward. There were guns under the trees turned outward at an angle so that the road could be covered. The soldiers by the guns were either smoking or rolling cigarettes, both with indescribable equanimity. The thunder of the gunfire further off sounded like the roaring of circus lions. At first the colonel felt moved by the sight, but the repetition of the picture seemed to anger him, for his face became a livid tomato colour.

"God damn these bastards, they're smoking instead of fighting!"

He yelled this out through the window, and an artilleryman standing nearby saluted. By way of reassurance he shouted after them:

"Yes sir, we shall fight, sir!"

"It's no laughing matter this time," added the colonel, seething. Which of them, the cadet wondered, had learnt it from the other?

When they arrived at the given address, the driver was told to turn around and leave the engine running. The two officers ran the distance from the car to the house on the double.

"The Russians can't be stopped now," said the driver, waving towards the road. "They'll be here by evening. I don't give them a month and the country will have changed beyond recognition. Everyone'll have a job—that's what they bring."

The soldiers smoked away imperturbably under the bare trees. It really looked as though they had even stopped up their ears.

"Poor blighters," said the cadet with concern.

"It won't last long," declared the driver, and the cadet shivered impatiently. If only it was over—would that it was over! The driver's forecast made him nervous, for since they had served together he had often asserted that it would not last long. Another month, then another, for years now.

"They're bringing the loot," the driver remarked.

The colonel came first with a smaller suitcase, and when he stepped out from the gate onto the pavement he carefully looked around to see whether

the Russians were there yet. He was followed by the lieutenant, carrying a larger parcel. The driver looked stiffly ahead as though he had not seen them, lest he should have to give a hand. He muttered imprecations under his breath.

"He's the commander of the garrison battalion; he ought to be seeing to the defence arrangements. But his mind's on the loot. That's how it always is. It was the same at Voronezh. How many people bit the dust because of them..."

The two officers got in, and the car was filled with a pungent, almost asphyxiating smell of perspiration. Something rattled in the suitcases, so menacingly that when the car started all but the driver turned to see if someone was following them.

"Give her gas!" bellowed the colonel, as loud as if he were giving orders on the parade ground. As the car gathered speed the noise also increased, rattling fast, like the sound of a machinegun. The sweat streamed off the colonel when he got out at Vérmező and as though continuing a line of thought he grunted:

"Why don't they fight, God damn them? Why don't they fight!"

The driver drove away from the building at full speed before it should occur to someone to cadge a lift from them. The cadet told him the addresses and explained why they were going.

"Oh, we'll be done with that fast enough," waved the driver.

"Don't prophecy or you'll spoil our luck."

"You can ring and knock and beat on the windows for all you're worth. They won't be at home. You'll see. I know their sort. No one knows better than they when it's time to disappear. At Voronezh, too, they only turned up when it was all over. And then only to call us to account."

The driver was not far wrong. Pay Corps Captain Sima gave the cadet a friendly reception and immediately offered him a drink. The engineer whom Sima had had brought back from the front also put in an appearance, as did the Jewish wife. She was a slender little fair woman, with large eyes; her lids fluttered with fright.

"Do you know why I've come, Uncle Béla?" asked the cadet when he had eaten and drunk.

"Of course I know, son," answered the captain, musing and stroking his chin. "What shall we invent? What on earth shall we invent? Tell him, son, that you didn't find me at home. I was at midnight Mass. It's being held at six, exceptionally. You came after me to the church, but you couldn't find me there either. You can't help it if you don't find me, can you?"

From the house at Farkasrét they drove to another in Fillér Street. This

was the home of lieutenant-colonel Saraglyay. The famous dinner that Captain Molnár's evacuation schemes had threatened was in full swing. Saraglyay bade the cadet sit down in his study, where the noise of merry-making could clearly be heard from the dining-room despite the intervening library.

"Well, cadet, let's stick out heads together and invent something for the general. Because you know, don't you, cadet, that I for one don't intend to set foot there this Holy Evening. There's not really much need for me to have an excuse for not going, but I believe it's a gentleman's duty always to keep his affairs in order. You know my views, cadet, I don't forecast much good for our German allies, I've never made a secret of it, but you mustn't forget about German science, because they were always ahead there. What if they really produce something at the last minute? Though my father-in-law doesn't believe they will. They may even ask where I was this evening. If it was not Christmas Eve it wouldn't matter, but everyone remembers a date like this. What do you recommend?"

The cadet scratched his head.

"Shall I say you were at midnight Mass, sir?"

"Unfortunately, son, I'm a Calvinist."

The old man looked vacantly in front of him, his fleshy fingers drumming slowly on the surface of the smoking table.

"And what's new, cadet? What are they saying?" But he did not wait for the answer. "I'm still unflinchingly hopeful. You'll see, I'll be right. You'll see, the English will come marching in. Then we'll celebrate. Oh, I say, how rude I am, I haven't even asked you whether you were hungry."

The cadet protested.

"I'll tell you what to say," said the lieutenant-colonel, growing more lively. "Tell them that my family and I have all gone to have dinner with my father-in-law, the lieutenant-general. That'll be the best thing to say. Anyway, my father-in-law says the English haven't played their last card yet. By no means. The dinner's excellent, do take a bit of sausage, at least. You've never tasted anything as good, I'm sure."

The ordnance captain lived near South Station, and the time must have been about half past eight. That the people inside were not having too bad a time could be heard out on the street—all the way through the wooden blinds, the double windowpanes and the blackout blankets. Tompa was a bachelor and his guests were men—a dozen people sitting around an oblong table that was creaking under its burden of food and drink. Oranges, sardines, lobster, bananas, things whose very memory had passed into oblivion.

He was received with an outburst of joy, as though they had all been waiting for him. Before he could even say that he was on an official errand, he was pressed into a chair. Everyone talked at once, and they all asked: "What will you have to drink?"

He found himself sitting beside an utterly soused civilian who put his arm round him, piled food high on his plate and said:

"Gobble away, cadet, f... 'em all, the Russians are coming anyway, if we don't eat it, they will."

He ate, for the sight had made him hungry and he could not have done anything else anyway. Here too, no one wanted to know the latest news, as if they all knew as much as concerned them. Were they to be admired or condemned? Suddenly he felt the tiny, cunningly clever eyes of the ordnance captain fixed on him.

"You want to know what to tell the general?" he inquired gaily. "Tell him I think he's a heap of shit."

This sentence, like a heavenly revelation, soared proud and high, its sheer clarity breaking through the medley of noisy chatter, so that everyone understood. The cadet rose from his place, at first feeling merely that he had completed this part of his errand and could stay here no longer. The driver was hungry; he had not been invited.

The quartermaster saw him out, and as they passed by the table and the sideboard he seized whatever came to his hand and shoved it into the cadet's pocket—boxes of sardines, cakes of butter, processed cheese, tins, then a bottle of champagne. It was at this point that he remembered Krummel, and he was now very sorry that he had left it to the driver to decide their itinerary. They ought to have begun with Krummel, instead of leaving him to the end. The ordnance captain noticed the concern that was in his eyes for a moment.

"Blurt it out, cadet, if you want to ask for anything."

"Please don't think I'm immodest, captain, but what I need is some French brandy. If you could spare..."

"You've pretty extravagant tastes, I must say!"

The driver clicked in appreciation when he saw the loot. They shared it out. But he had no wish to go any further.

"I've had enough of trundling about. I told you in advance what would happen. The whole lousy show's over, and I for one, old man, I'm going to beat it. I advise you to do the same. The gentlemen were not at home, and that's all there is to it."

The cadet gazed ahead. Once more he felt he had reached the end of his errand. He could not be expected to do any more. His mother was waiting for

him. It was long past dinner-time, and he had spent hours meandering about the town on official business. In his body and his mind he felt the passage of time, the wasting of his life, the joys of which he had been cheated as the fragmented minutes swallowed them up. He thought of Erna's breast, the large, taut breast as it emerged from her night-dress, and a wave of heat swept over him. As against all this, there was nothing but the order he had been given, in all its pitiful superfluosity. He was dead certain the general had also gone home by now and was at this moment bawling carols under the Christmas tree.

"I'm glad you're seeing sense," said the driver. He stepped on the gas and set out, but not towards Krummel's flat.

The cadet protested, almost screaming, and a few minutes later he was trudging on foot along the deserted street.

The driver had absconded—would he filch the car as well? He did not try to explain to himself what really made him go to Krummel. He could not imagine the scene, nor his part in it, and nothing attracted him to the place. On the contrary, he felt a revulsion at it. He reached János Menkina Street.

He rang several times before there was a sound of movement from inside, and he had to wait considerably longer before the door opened. A heavy stench of alcohol, mingled with other sour smells, struck him as he entered. Krummel's face was deathly pale, a rigid mask, his eyes glassy like those of a dead fish.

"I thought you'd gone west, I really did," he said in surprise.

In the vestibule there was trunk upon trunk, great chests, boxes and rolled-up carpets. The bare bulb dangling from a piece of wire could not cope with the dark. Between the luggage and the wall there was only a narrow passage, along which they had to edge their way into the room. The effect inside was almost as bleak, the floor was bare, the bed with its dirty sheets lay unmade, while the open doors of the wardrobes shamelessly revealed the emptiness inside. The bedside lamp had a waxpaper shade, under it an almost empty bottle of fruit brandy and a half-filled, unwashed glass. There was a variety of stale smells and the floor had a coating of mud, dust and filth.

The lieutenant gave an occasional lurch, his tongue faltered from time to time, but on the whole he managed to keep his intoxication under control. How different his drunkenness was from that of the others—dismal, sickly and repulsive. The cadet knew by now that he had come here in vain, he would have liked to turn and go, preferring the unfriendly, empty streets to this place. Anywhere else but here.

"You've been as good as your word," said the lieutenant, sliding his hand down one of the bottles of French brandy.

He wore a long camel-hair dressing-gown. As he sat down on the edge of the bed the dressing-gown flapped open and the cadet saw that he wore civilian trousers underneath. Krummel pulled the cork from the bottle and looked hesitantly round him, wondering what he was to do next. With stiff steps he went to the bathroom and came back with the cap of a thermos bottle. He filled it with brandy and handed it to the cadet, then again seemed uncertain what to do. He had been drinking Kecskemét apricot brandy, and he now mused over whether to mix it with the French.

"Excuse me," he muttered, and suddenly spilt the dregs on the floor. The apricot brandy spread a smell of fresh vomit which sent the cadet's stomach heaving. They drank, and the brandy made him feel a little better. He delivered the general's order, in the hope that it would make it easier for him to get away. Krummel waved his hand.

"I'm very glad you're here, old chap," he said. "Very glad, old chap. Nothing sadder than to spend Christmas Eve alone, eh? You've come just right. Have another . . ."

He smiled. His mouth was all right, but his smile was somehow just as embarrassing to look at as though he had some teeth missing. The cadet felt his throat go dry.

"Fallen between two chairs," the lieutenant continued, with a misty haze over his eyes. "I only did my best, didn't I? Yesterday morning a lot of fellow officers went; there'd have been room for me. The idea was, I was to go with Captain Molnár. I don't understand what happened. I asked him and he said it must have been the general who crossed out my name. We're soldiers. The general's angry with me, else why should he have sent me out on patrol, to the front? Oh, I just remembered, we were there together, weren't we?"

The cadet muttered something about the game's not being up yet, about there being hope while there's life, and so forth. The lieutenant paid no attention to him, and he was glad, though his joy was not undisturbed—this was his doing, a manifestation of his power. It was he who had made a worm of this worm.

"I wasn't bad to anyone, old chap. Did I play the high and mighty? Of course I did some yelling. Show me an army where they don't yell. I think they even yell at the angels in heaven. I'm religious, it may not show, but it's a fact. Whom did I hurt at Corps HQ? The way I think is a different matter, that's my business. But I didn't have anyone put against

the wall. Though I could have. I could still do it now. You think I don't know the things you said, the opinions you people held about the Germans, the war, the Leader of the Nation? I could have had you put against the wall more often than you had breakfast. I didn't have you shot, I didn't even threaten you; you can bear witness to that, can't you, old chap? You will bear witness!"

He said this in an urgent affirmative, not by way of a question, and in such a high state of excitement that for a moment even his inebriation seemed to vanish. The cadet engaged in a desperate bout of explanations, making more use of his hands than his voice. He did not know anything bad about the lieutenant, he would tell them that at Corps HQ where they had served together. . . . Krummel interrupted him.

"So you'll be ready to testify, will you? That's something, but of course it's not enough. Now that I've been caught in this ring I've lost the war. I've got to win the battle here in Budapest, old chap. A fat lot of good it will do me if they turn the Reds back from Vienna or Berlin. They could stretch me out a hundred times over before then. I want you to help me. Don't look so puzzled, old chap; you needn't invent the way, I'll tell you. You know so many people, bohemians, journalists, actors, lawyers. It won't cost you anything—get me a Jew!"

"A Jew?"

"You're looking at me as though you'd never had anything to do with Jews. I want to save him, I need him for cover. It can't be any kind of Jew; it would have to be a better sort of Jew, one with a price. He could eat his fill all right, no trouble about that. No one will dream of looking for him here; they're afraid of me all over the neighbourhood. I'll guarantee his life, old chap. My bathroom's an excellent shelter; I go there myself if there's an air raid when I'm at home."

He ended the sentence at a high pitch, almost as though he was asking a question. So this was what he had been wanting to say all this time, gathering courage to put it into words. Now that he had got it over with at last, the expression on his face changed and his features became boyish. That indeed was what he was—hardly past his adolescence.

"All right, sir, I'll look around."

The officer gave him a penetrating glance.

"You don't have to do all that much looking, I think."

The cadet got up. He was close to vomiting. The stench of the apricot brandy spilt on the floor had grown, expanded and filled the room. Krummel must have noticed that he was not feeling well, for he stepped up to him and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Stay here for the night, old chap. I'll be glad to put you up." He smiled at him ingratiatingly.

The cadet instinctively took a step back and shook his head.

"My mother's waiting for me. It's Christmas Eve. I'll come tomorrow. I can't do anything tonight, it's late. But tomorrow, tomorrow I'll be sure to. You can count on me, sir, you can rest assured."

He was disgusted at the way he was promising things right and left like a gipsy, chattering away superfluously. He felt that his words lacked conviction and that the more he talked the more apparent this became. "Absolutely, absolutely, sir!" he said, as if putting a weight on a set of papers to prevent the wind blowing them off the table. He was groping his way down the pitch dark stairs when the door opened again and he was overtaken by a sepulchral whisper:

"I say, old chap, if you can possibly manage, don't bring me an Orthodox one. Because of the food, you know."

The cool air that struck his face felt like salvation. The street was oppressively, anxiously empty, not a light anywhere, not a living creature, the houses like erect phantoms of which the darkness has consumed great hunks, smudged contours stretching skyward as though they were ruins, the remnants of a city after a concentrated air attack. Occasionally mounds of snow would light his way, elsewhere they blended into the roadway, filth among filth, and these sometimes tripped him up. He forged his way ahead as if he were drilling into a resistant medium, swimming with a tremendous effort, till every now and then the drink would get the better of him and send him reeling. Then he would roll over in the snow until he came up against a wall of some sort. This was how he found out that the bluish porridge that surrounded him contained solid bodies, that it contained something more concrete than the distant roll of guns. The city was dead, as though it was not at this moment at one of the great turning points of its history. "They're drinking, drinking, drinking," he cursed, and though he felt a bad flavour in his mouth he nevertheless yearned to drink.

The key jumped about in his tremulous hand, and he made several false passes at the keyhole before he succeeded in opening the door to his mother's flat. From the dark vestibule he went to the kitchen, where he slumped down on a chair to regain his breath. His wheezing filled the small chamber, one wheeze after another like when someone feverishly turns over the leaves of a book. This was where sleep overcame him. He woke at dawn, when he fell from the chair. He got up and went to bed in his room.

But in the morning! It was as though a bubble from the depth of time had brought his childhood days to the surface again. He had lived like this

on Sundays when his father was away on a journey, though even then it had not been quite as good as now. His mother was watching his breathing and brought him breakfast in bed as soon as he opened his eyes. Márta brought the paper and Erna a cigarette. They were all around him, their faces reflecting sheer eagerness, sheer kindness and smiles. Nothing on earth was as important as his comfort. "Don't go away, sonny, don't go back, they won't look for you here anyway, this isn't the flat you registered." The English radio had said this, the American that, it couldn't last more than a matter of hours now, a few days at most. "And you can't go now anyway, how can you account for the time you were absent? You'll be court-martialled."

He had completed almost five years' service, five years of fatigue, of struggle, with their ever mounting waves of despondency. He was overwhelmed by the enervating end-of-war atmosphere. The guns were roaring at Hűvösvölgy. Nevertheless he did not forget his promise. He had always served, always lived as a subordinate, and had become imbued with the small man's pedantry. He liked to be considered reliable—when dad takes on a job you get a first-class piece of work! Moreover, he felt it would be a good idea at least to call on Krummel, so as not to lose his good will. Should he quit the warm room, should he dare leave Erna's arms and go down in the street where Arrow-Cross patrols were demanding papers from every able-bodied man they came across?

The early dusk came pattering down; only the snow gleamed dully in the twilight, with whitish-grey splodges over the roofs. The bell rang. The two girls hastily hid behind the clothes in the wardrobes, pulling the doors to. The cadet happened to be in the kitchen and heard the dialogue between his mother and Krummel. Two or three questions, and the old lady had lost the game.

"Your humble servant, sir."

He was wearing his uniform and stood in a painfully stiff pose. The effort lengthened and slimmed him. Not only his eyes were like those of a fish, but he looked as though he had himself become one, a lot of sad fishbones with the meat off them. They stood awkwardly facing one another, and in effect everything was decided by now. Krummel knew that he had come in vain. The cadet feverishly racked his brains to find something to say and do. He could not rid himself of the feeling of something being amiss—the kind of guilt you experience when you have left the tap running in the bathroom or forgotten to switch off the light.

"Please step in, sir."

He opened the door for him. When they went in, Krummel sat down

not in the armchair by the window but beside the table. He looked at the cadet humbly, like an unemployed person waiting to be interviewed for a job, and also with reproach, but he did not say a word. Behind him towered the large wardrobe in which Márta, the elder sister, had hidden. The cadet fancied he heard her somewhat asthmatic breathing. The purpose of the lieutenant's visit was obvious. The reason for his meekness was that he was now playing his last card. If only his mother were in the room—the old lady was also hard of breath. He produced some brandy and two glasses. He poured, the sweat streaming down his back, his neck, his skull, and he still did not know what to say, though the silence was almost being sawn by that asthmatic breathing.

"I thought you had fallen ill," said Krummel, tossing down the brandy and stretching the empty glass towards the bottle, almost bumping against it.

It was his turn to talk now, his, damn it all.

"I'll bring some scones," he said, and at the same time cast an almost terrified glance at Márta's wardrobe. Krummel gave no sign of having noticed the telltale look. In the kitchen he found his mother—if only it had been Erna or Márta, with whom he could talk and tell them that they were all in danger of their lives. But no, it was his mother, sitting in the corner, trembling and wringing her hands, her eyes almost popping out of their caverns, two maniac eyeballs. He could not think, he could not gather his wits. Once more he had that uncertain feeling of having forgotten something important. It was not his own fate that worried him; it was once more the part he played, but in a different, more serious, more fateful way than hitherto. If he had been an actor, this situation would not have arisen. The part, in fact, of his having to protect Erna, with fate giving just so much time to do it in, ending either in success or in failure. They had had no more than an ice-cream consumed together at Lake Balaton by way of a common past, when Tubi timidly suggested that he conceal the two Farkas girls. He had undertaken to do it for human decency's sake, with the anxious feeling that always overcame him when he did something against the law. He had forgotten Erna after that ice-cream at Siófok, because she was too pretty, too rich, too smart, way above the pretty girls of his world—the budding actresses of his acquaintance. Erna had taken the initiative, and it was not easy for her to triumph over his various inhibitions. How could he take advantage of her situation? Then he fell in love with her, with feverish haste, like a man possessed of a mortal disease, who counts the very minutes. His mother stared at him speechlessly from the corner, her teeth knocking against each other. She would break her plate!

"Take some, sir, take some, they're very good with the brandy."

He found Krummel in the same position as he had left him, except that he had lit a cigarette. Krummel laid the cigarette on the ash tray and almost obediently took a scone. As he bit into it, he glanced up questioningly, but as though ashamed of his question. It was only now that the cadet noticed he had not taken his coat off but sat there, his sword between his legs, one foot forward, the other back, as the regulations prescribed.

"I haven't forgotten about your request, sir," he started saying, much like a non-swimmer setting out on a cross-Channel swim. With one ear, that of a stranger, he seemed to hear his own words, the senseless drivel about not being over-hasty, about the difficulty of finding a suitable person, what with the whole city in turmoil, indeed the whole country, the whole of Europe for that matter, and with people who lived in one place now living elsewhere.

"I see," said Krummel, gazing over him with those fish-eyes of his.

"So I'd like to ask you to be patient for another day or two."

"Patient?" came the echo of his own word. Krummel suddenly turned from the waist and with a severe look scrutinized Márta's wardrobe.

"I see," he repeated indifferently, lighting another cigarette. He did not wait for the cadet to offer him some, but poured himself brandy and drank it as though he was alone. Although there was no change in his posture, it was evident that something had snapped within him, and he was about to collapse.

"Please take some, sir," said the cadet, offering him scones and cigarettes. Krummel did not refuse, he simply took no notice of him. He drank and smoked one cigarette after another. The cadet was overcome by a feeling that what he was now doing was wrong. He recalled an American adventure film where one throw sent the enemy sprawling and the hero jumped out at the window. From the third floor? His experience now was that of an actor's fiasco—this was what a fiasco must be like, with the bitterness of being whistled at. He felt a profound, painful grief, then, without any transition, intense impatience. If only Krummel would go, once he was gone he would immediately know what to do. He almost burst with the desire to act. Krummel's eyes were now so jelly-like and glassy that they looked like onions being fried. The cigarette smoke drifted about him as in a whirlpool, swaying in tattered streamers. Suddenly he turned his palm downward to look at his watch. The cadet almost gave a cheer of delight that he was at last going. But no—he planted his elbow on the table, leaning his head on one hand, and stared vacantly ahead.

Once more the bell rang, several times in succession, in a rough, peremptory way. The vestibule was filled with the tread of feet. When the sergeant

had reported, the lieutenant rose with a tired movement, pointed his forefinger at the cadet and his thumb at Márta's wardrobe behind him. There were a few more moments of suspense, then sweet relief. Erna was safe!

The iron-studded boots clanked in the staircase, the rhythm slicing the sounds as though not four people but a whole company were thundering down. "I thought you'd gone west," was how Krummel had received him on Christmas Eve when he had called on him. Superfluously, oh how superfluously! This was the moment when fear seized him, like a cold fever. Márta squeezed his hand and glanced at him penitently, as though asking to be excused for being his uninvited partner to their execution. He smiled. "The part", he thought, to fortify himself. To die as one should, with a fine death, unhumbled. He saw Krummel for one more moment, as he turned in at the corner. Krummel did not look back. As they neared the Danube Embankment, the scene of execution, his dissatisfaction mounted within him. Trip up one soldier, thrust the other aside and wrest the rifle from the third. Why did he not do it? Why not try? He felt that the explanation must lie concealed in some very deep, undiscovered stratum where his weak intellect could never penetrate. He would therefore never know the source of this deadly paralysis. He stood wondering on the Embankment. Then the shot was fired.

ECONOMIC LIFE

PERSPECTIVES OF EAST-WEST TRADE AS SEEN BY A HUNGARIAN ECONOMIST*

Before pleading the cause of Hungary's foreign trade and giving a picture of its recent development, I ask your permission to make some general remarks on the role foreign trade is playing in the economy of small countries.

A general feature of the economic state of small countries is the fact that the international division of labour and foreign trade have an increasing bearing on their life. Given approximately identical levels of industrial development, a definite relationship can be seen between the size of the various countries (that is, the size of their population) and their per-capita trade turnover. The smaller the given country, the greater is the per-capita trade turnover. Thus, in Europe, Belgium-Luxemburg, Holland, Switzerland and Sweden lead in this respect, and the foreign trade of the United States, calculated on a per-capita basis, does not even come up to a third of the average of the small European countries. This is the case with the socialist countries too, and I think "The Economist" is missing the point, stating in its leader from the 16th of June: "Foreign trade accounts for only a fraction of their (the socialist countries') national products." This is as right in the case of the Soviet Union as in

the case of the United States and as wrong in the case of Hungary, Czechoslovakia or Poland as in the case of the above-mentioned smaller Western European countries.

This circumstance may be traced to two main causes. It is extremely unlikely that the tremendously increased multitude of goods which modern industry and consumption require can be found or produced in any of the little countries. I do not think any small country exists which would not be faced with the problem of being compelled comparatively early in its industrial development to import an ever-growing amount of raw materials, fuels, machinery and other goods in relation to the broadening of its scope of production. The import requirements constantly grow, and the range of choice of these goods constantly widens. The other cause is that, as one of the striking contradictions of modern development, while there is a distinct world-wide standardization—uniformity taking place in many aspects of life as a result of the narrowing of distances and the speed of communications—the vital interests of the small countries dictate that they participate in the international division of labour with a more or less individual physiognomy, with a specific economic profile. Nowadays

* Address by Imre Vajda, professor at the Budapest University of Economics, given in London at a meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce held on July 2, 1962, on the occasion of a good-will visit to Britain of a delegation of the Hungarian Chamber of Commerce.

we find throughout the temperate zone largely identical buildings and flats, people using identical machines, tools, means of transportation and very similar garments, and—whether we like it or not—this tendency to uniformity and standardization can be traced in the field of entertainment and culture as well. But it is on the basis of this general uniformity that the specific profile of small countries can unfold. This is the field in which they must find the most suitable and most reasonable ways of participating in the international division of labour, especially in concentration on certain branches of production. By relying on their large internal market, the expanse of their territory and the great numbers of their population, only very large countries are capable of participating in the international division of labour on the same level and with the same vigour in many branches of production, and only at a very high stage of this division is it possible to attain a quality in a variety of products that will stand competition on the world market. Small countries, however, must develop branches of production which they intend should play a role on the international market as if they already had sure big markets; this is the only way they will be able to compete with their rivals.

Permit me at this point to make a solemn declaration in favour of the international division of labour, which, in my view, should extend to all peoples and countries of the world, irrespective of their political system and economic management. It is my deep conviction that the better we succeed in widening its scope the greater will be the material welfare of all the peoples concerned and the greater also the chances of a lasting peace—for which I think we all yearn.

The weight of foreign trade in the Hungarian economy stems from the great significance of both the above-mentioned features. It is well known that Hungary is rich in agricultural produce that can be

grown under temperate-zone conditions, although for the time being agricultural productivity lags behind that of the most developed countries. As to mining, the only outstanding role belongs to bauxite; we possess to a far lesser extent some brown coal, crude oil and gas, manganese and iron ore, but almost no hard coal, nonferrous metals, timber or salt. Because the available resources are inadequate, large quantities of iron ores and fuels must be imported in addition to the materials that are completely lacking. Thus, raw materials play a great and undiminishing role in imports, and this puts a heavy burden on the Hungarian balance of payments. On the other hand, about 25 per cent of the national product goes to export, and in some branches of engineering the share of exports is still larger. The following listing gives a few examples (exports in percentage of total product):

agricultural machinery (excluding tractors)	67
road vehicles	37
tractor industry	48
shipbuilding	81
telecommunications	46
instruments	44

From 80 to 90 per cent of the output of some of the big factories are being exported. In drafting the Second Five-year Plan, the Hungarian planning authorities had to consider that during the five-year period the relative weight of foreign trade would continue to grow. I think the main reasons can be traced as follows:

There will be further changes in the structure of production; the proportions of its main branches will alter. Industry is developing faster than agriculture; according to the plan, industrial output will, on the average, increase by 48 to 50 per cent between 1961—1965, while it is estimated that total agricultural production will increase by 22 to 23 per cent, compared

with the average for the previous five years. Industry's foreign-trade commitments are greater than those of agriculture. The bulk of import requirements is connected with industry, which also supplies about four fifths of the exports. Thus, the growth of the relative weight of industry in the Hungarian economy also involves an increase in the weight of foreign trade.

The planned international division of labour is broadening too, primarily among the socialist countries, within the context of the socialist world. At the same time it is planned to expand Hungary's ties with the underdeveloped overseas countries, as well as with the Western markets. The estimated increase of Hungary's participation in the international division of labour will be concentrated in particular fields. Here we shall strive to achieve the ultimate goal I spoke of: to create an individual physiognomy which corresponds to the general conditions of the country.

Planning in foreign trade is given the greatest support by long-term trade agreements covering the whole plan period, which are concluded with the other socialist

countries in the course of coordinating the preliminary planning. The lists of goods pertaining to these agreements cover more than 80 per cent of the planned trade with these countries. This fact alone gives Hungarian foreign-trade planning considerable stability and also greatly facilitates proper production management.

Although the significance of these long-term agreements is obvious, it is perhaps necessary to emphasize our awareness of the fact that economic development proceeds under constant flux and change, which cannot always be foreseen. Over-all economic planning, including the foreign-trade plans, should therefore be flexible so that practice may be adapted to changed conditions and requirements of the markets as they arise. However, the scope of these changes can be calculated in advance with relatively great accuracy. Experience shows that a plan extending over a period of five years gives too short a time to introduce structural changes into a branch of production. Scientific planning and technological preparations for such changes must come either into the plan period or precede it.

Commodity structure of Hungary's foreign trade in percentages

	1950-54	1958-60	1961-65	
	First Five-year Plan	Three-year Plan	Second Five-year Plan	Trade agreements with CMEA countries
	actual figures		planned figures	
Exports				
Machinery and equipment	28.9	40.9	43.5	54.4
Raw materials and mineral fuels	19.3	22.8	20.7	19.6
Industrial consumer's goods	20.3	12.5	11.0	12.6
Food and agricultural products	31.5	23.8	24.8	13.4
	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
Import				
Machinery and equipment	19.9	22.6	28.0	34.5
Raw materials and mineral fuels	68.8	66.3	63.2	60.9
Industrial consumer's goods	1.8	4.0	4.6	4.0
Food and agricultural products	9.5	7.1	4.2	0.6
	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0

Thus, even in the present five-year plan we have made preparations for the perspectives beyond 1965 and have ensured reserves for future plans too. Our present talks in the United Kingdom are, I think, proof of this prevision, and I hope the common efforts of the London Chamber of Commerce and the Hungarian Chamber of Commerce will bear fruit.

On the basis of coordinating the plans and intensifying the international division of labour, the foreign-trade plan for Hungary envisages considerable development in the structure of export and import goods. This development is illustrated in broad terms in the table on the preceding page. (In the decade prior to the Second World War—1930-1938—about 60 per cent of Hungarian exports consisted of raw materials, 9 per cent semi-finished goods and only 31 per cent of finished goods, including products of the food industry; in imports the share of raw materials constituted 42 per cent, semi-finished goods 27 per cent and finished goods 31 per cent of the total.)

According to the table, the share of machinery and engineering products of high precision will increase both in exports and in imports between 1961 and 1965. The share of raw materials in exports will decrease somewhat; that of agricultural produce will remain largely at an unchanged level. In contrast, it is hoped to be able to reduce considerably the former relatively high ratio of agricultural imports. The anticipated increase in domestic production should be sufficient to cover the population's growing food requirements, although agricultural products of other zones will still be imported. The table includes the structure of the long-term trade agreements concluded with the countries members of the Council of Mutual Economic Aid, and let me call your attention to the fact that here machinery and production equipment carry greater weight in Hungary's exports than in the estimated total turnover. On

the other hand, while the share of machinery is also larger in imports, the ratio of raw materials and fuels is on the same level as in the total turnover. The relatively low ratio of industrial consumer's goods in both exports and imports indicates that in this respect the international division of labour still has considerable unexploited reserves—there is therefore still much to do in this field.

One remarkable point in the table showing the changing pattern of Hungarian commodity trade is the relatively decreasing ratio of the imports of raw materials and fuels. This fact apparently contradicts that of the lack of resources mentioned before. A lower proportion of raw material imports would be understandable if the planned development of industrial production during the plan period could provide the processing industry with materials in a larger measure than before. This, however, is the case only in some branches; it does not apply in general. The decrease of the import ratio of raw materials and fuels from about 66 per cent to 63 per cent may be explained by the tendency of the plan to stress the manufacturing of goods with greater finish (a common tendency observable throughout the whole industrial world), lesser input of materials, lighter structures and more precise technique. This change in proportions, which is discernible only to experts, nevertheless undeniably embodies a main task of our Second Five-year Plan and one that requires the utmost effort. It is here that the new technique, the new approach and the most economical use of our resources must show themselves. Here one finds a line leading to the principle of concentration on some branches and the specific physiognomy I mentioned before. Let me add that, whereas the planned increase in the import of raw materials between 1960 and 1965 is 36 per cent, the increase in the import of machinery will be more than 40 per cent. I think this is the aspect which will arouse particular interest in Britain.

To pass over to exports, I want to emphasize the extent to which Hungary may succeed in developing the *points of concentration* which I mentioned above. In this connection I should like to draw your attention to the changing structure of our machinery exports. From 1960 to 1965 the share of chemical machinery, motor vehicles, complete factories and equipment, instruments and telecommunications will increase from about 48 per cent to 63 per cent of all machinery exported. This export plan is chiefly based on the planned international division of labour within the camp of the socialist countries and the long-term agreements concluded with them.

To avoid misinterpretations, I must state here that the plans of the socialist countries, for both the near and the more distant future, definitively aim at widening the international division of labour in all directions. And this holds good for the Second Hungarian Five-year Plan. We desire to intensify our economic and foreign-trade relations with the Western countries, with Great Britain too, and we are confidently planning a considerable build-up of our relations with the Asian, African and Latin American countries that are now embarking on the accelerating phase of their economic development.

No doubt you are struck by the difference in emphasis which I am placing on the possibilities of relations with the countries of the West and the underdeveloped countries. This differentiation stems from political realities, much as I regret them and disapprove of them. A report which was recently submitted to the Joint Economic Committee of the U. S. Senate went so far as to point out that East-West trade cannot be regarded as a normal economic problem but presents the issue of trading with the enemy. This report advocated the maintenance and broadening of the policy of embargos and made great efforts to prove that a total stop of East-West trade would not seriously affect the

West. Although so far neither the Western European countries nor the present U. S. administration have accepted this view, we cannot ignore the discriminatory trade policy applied by some Western countries and blocs with respect to Hungary and the socialist countries in general, nor the fact that this discrimination on tariffs, quotas and so on confines the actual trade turnover within comparatively narrow limits. The unjustifiable fact that the share of the socialist countries in the foreign trade of the NATO countries, despite a numerical growth, is hardly more than 4 per cent, must be attributed not to economic but primarily to political reasons. We are combatting this recurring discrimination everywhere, at world forums as well as in direct interstate negotiations, and our efforts have not been in vain, for we think we have achieved some successes. In recent years the European socialist countries have been able to increase their foreign trade with Western Europe considerably, from a quarterly average of 840 millions of dollars in 1958 to 1,340 millions at the end of 1960. Hungary too has had a share in this.

Hungary's planning would be unrealistic, however, if it were to be built on a sudden spurt following a slow advance. We are confident that the firm and consistent peace policy of the socialist countries will be as fruitful between 1962 and 1965 as it was earlier, and we are therefore anticipating the same rate of growth in the share of the Western countries in our foreign trade turnover as that of our trade with the socialist countries.

We wish to increase Hungary's 400 million dollars' worth of trade in 1960 with Western Europe to 600 million dollars by 1965. This trade plan is not broken down into individual countries but consists of a global figure. Thus, we are not determining in advance the growth of trade by countries—although naturally we do have our ideas as to the perspectives of trade policy with respect to certain countries. I

think this present visit in England and the talks we have been able to have with various institutions and firms are the best proof of the direction of these ideas. The import requirements of the plan will be divided among the leading Western countries in the way every serious-minded merchant does, considering his own interests and taking careful account of the trade and payment terms. The development of the present structure with respect to the Western European countries will therefore depend mostly on the trading partners. Orders will be placed first of all with those countries that grant Hungarian foreign trade the most complete reciprocity.

The Hungarian plans assign a considerable role to the techniques desired from the advanced industry of the West. Moreover, special machines, factory equipment, manufactured products, licences, know-how and raw materials will be purchased in large quantities and trade will also be developed in industrial consumer's goods. The logical preliminary condition of all these planned transactions is that they should take place at world market prices and terms, that is, that the Western business partners should regard the Hungarian companies and institutions as clients worthy of credit and confidence. We think it is not too much to ask that our enterprises be granted the usual advantages of medium or long-term credits which are customary on the world market in sales of factory equipment and machinery. I want to point out that our experiences so far in this respect have not been unfavourable. Western firms bidding for our contracts generally find the means of satisfying the requirements. It may be assumed that this situation will continue in the future.

It goes without saying that the other requisite for increasing trade lies in the import possibilities to be extended by the Western countries, in particular by Great Britain. We assume—and we have built the pertinent part of our plans on this assump-

tion—that our export possibilities to this market in the years ahead will grow instead of diminishing. We are well aware of the fact that we shall have to increase the range of goods to be offered for sale in Great Britain and other Western countries. We also see that in some respects we must offer goods of higher finish and better quality to satisfy the special requirements and tastes of England and other countries concerned. Furthermore, we shall have to live up to the advice given by an important British person—a counsel which we appreciate and for which we are most grateful—that we be more aggressive as salesmen and better adapt our technique of salesmanship to the conditions of the British market. But I wonder whether all this will suffice, whether there will not be a need for special measures to be taken by the British authorities in order to promote this branch of trade.

The establishment of the Common Market, its planned enlargement, agreements and conflicts between its member countries alike have usually lead and are likely to lead to measures that aggravate rather than improve the earlier situation. Discriminatory tariffs detrimental to countries outside the Common Market are constantly increasing.

But the socialist countries, and Hungary among them, are faced with a diversity of measures that hamper trade over and beyond the discriminatory tariffs. This is a well known fact, and the Bulletin of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe has stated it a number of times. Not long ago a minister of a member country of GATT remarked, practically as an appeal to his Western colleagues, that it was not advisable to fight with equal weapons in trading with the socialist countries and that apart from the classical methods of customs-protection other methods would have to be applied. The "other methods" include allocation of narrow quotas, import bans, withdrawal of credits and privileges from

those firms who wish to trade with the socialist countries, and even political campaigns. But we are confident that the wind of change—to quote Mr. Macmillan—will in time reach this area too and sweep out the “other methods.” This confidence has been supported by the recent generous words of Sir Keith Joseph at a Board of Trade meeting.

I should not like to leave unmentioned those increasing efforts in the five-year plan that are aimed at improving Hungary’s foreign-trade terms. I refer to the increase of economic efficiency. The socialist countries are frequently accused of dumping—of selling below value. Nowadays economic literature generally recognizes that this concept is arbitrary and thus its content rather indefinable. But the buyer generally does not at all mind being able to purchase more cheaply; it is always the complaint of the by-passed competitor that is voiced. Curiously enough, nobody raises the charge of dumping in such obvious cases as certain sales of flour in some Western countries, where the price of the exported flour is lower than that of the imported grain. The explanation is state subsidies on grain imports and, on the other hand, on flour exports, as well as the well-guided “blindness” of the authorities in charge of control. Hungarian foreign trade in the last four or five years has come a long way in the struggle for better export prices, in excluding from its lists those goods which could only be marketed abroad at unfavourable prices.

The Second Five-year Plan attaches great importance to this struggle, and during its first year—1961—Hungarian foreign trade has succeeded in improving its terms of trade index by about three points. Britain’s terms of trade, according to figures published in the Journal of the Board of Trade, also improved by three points. I should add that the Hungarian index pertains exclusively to foreign trade outside of the socialist camp: in intrasocialist trade the ratios remained largely unchanged.

Let me return to my starting point: the role of foreign trade in the Hungarian economy and the means of increasing trade between Hungary and the United Kingdom. I have tried to point out the road on which our foreign trade should advance, the tasks ahead and the best means of implementing them. I ask myself whether what I have said about Hungary’s five-year plan of foreign trade is satisfactory if we compare the plan with the high level of the tasks we have set ourselves. The answer cannot be a simple yes or no. Let us take the tasks one by one:

Supply of raw materials. The higher import targets in some measure lag behind the planned rate of growth of industrial production, even though domestic basic material output will not completely make up for this deficit. Thus, the stress and strain is obvious, and the planned means of solving it—the reduction of the ratio of material consumption in industry—represents a very heavy task.

International division of labour. Progress is obvious and swift. The annual average trade turnover with the socialist countries will rise to more than one and a half times the average for the previous three years. Within this, trade in machinery and precision engineering goods—this foremost sector of the international division of labour—will go up by about 70 per cent. Thus, the production plan is generally well founded as far as foreign trade is concerned.

Finally, the *specific physiognomy*, the specialization that characteristically defines the entire production and foreign trade. This is undoubtedly the greatest and most difficult of all the tasks embodied in the plans. In this respect progress in the period between 1961 and 1965 will be considerable, but still it will not be so rapid as we should like to see it. Here we hope to get Great Britain’s assistance too, both as customers and as suppliers. We shall get ahead; yet we feel that the lion’s share of the task will be left to the years after 1965.

As for the development of relations with Western markets in general, and especially with the United Kingdom, it is obvious that this is not only an economic question, not only a question of mutual good will, but—to my deep regret—a political one also. It is bound up with the favourable or unfavourable trend in world politics. Nevertheless, I hope nobody will fail to recognize the optimism which in this respect too imbues the plans and which is confidently based on our unshakable belief that peace can and will be maintained, that the international economic relations between socialist and Western countries can and will be enlarged, and that this development will bear ample fruit for the whole of humanity.

I cannot conclude without expressing my deep gratitude for the great honour of being allowed to discuss with you the perspectives of Hungary's foreign trade in general and with the United Kingdom in particular. I hope, and so do all members of the delegation to which I belong, that our common efforts will succeed in increasing Hungary's trade with Great Britain and in developing a very useful economic collaboration. It was this aim that led us to form the British section of the Hungarian Chamber of Commerce, in the same spirit that guided the setting up of a Hungarian section of the London Chamber of Commerce—whose delegation I hope we shall have the pleasure of meeting in Budapest in a not too distant future.

IMRE VAJDA

PROBLEMS OF INDUSTRIAL SITING IN HUNGARY

Regional disequilibrium of industrial development within individual countries is a world-wide problem, for it gives rise to tension between more highly-developed and less-advanced regions, causes regional shortages and redundancies in manpower, and leads to a number of other economic and social difficulties. Hungary, although a small country, suffers seriously from the unequal distribution of industries, and it is felt throughout the country that a great effort must be made to cope with this problem.

Dependence on Austria and the presence of semi-feudal conditions for a long time retarded industrial development in Hungary. In Budapest, the capital city, special circumstances contributed to an unusually sharp concentration of industrial production, manpower and population at the middle of the 19th century.

The rapid industrialization in Budapest toward the end of the last century was actually a good sign, but continued sound develop-

ment would have required a more adequate response in the rest of the country to the fresh impulses starting from the capital. The fact was that the owners of the large feudal estates resisted industrial development in the neighbourhood of their vast estates and in the villages whose lords they were; they feared that the impact of industrial organization and the resulting more advanced way of life and higher level of consciousness of their farmhands and servants would curb their rule, that it might give these people whom they had kept in virtual serfdom a chance to find emancipation in industry. After World War I industrial capital gained strength and influence; but in the period between the two world wars the feudal landowners remained strong enough as a group to obstruct nation-wide industrial development.

Budapest therefore owes her disproportionate importance in the regional distribution of labour primarily to socio-economic

factors and only secondarily to her favourable geographic location. Foremost among the geographic factors is its location on the Danube, a crossing place and traffic route and also a good source of water for industry. Proximity to Tatabánya and Dorog, two major coal basins of the country which supply a good quality of brown coal, also contributed to the industrial development of the capital. In addition, food and raw materials for light industry, whose requirements were rapidly increasing, could be supplied from the near-by agricultural lowland areas.

The following socio-economic conditions favoured industrial development in the capital: Budapest became a metropolis in the second half of the 19th century. The growth in population corresponded to development in the industries catering to consumer requirements (food and light industry), and the expansion of the engineering and chemical industries. The capital became the largest manpower market in the country, which made it a logical site for locating additional factories. The radial construction of the communications system, with almost all the major roads and railways converging on Budapest, strengthened the central role of the city—it became the hub of trade and commerce as well. The railway tariff policy of the state and the real-estate speculations played their parts too in promoting a more-than-sound industrial concentration.

The gap between the industrially overloaded area of the capital and the rest of the country continued to increase between the two world wars. After World War I, the rapidly developing light industry and a few branches of the engineering industry settled in Budapest. In 1938 as much as 62.3 per cent of all industrial workers were employed in Budapest, and in some branches of the engineering industry as many as 80 per cent or more of the labour force was in the capital.

Outside of Budapest, only the Sajó river valley and the vicinity of Salgótarján in northern Hungary, Győr and a few other towns in the Small Plains, the district of

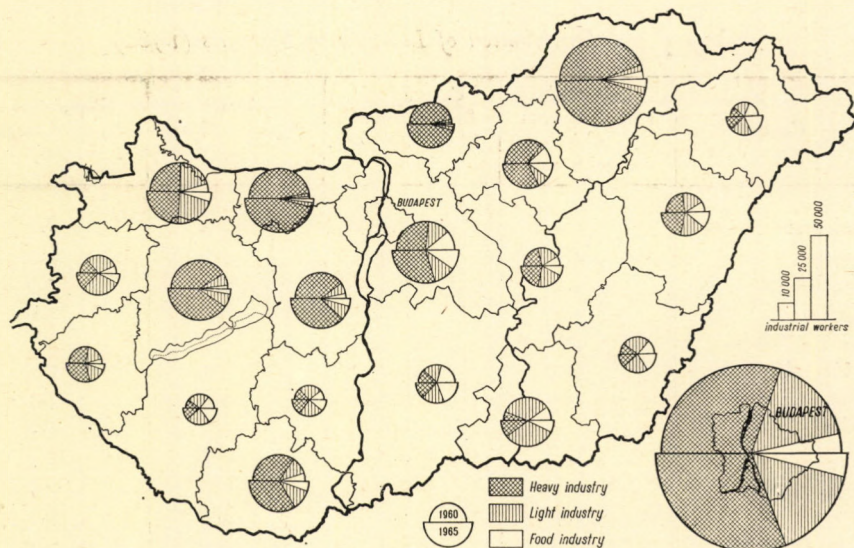
Tatabánya and Dorog, and the neighbourhood of Pécs possessed relatively advanced industry. Budapest and its vicinity constituted the single industrial region *per se* in Hungary. This state of affairs meant, of course, that the provinces remained socio-economically under-developed.

Immediately after World War II very little could be done to achieve a better balance, for 38 per cent of Hungarian industry was destroyed and reconstruction could be most rapidly and economically effected through expansion of the factories that had remained intact and rebuilding and enlargement of the plants that had been damaged. Nevertheless, the regional distribution of industry did improve with the First Three-year Plan (1947—1949), and by the end of 1949 only 53.9 per cent of industrial employees worked in Budapest. This relative shift was achieved through the completion of a few provincial factories, whose construction had been begun during the war, and through greater emphasis on the expansion of provincial factories.

During the past ten years further progress has been made in equalizing the industrial load of the various parts of the country. The First Five-year Plan called for the reduction of industrial concentration in Budapest and a higher-than-average rate of industrialization in the underdeveloped areas between the Danube and Tisza rivers and east of the Tisza. Consequently the relative importance of Budapest in the nation's industry has been somewhat reduced and that of the Great Plains increased.

A large number of new large-scale industrial plants were established in the Great Plains, including, among others, the Ball Bearings Factory and Pharmaceutical Factory in Debrecen, the Textile Mill at Szeged, the Balance Factory at Hódmezővásárhely, the Mining Equipment Works at Kiskunfélegyháza, and the Chipping Machine Factory at Jászberény.

The Borsod region in the northern part of the country has by now developed into



TERRITORIAL DISTRIBUTION OF HUNGARIAN INDUSTRY

a contiguous industrial area. Simultaneously with the large-scale expansion of the old mines and metallurgical plants, two large thermoelectric power plants were built at Kazincbarcika and Tiszapalkonya. The large number of new establishments in the region include the Borsod Chemical Works, which manufactures significant quantities of nitrogen fertilizers, and the Hejőcsaba Cement Works which supplies the country's requirements for this important building material.

The valley of the Zagyva River is another area that has greatly benefited from recent industrial development. Advances in coal mining have contributed to the new industrial boom in the Tatabánya-Dorog district, and a number of new establishments have gone up around Veszprém. At Várpalota, in addition to the new Thermoelectric Plant a large-capacity Aluminium Foundry has been built and, as a result of the vigorous industrial upswing, Pétfürdő, Inota and Várpalota have combined into a new socialist city, taking the name of Várpalota. Less

than 40 miles south of Budapest, on the plateau of Dunapentele, the Danubian Iron Works has been established in the new socialist town of Dunaújváros, the country's second centre of heavy industry. The great increase in coal production has turned the one-time village of Komló into a mining city.

All these efforts have, however, proved insufficient for a real balance of the distribution of industry. The industrially underdeveloped areas have not been able to increase their importance. For one reason, not all the industrial establishments included in the capital-investment targets of the First Five-year Plan were realized. Further, economic considerations led to the siting of many new establishments in the old regions of industry. Moreover, after 1953, when the over-ambitious nature of some of the plan targets had become apparent, it was preferred to effect increased production through reconstructions and enlargements rather than new capital investments. The still unfavourable regional distribution of Hungarian industry is indicated by the table:

Geographical Distribution of Industry by Counties (1960)

County	Industrial Establishments (% of State-owned Total)	Capacity of Electromotors (% of National Total)	Area (% of National Total)	Population (% of National Total)
Budapest	45.0	25.1	0.6	18.1
Baranya	4.0	5.3	4.9	4.1
Bács-Kiskun	1.8	0.5	9.0	5.9
Békés	1.4	0.8	6.1	4.8
Borsod-Abaúj-Zemplén	9.0	22.8	7.7	7.3
Csongrád	2.6	1.0	4.6	4.3
Fejér	3.0	6.8	4.7	3.6
Győr-Sopron	4.5	2.4	4.3	3.9
Hajdú-Bihar	1.9	0.9	6.7	5.2
Heves	2.4	5.0	3.9	3.5
Komárom	5.1	10.2	2.4	2.7
Nógrád	2.7	2.2	2.7	2.4
Pest	4.5	2.0	6.9	7.8
Somogy	1.1	0.6	6.5	3.7
Szabolcs-Szatmár	0.8	0.7	6.4	5.9
Szolnok	1.9	1.6	6.0	4.7
Tolna	1.1	0.4	3.9	2.7
Vas	1.6	0.7	3.6	2.8
Veszprém	4.2	8.7	5.6	3.9
Zala	1.4	2.3	3.5	2.7
Total	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0

The concentration of industry in Budapest is evident from the table, although, as data indicate, the share of the capital in the country's industry dropped from 62.3 per cent in 1938 to 45 per cent in 1960. Characteristic of the degree of industrial concentration in Budapest is the fact that there are 280 industrial workers and employees for every 1,000 persons in the capital, which is twice the national average.

The disproportion is even more striking if industry is broken down into types.

In various branches of the finishing industry and light industry the following percentages of all employees work in Budapest:

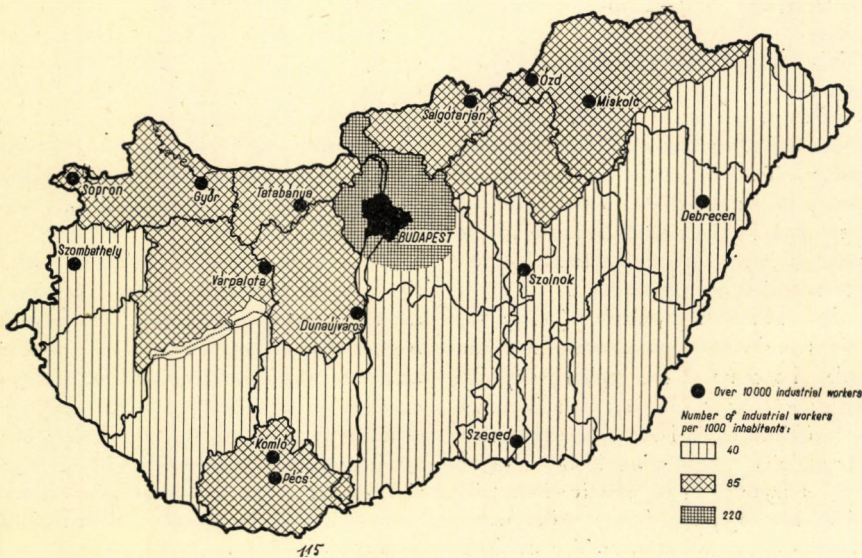
Chemicals	58
Engineering	60
Hardware	75
Tools	76
Electrical machines	84
Rubber and synthetic materials	90
Wood	55
Clothing	55
Textiles	62
Leather and fur	70
Paper and printing	80
Food	37

Budapest has considerably more than 50 per cent of all but one of the above branches of industry. This is evident even though these figures do not contain the data for the new industrial ring now developing around the capital—but its plants are, in fact, integrally connected with Budapest industry even though they lie outside the jurisdiction of Greater Budapest. The Hungarian capital is not merely an industrial city but, together with its environs, a vast industrial area, and thus its problem is more complex than that of an industrial city.

Outside of Budapest, the only other industrial centers in Hungary are the regions of the Hungarian Mountains, the Mecsek Mountains and the Small Plains. Living in these regions are 31.4 per cent of the country's population and 34.8 per cent of all industrial workers; the most industrialized counties of Hungary are located here. The proportion of industrial workers per thousand of population in these counties is as follows:

County	Industrial Workers per 1,000 of population
Komárom	210
Borsod-Abaúj-Zemplén	140
Nógrád	130
Győr-Sopron	120
Veszprém	110
Baranya	100

Their industrial development has been very different from that in Budapest. In contrast to the situation in Budapest, where almost all branches of industry are well represented and therefore industries are concentrated which are both horizontally and vertically complementary, the other industrial regions of Hungary have seen the development of definitely specialized branches, chiefly heavy industry, with mining, power production, metallurgy, heavy chemicals and building playing the main roles.



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DISTRIBUTION OF EMPLOYMENT IN STATE INDUSTRY IN 1960 AND 1965

Industry in the Hungarian Mountains is characterized by basic materials and power production, with lesser amounts of engineering, light industry and food industry. In the Mecsek Mountains mining, electric power and building materials are the chief branches of industry. After Budapest, the Small Plains region is industrially the best balanced.

Other parts of the country, constituting 56.3 per cent of the total area and 42.7 per cent of the total population, are industrially underdeveloped, employing only 15.6 per cent of the total number of industrial employees. Nevertheless, these areas play an important role in the national industry, for they have their characteristic specializations just as much as more advanced areas. In the underdeveloped, primarily agricultural counties, food and light industries are particularly important. Whereas the share of the food industry in the country's industry as a whole is only 11 per cent, in some of the Great Plains counties this branch employs as many as 40 to 50 per cent of the industrial workers. A similar situation exists with respect to some branches of the light industry.

This disproportionate development of industry hampers the sound development of the economic life of the country as a whole and has had a number of unfortunate consequences. The exaggerated concentration of industry in Budapest has contributed to a great extent to the sudden increase of the population in the capital city. Ensuring adequate supplies and provisions of all kinds for the permanent population (nearly 1.9 million) and the approximately 200,000 people who come to the capital every day constitutes a great problem that is sometimes difficult to deal with. Any expansion of production would unavoidably lead to a further increase in the relative industrial load at the capital and to a still greater absorption of manpower there. The problems of transportation and communications are also becoming more and more difficult to solve.

At the same time, this concentration in Budapest affects the less-developed parts of the country and makes their advancement more difficult. The greatest difficulties are in manpower economy. In Budapest there is an acute shortage of labour, while in some parts of the country—particularly in the Great Plains—there is an occasional surplus. Some districts are unable to provide sufficient employment for the local population, and therefore those looking for jobs move to Budapest or other industrial regions. Approximately 6 million of Hungary's population of 10 million have changed their domiciles since 1940—most of these being young persons—and the greatest shifts in population have been from agricultural areas. This means a shortage of manpower in agriculture, especially during the summer.

The distribution of the population has, of course, been affected by the disequilibrium in industrial development. The population of the industrial districts and communities has shown a much greater growth than the natural increase, whereas in agricultural districts there has been an absolute decrease in the population.

The disproportionate distribution of industry is, of course, a vicious circle difficult to break. It has hampered urban development in agricultural areas, in this way again obstructing their industrial development. The unhealthy shifts in the population have curbed the intensive development of agriculture.

Thus the present distribution of Hungarian industry is in many respects undesirable from the socio-economic point of view. It is clear that, although in the past 10 years much has been done to equalize the regional distribution of industry, it has not been possible to make up for the neglect of a whole century in such a relatively short period. As far as can be foreseen, it will take about 20 years to create a new regional balance in industry.

The Second Five-year Plan, ratified in the Hungarian National Assembly just a few

months ago, contains a number of directives with regard to industrial siting:

Major objectives involve industrialization of such underdeveloped areas as the Great Plains and at the same time reduction of the relative industrial load at Budapest. Measures to facilitate the deconcentration of industry from Budapest include the prohibition of building of new plants in the capital except special cases and the shifting of certain workshops and factories, as well as industrialization at a relatively more rapid rate in the provinces.

The last-mentioned point is indicated by the fact that the number of state industrial employees is expected to increase by 1965 to 112 per cent of the 1960 figure, as a national average, while in the industrially underdeveloped counties the increase is estimated to reach 125 per cent. Among the Great Plains counties, especially rapid rates of industrialization are planned for Szabolcs-Szatmár (index: 164), Hajdú-Bihar (138), Békés (124) and Bács-Kiskun Counties (122).

What were the factors given particular consideration in making the development plan for the Great Plains?

The Great Plains, which is now industrially the most backward area of Hungary, consists of districts with significant economic differences. Mining areas suitable for industrial sites are rare, but the most extensive natural gas fields of the country lie beneath this area, which is also rich in building materials. In addition, there is a good supply of raw materials of agricultural origin.

The undoubted poverty of this region in mineral resources is no obstacle to industrial development, especially since Hungary imports a large part of its raw-material requirements from abroad and since the Great Plains is well-situated from the point of view of import routes. Good transport facilities connect it not only with Budapest but also with the U. S. S. R., Rumania, Yugoslavia, and via the Danube—all countries of the Danube basin.

Industrial water supplies and drainage constitute the greatest difficulties of industrialization in this area, except for the strips along the Tisza river.

It is a great advantage, on the other hand, that the Great Plains has a large surplus of manpower, as is shown by the statistics on the shifts in the population. Moreover, the socialist reorganization of agriculture and the increased mechanization that goes with it will combine to release additional labour.

The fairly well populated larger communities, which are characteristic of the Great Plains, also favour industrialization. In fact, the Second Five-year Plan provides for the placement of new factories chiefly in settlements which have a relatively high population figure and seem to be well suited for development. The relatively rapid rate of industrialization of the Great Plains towns is expected to be advantageous from a political point of view, for it will promote social progress, the spread of culture, and a rapid rise in living standards.

In addition to engineering plants and light industries for use of available labour, building-material factories and food-processing plants are the types of establishment that the Second Five-year Plan envisages for the Great Plains. Accordingly, several dairy plants, two large canneries, a sugar factory, a textile mill, a glass factory and a pane factory will be built, while existing engineering works will be expanded. No great change is expected in the industrial make-up of the Great Plains, but its total importance in industry will increase, especially in regard to employment. Concentrated industrialization is being carried on particularly in such larger centres as Debrecen, Szeged, Békéscsaba, Nyíregyháza, Szolnok, Orosháza, Kecskemét and Szentés.

The rate of industrialization will be above the national average in the industrially underdeveloped Transdanubian counties of Somogy, Tolna, Vas and Zala, as well as in the Great Plains areas.

In addition to what is planned for the industrially underdeveloped areas, a considerable amount of industrial development is expected to continue in the Hungarian Mountains and the vicinity of the Mecsek Mountains.

The Hungarian Mountains, which range from Borsod to Zala Counties and constitute an important industrial zone, and also the Mecsek Mountains have the natural resources (coal, bauxite, manganese and uranium ores, non-ferrous metals, and other minerals) for industrial development—which fact was, of course, given extensive thought in drawing up the industrialization plans.

Attention has been paid in the plans also to the large number of combinative possibilities in connection with existing industrial establishments of the area. It is not without importance, for instance, that a great deal of expert ability is concentrated in an area which can make real contributions to industrial development; in addition, labour power may be gained by encouragement of women to take up employment. Another factor in the area is the fairly good transportation facilities. On the basis of all these considerations industrial development in the Hungarian Mountains and in the Mecsek district will proceed at a rate higher than the national average.

The North-Hungarian area will have a vigorous increase in coal mining, metallurgy and building-materials industry. Within the chemical industry especially, artificial-fertilizer production and synthetic-materials production are expected to grow, in connection with new plants at Kazincbarcika and Tiszapalkonya. Also planned for the region is the establishment of a new thermoelectric power plant, which will be supplied by local fuel resources. In the central part of Transdanubia coal mining, mineral-oil production and light metallurgy are expected to show large-scale development. In the vicinity of Pécs and Komló there is to be expansion in coal and uranium mining and the building-material industry. Moreover,

a few new engineering, light-industrial and food-processing plants will be established.

In the Small Plains particularly the engineering industry (Győr, Szombathely, Sárvár), light industry (Győr, Sopron, Celldömök) and the food industry will be expanded.

An important objective of the Second Five-year Plan is reduction of the industrial preponderance of Budapest. Budapest will be made to relax its one-hand grip on industry and reduce the share of 45.1 per cent in 1960 to 42.0 per cent by 1965. No large-scale new plants will be set up in the capital, and even reconstruction and modernization will be restricted, with only a bare minimum of staff increase allowed. Obsolete establishments will be shut down, and certain factories and units will be moved to the provinces. Problems of expansion of some Budapest factories will be solved by establishment of branches outside the city.

Near Budapest, a cement factory with a one-million ton capacity will be built at Vác, and at Százhalombatta a 600-kilowatt thermoelectric plant and a high-capacity mineral-oil refinery will go up. Industrial development will be concentrated mainly in five of Hungary's larger cities—Szeged, Pécs, Debrecen, Miskolc and Győr—in order to develop industrial counterparts to Budapest. In addition, a higher-than-average rate of industrialization is expected in 15 or 20 other suitable communities.

The Second Five-year Plan applies to the resources and possibilities of the entire country. To correct distorted regional distribution and develop a healthy balance will take a relatively longer period. In a socialist country, however, unified control of the entire national economy, scientific planning and supervision ensure that, in long-term perspective, the efforts to develop a sound and well-balanced economic life throughout the country will prove fruitful.

ETEL KISS
JÓZSEF KORÓDI

DOCUMENTS

DEFOE AND HUNGARY

by

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Very few Hungarian readers of "Robinson Crusoe" know that the author of this extremely popular book, Daniel Defoe, the prominent writer and publicist, was much concerned with the "Hungarian problem" of his age—the war of independence waged from 1703 to 1711 by Ferenc Rákóczi II, scion of a princely family and himself a prince of Transylvania.

Rákóczi's war of independence was the last phase of a long struggle by the Hungarian nobility against Hapsburg absolutism for the liberty of the country and the maintenance of nobiliary prerogatives. Feudal Hungary became, after 1526, a battleground of foreign powers, namely, Austria and Turkey; one part of the Hungarian nobility sought the support of the Hapsburgs, while another part, not believing that the emperor would be able to liberate Hungary, carried on negotiations with the Turks.

Thus, in the western and northern parts of medieval Hungary the "Hungarian Kingdom" of the Hapsburgs came into being, in the eastern parts the principality of Transylvania was subordinated to Turkey, and the central part of the country with Buda, the former capital, was occupied by the Turks. In bloody struggles that lasted several centuries the Hungarian people had tried to drive back the Turks, but their fight was not supported with adequate forces by the Hapsburgs or other powers of western Europe. All the fine speeches about Hungary, "the bulwark of Christianity," did not prevent the Ottoman Empire from maintaining its sway for 150 years.

In the regions where their rule prevailed, the Hapsburgs endeavoured to build up their unrestricted system of power, which meant also an attempt to quash the prerogatives of the nobility. At the same time the nobles monstrously exploited the serfs. They were greatly aided by the Catholic Church, which, under the protection of the imperial mercenaries, launched the movement of re-catholicization. The protestant nobility, the urban population and the serfs all resisted and were successful to a certain extent, in the beginning of the 17th century, with support by the Transylvanian ruling princes Bocskai, Bethlen and György Rákóczi I.

By the middle of the century even the Catholic aristocracy and nobility became embittered when they saw that the Hapsburgs did not render sufficient assistance in the fight against the Turks; their discontent with the court at Vienna increased, and it was with great hopes that they looked to Transylvania, which was striving to acquire complete independence. The Porte, however, took measures against these endeavours and, in a ruthless campaign, devastated the principality, which had begun to flourish. Although in the 1660's the court of Vienna had not yet made up its mind to launch a general attack against the Turks, an attempt was made to bring its absolutist tendencies to fruition in those parts of Hungary which

had remained under Hapsburg rule. In doing so the court of Vienna took Transylvania's debility into account and relied at the same time on the internal development of the Austrian provinces. The absolutist policy of the Hapsburgs meant a threat to the entire Hungarian nobility, whether Roman Catholic or protestant; the nobility failed, after the victory over the Turks at St. Gotthard (1664), to grasp this meaning and were at a loss to understand that the emperor had no intention of exploiting the victory, that the dynasty was renouncing Hungary's liberation in order to be able to realize their plans in western Europe. Discontent in Hungary was widespread enough to involve part of the aristocracy as well. The court of Vienna retaliated with wholesale executions (1671) and lowered the kingdom of Hungary to the rank of the Austrian hereditary provinces. Mercenaries and Jesuits were the protagonists in this campaign of oppression, and they were not unduly particular in choosing their tools of revenge. An insurrection, supported by the landed gentry, broke out against Hapsburg colonization; named after its subsequent leader, Imre Thököly, this movement pointed out general grievances but at the same time gave vent to the complaints of the protestants. Urban citizens and serfs also took part in the fight; they had been burdened with the heavy load of double oppression—exploited by the nobility and compelled to endure the economic and military terrorism of a foreign power. The insurgents became allied with the Turks and scored great successes in the beginning, but after the defeat the Turks suffered in Vienna (1683) their unity came to an end. A great number of the insurgents fought against the Turks; others—the minority—along with Thököly¹ took refuge in Turkey.

The Turks having been expelled, the imperial government treated Hungary as a conquered province: the ruling classes were forced by cruel reprisals to proclaim the Hapsburgs as hereditary kings of the country; the privileges of the nobility were curtailed; landed estates in the territory liberated from the Turks were regarded as having passed into the ownership of the crown; high taxes were levied on the devastated country; noblemen and serfs were subjected to extortions by the mercenaries of the emperor—in brief, Vienna did everything to ensure her absolute power.

In this situation it was no longer the nobility but the serfs who took the initiative in the fight against oppression. It was the serfs of northern Hungary who invited Ferenc Rákóczi II to come home in 1703. Rákóczi had been suspected of conspiracy and arrested by the court of Vienna a few years before; he managed to escape from the prison and took refuge in Poland. The time for the outbreak of hostilities was well chosen by the insurgents: the Spanish War of Succession required great armies, and the Austrians had been obliged to withdraw the bulk of their forces from Hungary. The insurrection spread like wildfire, and even the majority of the noblemen took Rákóczi's side, although not all of them did so from conviction. Armed peasant groups, called *kuruc* (from the Latin word *crux*, cross; in all probability the name was derived from the crusades of György Dózsa, leader of the Peasant War of 1514), were marauding and plundering in the outskirts of Vienna as early as the end of 1703. The Hapsburgs were faced with the danger that their capital would be attacked from the west by Max Emmanuel, the Bavarian elector, France's ally, and from the east by Rákóczi's troops. Worried by the situation, Austria's allies, England and Holland, came to her assistance. They endeavoured to stop the Hungarian "troubles" by every means so as to release Austria from the necessity of keeping large armed forces in the east and to enable her to render more assistance to her allies in the west. It was in the elaboration and popularization of this policy that Daniel Defoe played an important part.

¹ Thököly's uprising was frequently discussed in English newspapers. Cf. L. Kropf: *Az angol thökölisták* (British Thökölists), *Századok*, 1906 S. Fest: *Régi angol költemények Thökölyről* (Old English Poems on Thököly), *Századok* 1912.

As is well known, Defoe was imprisoned in February 1703 on account of his pamphlet, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters"; it was at the intercession of Robert Harley, Speaker at that time and subsequently Foreign and Home Secretary, that Defoe was set at liberty toward the end of the following year. Harley wielded his influence for Defoe's release because he thought that Defoe might be used for the furtherance of his own political aims. He wrote in a letter to Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer: "He may do service, and this may perhaps engage him better than any after rewards, and keep him more under the power of an obligation." It happened thus that the former Whig became a secret agent and a passionate publicist for the Tory government.

Requested by Harley in May or June of 1704 to describe his views concerning foreign affairs, Defoe prepared a memorandum.² One chapter, "Some considerations with relation to affaires of Hungaria and Poland," contains references to the Hungarian revolt: the author avers that the events occurring in Hungary have nothing to do with religion and that the insurgents had not taken up arms to protect Protestantism. Defoe added that the uprising in Hungary formed part of the Spanish War of Succession and that, in his opinion, the struggle was one between freedom and universal monarchy. The rebellion in Hungary was felt to be a great nuisance for the coalition, and Defoe wanted it to end without delay. His pertinent suggestions ran thus:

"The work must be done; Protestant or Papist, the troubles in Hungary must, if possible, be appeas'd one way or other, and the onely remaining question is how it must, or may rather, be brought to pass. I grant that, as in the simily before, endeavours are allwayes made use of to quench the fire before the blowing up of any houses, so here negociacions should first be attempted and accommodacions propos'd. The Hungarians are without doubt an opprest people, and on the other hand the Emperror is in danger and the juncture favourable. The English and Dutch forming a project of peace and pacification and entring into a close imediate treaty on both hands, there is great reason to believ both sides might be brought to see their intrest. First, the reall grievances of the Hungarians to be considered, drawn by way of abstract from Prince Ragocsi's declaracion: and if any mittigacion of demands were tho't reasonable, room left to adjust them by a treaty. Here it may be considred some are capitall articles which must be granted on both sides, as restoreing the Prince, restoreing the free exercise of religion, retrenching the usurpacions of the Romish clergy, calling the assembly of the Estates and leaving them at full and entire liberty to act, withdrawing foreign forces, and the like. On the behalf of the Emperor some capitall articles must be insisted on, such as laying down arms, restoreing towns, delivering magazins, renewing allegiance, and aiding him against the French, and the like. As to matters of taxes, trade, imposts, freedom of passages, bounds of estates, and all things relateing to property and civil justice, these may be and must be settled among themselves by treaty or in assembly of Estates. But for the other an imediate envoy to be sent to the Emperor, or instruccions to the Resident there, as follows: In the name of the wholl confederacy to represent to the Emperor the necessity of complying with the Hungarians, and to let him kno' that on these terms peace is both honourable and reasonable, and that, if his Imperiall Majestie will not yield to such a proposall, allowing such alteracions or addicions as are reasonable, they shall think themselves disengag'd from any extraordinary care of the Empire any farther than by treatyes they are bound, and that they will imediatey supplye the Hungarians with 1,000,000 sterling to enable them to settle themselves independent of the Empire and establish Prince Ragocsi

² His suggestions were published by G. F. Warner: *An Unpublished Political Paper by Daniel De Foe*. *English Historical Review*, 1907.

king of Hungary and Transylvania, and maintain him in the possession of the same. At the same time a faithful agent to be sent to Prince Ragoeci to represent to him, that, as now he has a favourable opportunity to restore religion and liberty in Hungary, and reestablish himself and his family, so he ought to let his demands be govern'd by the true and just reasons of his taking up arms, and not build upon the prosperity of his affairs designs which may embark other nations in a necessary quarrell against him; that they will concern themselves to mediate with the Emperor such a peace as may secure Hungary against future oppressions, but that, if he pushes on his designs beyond the just demands of reason, they shall be oblig'd to concern themselves against him; that, as they are ready on the project of peace tendred them to oblige the Emperor to comply with it, so, if not accepted, they have resolv'd to assist the Emperor with 25,000 men to be rais'd and maintain'd at their own charge, i. e. the confederates, in order to reduce them by force. These proposalls warmly made, positively insisted on, and resolutely carry'd on, together with a dextrous management, would in all probability soon bring the matter to a final conclusion. It is not sufficient to say this is talking big to no purpose, and is like thunder at a distance, which scares no body, because they are out the danger, for where will the confederates find 25,000 men, etc., for the service. To this I answer, we can find the money, and there's no fear of the men if the money be ready. The Emperor, if he wanted money no more than he wants men, would beat the French out of the Empire in one campaign. On the other hand the Protestants in Hungary want no men, they want onely arms, amunicion, and officers. The last may be supply'd them very well, and money will supply the first with very little difficulty. The advantage of this peace nobody will dispute."

It is quite obvious that Defoe analysed the question from a purely international point of view and that he was not prejudiced in favour of the Hungarian protestants, who are accused in another part of the memorandum of having allied themselves with the Turks at the time of Thököly's leadership. The author did not seriously consider the possibility of Rákóczi's being appointed king of Hungary (some Hungarian historians have pointed to Defoe as a champion of this idea³); this was meant only as a threat, and he urged the conclusion of an agreement between the warring parties. He recommended mediation, a step that had already been advocated by the British government.⁴ Negotiations actually started as early as March 1704; J. J. Hamel-Bruynix, the Dutch, and George Stepney, the British, envoys acted as mediators, and the progress of the negotiations was urged on by Harley.

Defoe, who was keeping an eye on these diplomatic events, informed the British public of the matter at issue. In doing so he ceased to act as secret agent: he presented his views of Hungary's war of independence in his capacity as publicist. It is known that he launched his paper, "A Weekly Review of the Affairs of France" in February 1704. Historians of English literature attach great value to this periodical: "It is the Review which has given him immortality as the pioneer English journalist. It also happens to be one of the best things ever written by him."⁵ Appearing first twice a week, on Tuesday and Saturday, this review

³ L. Kropf: *D. Defoe a Rákóczi-mozgalomról* (D. Defoe on Rákóczi's movement) *Századok*, 1907 (Hungarian).

⁴ The British diplomatic documents bearing on Rákóczi's war of independence were published by E. Simonyi: *Angol diplomáciai iratok II. Rákóczi Ferenc korára* (British diplomatic documents in respect of the age of Ferenc Rákóczi II), Vol. I—III, Pest, 1871—1877, [Hungarian].—As early as on the 10th of December, 1703, Hedges advised the British minister in Vienna to warn the emperor that he should come to terms with the insurgents, for it was not possible to wage war in so many directions. He also offered the Queen's guarantee in respect of the peace if the emperor desired it. *Op. cit.* Vol. I, pp. 72—73. George Stepney, the British minister, was actually commissioned by the Queen on February 8, 1704, to act as a go-between. *Op. cit.* Vol. I, p. 131.

⁵ B. Fitzgerald: *D. Defoe. A Study in Conflict*. London, 1954, p. 133.

contained valuable political and social items. References to events in Hungary are to be found right from the beginning, but it was from September 2 to December 5, 1704, that every issue contained articles on the Hungarian insurrection from the pen of Defoe, who presented a coherent monograph concerning this subject.

The view taken of Hungary's war of independence by the editor of the Weekly Review characterizes his whole political attitude. Defoe distinguishes between justified and unjustified Hungarian claims. He regards complaints on account of violations of religious and personal freedom as rightful, while condemning the uprising against the Hapsburgs, the demand of independence, and Rákóczi's role as prince of Transylvania. He criticizes the behaviour of the imperial party especially in connection with the persecution of Protestantism and finds fault with both sides because of a lack of moderation. An apotheosis of moderation is contained in the Weekly Review of October 31:

"How Bless'd! how Wise! how in all things Ages and Circumstances, Beneficial both to Prince and People, is the Sublime Quality of Moderation? 'Tis born of Heaven; 'tis the Father and Fountain of Human Prudence; 'tis the Character of Wise Men; the Healer of National, and all personal Breaches; the Saver of Nations; the Restorer of Peace; the Preserver of Justice. 'Tis the Essence of all manner of Politicks; 'tis the Beauty of Princes, the Wisdom of Statesman; the Hapines of Subjects; the Safety of Families. 'Tis the Honour of the Man, the Distinction of the Gentleman, and the Glory of the Christian; 'tis the Pledge of Divine Favour, and the best Temporal Blessing of the World."

The immoderation of the Hungarians manifests itself, according to Defoe, in their demands and also in the fact that they were once the allies of Turkey against the entire Christian world and were then allied with France against the emperor and so also against the coalition. In regard to the emperor, Defoe deplors that the court was not willing to deal mildly with Hungary after the overthrow of the Turks and that it denied Hungary's just claims. Of the two kinds of immoderation, that of the Hungarians appears to Defoe to be the more serious. This attitude of the author is clear from the fact that the comparatively largest space in his pamphlet is devoted to an exposure of the Turco-Hungarian alliance, in connection with which Defoe is not unmindful of the debates he once conducted with his comrades.

Defoe knew quite well that he was accused by his enemies of having thrown over his principles. He was, however, of the opinion that his criticism of the Hungarian uprising did not violate the principle he had always upheld and which he characterized by the Latin saying: *Salus populi suprema lex est*. Although, following in this respect the teaching of Locke, Defoe had been an intrepid champion of the people's rights and had admired the "glorious revolution" in his own country, he failed to sympathize—contrary to what he claimed—with Hungary's war of independence. This *volte-face* was due to his having given preference to international considerations over equity. He states quite unambiguously that, if the Hungarians took the side of France and promoted French policy, Great Britain, being allied with Austria, had to turn against Hungary. Defoe countenanced even those claims of Hungary which he regarded as justified only insofar as their satisfaction did not weaken but, on the contrary, strengthened Austria. Defoe's political concepts were characterized by B. Fitzgerald in the following terms: "His principles were religious toleration, trade, and British interests in the world." I think emphasis should be laid—at least as far as the Hungarian insurrection was concerned—on the last-named principle, i. e., British interests in the world.

All this evinces that Defoe did not understand the real meaning of the Hungarian war of independence and that in the interests of foreign policy he was willing to confuse the real aims of Hapsburg absolutism. The nobles and serfs of Hungary rose up against Haps-

burg absolutism because it had encroached upon their vital interests. With a view to imperial centralization, the absolutists had attempted to restrict the political and economic role of the nobility. Such strivings for centralization can be considered progressive only if they contribute to a country's development. In Hungary's case, however—at least during the rule of Leopold I—this was decidedly not so: The whole military and administrative structure of the Hapsburgs worked to break the resistance of the nobility without simultaneously aiding the economic rehabilitation of the country. The initiative taken by the serfs in Rákóczi's war of independence clearly shows that for them too the absolutist tendencies meant unbearable burdens, although their basic interests should have turned them against the nobility. The demands of the war of independence were, first and foremost, political and economic ones and affected mainly the nobility, although in numerous respects they touched the position of the serfs as well. Both Catholics and protestants took part in the insurrection. It is but natural that the protestants should have demanded reparation for grievances they had suffered from the counter-reformation, which was supported by the Hapsburgs. Nevertheless, Rákóczi's war of independence was the first in Hungary, without a religious ideology. Defoe was forcing open doors when he declared that the insurrection was not a religious war, and that he tried to get round the sympathy of the English protestants is obvious. Yet these protestant sympathies, along with his professed views in regard to tolerance, added to his chief interest in foreign policy in inducing him to suggest that an agreement be made.

Rákóczi accepted the British and Dutch mediation. But, however moderate the advice given by Defoe and British diplomacy was, it was of no avail: Vienna refused to hear Hungary's demands. Prompted by the initial successes of the insurgents, the Austrians were willing to enter into negotiations, but after the victory of the allied forces at Höchstädt-Blenheim (13 August 1704) they refused to conclude an agreement. Although they became isolated from an international point of view, the insurgents continued to fight. The French aid mentioned by Defoe was modest; it was confined to a monthly subsidy of some 10-16 thousand *thalers* and to the sending of a few French officers to Hungary. In 1705 the Hungarian Parliament decreed the confederation of the estates and elected as ruling prince Ferenc Rákóczi, who had already been proclaimed such by the Transylvanian nobility.

But even after this Great Britain and Holland urged the Vienna court to negotiate with the Hungarians, since, because of the fighting in Hungary, the Hapsburgs were unable to concentrate adequate forces on the western front. In 1706 talks were actually started at Nagyszombat (Trnava), but they proved to be unsuccessful when the imperial court turned down the demands of the Hungarians, flatly refusing to comply with that of acknowledgment of Rákóczi as ruling prince of Transylvania. The insurgents insisted on an independent Transylvanian principality because this would have been a security against the Emperor also for the future. In 1707 the *kuruc* declared the dethroning of the Hapsburg dynasty and the interregnum. To be able to realize their independence they sought assistance abroad, and, since France had become weak and Louis XIV was unwilling to conclude a treaty with Rákóczi, they turned to Peter I, Tsar of Russia. Although the constitutional form of Hungary had not been established yet, Peter I entered into a formal treaty with the *kuruc*, in which he promised his assistance provided certain conditions were fulfilled. The Northern War and the impending war between Russia and Turkey would not allow Russia to turn against the Hapsburgs, nor could Rákóczi fulfil the stipulations he had accepted, because of the downfall of the country.

The long war had ruined Hungary; the leadership of the aristocracy had pushed the landed nobility into the background and failed to meet the serfs' rightful demands, thus sharpening

the internal social conflicts. The western successes of the coalition enabled Vienna to deploy more and more forces in Hungary; the *kuruc*, on the other hand, did not receive any assistance from abroad and were driven back to ever smaller territories. Early in 1711 Rákóczi went to Poland to negotiate with Peter I. In his absence—without his knowledge and consent—General Sándor Károlyi, leader of a part of the nobility, made peace with the representatives of the imperial court. Although this peace treaty maintained the privileged position of the nobility it rejected the basic demands of the war of independence. For over a hundred years Hungary remained a part of the Hapsburg Empire, a part, moreover, that lagged far behind Austria or Bohemia in development. The Hapsburgs had learned a lesson from the war of independence: they continued their policy of colonization by other means, primarily by winning over the aristocracy and the nobility, until in the first half of the 19th century new historical forces appeared to demand national independence.

Thus the attempts of Defoe and of British diplomacy to achieve reconciliation failed. And although certain British diplomats fostered compassion with Hungary's lot (some letters of Palmes, the British Minister to Vienna, are indicative of this), British foreign-policy-makers rejoiced in the victory of the Hapsburgs, which was considered as an opportunity for asserting the European "balance of power."

But let us return now to Defoe's pamphlet. One of his sources in respect to Hungary's history was the "History of The Turkish Empire," written by Sir Paul Rycaut, Secretary of the British Embassy in Constantinople. It was repeatedly published in the course of the second half of the 17th century, and its later editions were supplemented by a contribution from Sir Roger Manly. Another source used by Defoe was Jean Leclerc's biography of Thököly,⁶ which was published also in London. The English version appeared in 1693 under the title "Memoirs of Emeric Count Teckely." In addition, Defoe was familiar with the contents of the contemporary newspapers and pamphlets and knew, moreover, Rákóczi's famous Latin proclamation—published at the beginning of 1704—which is known in historical literature by its initial words (*Recrudescunt vulnera. . .*).⁷ The quick rate at which Defoe was accustomed to work did not permit of historical accuracy: he did not recognize certain data and committed many historical errors, although he was quite severe when criticizing his sources. He challenged Leclerc's biography of Thököly with special vigour and contested Leclerc's defense of the Hungarian insurgents. Defoe was presumably unaware of the fact that Leclerc was a protestant who had fled to Holland from the anti-Huguenot campaign of Louis XIV.

Certain passages from Defoe's pamphlet, as published in the *Weekly Review*, are presented in the following pages; they are, we think, more or less unknown even to English readers, since this work of Defoe's has rarely been published.⁸ The passages are based on the original publication kept at the British Museum.

⁶ *Histoire d'Emeric comte de Tekeli, ou mémoires pour servir à sa vie. . .* Cologne, 1693. Memoirs of Emeric Count Teckely. In four books. Translated from French, London, 1693.

⁷ English translation in *The Flying Post*, 2nd of January, 1705.

⁸ The facsimile edition of the *Weekly Review* appeared in 22 volumes. Ed. A. W. Second, Columbia University Press, N. Y., 1938. Excerpts: *Best of the Review*, ed. by W. L. Payne, Columbia University Press, N. Y., 1951.

PASSAGES OF DEFOE'S PAMPHLET

A Review of the Affairs of France: Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of News-Writers and Petty-Statesmen, of all Sides.

Saturday, September 2. 1704

... Perhaps some may say, At your rate you may call all the Actions of the World the Effect of French Power, but it remains to prove it.

That the French at this time influence by their Power and Policy, all the Affairs of Europe, as to Matters of Peace and War, I am not at all backward to advance; and I believe I shall find it no difficult Task to prove, excepting only to such as are not willing to believe it.

That the Present Insurrection in Hungary was originally contriv'd, and set on Foot by the Influence of France, I shall never pretend to affirm; I know as well as 'tis needful to know, that the Grievances of the Hungarians are Originally Founded in the Cruelties and Oppressions of the House of Austria, and under them chiefly in the furious Management of the Jesuits, who have all along made a Sacrifice of that Flourishing Kingdom, and been Prodigal both of the Blood and Liberties of its Inhabitants.

I shall be the last that shall Attempt to say, the Hungarians have not a most just Foundation for their Claim of Liberty, and the Emperor ought, and if he were Master of his own Councils he would, before it came to this, have Granted them the Privileges and Liberties they Claim.

I know that these very Privileges have been several times Conceded to them by the former Emperors of Germany, and Solemnly accorded, I think, more than twice, in the Castle of Presburgh; I shall not say, that his Imperial Majesty has been over Chary of his Treaties with his Hungarian Subjects.

But if I say, at the same time, that 'tis very unhappy for the Confederacy, that this Affair comes upon the Stage now, and that it is unhappily, by the Conjunction of it, become an Assistant to French Power; and Prince Ragoкси is so far an Enemy at this time, Casually, to the Protestant Powers of Europe, I am sure I say right.

If on the other hand, I say, that French Power has the same Casual Influence upon this Insurrection, is Tacitly its Support, and has given the opportunity of its Growth and Increase, by Diverting, and otherwise Employing the Imperial Arms; I shall hardly be Confuted:

If I affirm that the French whose Eyes are never shut to their Advantages, are sensible of this, and do actually Support the Insurrection in Hungary, supply Prince Ragoкси secretly with Money, ec. and Encourage him not to lay down his Arms, but to pursue his Designs to the Ruin of the Emperor, I say nothing but what I can prove.

If I say, the Hungarians are not guilty of so much Prudence, as Persons Fighting purely for their Liberties ought to shew, in accepting tolerable Conditions with the Mediation of Powerful Princes, for their Security; I believe I shall make this out.

If I give the true Reason, why the Emperor rejects the Mediation of the Swede, and why the Hungarians slight the Mediation of the English and Dutch; perhaps in all these Particulars something may appear which may let us know, that tho' the first Original of this Hungarian Rebellion, or Insurrection, was merely Religious, and forced by Oppression, yet that puffed by their Success, they suffer themselves to be push'd farther than the Honesty of their first Designs pretended to; and so far they Act the Imprudent part to themselves, become Tools of France and Sweden, and make themselves Parties against their Protestant Brethren, rashly and supinely Confederating with France, in the Grand Design of Destroying the Liberties of Europe.

It is not enough that a Nation be protestant, and the People our Friends; if they will joyn with our Enemies, they are Papists, Turks and Heathens, as to us. . . 'Tis not for us to consider the Grievances of the Hungarians, if those Grievances are in the Scale with French Power, to weigh down the Protestant Religion in Europe.

I cannot but wonder at those Protestants, who because these Hungarians are our Brethren, and our Protestant Brethren, are therefore for letting them stab the Interest of the Protestant Religion in Europe; I confess my self amazed at the Politicks of these Men.

Were I a Roman Catholick, I would say as they say; and I appeal to the Roman Catholicks themselves, there are many Gentlemen of Honesty enough among them to own it, whether they do not all speak in the Language of these Gentlemen: The Germans have been a Bloody and Perfidious Nation to the Hungarians, let them go on and pull the old F. . . dler out of his Throne: From a Roman Catholick, this is a Rational Discourse, 'tis pursuant to the True Real Interest of the Present War on the French side.

But to hear a Protestant say thus, Bless us all, where must be his Understanding! Can an English Protestant wish the Hungarians should beat the Emperor, and at the same time know that 40,000 English Man, or Men in English Pay, have been fighting on the Banks of the Danube, to save this very Emperor from being Beaten; No Man can wish the Hungarians Success, without wishing the Duke of Marlborough to be beaten, his Army Destroy'd, their Brethren and Countrymen under his Command, Trampled down by the French and Bavarian, and without wishing all the sad Consequences of such a Defeat, to the Protestant Religion and Liberties of Europe.

I know this is Grievous to some People, and they are so possess'd with a Mistaken Zeal against Tyranny and Oppression, that they must have the Emperor ruined, and pull'd down by the Hungarians, whatever comes of it; he has been a Bloody, a Barbarous, a Perfidious Wretch to them, and they must down with him, ay that they must, tho' his fall should ruin all the rest of Europe.

I agree with them in all they say, but the last words; and that I may set this Matter in a Clear light, shall enter into some proper Distinctions upon the point, which when they are a little pursued; and look'd more narrowly into, I cannot but believe, will open the Eyes of these Gentlemen, who seem to be covered with a Zeal so Fiery, that the Smoak of it puts out their sigh.

I allow all that can be alleg'd in behalf of the Protestants in Hungaria; Nay, to avoid the strife of words, I'll Grant what might otherwise admit Dispute, that the Oppressions and Tyrannies of the House of Austria are a very Justifiable occasion for the Hungarians to take up Arms; and that their Ruined Privileges, and Persecuted Religion, their Lands Ravish'd from them by the Priests, and their Honours by the Courtiers, are things which ought to be restor'd them, and they are to Blame if they lay down their Arms till they have obtained this, and expell'd the German Nation from their Country; I Grant all this for the Protestants, tho' the last admits of very just Disputes.

But here I desire to Distinguish

Between Joseph King of Hungaria, and Leopold, Emperor of Germany,

Between the Interest of Europe and the Protestant Religion, in Danger and not in Danger.

Between the Emperor, our Confederate, for the Defence of the Liberty of Europe, Attack'd by the French Power, and France quiet, and in Peace with us all.

Saturday, September 9. 1704

I cannot but earnestly desire those Gentlemen, who are so eager to have the Hungarians Assisted, and have them run down and ruin the Emperor, to look in and view the General Reasons of this Great and Desperate War now depending in Europe, and see, either we are upon a right Bottom, or a wrong.

If the Hungarians are to be assisted to pull down the Emperor, then the French are fighting to Establish the Protestant Religion; for the French are aiming directly at the Imperial Crown, and are willing the Hungarians should help to pull it down. . . . What tho' they drive at the same thing for different Reasons, yet by which way soever the Emperor falls, what hands soever pull him down, 'tis French Power succeeds him; If the Hungarians depose the Imperial Power, they Crown the French Empire the same Moment. If then the Hungarians by Fighting support, assist and encrease the French Grandeur; shall we assist them because they are Protestants? God forbid.

The business of the Confederates is to bring the Emperor to Grant the reasonable just Demands of the Hungarians, and to bring them to be content with what is Just, and no more; if they are puft up with their Prosperity, and cannot exercise Moderation enough in their Advantages, to make Terms, and secure the Liberties they want, and 'tis reasonable they should have Granted, they are equally our Enemies with the French, and we must assist the Emperor to reduce them; they are Tools of Universal Monarchy, Engines of Popery, and the blind Agents to the Destruction of all their Protestant Brethren in Europe.

I cannot think I have in this Trespass'd upon a True Principle of Protestant Zeal; I cannot be willing to have the Protestant Religion destroyed in Hungary; but if the Protestants in Hungary will be Mad Men, if they will make the Protestant Religion in Hungary Clash with the Protestant Religion in all the rest of Europe, we must prefer the Major Interest to the Minor. If a Protestant will joyn with a Papist to destroy me, he is a Papist to me, and equally my Enemy, let his Principles be what they will.

If this Clashing of Interest be so visible, it remains to Enquire, where lies the Mistake, and upon enquiry will all appear to be want of Moderation, in the Hungarians, want of a Temper to Ballance the Joy of their Prosperity; I am loth to say, 'tis French Money and French Management, tho' I shall make something of that appear too; I am not of Opinion French Power is their Design, but 'tis still maintained and supported by their Insurrection, while they have the Happiness of a Juncture, in which they may make their Religion and Liberties secure, but the Unhappiness not to have their Eyes open to their own Interest.

And when all is done, this Insurrection in Hungaria is no more a Religious Affair, than our War in Europe is a Religious War; the People now in Arms are a mixture of Protestants and Papists, and some Affirm more of the last than of the first, and yet both are equally Zealous for the Cause they are Embark'd in; the Prince Ragocksi, who appears at the Head of'em, is not a Protestant, but a Roman Catholick.

Several of the Noblemen that joyn with them, and some that have since Revolted from the Emperor to them, are Roman Catholicks.

The War in Hungary is a War for Liberty; it is an oppress'd Nation, taking up Arms to Recover their Antient Rights; the Nobility claim their Lands, their Honours, their Possessions ravish'd from them by the Avarice of the Priests, by the Cruelties of the Germans and the Emperor's Ministers, under the Sacred Assurances of Solemn Treaties, The People claim the lost Constitution, the free Exercise and Protection of the Laws, the Security of their Lives and Liberties: They claim to be no more under the Bondage of Egyptian, I mean German Task-Masters; that the Inhabitants of their own Nation may be Intrusted with the Civil and Military Power.

They acknowledg'd the Emperor, at least at first they profess themselves willing to continue their Allegiance to King Joseph, only they demand he should Rule them by the hands of their own Laws, that they should be Govern'd according to the Pact of his Coronation, entred into at Presbourg.

They Demand that the Hungarian Nobility should be restor'd, at least to a Capacity of Serving, as by their Laws they ought to be, as the Original Hereditary Councillors of the Kingdom; that they should be Employ'd in the Offices and Trusts of the Government, especially such as have appear'd Loyal and Faithful; and that Foreigners may not be put upon them to Oppress them.

They Claim that the Assembly of the Estates may Assemble, that therein their King may frequently appear, and that the Government of the Country may be there Establish'd, according to the known Laws; and all things restored to their Original State of Liberty.

Were these all their Demands, we should wish they should obtain them. . . . But when they push these Matters on too far; when they Demand unreasonable things; when they ask that of the Emperor, which he cannot, or which be ought not to Grant; when Prince Ragocki assumes the Government of Transylvania, which by a Voluntary Concession of the States of the Country, was devolv'd upon the Emperor; if this Prince aims at, flatters himself with, or openly pushes at the Crown of Hungary, and so this comes to be a War of Ambition, which in short is meer Rebellion, and nothing else; Then I must be on the other side.

We have a great Out-cry of the Hardships, the Cruelties, and the Oppressions the People of Hungaria have undergone from the Germans; and I have conceded more of that Nature, in the beginning of this Story, for the sake of the Argument, than I can here prove; from whence those that think me making this Paper complainant against the Emperor, Personally have entred into a Mistake to my Prejudice.

I have allow'd the Opprobrious Terms they give the Emperor; not that I think it decent to Treat his Imperial Majesty in ill Terms, and have always avoided it, even of the King of France, and the worst Enemies; the Business of this Paper is to make Just Observations of things, and not to give the Majesty of Princes mean Language. . . . but for the sake of our Argument, I have given those People, who rail at his Imperial Majesty, their full length, that by allowing the Negative its utmost Force, I may make the Answer to it more Effectual.

When therefore I allow breach of Treaties, and Publick Faith with the Hungarians, and that they have been Barbarously Treated, and the like; I am to be supposed granting what the Opposers of this Argument alledge, that I may confuse them again, without Room for a Reply.

But now we come to the Particulars, I must ask this question; Have the Germans Oppress'd the Hungarians as a Nation in General, or as a Protestant in Particular? This question, when Answered, may bring the Matter to a Proper Decision.

Tuesday, September 12. 1704

I am now upon a question, Concerning the Oppressions of the Hungarians, by the Emperor's Ministers.

I am not going to lessen their Grievances, nor indeed, to enquire into the Particulars; if they have been us'd as we are told they have, 'tis bad enough.

But the Case before us, is to bring the Subject of Complaint, and the Persons complaining, to a fair Head, and make the great Relative here agree with the Antecedent.

The question is, Have the German's opprest the Hungarians, as a Nation, or have they Persecuted and Injur'd them as Protestants?

If as Protestants only:

Then what has Prince Ragocksi to do with it, who is a Papist, and all the rest of the Popish Nobility, that are the Heads of this Insurrection? They must have some farther Design, than the restoring of the Protestants; they cannot concern themselves, as Papists, for the Interest of Hereticks; it is altogether inconsistent with their Religion, and would bring down the highest Commination upon them; they must bring it to Confession, as a Crime they must stand, *Ipso facto*, Excommunicate. . . What! Joyn with Hereticks! draw their Sword against their Prince, only to Restore Hereticks, and to bring Heresy into the Pale of the Church; they could no more be Catholicks, but Enemies to the Roman Church, It cannot be, there's more in it than-this; We talk of the Protestants in Hungary, and our Brethren in Hungary, and the Persecuted poor Church of Christ in Hungary, when tho' they may have had their Share in the Suffering, yet they have not the proper Term; we must change the word, from the Protestants of Hungaria, to the People of Hungary, and talk of them as an Oppress'd Nation, let their Religion be how, what, and of as many sorts as it will.

The Protestants therefore are not in this Hungarian War as Protestans, it is not merely a Religions Matter; the Oppressions, Devastations, and Cruelties have not been upon the Protestants, merely as such, because the Papists are concern'd in it, and are Leaders to the Insurrection.

It was an Insurrection for Religion only, if the Protestants solely are in the Complaint; what Concern has that in the Debate, about making the Kingdom Elective? an Insurrection for Religion would only seek the Reestablishment of Religion; so that 'tis plain the Affair of Hungary is not merely Protestant.

If it be merely National and General Grievances of State-Matters, of Liberty, Right and Wrong, Oppressions, of Governours, State-Ministers, and the like; then this question might be ask'd.

What have we to do with it as a Nation; We are altogether unconcern'd, they are none of our Allies; we are no way Emberk'd with them, they have not sought to us for our assistance? The Mediation that has been offer'd, they have seem'd rather to reject than accept: we have no manner of concern in this Affair, as shall quickly appear.

Whoever gives himself Liberty, to Read over Prince Ragocksi's Declaration, or the Demands of the Hungarians, will find that in Sixty three Articles, which they exhibit as their Grievances, there is not above three or four that immediately respect Religion.

One claims that the Hungarians shall be equally prefer'd, whether Papist or Protestant.

Another claims the Liberty of Religion, the restoring the Protestant Churches, banishing the Jesuits, and restraining Popish Insolencies.

Another demands an equality of Magistrates, Councillors, and Governours of one Religion as of the other.

All, or most part of the other Demands, which the Hungarians have taken Arms for, and which they claim as their Right, respect their Civil Liberties, their Right as a People, their Ancient Privileges, as Hungarians.

What part has the Protestants in England, in the Prince Ragocksi's demanding the Attainder of his Family being taken off, his being Restor'd to his Lands, Honours, and Offices in the Kingdom?

What can it Concern us, who shall receive Toll upon the *Tibiscus*, or the Customs on the Hungarian Wines on the Danube? 'tis nothing to the Confederacy, what Profits the Emperor makes of the Silver Towns in the Upper Hungary, nor what Tax the Hungarians pay per Head, for the Cattle they drive into Italy, and the Territories of Venice.

The Privileges they demand, in the Meeting of the Estates of the Kingdom, the Settling the Taxes, Maintaining the Soldiers, the Employing Natives or Foreigners in the Government, these things cannot come before us as a Ground, or Reason, why the rest of Europe should concern themselves in the Case between them and the Emperor.

Nor can I see the Confederacy concern'd in what they have suffered from the German Soldiery, who have all along been Masters of their Country, and possibly have Treated them Barbarously enough. . . We find Papist or Protestant equally complaining, so that the Tyranny, as they call it, of the Germans, has been over them as a Nation, not over them as Protestants, singly considered.

Now tho' I shall not go about to Justify the Tyranny of the Soldiers, I own my self an Enemy to all sorts of Tyranny, yet I must say, there seems to me to be more Justice in the Emperor's keeping the Hungarians under the Government of the Germans, than in most Cases of this Nature.

Two thirds of Hungaria were in the Hands of the Turks, at the time when the last Turkish War broke out.

Now because we are apt to talk of Justice, and the Grounds of raising War, one Prince against another, and his Polish Majesty has been treated very scurrilously here, by abundance or People, for his unjust Invasion of the Swedes. . . Let us examine a little, the Cause of that Bloody and Terrible War, which was begun by the Turks against the Emperor, in the Year 1682, and in which all Europe ran the hazard of being over-run by the Banners of Mahomet.

We shall find the Protestants of Hungaria had no small hand in bringing down that Inundation of Barbarism upon Europe: and so kind were our Brethren of Hungary, to us their Fellow Protestants, who are now so considerate of them, that they not only were very Instrumental to the breaking out of that War, but joyn'd their Arms to the Infidels, in Order to assist them, in overrunning Europe with Barbarism and Desolation.

I cannot but remember with some Concern, that in those days we had abundance of People, that had so little Sence of Publick Safety, and so much Zeal for the Protestant Religion in Hungaria, that they wish'd every day the Turks should take Vienna.

I forbear to add what I could say on this Head, because I do not love to rip up old Sores, and remember too much of the Miscarriages of former days on both sides: every honest English Man, must see if he is not quite blind, that the General Interest of this Nation, whether Religiously, Civilly, or Politickly considered, is to heal old Animosities, and not revive the occasion of old Complaints.

It needs but a small deal of Rhetorick to Convince the People of England, that 'tis not at all the Interest of the Protestant Religion, to have even Popery it self thus extirpated.

For my part, I am not for having the Whore of Babylon pull'd down by the Red Dragon, and Popery run down by the Power of Mahometanism: I am so far a Diffenter from the Hungarian Protestants, I had rather the Emperor should Tyrannize than the Turk.

I had rather be Prosectued by Rome, than by Constantinople: nay, if you will come to the extrem, I had rather be Persectued by the Roman Catholick Power, than Tollerated by the Turks.

The Inveteracy between the Protestant Religion and the Popish, is not so great: the Difference not quite so much, as between the Protestant Religion and Paganism, or Mahometanism: and therefore they cannot but be much mistaken, who, because the Papist Oppress them, would be Delivered by the Turks.

Tuesday, November 21. 1704

Now, I think, I am come to what, I confess, I have long'd for: were it only to satisfy the impatience of the World, who have given me no little Disturbance about this weighty Question, What's all this to the Title of your Paper, a Review of the Affairs of France?

Now I am come to the Connexion of the Affairs of France, with those of Hungary, and to prove, that an influence from these, has all along too much effected those.

I content my self with Abridging the Hungarian part of the Story, as much as possible, because 'tis the Concern France has in Affairs there, is the Principal Design now: and the long Digression I have made hitherto, has been chiefly to make way for this: and by the way, to undeceive the Readers, in the point of the Protestants being the chief or only Instrument in the Hungarian Revolt.

The People of Hungary, weary of the Germans, as I Noted in my last, had been Meditating Liberty and Revenge, and only waited for a Head, and an Occasion. . . The Imperialists, whether that they were sensible, more than Ordinary, of the just Reasons they had for it, or that they really had Intelligence among them, and Spies that gave Notice of all their Measures, made, or pretended to make a Discovery of a Plot in Hungary: and according to the Custom of that Court, immediately seiz'd Prince Ragocksi, Count Forgatz, and several others, as they call'd them, of the Principal Conspirators, and conveying them to several Prisons, proceeded against them with a severity usual in such Cases: several were Condemn'd, and some actually put to Death: as. . . the Prince being among the former, and excepting every hour to come into the Number of the latter, found means to break Prison, and make his Escape, I think out of the Castle of Presburgh, and having form'd his design too well to be intercepted, got first into Poland, where I shall leave him for a time, and bring the Affairs of France into the Scene.

This happen'd much about the time when, of soon after, the second War with France began, about the Succession of the Crown of Spain, and the breaking of the Treaty of Partition: for being upon the Generals of the War, I am not much concern'd, as to days of the Months, which you will find in the subsequent Parts of the Relation.

The King of France sound the weight of this War began to lie heavy upon him in Italy, where Prince Eugene of Savoy led the best Army, which perhaps the German Empire ever brought into the Field, being the same Victorious Troops that had serv'd in Hungaria against the Turks, and led by some of the greatest Generals of the Age.

Prince Eugene, a Fortunate and Enterprizing General, had Worsted the French, even at their peculiar Talent, viz. That of Surprise: he had Defeated all the Precautions they had taken, to prevent his getting into Italy: he had render'd useless the prodigious Expence they had been at, to block up the Passage at Rivoli, and had found a way into the Veroneze, which the Venezians themselves used to say, none but the Devil, or Prince Eugene could have pass'd. . . They had baulk'd the French again, at the Passage of the Adige, near Verona, and got over the River without fighting, which the French themselves thought impossible.

The French retreating before them, were Surpriz'd and soundly Beaten at Carpi: and by a continued Series of Successes, the Germans push'd them out of the Brescian, the Parmesan, the Modenese, and part of Gremonese and Mantuan: the Parties of the Germans made frequent Excursions into the Milanese: Attrack'd Cremona in the Night, and tho' beaten out of it again, made bold to carry with them the Duke de Villeroy, the French General, and lest the French Affairs in the utmost Confusion.

The Emperor, to Compose this Gallant Army, may very well be supposed to have drawn his Garrisons in Hungary, and left the Towns there with much weaker Garrisons than usual: his Imperial Majesty had a great Army on Foot, upon the Rhine, and the King of the Ro-

mans, with Prince Lewis of Baden, had push'd the French into the Palatinate, and out of it again: Besieg'd and Taken Landau, and all their Affairs seemed to have a very good Aspect.

In Order to supply the Imperial Armies, the Emperor drain'd all Hungaria, Austria, and Bohemia, of Men: and 15,000 Recruits we find at once, out of Hungaria, besides a draught of 5 Regiments more, and a new Levy of 6,000 Hussars.

Never was a like Opportunity for the Hungarians to recover their Liberties: they found their Prince at Liberty, and to the utmost exasperated; they found their German Lords and Taskmasters, who Rul'd them with a Rod of Stell, Embarass'd in Remote Wars, and their Engines, the Soldiers gone... Prince Ragocksi, who had been in Poland, and had several Interviews, Incognito, with the French Ambassadors, which as it seems the Papers of that Envoy, seiz'd by the King of Poland: discovered: receiv'd 300,000 Crowns from him, with Promises of farther Supply, makes the best of his way into Hungaria: and as he found the People prepar'd, and the Circumstances as above, presently appears in Arms, and Publishes his Declaration for Liberty and Property.

I need not acquaint the World of the Prodigious Successes of this Prince, 'tis enough to say, That he is Compleat Master of Upper Hungary, Agria, and Great Warradin excepted, and that his Troops have several times pass'd the Danube, that he has starv'd out the Garrisons of several Imperial Places, that he has routed the Imperial Troops on several occasions: that he has as we are told from thence, 80,000 Men in Arms; that he has Plundered and made Incursions into Moravia and Austria, within a League of Vienna; that he has brought the Transylvanians to Revolt, and caus'd them to acknowledge him Prince of that Country, as his Grandfather was before him.

That his Forces have twice ravag'd the Lower Hungary, taken several considerable Towns, and made the Inhabitants joyn with him: that he has debauch'd the Croats, and been very near gaining his Point with them: which if he had, he would have open'd a Communication Via Carinthia with the Elector of Bavaria, and Consequently with France.

And this opens the way, at least to touch upon the Methods these Malecontents have taken to Support themselves.

Their Correspondence with the French by the way of Poland, is as plain, that it wants very little Demonstration, tho' I shall meet with occasion to confirm it, past doubt, but that they had some other dependance, is also plain.

The very next Year after this Flame broke out in Hungaria, and the Emperor, who had the French on his Hands in his Front, had the Hungarians in his Rear, Insulting his Garrisons, and Ravaging even in sight of the Imperial Pallace: A worse Fire broke out in the very Bowels of the German Empire: The Elector of Bavaria seizes Ulm, Memingen, Rempen and all their Dependences, joyns with the French, and Declares open War against the Emperor.

This Revolt, assisted by the French with Powerful Armies, grew to that heighth, that notwithstanding the Elector was baulk'd in Tirol, yet he carried his Incursions into Bohemia and the Lower Austria; and in one Campaign more, we all expected him to be Crownd Emperor, in the Pallace of Vienna.

Saturday, November 25. 1704

I Leave all Men, after the reading the last Paper, to judge of the Condition of the Emperor, and indeed of the whole House of Austria.

And if all these things turn'd the Scale of Affairs in Italy, and on the Rhine too, no Man will wonder: the Emperor being Embarrass'd to the last degree.

The Hungarians, to be sure, made their Market of all these things: and as they received Arms, Money, and Officers, from the French and the Swedes in the North: the King of Sweden all this while gaining upon the Pole, and Ravaging his Country: so they receiv'd repeated assurances from the Duke of Bavaria, and from the French King, by means of the Mareschall Marsin, of a Powerful Diversion and Assistance from the Arms of France and Bavaria, and the Successes they assur'd themselves of in the Empire.

I cannot but think Count Teckely thought himself securer of being King of Hungary, at the beginning of the Siege of Vienna, than Prince Ragocksi and the Hungarians thought themselves of Suppressing and Deposing the Emperor, at the beginning of this last Campaign; and as nothing else could make the former refuse the Sovereignty of Upper Hungary, and all the Advantageous Conditions the Emperor offered him; so nothing else could now hinder the latter from entering on a Treaty with the Emperor, on the foot of a Mediation and Guarantee from England and Holland.

Here the old Argument, that no Treaties could be depended upon, and that they could not trust to the Honour and Faith of the Germans, would have been at an end: for that tho' some have been so weak, as to say, the Guarantee of England, and Holland, could signify nothing to them, these Nations being so remote, that no Assistance could be given the Hungarians from them: all People will allow, that the English and Dutch have always so much Influence upon the Affairs of the Empire, as to make themselves Regarded: always keeping it in their Power, to make the Emperor very uneasy, if he should deny them Reason, and above all, are, and are like to be so now, on Account of the Affairs of Spain, which do, and are like to depend very much on their Assistance, and must effectually sink, whenever the Emperor shall give those two Nations any Provocations to change sides, or so much as to neglect him, and withdraw their Assistance.

Whoever therefore advis'd the Hungarian Malecontents not to accept of the Mediation of England and Holland, at a time that the Emperor was so weak, that it might reasonably be expected he would Condescend very low, advised them then to stand in their own light, and to slip that opportunity, which it is to be hop'd will never be put into their hands again: so much to the hazard of all the Confederated Powers of Christendom.

This rejecting the Mediation and Guarantee of England and Holland, suggests several things to my Thoughts, which tho' they are not proved from thence are yet such fair and plain Consequences of it, that 'tis to me almost a Demonstration.

1. That this is not a Protestant Insurrection, as has been Noted, but that the Malecontents are Originally and Principally Roman Catholics: however the Protestants may be joyn'd to them, since they would not else have refused the Mediation of the two most Potent Branches of all the Protestant Powers of Europa.

2. That they have a great many Demands that Religion is not Concern'd in, and some which those just Mediators might see no reason to insist upon, or be too much the Emperor's Friend to Grant.

3. That they were leagued with some Powers who are, if not Enemies, no Friends to England and Holland, whose Influence was more Predominate with them, and who Byass'd them to slight their Friends, against their own Apparent Interest.

The latter of these seems past Contradiction, since these Powers having receiv'd a Blow at the Fatal Battle of Blenheim, the Hungarians appear willing to accept the Mediation and Preliminary Interposition of England and Holland, which before they seem'd so much to neglect.

From all these things, it will be very Natural to observe, what a Crisis the Emperor's Affairs were reduc'd to, before the English and Dutch Forces Rescu'd them from the Destruction that was just at the Door: and how soon the Hungarian on one hand, or the Bavarian

on the other, or both United, might have rendred themselves Masters of his Capital City, and Imperial Crown: but of this by the way.

That there was a Concert of Measures between these People and the Bavarians, is plain, from sundry Persons, and Letters Apprehended and Intercepted, Passing and Re-passing to and from one to the other, the Bavarian attampting Tyrol, was an early discovery that his Design was by the plain Country of Stiria and Carinthia to make his way to a Junction of Forces with the Hungarians, who at the same time pressing upon Croatia, bid fair to open a door to receive the French and Bavarian Succours.

But Heaven forbid the Success of all these deep laid Designs, by the Hungarians failing of their ends, on the Frontiers of Croatia, and by the Repulse the Duke of Bavaria, met with in the Mountains of Tyrol: by which the Duke de Vendosme afterwards miss'd of his Design, who spent his time to no Purpose, Bombarding of Trent, till the Affairs of Italy call'd him back to look after the Duke of Savoy.

What a Complication of Circumstances was here, to unHINGE the United Enemy. . . All these things failing, you find an exact Harmony of their Proceeding; still the Duke of Bavaria presses on the Danube, takes Passau, and Advances as far as Linz, within 30 Leagues of Vienna; the Hungarians at the same time quit the Design upon Croatia, and come up the Danube, within 5 Leagues of Vienna, from whence their Parties Ravage the Country up to the very Gates.

What but a Storm, our Enemies could not foresee, nor we hope for, could have unravell'd all this Clue? nothing but such a Blow as never was struck before, could prevent the Conjunction between the Hungarians and the Duke of Bavaria: and consequently the Ruin of the Emperor, and by the same Consequence, all the Confederacy.

But this Storm is come, and the Emperor's Affairs have a new Face, and now they will accept of our Mediation. . . But as they insist upon Conditions remote to the Original Quarrel, I cannot foresee a Conclusion to the Advancement of Peace.

And I must be excused here, if I still say, by the Demands made, it is no more a Question with me, whether the Design of this Insurrection was the Restoring of Religion: for what then can be the Meaning of Prince Ragocksi demanding the Principality of Transylvania to himself, and what Coherence has this with the Pretence of National Grievances, whether Civil or Religious?

Now let the Prince's Pretences to Transylvania be what they will, if the Civil and Religious Rights of Hungary were in a Method of Settlement; if the Concessions of the Emperor and the Preliminaries of the Mediators are Comprehensive of the Securities which are Reasonable to be asked on one hand, and be granted on the other: if Peace be in Prospect, so as Persecution may Cease, and Civil Right be Establish'd: and if all this should be lost, only because Prince Ragocksi cannot be made Wayvode of Transylvania; will not all the World say, he prefers his Private Interest and Grandeur to all the Religious or Civil Advantages of his Country? Will not all Men be glad to say he is not a Protestant, that none of that Profession may come under a Character so Scandalous, and brand Religion, which tends to Peace, and Enclines Men to the best Measures, to bring it to pass, with the Odious Scandal of Ambition and Self-Interest.

Saturday, December 2. 1704

I am now come to an end of this long, and to some tyresome, and unpleasant part of French Influence, the Hungarian Insurrection; I cannot say it does not fully answer the end of its Writing, *viz.* To set Peoples Thoughts right in this Matter; and I am very well satisfied of its being both true and useful.

I shall close the Scene with some Observations of my own, of what may, or may not be the Consequence of things in these Parts of the World; in which, tho' I may pass for a false Prophet, and wish I may be so indeed yet I believe all Men will concur in this, that my Conjectures are Rational; and that's as much as I yet ought to expect.

The Author of the *Memoirs of Count Teckely* has this Observation, and which I find true enough; The Hungarians are good Party-Men, and do very well for an Onslaught, a Surprise, or a Piking War, but at Taking strong Towns, or keeping them against a Regular Enemy, or at Pitch'd Battles, they are nobody, compar'd to the Germans: from whence it was always apparent, that whenever the Imperial Armies came to be but any thing above 15,000 Men, the Hungarians could never stand before them.

Count Teckely's Forces were whole and unbroken, when the Poles, were Beaten at the Battle of Barkan; and yet the next day he did not think fit to venture to joyn the Turks, tho' 20,000 of their best Troops were left, which, if he had done, the Imperialists had not had so cheap a Victory, if any at all.

What I mean by it all, is this, Tho' by takeing Advantage of the Emperor, when his Affairs have been at a low Ebb, the Malecontents have now three Times been Masters of almost all Hungary, yet, when ever the Emperor has, by any turn of his Affairs, been able but to spare an Army of 25,000 Men, and to Pay 'em well, and Provide them suitable Magazines, the strongest Forces of the Hungarians, have never been able to stand before them, nor to defend their Towns against them. The old Veteran Troops of the Empire have been Content, on frequent occasions, to fight them with the Disadvantage of 2 to 1 against them; this has been so apparent, and is so plain of all the Histories of that Nation, that I think 't would be needless to offer at giving Examples. . . . But, to make it out, that 'tis just as it used to be with them, we need refer to nothing, but the small Actions which have happened to them this War. . . . At the Battle near Raab, the Malecontents had 16,000 Men, and the Imperial General, including the Croat Militia, could not make up 5,000: and yet they were Assailants, and gave the Malecontents a total Defeat. General. . . . with 2,000 Men, fought another little Army of them, with near 5 to 1 odds, at, or near, Peterwaradin. . . . and 'tis observable at the end of the Last War, General Schultz reduc'd all the Upper Hungary with 16,000 Men.

The necessary Inferences I make from hence are, That the Hungarians are worse than Madmen, if as they have taken the Advantage of the Emperor in the Ebb of of his Fortunes, to harass and over-run the Country, and beat him out of the Possession, they do not by all possible means, secure themselves the Liberties they Claim, by a Peace, while that Ebb of his Affairs continues: For, as in former times it has always been, they may venture to assure themselves, should the Emperor's Affairs turn upon them, so that he can have leisure to take them into Consideration, 25,000 Germans would put him into a Condition of giving Law to them, and beat them into a State too low to be Treated with.

And that this may be part of the Reason, why the Emperor is the easier prevail'd with, to slight their present Willingness to Comply, seems very probable; for that since the Battle at Blenheim, he has a fairer Prospect of reducing them by Force, than he had before: and therefore the Hungarians seem'd to slip their Opportunity, when they slighted the Proposals made before the Emperor in his turn, thinking himself in a Condition to slight theirs now.

If any Man shall tell me that this is not probable, and the Emperor's Condition is not retrievable: I must Answer freely, I think that a Mistake; there are several Accidents which are not all Improbable; and if any one of them happen, the Emperor may be an Overmatch for the Prince Ragocksi.

A Campaign but half so Successful as the last, half such a Battle as that at Blenheim: a turn of Affairs in Italy, a Settlement in Bavaria, a turn or a Peace in the North: Any of these would give the Empire so much Breath, and spare him so many Troops, as that he would be far from seeking a Treaty with them.

If this be the real Case, it must be the Interest of the Hungarians, to agree with the Adversary quickly; it is the only Policy they have to make use of, to obtain the Settlement of their Religion and Civil Rights, and close the Scene if they can.

By this they will Demonstrate the Sincerity of their Designs, that they took arms not for the Pretences of Liberty, but for the real Purchase; by this they will secure that Peace and Liberty, that can only justify their appearing in Arms.

If they do not, I shall be still the apter to believe there are but few Protestant in the Concern; for certainly the Protestant Religion would open their eyes, to see that they are Fighting against the Protestant Interest of Europe, and ought to continue doing so no longer than meer Necessity obliges them, for the security of their Liberties.

Nay, it will appear now, past all possibility of Contradiction, whether they are upon the Foot of Right and Religion, or no: for now they have two Protestant Mediators: and if they insist upon Articles, that those Mediators find inconsistent with the Demand of Religion and Right, I hope all the World will see the meaning of it.

There can be nothing ask'd by the Hungarians, which they have a Right to Demand, but the Mediators will become Intercessors with his Imperial Majesty to Grant; and their Principles have now more than Ordinary Influence on the Emperor, to Oblige him to Grant it: but what they will do, as to giving Prince Ragocksi new Dominions, and making him Prince or Wayvode of Transylvania, I can say nothing to, and do not believe they will Concern themselves in it: Nor indeed can I see any Reason why they shou'd: and if the Treaty must break off, without that Article be Granted, I am sorry for their Heads, that cannot see that this is an Article very Remote from the Pretences made use of in this War; and all I can say for the Protestants in this Case, is, They ought to make Peace without him; and if they can't, I am sorry for them.

Thus the present Treaty has brought the Affairs of Hungary to a Crisis: and it will be seen whether the French Influence has not all along too much Govern'd their Councils.

There is no Question but an Honourable Peace may now be obtain'd by the Powerful Mediation of England and Holland, and sufficient security had for its Continuance, which has been the Objection all along, and which has obstructed and broken off many a Treaty. If the Protestants slip this Occasion, I can see no probability of their ever gaining the like: and must own, I shall think, they do not deserve it . . .⁹

⁹ Nouns, names of places and certain parts of sentences were italicized by Defoe but have been given in ordinary print here. For the rest, the text is reproduced literally.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

IRREVERENT THOUGHTS ON MAETERLINCK

On the Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth

Perhaps—indeed, almost certainly—he is not the greatest, but he is undoubtedly the most famous and successful Flemish poet and dramatist who wrote in French. It is a hundred years since Maurice Maeterlinck was born; he belonged to the generation of our fathers, to a certain extent even to that of our grandfathers, but in his old age he was our own contemporary. Around the turn of the century two continents resounded with his name. His talent was discovered in a sensational article by Octave Mirbeau, the militant political writer and naturalist dramatist of the close of the century. Verlaine called on the young symbolist poet and was astonished to meet a rubicund, wealthy lawyer-sportsman, who was to become the founder of the symbolist drama. And even though symbolist drama as a trend and fashion could not survive long on the stage, it became the source of innumerable innovations, poetic and stage tricks, that are still considered modern. Many a writer, from Paul Claudel to Jean Giraudoux and, directly or through them indirectly, to Yeats, Anouilh and Audibert, is deeply indebted to Maeterlinck.

This is the true measure of his significance and not the undeniable fact that his dramas show a growing tendency to gather dust on library bookshelves and hardly ever kindle the emotions of present-day theatre audiences: that his poetic essays on the lives of the bees, ants and flowers have preserved

the glamour of his name more faithfully than his plays, which used to fill so many hearts with melancholy, or his philosophical flights of wit that were so highly appreciated at the time of publication but are now almost completely forgotten. The budding poet, to whom Verlaine drew attention and who in time was completely overshadowed by the dramatist, will perhaps come to be revived among the pure-voiced minor post-symbolists sooner than the playwright who once scored such brilliant successes.

The thundering applause, the legions of deferential reviews and studies, as well as the large fortune he amassed through the success of his works and increased by judicious investments, all show that Maeterlinck could give his age—the last two decades of the past century—exactly what it wanted. In 1911, when at the age of fifty he was awarded the Nobel Prize, the eminent Hungarian scholar and excellent commentator of French literature, Gyula Szini, spoke about “refurbishing the waning gloriole.” The secret of his success and influence was that—whether consciously or unconsciously is immaterial—he sensed and in his works expressed the change that came over the western bourgeoisie at the end of the century: a turning away from rationalism and materialism, an abandoning of naturalism, which corresponded to that in contemporary art, and a new burst of appreciation for mysticism and irrationalism.

"A German dreamer who writes in French", said one of his earliest biographers and critics, Anselma Heine; in truth, Maeterlinck's plays spread a Germanic mistiness over the French stage, which had been glittering in the light of a logic whose purity had sometimes even rendered it mechanical. His language is clear, sonorous, beautiful French, rising occasionally to the height of poetry, not so much in the rich, abundant flow of words—an almost inalienable property of French poetry up to Mallarmé—as in the reverberating halo surrounding various words, covering the silence that encompasses them with a mysterious light. His love of the Middle Ages, the means used by him to create atmosphere in his dramas (the damp and echoing corridors of ancient castles and convents, moonshine, storms, the legendary deep well, mysterious keys commanding secret doors) and, most of all, the overpowering pressure of fate, which man cannot fight but must endure in anguish; ceaseless fear of death which intrudes and casts a shadow on every minute of man's life (one of his best plays, *L'Intruse*, is on the subject of death)—all these elements transplanted the misty, tempestuous, oppressive and obscure atmosphere of the North Sea onto the French stage, which had hitherto bathed in the sparkling, often mischievous light of the Mediterranean.

Two nurses, Ibsen and Wagner, stood at the cradle of the dramatist Maeterlinck. Ibsen, who could pour spiritual contents still undefinable as concepts into powerful symbols, and Wagner, who came close to achieving the same through dramatic music. However, Ibsen's states of mind, his struggles and tragedies, struck their roots in the actual conditions of Norway, drawing on them for strength and authenticity, while Wagner really created dramatic music from the mysticism of the spirit. Maeterlinck's great experiment—the source of his temporary success and rapid decline—consisted of trying to voice all this through the phan-

tom figures of a dream world that disregarded life and society, putting on the stage states of mind instead of individuals, and making up for deep-felt poetry by learned doses of linguistic music and linguistic tricks (repetition, names with a magic sound, silences that pad and, at the same time, give resonance to the intervals between words and phrases).

The poet's individual tendencies may perhaps be adequately explained by the family legends associated with the stormy history of the Maeterlincks up to the 14th century; by the huge channel near Oostacker, where the child had seen the vast bulging sails of vessels setting out for or coming from the Indies; the convent of Saint-Wadrille where in his childhood he spent his summers and in the deserted corridors of which the pattering of his feet may first have evoked ghosts of Maleine, Mélisande, and Ygraine. But the development of this tendency in the precise form that was peculiar to Maeterlinck was chiefly an effect of his time, the "belle époque," whose velvet draperies, Maquart ties, puffed sleeves and bustles, gracefully dangled stick, glossy opera-hat and dress-coat could conceal the darkness looming behind the light and the misery serving as the pedestal of luxury, but could not relieve the anxiety flowing from the steadily deepening sensation that power and prosperity and all may one day come to an end.

On the stage the figures of Maeterlinck's poetical dreams give voice to this anxiety; the dramatic form they assume is the artistic expression of the tenacious obstinacy with which he retained his illusion of the permanence and immutability of the bourgeois world. Béla Balázs, who later acquired world fame as a film-aesthete but at the time was a well-known and still important symbolist poet and dramatist, accurately sensed this frame of mind in Maeterlinck's plays when he wrote in 1908: "The ideal is to represent eventless immobility. This great new undertaking called for a great new

technique. His characters neither develop nor move. Each of them represents an immobile mood, from beginning to end... These children do not talk, they are only like stringed instruments, under the influence of an invisible movement in the vicinity."

Maurice Maeterlinck's symbolist plays and their great success grew from these roots, but the juices drawn from them also brought about their rapid decline. For their limitations necessarily made these plays undramatic, and the originally so effective and novel means gradually betrayed their far from mysterious or poetic machinery. That is what justified György Lukács's reference, in his first great work published half a century ago, to decorative stylization in Maeterlinck's dramaturgy and makes us regard his plays as the dramatic expression of contemporary German-Austrian *art nouveau* rather than the continuation and transposition to the stage of the great symbolist lyrical poetry of the French. And the survival of *Pelléas and Mélisande* is due in the first place to the wonderful music of his contemporary and friend, Claude Debussy, and not to the poetic or dramatic qualities of the play.

Maeterlinck may have been aware that the dramatic form and mode of expression created by himself had run dry; after the turn of the century he evolved a new trend in one of his greatest theatrical hits, *Monna Vanna*. This play revealed the author's two fundamental traits: his unerring instinct in swiftly following the shift of public taste from symbolism to a neo-romanticism that was still further removed from reality on the one hand, and his romantic temperament that smacked of emotionalism on the other. This was immediately recognized by the young genius, Endre Ady, the journalist who later became the greatest Hungarian poet of the age and who, at the height of the play's success in 1903, disparaged it in these words: "The trouble with *Monna Vanna* is that it not only depreciates Maeterlinck's value but completely denies it."

His literary reputation Maeterlinck owed to the deep effect of his first plays, *Les Aveugles*, *L'Intruse*, *La Princesse Malaine*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Intérieur*, and *La Mort de Tintagiles*, his resounding success as exemplified in the Nobel Prize, and his continuing world fame, to *Monna Vanna* and *L'Oiseau bleu*. In his lectures on literature, Albert Thibaudet correctly pointed out that from the point of view of stage development the fastidious critic could not but sigh over the decline from *Princesse Malaine* to *L'Oiseau bleu*. In his book on modern French drama, Joseph Chiari drew a sound parallel between *L'Oiseau bleu* and the transparent allegory of Edmond Rostand's passionately nationalistic play, *Chantecler*, written one year later. This descent from the world of symbols into the lower regions of allegory was obviously the reason why the *Oeuvre theatre* of Paul Fort and Lugne Poe refused to stage *L'Oiseau bleu*, which finally acquired world fame at the Moscow Art Theatre, where it was presented by Stanislavsky. From Moscow, *L'Oiseau bleu* flew to London and only then to Paris, whence it began its flight from continent to continent.

As compared to symbols, allegory undoubtedly represents a decline; but the regression from *Princesse Malaine* or even *Pelléas et Mélisande* to *L'Oiseau bleu* was merely apparent, for it affected only form. The mere fact that Maeterlinck in writing a "fairy play" turned to folk-tale figures, creating a poetical variation of the Hansel and Gretel motive with popular folk-tale characters, was proof of his advance in a new and enriching direction. This choice flowed from a new disposition, which completely eliminated from *L'Oiseau bleu* the anxious, melancholy atmosphere of death, of inevitable and tragic destiny that relentlessly oppressed every human being in the first works. The ghosts that peopled the medieval castles of the early works now lay pale and fettered in the caves of the Fairy of the Night, and when figures from the earlier works haunt the scene as tearfully sighing ghosts that

roam in the moonlight, Tytyl and Mytyl, beholding the glorious miracle of the cemetery at dawn, may cry in happiness: "There are no dead!"

The childish allegory of Tytyl and Mytyl was evidently intended to rise to the level of philosophical stage poetry. Of course, *L'Oiseau bleu* is a rather pale younger brother not only of the pioneer giant, *Faust*, but also of the latter's lesser descendants, *Peer Gynt*, and *The Tragedy of Man* by the Hungarian Imre Madách. Maeterlinck falls behind the truly great, mainly because he would not or could not tackle the fundamental questions of human existence, whether embedded in the march of history and thus assuming the expression of a uniform conception of historical philosophy, as with Madách, or presented in the form of human fate moulded by the events of the 19th century, as with Ibsen. In this work too, Maeterlinck, following the taste of his public, endeavoured to construct "eternal" human symbols independent of history and society: the successive scenes lead into the realms of memory, imagination, death, happiness and the future, striving to give a portrayal and voice the desires and emotions of man liberated from historical and social conditions.

If *L'Oiseau bleu* is nevertheless more than a late shoot of the "fairy plays" brought to luxuriant growth by 19th-century romanticism, if it is more than an end-of-century Nestroy, the reason lies chiefly in the message of the work. The story of the two children wandering from the Walloon woods into the honey-cake world of Maeterlinck's imagination tells of humanity's longing for happiness and reveals the meaning of the struggle to achieve it. The intentionally simple and carefully thought-out series of poetic scenes illustrating the search for the blue bird are imbued with the author's conviction that the son of man is led towards the blue bird of happiness by the fairy of light, implying that happiness and

knowledge are inseparably connected. And the end of the search is not disappointment and disillusion, as was the lot of most dreamers at the beginning of the century, but fulfilment. The conclusion drawn from the figures of Tytyl and Mytyl, and still more from the significant though taciturn characters of Father Tyl and Mother Tyl, is that the secret of true happiness lies not in romantic desire, not in boundless searching, in abstractions and unbridled emotions, but in the simple joys of life, the world of the home, in pure and sincere human relationships, in selfless mutual help. The framework thus becomes an organic part of the play, and the identity of Mother Berlingot and the fairy Berylune takes on a deeper meaning than a sheer game of metamorphosis.

Most of Maurice Maeterlinck's works have by now become little more than the intellectual nutriment of scholars investigating past epochs of literature. When on infrequent occasions plays of his symbolist period are still performed, they recall the taste of a vanished era rather than suggest answers to present problems. Their influence on today's theatre audiences is no longer a direct one, but is manifested through the works of new writers who have transplanted some of Maeterlinck's achievements in form or atmosphere into their own works. *L'Oiseau bleu* is almost the only play of his that has remained a success and still has a direct message to communicate to the public. This is due in considerable measure to stage managers whose fancy is often attracted by the immense scenic possibilities it offers and who mostly—and perhaps not without justification—present it as a dazzling fairy show. In itself this furnishes little explanation; the lasting success and continued liveliness of *L'Oiseau bleu* may be ascribed to the echo that the beating of its wings arouses in the hearts of all audiences and readers as long as mankind seeks happiness.

DANTE AND THE HUNGARIAN READER

With the first Hungarian edition of Dante's complete works, appearing in the Helikon Classics series*, the question of the Hungarian reader's attitude to Dante may legitimately be posed. The answer must be based on the unique position Dante occupies in world literature as regards the poet's relationship to his mother country. When, after many centuries of foreign domination, Italy at last achieved national unity in the course of the past century, Cesare Balbo, Dante's first genuine biographer and himself a prominent figure in the *Risorgimento*, pointed out that "Dante embodies a major part of Italy's history." It is in fact to him that the eyes of Petrarch were already turned; from him that Machiavelli sought inspiration in the early 16th century; of him that the political dreamers of the frustrated 17th century were thinking. Alfieri and Foscolo held him in highest esteem; Leopardi placed his hopes in him; Manzoni, Mazzini, Gioberti chose him for their ideal. Carbonari and followers of Mazzini, Neo-Guelphs and moderates all had his name and lifework inscribed on their banner.

The explanation of this phenomenon must be sought in the fact that Dante, besides being the poet-hero of all mankind, was also the prophet of his nation. The two are inseparable. His immense influence would be quite unthinkable without the universal validity of his work and his unparalleled powers of expression. These, in turn, would be ineffective were Florence, his small city-state, not behind them, as well as the unified nation-state of his visions. Conditions in contemporary Italy were chaotic. Uniform law, public order and interior peace had been unknown since the great centuries of antiquity, as was a

* *Dante összes művei* (The Complete Works of Dante), Magyar Helikon, Budapest, 1962, 1220 pages.

proper language together with all the joys it affords in literature—for neither the nation nor the language were homogenous. The Papacy was the only centre of organization whose power radiated over the peninsula. And though the bankers of Florence, the most important of the city-states and that with the greatest prospects, stood to gain by their association with the finances of the Roman Curia, the medieval Papacy weighed heavily on the city. It was under such circumstances that Dante fought for the freedom of lay thought and for the independence of secular government. His primary aim was to delimit the ecclesiastical and worldly spheres. At the end of the Middle Ages he claimed that the secular order was capable of promoting the welfare of the people, and pressed for reform in the Church while going himself the way of individual religiousness and mysticism. Dismissing the Latin of the clerics, he championed the language of the people as "the new sun, the new light, bound to shine on those in obscurity," heralding it as the miraculous bread of millions and millions. With his great works the *Divina Commedia*, written in the tongue of the people, he became, in the strictest sense of the word, the creator of the Italian literary language. Moreover, by claiming that the only real nobility was that of human values, he dared to assault the bonds of feudal order. He professed, in the last heroic voyage of Ulysses, the infinite delight of knowledge; in the stories of Farinata degli Uberti, of Sordello and of Count Ugolino, the love of the mother country and the hate of treachery; and in the fate of Francesca da Rimini, the beauty of human emotions and of love. In every scene of the *Commedia* he preached humanity. And his profession of faith united all these: a new kind of humanity, a new way of thinking. He was bold enough to make the hero of a work of the unprecedented size of one

hundred cantos not Achilles or Ulysses as did Homer, not Aeneas and the Iulia gens as did Vergil, but his own self, the poet, the message-bearer—thereby investing the man of letters with heroic stature. The *Commedia* at the same time opened the line of the great epic poems in European literature that, from *Paradise Lost* to *Faust*, have the fate of mankind for their subject.

It was obviously the combination of a number of circumstances that made Dante the representative of the Italian people's longings, the herald of a new era. The first of these in order of importance was perhaps the fact that his noble family completely identified itself in all matters of interest, feeling and thought with the rising class of burghers and that in the struggle between the past and the future it adopted the cause of the latter. The second one was personal: Dante was able to break with the narrow-mindedness of Guelph politics, with the petty interests of the city-state, and to think with the mind and feel with the heart of a nation yet unborn. He was rooted in the soil of past centuries, even millennia, yet for him this great heritage was an impetus rather than an impediment.

It was, nevertheless, Dante's medievalism that during a certain period, that of bourgeois romanticism, was professed by many people out of inner inclination. Carlyle, himself an important commentator on Dante's work, saw in the poet-hero "the interpreter of eleven dumb centuries" rather than the harbinger of a new era. How characteristic the fact, on the other hand, that an introductory letter written in 1852 by Ferenc Toldy, past-master of Hungarian literary historians, to our first Dante translator, Ferenc Császár's rendering of *Vita nuova*, should contain a more appropriate definition of Dante's place in history: "On the twilight boundaries between the declining Middle Ages and the dawn of modern times Dante constitutes the gate that must be passed by those seeking to understand the one and the other. . . the first stirrings of

the great mental revolution that was in the course of time to give birth to a new philosophy, to a new life and a new poetry. It is the work of this gigantic genius that you decided to re-create in our tongue. . ."

Ferenc Toldy derived his knowledge, both directly and indirectly, from French authors; yet his convictions led him to introduce the heritage of the Hungarian Reform Era and of the War of Independence into the beginnings of Hungarian literary history. For both the forerunners and the heroes of the War of Independence saw the Dante whose eyes were turned to the future. Both Széchenyi and Petöfi considered him—almost in equal terms—the narrator describing a suffering country, whose words could be applied also to the Hungarian people shaping their future in suffering and hope: as the *vateses* they were, they gave the message of Dante an entirely political interpretation. Even more was this true of Kossuth, who censured Dante, the inspirer of contemporary Italian secret societies and the precursor of the national idea, not so much for his monarchist principles—these he was able to understand as determined by the age—as for the hopes he set on the Holy Roman Empire; it was already in the ominous light of the Hungarian Compromise of 1867 that he rejected this delusion of Dante's.

Our present-day views on Dante are a logical sequel to those of the Hungarian War of Independence as well as to the attitude expressed by Friedrich Engels. In his frequently cited preface—written toward the end of his life—to the 1893 Italian edition of the *Communist Manifesto*, Engels said that Dante "was the last poet of the Middle Ages and at the same time the first one of modern times." The historical circumstances in which Engels wrote these words are less frequently discussed. Yet these circumstances are decisive: it was the *Manifesto*, that foreboder of things to come, that caused Engels to remember Dante, and it was in the same foreword that he addressed

himself full of hope to the Italian people. "Now, as around 1300, a new historical era is in the making," he wrote. "Will Italy give us a new Dante to herald the advent of this new proletarian era?" When Engels put down these lines, Lenin was already fighting for the new era and its first great writer, Maxim Gorki, had set out on his career a year earlier. Nor did history repeat itself this time. The appearance of the genius of the new era was determined by the prevalence of a set of specific preliminary conditions. For us, the matter for reflection is, as Engels defined it, that Dante was a messenger of the modern era as regards both his way of thinking and his individual character: "The end of medieval feudalism and the dawn of modern capitalism is marked by a figure of gigantic stature, the Italian Dante."

Nor does Mihály Babits' more recent interpretation of Dante constitute a break with Hungarian traditions or form any contradiction with the definition of Engels. When, after half a century of experimenting by Hungarian translators, Mihály Babits finished his masterly rendering of the *Commedia*, which marked an epoch in Hungarian Dante interpretation and came to constitute the point of departure for further development, he perceived clearly that "the lyricism which underlies the whole work . . . is not the lyricism of an abstract spirit but that of an active man standing on both feet and with a thousand nerves in the centre of a turbulent surrounding world." This perception made Babits use the lifework of Dante as a weapon in proclaiming a new individuality of the man of letters, in taking a stand for democratic progress and for new achievements of Western poetry. It is a testimony to the historical truth of his relationship that in 1930, when Babits' introduction to his Dante translation appeared independently, he wrote on the first supplementary pages: "Of all the great poets of our nation it is Endre Ady, the most modern, the most excitingly alive in our eyes, who appears as

the truly equal brother of the great Italian." Babits declared the prophet of Florence to be the greatest representative of ideological and political activity in literature: "Dante is, in a certain sense, the greatest activist of the great poets in world literature." Babits looked on Dante as if he were the ancestor of all the lyrical poets grouped round *Nyugat* ("West"), the important Hungarian literary review of the period, and said that he was "the poet of perhaps the most profound lyricism in world literature."

Nor is this view of the great poet unprecedented in Hungarian literature. One of the finest poems of the lyric poet János Arany is devoted to the lyricist Dante. True, the approach here is different: Arany saw Dante not in his subjective aspects but as the giant of objectified lyrics, the poet, both conscious and instinctive, of the depths of the human soul. It is the admiration of a congenial spirit that emerges from Arany's upsurging love, just as Babits would divine his own poet-self in Dantean subjectivity. He pointed almost exultantly to the dialectical contradiction and relationship between Dante and Shakespeare: "Where Dante and Shakespeare, the two greatest personalities in modern poetry, differ from each other is that while Shakespeare, the 'man with a thousand souls,' was able to assume the strange lives of an infinite variety of the remotest characters, leaving his own soul almost completely out of the play or, rather, infusing and warming with its fresh blood only those strange characters—with Dante the case is the reverse: he perceived the world only under the angle of his own existence, experiencing all its riches, and heaven and hell beyond them, only through the medium of his profoundest desires and passions, presenting in them, as it were, only the illustrations and the symbols of his own life and even of his love. If Shakespeare was the most objective of the geniuses, Dante was undoubtedly the most lyrical."

To take up and to carry further these noble Hungarian traditions was our aim

when presenting in the Hungarian tongue the Dantean oeuvre in its entirety, thus grasping practically in its genesis the *Commedia*, that formidable mountain range towering to the sky in world literature. By placing into its historical surroundings that which is perennial, the approach to it has been made easier and the effect enhanced.

Not that we considered the *Vita nuova*, or the rich collection of variations, essays, sketches and cantos contained in the *Poems*, *Monarchia*, *Convívio* or any of the other works as purely preparatory in character. Far from being mere documents, the milestones and halting-places on the road of the unfolding of a great spirit, these accessories of the Dantean oeuvre have more than once come to occupy a fundamental position in the history of poetry and of human thinking. Thus, for instance, *Monarchia* from the viewpoint of the history of lay thought and of humanism: *Convívio* and *De vulgari eloquentia* in matters of the struggle for the rehabilitation of the vernacular tongue, linguistic history, stylistics, poetics. In addition, the whole of *Vita nuova* holds its own *sub specie aeternitatis*, and so do—from the long series of the *Poems*—the savage and bitter Pietro cycle, the “great song of the exile,” and the love song of Casentino, as well as some moving sonnets and the two old-age eclogues of crepuscular beauty.

What astonishes one most in the works of Dante which were hitherto unknown in this country is the greatness of the poet of the *Commedia* as a prose writer, notwithstanding the fact that much of the knowledge he was relying on has long become antiquated and much of his reasoning had been scholastic. Yet his invariable espousal of the cause of progress and of everything pointing to the future, his sense of the essential, the conciseness of his style, the passion of his convictions, his deep seriousness, the wealth of his portrayal, his racing phantasy, the picturesqueness and plasticity of his vision overshadow medieval traditions and rhetoric on many a page, rendering the effect often

equal to that of the *Commedia*. The task of the translators of Dantean prose—László Mezey, Géza Sallay, Mihály Szabó—was hardly easier than that facing the translators of the poetical works, Győző Csorba, Zoltán Jékely, Amy Károlyi, Mihály András Rónai, Dénes Szedő, György Végh and Sándor Weöres.

The main significance of this historically unfolding, genetic presentation of the full Dantean lifework lies, however, in its being instrumental in raising the level of approach to Dante the poet. There is an all-pervading element in the whole of Dante's work, in every line, be it poetry or prose, of a masterpiece, or of a stammering juvenile attempt, of a poetic exercise, a primitive sketch, a version; this element is what is called *impegno* in Italian: a deep sincerity of conviction, the solemn acceptance of the poet's lot, the sense of duty and vocation, compassion for humanity, proclamation of man's social existence.

The complete Dante lends even more substance to Carlyle's definition of “the interpreter of eleven dumb centuries,” or to the remark of the Hungarian Lajos Fülep, made some twenty years ago in a foreword to Zoltán Jékely's first translation of *Vita nuova*, about the *Commedia*'s being “a work of gigantic stature whose genesis nearly equals in length the historical age of mankind.” Yet still more important from our point of view and undeniably evident in the complete works is, as has already been alluded to, the path covered by the poet-giant in his concrete and personal evolution at the given historical moment. We see him now going from the dream-like reality of *Vita nuova* unto the fantasy-born realm of the *Commedia*, itself composed of bloody reality, from dimly hopeful juvenile expectation and delicate means of poetic expression to the age of grim reality and desperate faith, to the realization of the unity of all artistic means in one final work; we see him arrive, from the personal matters of early days and the inner concerns of a lonely soul, the now

cruel, now blissful but always petty present, at the universal case of mankind, the matters of every human soul, the fantastic rainbow of the future.

From the complete works the complexity of the *Commedia's* artistic form becomes more apparent than ever. The work appears inseparable from the terribly wrathful, unearthly visions of the Middle Ages, particularly from the visions of the northern Italian heretics. Yet it is not to these or, for that matter, to the Vergilian epos, that Dante's title of "comedy" owes its origin. In his letter to Can Grande della Scala, Dante interpreted the title *Commedia* largely on the basis of contents: "Now it is in the nature of the *commedia* to begin with the sad condition of a matter which would then end in the best, as plainly shown in the comedies of Terence." All Dante's further arguments led to the conclusion that the work's beginning with the horrors of the *Inferno* and its ending with the serenity of the *Parasido* was in accordance with the accepted norms of comedy. This is in fact how medieval poetics, how Papis or Johannes de Jauna, would interpret the respective characteristics of tragedy and comedy: diametrically opposed directions of action in the poetic exposition, supplemented by sublimity of style in the one case and by triviality in the other. Dante was obviously attracted by this medieval definition of an artistic form when giving his epic poem the seemingly unusual title: *Commedia*. The dominating tone of the narrative is also tragic and elegiac, interrupted now and then by passionate outbreaks of the lyrical poet. In almost every canto, groups of scenes now tragically sublime, now tragicomically grotesque or even lyrical emerge as central points. The three principal parts, the three great *cantica* are veritable physical landscapes and, in correlation, the spiritual regions of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, with the tone of each a unity in itself and of ascending tendency in their mutual relationship. Yet within these principal parts what an incred-

ible variety of forms! What could be more lyrical than the scene where Beatrice, trembling for the fate of Dante who had descended to the depths, encounters Virgil; than the discourse between Francesca da Rimini and Dante; than Farinata and Dante finding each other? What again more dramatic than the clash between the haughty Filippo d'Argenti and the poet himself in the infernal marshes; than knowledge-seeking Ulysses' fatal struggle with human destiny; than Ugolino wrestling with hunger and madness; than the fight between the Devil and the Angel for Bonconte's soul after the battle of Campaldino? What description could be more staggering than that of the tempestuous night of Hell ablaze with flames; of Purgatory's flower-scented morning; of the lofty flashing lights of Paradise? What narrative could be more vivid than that of the encounter with the three wild beasts?

It is to the synthesis of broadly epic relation, tempestuous lyrics and outbursting drama that the *Commedia* owes its universality of artistic form—a universality that shows Dante's creative powers to reach far beyond the boundaries of mere lyrics. He mobilized the widest range of artistic means, an almost closed circle of creative methods, and of these too a genuine comprehension can be gained from the complete works, which enable us to compare the *Commedia* with *Vita nuova*, the poetics of *De vulgari eloquentia*, the allegorizing of the *Eclogues*. What is more, the Poems conserve the slivers of *Vita nuova*, the variants of slighter value, the superior yet incongruous solutions, that which is inferior with respect to poetic means; they contain that which deviates from orbit and also the building stones of the works that were never finished, such as the *Convivio*. Thus, not only the cathedral but also the stonemason's workshop emerges in front of us, the workshop with all its tools. It now becomes clear how he would select his tools and instruments, how he would develop his building technique. All is converging on the "work": this is how the *Commedia* of one

hundred cantos came into being, a unique example of fascinating poetic imagination though almost entirely devoid of epithets. Yes, because the song is built on primarily perceptive, energetic verbs of a metaphorical content, with a logical path leading from the tiniest atoms to the symbols of universal force, to the most incredible heights of Dantean fantasy.

The songs of *Vita nuova* and of the *Poems* give a foretaste of how such human characters as Beatrice, the noble-minded Lady of his youthful love, were to become transformed into transparent symbols, sublimated, as it were, in the "great song of the exile": how an idea, that of justice, was to assume the figure of a suffering woman. By the time the *Commedia* was written, he had already fully developed his symbolizing technique. Even his real characters are so concentrated as to be almost symbolical. In the Paradise radiant Beatrice, a head taller than himself, becomes indeed more than human: she is philosophy penetrating into the poet's heart, superhuman sentiment, the seer of his hidden questions, she is harmony that carries him towards fulfilment. Of the many examples of this kind that could be brought up, let us mention only one other: the poet himself. Is he, the narrator of the song, merely a Florentine poet by the name of Dante Alighieri? The one-time Guelph nobleman who became the partisan of the Ghibellines? And who left them later on "to make himself the party of his own?" Or is he the hero of the future, the Greyhound that came to drive away the hideous wolf of greed and rapacity? In whom brightly shine the hopes of Italy? He is the Vates who has once and for all shown the world how to dare and to seek out the final lot of mankind, whom Vergil could address without hesitation:

Vien dietro a me, e lascia dir le genti:
sta come torre ferma, che non crolla
già mai la cima per soffiar de' venti...

Purg. V. 13—15

There is hardly anything to divide Dante's symbolic heroes from that world of grand symbolism that made Babits feel so great an affinity between the Florentine poet and Endre Ady. Dante was not the one to concoct obsolete allegories, although some allegories can be found in his immense imagery. Rather, he created concentrated signs of great force, generative of feelings and fantasy, such as, for instance, the panther of noiseless tread, the proud lion running with head erect, the insatiable wolf, the giant statue of the old man up in the Cretan mountains, alloyed of many metals and representing the ages of mankind, the thunder which unites in itself the moans of the damned, the rivers and the horrible lakes of the underworld into which the tears of humanity are flowing. These symbols of universal value contribute in no small measure to the cosmic dimensions of the work and to the emotions its reading elicits.

But even the universal effect of the symbols is surpassed by that of the poet's powerful imagination, which upsets even physical reality. What I have in mind is not only the passage where, wanting to destroy Pisa for her inhuman cruelty, he demands the two sea islands of Caprara and Gorgona to block the flow of the river Arno, or that where he descends into terrible depths on the back of the monster Geryon together with Vergil. It is his ability to interchange the human senses, giving, for instance, the attribute "dumb" to the light perceived by the eye, as if the eye's perception were shifted to the ear, while the region is at the same time filled with the roar of the wind:

Io venni in luogo d'ogni luce muto,
che mugghia come fa mar per tempesta,
se da contrari venti è combattuto.

Inf. V. 28—30

When reading Dante, present-day man will indeed be reminded, to use the beautiful

words of János Arany's poem, of "the tossing and turning of Leviathan." Of all the voices that reach us from alien countries, it is perhaps only the plays of Shakespeare and Tolstoy's *War and Peace* that elicit as deep emotions. His great humanity, his patriotism, the political views he stood for, his deep sincerity have brought the great Florentine nearer to us than perhaps any other classic. What is considered a basic requirement in Hungarian poetry—obedience to social duty—was realized by Dante in a heroic manner. Striving as we do to represent in the Hungarian renderings of classical literature the outline of progress by presenting complete anthologies of world literature, several centuries of the poetry of certain nations (such as France and Italy), the complete Homer, the complete Shakespeare—the publication of the *Complete Works of Dante* could not be delayed.

The image of Dante that unfolds in this genetic presentation of efforts and experiments, fragments and masterpieces, is thus truer, greater, more varied and even more gigantic than before. Following the path of Dantean development has, of course, entailed a heavy yet glorious responsibility for the faithful rendering of the evolution of the poet's human attitude, of fluctuations in his thought and passions, of the latter's growing intensity and their variations. It also holds out the promise of encountering moods which have never before been expressed in Hungarian, as well as new forms of poetic expression. Were we to approach success in the tasks described above, we should feel that our aim had been attained. These were, at any rate, our endeavours for years, and it is with these thoughts in mind that we present now the *Complete Works of Dante* to the Hungarian reader.

TIBOR KARDOS

ENCOUNTER WITH JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

"I am glad that Kafka was published in your country."

These were Jean-Paul Sartre's first words to me after the formalities of the introduction.

In the teeming but harmonious "Babel" of the meeting hall of Moscow's New Congress Palace this sentence sounded not only curious and without cause, but almost unintelligible. For the chief theme of the world peace congress was, in spite of the manifold views represented by the delegates, the banning of nuclear tests and general and complete disarmament, in the plenary sessions as well as in corridor conversations.

The first part of my talk with Sartre took place before he addressed the congress. And though my chat with one of the "stars" of

the congress was due to the Hungarian edition of Kafka, I could not resist putting the question: Why was Franz Kafka, the writer of Bohemian origin and tragic fate who died in 1924, so important for him here in Moscow at the peace congress?

"Disarmament of some sort is indispensable even in the cultural field," he answered. "To put it more precisely, the split in two of world culture should be ended, its unity restored. That is what I want to speak to the conference about, and as an example I shall mention Kafka, who is in my opinion, part of universal culture. Whether we want it or not," Sartre continued, "activity aimed toward a universality of culture forms part of the struggle for peace. And this is true in spite of the fact that I consider the sense of

the Moscow congress to contain a contradiction. There is a uniform common will to preserve peace, to put aside what separates and to emphasize what brings people of different views closer together. On the other hand, the necessity of continuing the ideological struggle remains not only for communists but for every leftist—and that means for myself too—now and in the future. This is a contradiction, is it not?" Sartre asked more to himself. And he answered: "Yes, but a fruitful contradiction."

My first chat with Sartre, in one of the conference intervals, lasted only a few minutes. Ehrenburg and Vigorelli (secretary-general of the European Writers' Association founded two years ago) were already taking him by the arm to carry him away to a meeting of writers participating in the congress, and I only had time to ask when he would finish the interview.

"Ring me up tomorrow at nine o'clock, and if you want we can have breakfast together where I am staying."

But the next morning I did not find Sartre alone. He was sitting at his table in the company of a young Cuban poet—the Moscow correspondent of a Havana paper. When I arrived, they were criticizing the Soviet Union because the catering trade stubbornly refuses to learn the art of true coffee-making. I accepted their comments unreservedly but hoped that this would not be the only common ground in our conversation.

"We were talking about Cuban literary life," Sartre informed me with an attentiveness in which affected politeness was completely absent, "and of my being worried a bit."

It is commonly known that Cuba is one of Sartre's special interests and that he is a personal friend of Fidel Castro. So I pricked up my ears, along with the Havana colleague.

"I have the impression that the development of various literary tendencies is being hampered now in Cuba," he began. "I know

that Fidel cannot pay attention to everything," he added, "but that is exactly why care must be taken to assure that all the things that are good and progressive are flourishing."

The Cuban partly agreed with Sartre's concern and commented that the writer should be equipped with the weapon of internal censorship. He used as an example his own recently published volume, where in the course of selection he had found it necessary—without any external pressure—to keep exchanging the love poems for verses generally called political.

"I see," Sartre interrupted him. "I know that the Cuba of today must not exclusively and not primarily 'mobilize,' as I might put it, on love. This is a matter of course and it is correct. Every writer who feels a responsibility for the development of his society and nation should possess this internal censorship, which should rather be called internal control, conscience."

"And in your country," he turned to me, "what is the state of literary life?"

I spoke of our periodicals.

"Could you recall a particular monthly of yours that is of special interest?"

I mentioned the June number of *Új Írás* ("New Writing"), which contains among other things two translated poems by Yevtushenko and the very sincere and daring story *Kis mérges öregúr* ("The Angry Little Old Man") by József Lengyel. At the same time I asked his opinion of Yevtushenko.

"It is a good thing he exists," answered Sartre. "He is a very useful poet. I think, however, Vozniesensky is a more significant lyricist. In general, respect and honour to the young Soviet generation of writers and poets—there is among them a great number of interesting, colourful individuals and a considerable amount of talent," he added, and came back to Hungary.

"I have still reservations," he said and asked about the writers who came under a cloud in 1956. He was astonished to hear that Déry's book will soon be published; from this it was evident, and I called his

attention to it, that he was perhaps not well-informed about every aspect of our circumstances.

"Maybe," he retorted. "By all means, I am glad that things are going better now than before."

Sartre then turned to the Cuban: "I think it would be interesting for you to study the development and problems of present-day Hungarian intellectual life. And not only for the purpose of avoiding the mistakes made in Hungary."

The Cuban colleague soon took his departure, and I came to the original object of my visit, to ask Sartre's opinion of the meaning of the Moscow congress.

"Yesterday I started with the statement that in my view the meaning of the congress contains a fruitful contradiction, manifested in the common will to defend peace and the necessity to continue the ideological debates.

"The reason is that in this way we can win people who have so far drawn back and been mistrustful, thinking they would be hampered in speaking their opinions. Now they can see that there is no question of this. The Moscow congress," he emphasized, "has made it possible to express various points of view. And it is clear that we can benefit from the opinions of others. For example, take the case of the delegates of the uncommitted nations. Even if there are states among them that underline their neutrality first of all towards the East, their points of view can enrich us too.

"That is what gives a new appearance to the congress. Africans and Latin-Americans were present in great number, even at previous congresses, but their attendance is made more significant by historical events in the meantime, such as the Cuban revolution,

the victory of the Algerian war of independence and the obtaining of independence by numerous African states."

"I hope", Sartre went on, "that the final resolutions of the congress will reflect the viewpoints of the one billion people it represents. The opinions of people released from colonial oppression are very important. These countries, in which every physical and human effort is aimed at their emerging from the backwardness in which colonialization had kept them submerged, will not be crazy for war, which would be essentially complete destruction. Naturally the people's democracies and the Soviet Union want peace too. The large-scale economic construction they are engaged in makes this a matter of course. I think, however, that there is a difference between the relation to peace of, say, the Soviet Union and that of the underdeveloped countries."

This difference, in Sartre's opinion, consists in the fact that the Soviet Union possesses enough defensive force to be able to defend herself if attacked, while the underdeveloped countries are practically weaponless. Sartre added:

"From the moment the military balance of forces shifted in favour of the East, the chances of maintaining peace increased. But now a balance of intimidation exists, and this is a bad equilibrium. The good balance should rest on agreements, mutual faith or friendship. Khrushchev addressed the delegates, as a matter of fact, in the same sense."

"This," Sartre concluded, "is precisely what the weaponless and at present underdeveloped nations desire. And it follows that it is essential for these countries to be represented in such great numbers at the Moscow conference."

LÁSZLÓ RÓBERT

POET AND PHOTOGRAPHER AT LAKE BALATON

GYULA ILLYÉS AND JÁNOS REISMANN: *LAKE BALATON*

Corvina Press, Budapest, 1962, 170 pp., published in English, French and German

The reader embarking on this book should not expect a guidebook with asterisks, italics and fat letters to direct him among the sights that should or might be seen, hotel fares and ship-timetables. This venture is on quite another level—where literature is synthesized with photographic art. Gyula Illyés, one of the finest of the living Hungarian writers (both poetry and prose) whose two already classical works "*A puszták népe*" ("People of the Plains") and "*Petőfi*," may not be unknown to Western readers, is the guide in word, and the illustrations are provided by János Reismann, the excellent photographer who collaborated on books on Italy and the U. S. S. R. (the text of the former being provided by Carlo Levi, Italy, and that of the latter by Pierre Courtade, France) that have been favourably received abroad as well as in Hungary. This book directs one to the essence of the region; its aim is not to describe the individual places but to acquaint the reader with the atmosphere of the whole, with the water, the people, the ruins, the fruit and the seasons; to tell those who have never seen it what Europe's second largest and most agreeable lake is like and to make it known to those who are seeing it for the first time.

The water is like poetry, telling everyone a slightly different story, becoming permeated with his own life, making him see his own self in it. And this is not the reflection one would behold when simply bending over it in calm weather—one's own face over the depths in continuing timelessness—but a hidden one: that of the soul. One might feel this from afar when approaching the water, not seeing it yet, only sensing it—that indescribable, inexplicable, almost palpable smell of the water—and one might feel it when looking over the water familiarly, medi-

tatively, as in thinking about one's self. There is hardly any memory, indeed, any love, without at least a streamlet bubbling.

It would, of course, be rather unjust to regard the water only as a mirror of soul and face; it is more living and effective. As Gyula Illyés put it, it cleans us even by its sounds ("*Water*"). It forms the soul just as poems or Rilke's Torso of Apollo do. As a wise old man once said simply, without any pathos, sitting on the stones at the shallow water of Balaton's southern shore: "If I were living by the sea, I believe I should never die."

Now I have made these few introductory remarks in order to show the potential for subjective poetic enjoyment of this book. My Lake Balaton differs but slightly from that of the book; it is or may be a trifle more lyrical than in the poet's "guide," yet how could it be otherwise, since a good deal of my childhood was spent on its two shores, where the houses of both my father and grandfather stood, and since I later fell under the spell of another water, the Danube? But as I read this book I was overcome by a sort of "sea-fever" like Masfield's "I must go down to the sea again." Only mine was softer and quieter, without the "tall ship" and the "whale's way." So too, the gently boasting name of "Hungarian sea" hides only sailing boats, jack salmon and carp.

I have always admired the poems of Illyés; myself a prose writer, I envy his piercingly clever prose, crystal clear and full of overtones. Right now, three lines of his poem about Bulgaria, *Néhány adat* ("Some Data") come to my mind: "Its territory, its territory in square kilometres—well now, poet!—one hundred ten thousand eight hundred forty-two." The poem takes a breath like a weight-lifter before his performance. Nor is this deep breath needed; it is rather for

fun's than for exertion's sake. In this book, too, it is in this easy, playful way, in the smooth rhythm of a poem, that he acquaints us with "some data" on Lake Balaton: its surface area, its age, the number of hours of sunshine, reflection of rays of the sun (*What Use is a Lake*). Inclined to be superficial, I might get bored by the Baedeker and skip the data in it; here, however, they would steal into my brain unnoticed. I, whose whole childhood was spent on the Lake, shouldn't know all this, should have forgotten it? Now I realize that I must know it all. And if Illyés begins this chapter with the invocation common to great lyrical poets and great salesmen—"Nowhere will the traveller find another lake like this one"—let me, by analogy, say that the traveller will not readily find another guidebook like this one either, where he is led by a great poet and a fine photographer. And should the reader be in no mood for being guided, let him range it with his books on art or even with fiction, where he would place it were it written by T. S. Eliot or Simone de Beauvoir.

What is it then, that this book endeavours to present?

First of all, the scenery. The big lake, with one of its shores plain and the other protected by hills, with its waves rolling not only against the piers but also against large reeds. The white sails on the water and the persevering anglers melting as it were into the landscape (*Sailing Boats, Ships, Anglers*). The vineyards on the slopes of hills, where the heavy, golden wines are grown on volcanic soil, where the holiday-maker will wander even from the other shore, like the faithful believer to Mecca, and endanger on his return passage the otherwise perfect balance of the ship.

Then the men living around the Lake, "the tamers of the land." "Pannonia, the world's fruit garden," says a medieval letter from Paris, and now wine and almonds show that after the many devastations the fruit garden is beginning to bear fruits worthy of its fame.

And in summertime the kith and kin of the tamers of the land crowd here from all over the country. History can be measured even better by this fact than by the mere data. Of this history not only the fine bodies of the girls in bikinis and the slim, muscular boys are significant, but the parents behind them too, in boot and kerchief, watching their bathing children—in the words of Illyés—like the brooding hen the ducklings that have hatched under her body. To the foreigner the changes these pictures imply may at first sight not be clear, but after some reflection he will come to realize that holidaying and bathing can be taken as a measure of progress in the life of a people just as much as per capita sugar consumption or schooling standards. Perhaps even more so, implying, as they do, the latter. This is the way one who doesn't know anything about the people of the region—neither whence they came nor whither they are going—ought to look at these pictures. And they should not surprise him too much, who has expected, on account of out-of-date, falsely romantic stories, something different, something more uncouth; this is the point of Illyés's introductory anecdote with the great French poet Éluard as the principal character (*Words of Wisdom for the Wayfarer*).

This human temporal nature, called history if passed and the present if not, is completed by the ruins of castles, by the old churches and by architectural forms implanted in Renaissance times on the peasants' houses around the Lake. Or by the meek and clumsy lions in the coats of arms—symbols, so to speak, of ambition. The stones were hit harder and with less repairable damage than the "fruit garden" by the devastations of war and misery and the role Hungary was playing as the breakwater against Turkish invasion. It is therefore necessary to rejoice in what had come into being and what has survived, and a generous self-deception suggests that those scattered remnants may fit even better into the scen-

ery than many a richer and prouder legacy of past history ("*Intermezzo*"). The scenery amply makes up for what cannot be provided by architectural monuments: a field of large, smooth stones, reminiscent of a heathen altar (or the one shaped like a skull, as in one of the most beautiful and most original photographs in the book); Mount Badacsony's basalt organ (of which, unfortunately, there is no photograph); and the gentle volcanic cones on the northern shore ("*Stones*").

No wonder, then, that the temporal nature of the scenery should play such a prominent part in the book. Mild, sweet autumn on Lake Balaton, winter and the sailing and skating sledges, the vine-stocks stiff and covered with snow, the opening and closing pictures—the pier at Győrök in summer and in winter—enhance the volume's compositional unity.

Such perfect harmony of text and illustration is a rare occurrence indeed: what is told in the book is shown in the pictures without suggesting in the slightest degree a servile function of the illustration. I was, in fact, wondering which of the two may first have come into existence, Illyés's text or Reismann's set of photographs, they are in such perfect rhythm. Everything formu-

lated in general, in notional terms in Illyés's masterly prose finds its concrete and individual embodiment in the photographs. Both have required the same degree of intuition and conception, the same thorough knowledge of the material.

Enthusiastic as I am in the praise of the book's text and pictures, I am unable to extend such appreciation to the work of the press. When looking first into his book on Italy, János Reismann must have been less disappointed than in the case of the present publication. The offset printing on the front cover—a novelty here—resulted, on this type of linen, in a too graphic and too dull effect. And more than once the pictures appear "smoky" or "dead" as a consequence of too heavy or insufficient inking. It is obviously due to these shortcomings and not to the beautifying memories of childhood that I remember Lake Balaton more sunny, more sparkingly brilliant, the way its great painter, József Egry, has shown it. Moreover, at least half of the many small photographs taken on the beach (pages 70—71) might have been omitted; because of poor spacing, none of them really attracts attention—they remind one of the bad taste of cheap circulars. Both writer and photographer deserved better typographically.

IMRE SZÁSZ

HUNGARIAN WORKS IN FRENCH

"...In the eyes of the literary world we still sit here in the centre of Europe as if we had never uttered a word," lamented Gyula Illyés in 1947 in his slightly disillusioned "*Variations in France*." Then he continued: "Now and then we have dropped a piece of gold on the world's counter, and it rang true. This implies that fine works were issued at the right place in good translations. The fervent rubbed their hands,

feeling sure of success; a firm footing had been gained at last..."

An Anthology of Short Stories

Once again our pieces of gold are ringing on the counter of intellectual Paris. A selection of Hungarian short stories in superlative French translation has been published in a joint edition issued by the UNESCO

and the Seghers Press, with an introduction by A. Sauvageot and a preface by András Diószegi. The ornate volume, which follows the publication of selections of North and South American and Russian short stories, also published by Seghers', begins with Mór Jókai and ends with Andor Endre Gelléri.* As in every similar case, the choice of works is open to debate (thus it is a moot point whether it was necessary to include Ady in this particular collection); however, the volume answers the aim it is intended to serve, namely, that of being a worthy representative of Hungarian narrative art in a series embracing collections of short stories from other nations. Professor Sauvageot was right when he concluded his valuable introduction with the words: "The modest offerings presented on the following pages provide an opportunity to become acquainted with Hungary a little less superficially than through newspaper reports or the dispatches of news agencies. We get a better knowledge of the people and gain a deeper insight into their civilization by reading the works that flow from their hearts."

Since the volume includes only writers who are no longer among the living, all this applies, of course, only to the past. French readers will, in fact, learn much about former Hungarian life from the writings of Mikszáth and Móricz, Bródy and Kosztolányi, Lajos Nagy and Ferenc Molnár, but they will naturally be unable to form a picture of Hungarian present-day life.

Formerly our adverse fate in world literature was generally ascribed to the Hungarian language's imposing almost insurmountable tasks on translators, a claim that is to some extent disproved by this volume. The translations were made in Hungary by Corvina Press, to be smoothed by the French

publishers' reader and finally revised by Professor Sauvageot. The translations are faithful versions in fluent, irreproachable French—affording to French readers an unalloyed literary experience. As for us Hungarians, who have in our ears the music of Krúdy's sentences or are familiar with the terseness and expressive power of Móricz's prose, we cannot always be fully satisfied with the text, which in variety, colour and graphic description must inevitably fall behind the original.

*A New Volume
of Attila József's Poetry*

Another piece of gold that rings true is a new selection of Attila József's works, issued jointly by Corvina Press and the Éditeurs Français Réunis of Paris. This is the third selection of the great poet's works to appear in Paris since 1955. It contains about one hundred poems, including translations that figured in the pioneer selection of 1955, some of which have now been revised by the French translators. The bulk of the work was done by Guillevic, who contributed thirty-five translations, including the excellent *Medvetánc* ("Bear Dance") and the equally brilliant version of *Születésnapomra* ("For my Birthday"), the engagingly adolescent playfulness of which is not only fully rendered but at one place even boldly enhanced by going the original cocky spirit of "*Az ám, Hazám*" one better (*C'est mon état Dans cet État*).

Besides Guillevic, special mention must be made of Jean Rousselot, one of the most devoted and gifted French interpreters of Attila József. The versions of Tzara, Dobzynski, Frénaud and others also generally represent achievements of a high order. The level of the collection is naturally uneven, including as it does less colourful or more prosaic translations; at times even such excellent translators as Guillevic himself loose their grasp.

* An anthology has also been published in English by Corvina Press, Budapest, 1962, under the title "Hungarian Short Stories."—The Editor.

Magda Szabó's "The Deer"

In addition to the above two volumes, several contemporary Hungarian novels have been published or are to appear shortly on the Paris book market. The first is Magda Szabó's novel, *Az Őz* ("The Deer"), recently issued by the *Éditions du Seuil* in a translation by Monique Fougousse and László Gara (who greatly contributed to the three volumes of Attila József).

Reviews in the French Press

Let us glance at the reception of these Hungarian works in the press. To the best of my knowledge the anthology of short stories has been mentioned so far only by Rousselot in the *Nouvelles Littéraires* and in the bibliographic journal *Bulletin Critique du Livre Français*, which dealt with it in a most gratifying tone. The Attila József volume has been discussed in the *Lettres Françaises*. Magda Szabó's novel shows promise of becoming a best-seller among Hungarian post-war books. In a leading article of the *Figaro Littéraire* Luc Estang, who heads its critical column, deals with the novel under the title, "The New Wave in Hungary."

In the pages of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* Marcel Brion gives a cordial welcome to the Hungarian authoress's first novel translated into French, voicing his wish to know more of Magda Szabó, "... a writer who by her strength, originality and talent cap-

tivates the reader's attention from the very first pages of her book." The critic then goes on to praise her acridly vivid and touching style, as well as the "magnificently drawn character" of the heroine. In the *Lettres Françaises*, André Wurmser devotes a whole feuilleton to "The Deer"; notwithstanding some reservations, particularly in connection with the hectic chronology of events, he emphasizes the writer's bitter power of expression, comparing her in this respect to Emily Brontë and "Wuthering Heights."

Other Hungarian Works

Finally it deserves special mention that, at the request of László Gara, the Hungarian man of letters and translator living in Paris, fourteen French poets, some of them of eminent reputation, undertook what appears to be the unprecedented venture of translating into a foreign language *A vén cigány* ("The Old Gipsy"), a poem by Mihály Vörösmarty, the great Hungarian romantic poet of the 19th century. The tiny volume has been issued by the Paris bookshop, Le Pont Traversé.

Novels by László Németh, Géza Ottlik, and Imre Keszi are to appear shortly. Thus the ringing of true Hungarian gold is heard in Paris with increasing frequency; although the "firm footing" Illyés spoke of has not been attained so far, further patient, persistent efforts may at last be successful.*

ENDRE BAJOMI LÁZÁR

* Since the drafting of the above report an important anthology has been published in French by Seuil, Paris (*Anthologie de la Poésie Hongroise du XII^e siècle à nos jours*) too late to be reviewed in this issue.

THEATRE

THEATRE REVIEW

The end of the 1961-62 season in Budapest is marked by the usual features: long-deferred commemorative performances are dutifully given, the best productions of the season are still running, and programs are adapted to public preferences, with light, entertaining plays, chiefly comedies, coming to the fore as the summer draws near.

Among the real box-office hits four deserve special mention: Miller's *A View from the Bridge*, Brecht's *Der kaukasische Kreidekreis*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, all three presented with exemplary care and on a steadily high level at the Madách Theatre, and László Németh's *The Two Bolyais*, which, with its straightforward lyricism, invariably draws capacity audiences to the Katona József Theatre. In each case, success is due equally to the serious value of the work, judiciously modern presentation and outstanding acting. (All these have been discussed in former reports.)

In the spirit of commemoration and respect, the Madách Theatre Repertory Stage has presented Jon Luca Caragiale's comedy *Fersana*, the *Vígszínház* (Gaiety Theatre) Lermontov's *Fancy-Dress Ball*. Caragiale was not only the first outstanding representative of Rumanian drama but virtually its creator, deriving his means from French society drama and using them for the satirical portrayal of his age and society, of Rumania at the end of the past century. Earlier performances of his masterpiece,

The Lost Letter, had scored considerable success and made his name well known in Hungary. This explains the theatre's choice of an earlier play of the author's, a rather commonplace comedy that avails itself with crude boldness of the well-proved props of French comedy, with its farcical situations, naughty raciness, stage tricks and satirical truths deriving from a philosophic "that is the way of the world." In external features, too, the performance endeavoured to reflect the period of the play, thus making it dustier and more antiquated than it need have been. Lermontov's play, which abounds in romantic pathos, also gave the impression of a relic, a painfully troubled, deeply lyrical voice from the past. This tone was very well preserved in Lajos Áprily's excellent translation and given beautiful expression by the *Vígszínház*' happily selected and well directed ensemble, dressed in tasteful splendour before an evocative background.

The renewal of Le Sage's *Turcaret* at the József Attila Theatre catered to the lighter mood at the end of the season. This successful imitation of Molière's character comedies, with its harsher delineation of character, coarser humour and more cynical moral attitude, enticed the theatre to yield to the dictates of fashion and transform the play into a musical comedy diversified by dancing. Audiences readily laugh at the whirling wealth of comical, even grotesque situations that distract the swindled swind-

lers and enjoy the effective, occasionally witty music; the actors and actresses utter with gusto the words of the splendid new translation, made with expert knowledge of the stage, and seem to enjoy the dance scenes, which often strive for effects in the operetta tradition. However, what has been added—the music and dancing—only serves to diversify and smooth the original, but it has the grave defect of constantly interrupting the fluent rhythm of the play. *Turcaret* has been given a new title—a not very fortunate one—*The Artful Baroness*, directing attention to a character that is not particularly artful.

The promise of inveterate success evidently induced the directors of the Víg-színház to revive Dario Nicodemi's comedy *At Daybreak, Noon and Night*. It also offered, an opportunity for two very popular actors, Éva Ruttkai and Gyula Benkő, to let their talents shine with a glitter that was apt to be superficial and at times became a mere display of ostentatious virtuosity. This did not detract from the play's success.

Regardless of arguments to the contrary, plays based on successful novels continue to figure on the theatre programs. Stage versions of two humorous novels were presented at the close of the season. Erich Kästner's vivacious novel, *The Lost Miniature*, poking ironic fun at the picaresque novel, has been transcribed by György Sós into a musical comedy for the József Attila Theatre; the members of the ensemble act and play hide and seek on the stage with evident enjoyment, are thrilled and amused together with the applauding audiences as the fascinating plot develops. The other transcription, that of *The Seven Slaps*, redeems from oblivion a best-seller written by the talented humorist, Károly Aszlányi, who died in his youth. Verses and music have been added to complete Ferenc Karinthy's skilful transcription. The gay novel has thus been transformed into a satirical musical play, presented at the Petőfi Theatre, which makes a speciality of this genre.

In the novel an unemployed young engineer teaches the haughty steel king better manners by boxing his ears on seven occasions. On the stage the seven cuffs are delivered amidst captivating and rapid turns of events, but this is not sufficient to transform into a musical comedy a piece interspersed with occasional arias whose authors, despite numerous experiments, have regrettably failed to find the true solution for this persistently problematic genre. Those theatre-goers who are content to see the superficial brilliance of modern experiments received the show with appreciative merriment and much applause.

Modernity is, by the way, the most extensively debated issue in end-of-season summaries, discussions on matters of principle and program planning. In a mildly chaffing tone, one of our eminent young artists addressed the following question to a journalist who had come to interview him: "What do you actually mean by modern, when you write down the word ten or even a hundred times in every article?" He then interrupted the journalist's floundering explanation by setting forth his own conception along these lines: modernity implies truthfulness in phrasing the message to be communicated, in representation, in scenery. Such statements are, of course, stamped with the kind of logical misapprehension that arises when an unknown factor is to be determined by three other unknown factors. But I do not think the aim is to define modernity on the stage by accurate logic and conceptual clarity. What we are confronted with is the understandable and justified endeavour of our theatres to shake off the shackles of a strict and intolerant decade as regards the choice of themes serving political and ideological ends, and a realism that was accompanied by a cramped style and not infrequently was synonymous with dullness. The creative spirits of Hungarian theatrical life are striving, in one form or other, to express their conviction that it is possible and necessary to renew the

theatre as the home of fresh enterprise, animated acting, and life that increases man's consciousness of himself and finds expression in symbols of new meaning. Anyone who compares Hungarian theatrical life with what it was a decade ago will be struck not only by the astonishing rejuvenation of the ensembles, but also by the verve and artistic honesty with which this transformed theatre devotes itself to expressing in fresh forms the eternal human message which—despite completely altered social and political conditions—should be voiced again and again in such forums as the theatre.

In this endeavour many a relic, appurtenance, or value of the past is rejected or relegated to the background, while others are filled with new life, in line with the incontestable laws of every art, according to which only that is truly alive which is accepted again and again by creative and enjoying man, permeated by the warmth of his blood and illuminated by the light of his intelligence.

As mentioned in an earlier article, the National Theatre has ceased to be the only home of the classics. Number 7 of *The New Hungarian Quarterly* contained a report on the interesting and successful performance of *Hamlet* at the Madách Theatre, which proved to be vastly superior to the gorgeous production the National Theatre staged a couple of years ago. The problems associated with the modern rendering of the classics nevertheless appear in their sharpest and most varied form at the National Theatre. At the close of the season we had the pleasure of seeing two successful classical revivals worthy of its sound and beautiful traditions: Sophocles' *King Oedipus* and Mihály Vörösmarty's *Csongor and Tünde*.

With the performance of *King Oedipus* the National Theatre wished to satisfy the gratifying recrudescence of interest among Hungarian readers and theatre-goers in antique, particularly Greek, classics. In the past few years Arany's excellent complete Aristophanes, a great anthology of Greek

lyrical poetry, and newly translated works of prose writers and historians have had success among readers in general; books on Greek art and every-day life enjoy unexpected popularity. All these phenomena are unmistakable signs of the increasing thirst felt by ever wider strata for the eternal sources of European culture. The performance of *King Oedipus* helps to quench this thirst in a very happy manner, invoking by its external features the atmosphere of ancient, archaic simplicity and monumentality, something of the environment of barbarian power that saw the agony of the great king who fell victim to the horrible pitfalls of fate. In an entirely modern sense, it does not emphasize the hopelessness of the fight between man and fate but sets up an edifying memorial to the heroism of a man who, having grown conscious of his intellectual powers and the might of reason, confronts fate to the end and with exceptional spiritual grandeur passes judgment on himself and executes it. The performance is marked by the fusion of archaic and modern elements. The stylized motion and mask-like countenances of the chorus provide an effective contrast to the natural acting and diction of the protagonists. The conscientious and deeply felt rendering of Mihály Babits's forceful and poignantly beautiful Hungarian text was the source of a moving experience.

The staging of *Csongor and Tünde*, the finest, tenderest and least dramatic play of Hungarian romanticism, constituted a much more difficult task. Among those who have created the Hungarian drama and those who have promoted the Hungarian theatre, Vörösmarty occupies a leading position. A whole series of his plays are also remarkable from the point of view of stage effect; moreover, he was thoroughly familiar with all the ins and outs of the theatre and was acknowledged as a sharp-sighted, severe critic. *Csongor and Tünde* was not, however, meant for the stage but conceived as a lyrically philosophical poem and written in a

language which has so far not been surpassed by any Hungarian poet in its ethereal iridescence, enchanting lyrical modulations and depth of thought. From the very first the poet renounced the usual effects of stage drama; what he created was more like a dramatic parable on the meaning of life, a confession on happiness and unhappiness. Reduced to its fundamental structure, the story is little more than the usual pattern of folk tales: the young prince and the fairy maiden fall in love with each other but are separated by the forces of evil; the youth boldly sets out to overcome the snares of fate and the assaults of wickedness; at last he is reunited with his beloved and lives with her happily ever after. This framework is brought to life by the rich world of poetry: the ideal couple is accompanied by their earthly counterparts, Balga and Ilma, by Mírigy the evil witch, by three devilish imps, by the symbolic figures of the Scholar, the King and the Merchant, and finally by the sublime figure of Night, slumbering in solitude and soliloquizing on the ultimate issues. It is a romantic tale, imbued with the fairy magic of dreams and philosophizing.

Innumerable attempts have been made—also abroad—to stage this profound work, unique in Hungarian literature. The greatest difficulty, that of doing justice to the brilliance of the language, has not been overcome in this performance either. Tibor Bitskey, who impersonated Csongor, could attract attention only by his brave and charming manliness and the sonorous warmth of his voice, but he could not soar, hampered as he was by his partner, Mari Törtőcsik, who has more than once been excellent on the screen. As to acting, only the performance of Ádám Szirtes as Balga was above reproach. This is the more regrettable because Endre Marton's stage direction was in many respects better than any former effort of his. He endeavoured to present the play as a pure tale, a vision rising out of reality into the colourful, luminous world of fancy. In a masterful manner the recurring

three-way road, the turning point of fate in folk tales, is allotted a constant role, symbolizing the possibility, necessity and risk of personal decision attending every moment of life. The modern, fluent rhythm of the acting and the quick succession of scenes unfortunately gave no scope to Leo Weiner's classically noble incidental music, which fell victim to the new element.

Modern requirements naturally assign greater importance to the message than to form. Those who fight for an up-to-date theatre clamour not so much for the theme to be taken from the present as for the subject to be treated from a topical point of view, affording insight into the ideas, problems and realities of today.

Endre Vészi's tragi-comedy, *Don Quixote's Last Adventure*, presented at the end of the season after much regrettable postponement, has a modern message to convey in the framework of an old subject. It was a bold undertaking for the Jókai Theatre to present this play, which is a mixture of such highly contradictory elements as parody of style, political tract, shaken philosophy, ironic playfulness in acting, historical make-believe and undisguised journalism. Experiment in form here is at least as important as adherence to traditions and observance of strict proportions in dramatic construction.

An apparently eccentric Spanish duke, who really knows his own mind and interests, decides to confer a distinction on the brilliant object of his approval, the sad-faced knight who represents a mixture of fancy and truth, of zest for adventure and strength of character. A sham Don Quixote, however, seeks to rob the true one of the distinction. The latter therefore is obliged to fight the false one and, at the same time, to overcome the turmoil caused by the conflict between reality and illusion, true and false appreciation, genuine and assumed right. The animated plot is rendered still more intricate by the ideological complications it involves. Playfulness is carried to the verge of trickiness through the dual leading part, the

sudden turns of events around it, and the juggling with light refractions and transpositions. At all events, this is the boldest and most colourful play produced by Vészi so far; occasional loquacity and lack of economy are due to *embarras de richesse*. The presentation is lively and picturesque, emphasizing the scenes that evoke the memory of the great novel, to some extent at the expense of the spiritual elements. The play has furnished an opportunity for an excellent actor, Róbert Ráthonyi, to renew his allegiance to the serious muse after his numerous adventures among the light and thoughtless muses. In the double lead he gives a highly significant, in several instances unforgettable, performance.

The remarkably modern form and content of Tennessee Williams' drama, *A Streetcar Named Desire* has drawn serious-minded audiences to the Madách Theatre. It was given a carefully thought-out performance after profound study. Although the Madách Theatre does not make a speciality of modern neorealist acting based on psychologically differentiated and richly shaded emotional effect, its members have contrived to develop a noteworthy style marked by economy, simplicity, warmth of gesture and diction, a varied and life-like opulence of "tiny mosaics," and disciplined team-work. It is this natural team-work that audiences find so attractive in the performance of *A Streetcar Named Desire*; the most outstanding members of the ensemble, Klári Tolnay, Éva Vas, Sándor Pécsi and István Avar, inspire the spirited artists who play the minor parts to give their best and to approach the level of the principal actors.

In dealing with László Németh's new play, *The Journey*, the reviews have stressed its synthesis of modern message with modern form. The writer drew for his subject on burning issues of present-day life in Hungary, voicing opinions on delicate topics that are being discussed with varying degrees of candour. The only partially comic conflict in a play the author calls a comedy

arises in connection with a trip to the Soviet Union by a decent, well-meaning schoolmaster, undeservedly slighted and long disregarded. Correspondents of the local paper ask the unsuspecting schoolmaster for an interview and publish a false, badly embroidered account of his statement. The article creates a storm in the conservative circles of the provincial town, while arousing in the party secretary the hope that he can exploit the honest and generally respected schoolmaster's authority for his own ends. The schoolmaster, however, rejects the superficial, puny tactics of both sides and sets forth the place occupied in the debates of our age by a well-meaning, honest intelligentsia, seeking to serve the cause of genuine progress.

In this satirical rather than humorous comedy, neither the turns of events nor the situations or even the characters are comical. The often grotesque and awkward humour flows chiefly from the collision of attitudes which are in fact well known but are rarely admitted with unequivocal straightforwardness. The hero is by no means a comedy figure; he is a movingly respectable character. His heroism is revealed not so much in his actions as in his insistence under all conditions on the humane and decent conduct he feels and knows to be right, thus bringing to light the absurdity of behaviour patterns that pretend to superiority but in starkly clashing with his own are exposed as hollow. In this respect the plot of *The Journey* displays a close affinity to that of the author's earlier plays. There is no justification for the view of some commentators that this drama is a new, astonishing phase in Németh's career simply because Németh has scarcely ever written a comedy before. However, in reviving so many problems this work may afford a good opportunity for calling attention to Németh's innovations and experiments in earlier plays and his contribution to the evolution of the modern drama. The Katona József Theatre has not in every respect done justice to this

largely intellectual and lyrical work, chiefly because it has concentrated too much on farcical situations hallowed by tradition; to this extent the theatre has shown itself to be much less modern than the play itself. From the average of a rather humdrum performance, Zoltán Maklár, who played the principal part, rose high above the rest of the ensemble by his excellent, fascinatingly simple acting.

The first night of the beautiful Hungarian revival of Ferenc Erkel's completely revised opera, *György Brankovics*, was, on account of sundry obstacles, left to the end of the season. The music was refurbished by Rezső Kókai, the gifted composer, who suddenly died before his work could be completed. The words were rewritten by József Romhányi.

György Brankovics was the last significant work composed by Erkel, creator of the Hungarian national opera. Historians of music see in it the final summing up of the

results attained by Erkel along the road leading to the musical drama. Even untrained ears cannot fail to recognize the traces of inspiration derived from Wagner and still more from the mature art of Verdi. However, here too the greatest composer of Hungarian musical romanticism did not abandon his own personality, his past and his ideals. The subject, borrowed from the age of the Hunyadis—the heroic, romantic period of Hungarian chivalry—the conflict between private life and patriotic duty, the emotional interweaving of love and politics, the fondness for pathetic and spectacular scenes from history, are all in keeping with the traditions of the great romantic national opera. These aspects of the work have been emphasized in a performance that was remarkable equally for its gorgeous setting, superb acting and musical rendering. The Opera thus terminated the season's novelties with a beautiful and extremely effective production.

D. K.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

SZABOLCSI, Bence (b. 1899). Musicologist, professor at the Budapest Academy of Music, member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. An outstanding figure of Hungarian musicology, Prof. Szabolcsi is a member of the staff of editors that is preparing for publication the volumes of *Corpus Musicae Hungaricae*, originally begun by Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály and now directed by Kodály. Has published numerous monographs and essays on the most varied questions of music history: *Mozart*, 1921; *A 17. század magyar főúri zenéje* ("Seventeenth Century Music of the Hungarian Nobility"), 1928; *Tinódi zenéje* ("Music of Tinódi." Critical edition of Songs of Tinódi, the Hungarian "Minnesänger"), 1929; *A 18. századi magyar kollégiumi zene* ("18th Century Music of the Hungarian Colleges"), 1930, etc. Outstanding among his works are: *A melódia története* ("A History of Melody", in German too, English edition now in preparation); *Liszt Ferenc estéje* ("The Twilight of Franz Liszt"); *A zene története* ("A History of Music"); *A magyar zenetörténet kézikönyve* ("Handbook of the History of Hungarian Music," German edition now in preparation); *A magyar zene századai* ("The Centuries of Hungarian Music"); *Beethoven*. In recognition of his scientific work the Hungarian government has awarded him the Kossuth Prize. He is a member of the Editorial Board of our periodical. See also his essays in Vol. II, Nos. 1 and 4, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.

SEIBER, Mátyás (1905—1960). Hungarian-born British composer. Completed his musical studies at Budapest in 1922, then, after travelling in Europe, lived in Francfort on Main until 1933, when he moved to England, where he spent the rest of his life. Member of board of directors of Int. Soc. for Contemporary Music. Among his numerous compositions the best known in-

clude: Cantata on a passage from Joyce's *Ulysses*, two String Quartets, a Sonata for Violin, a Cello Concerto, incidental music to Goethe's *Faust*. (See also the obituary on Seiber in Vol. II, No. 2, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, pp. 171—174)

KOZMA, Tibor (Bloomington, Indiana, U. S. A). Conductor, musicologist. Formerly conductor of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, currently Professor at the Bloomington University.

JÁRDÁNYI, Pál (b. 1920). Composer and folk music research worker, winner of the Kossuth Prize. Member of the folk-music research group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences and associate editor of *Magyar Népzene Tára* ("Repository of Hungarian Folk Music"). His orchestral works include among others: *The Vörösmarty Symphony*, *Tisza mentén* ("On the Banks of the Tisza"). He has also written two string quartets, a quintet for wind instruments, a sonata for two pianos and other chamber music, in addition to choral compositions, songs, etc., as well as a study on folk music.

VARGYAS, Lajos (b. 1914). Studied liberal art and church music, graduating in 1941 with a dissertation on village music. Scientific worker at the Budapest University Library till 1952; director of the music department of the Ethnographic Museum, 1952—61; lecturer at the ethnographic faculty of the Loránd Eötvös University in Budapest, 1952—1962; since 1961, member of the folk-music study group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. His books and essays deal mainly with problems of folk music and ballads, prosody, modern Hungarian music and ethnography.

KERESZTURY, Dezső (b. 1904). Literary historian and aesthetician, our regular theatre reviewer.

ERDEI, Ferenc (b. 1910). Agrarian economist. Kossuth Prize Academician, General Secretary of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences since 1958. Member of the Editorial Board of The New Hungarian Quarterly. In 1934 he joined the incipient sociographic movement for village research. Erdei was a leader of the left wing of the National Peasant Party, formed in 1939. In 1945 he became its vice president and then its general secretary. He was Minister for Internal Affairs of the Provisional National Government formed on the already liberated territory of Hungary on December 20, 1944, then Minister of State in 1948, Minister of Agriculture from 1949 to 1953, Minister of Justice in 1953 and 1954, and Deputy Prime Minister in 1955 and 1956. He is a Member of Parliament. His chief works are: *Parasztok* ("Peasants," 1938); *Magyar város* ("The Hungarian City," 1939); *Magyar falu* ("The Hungarian Village," 1940); *Futóhomok* ("Drift Sand," 1941); *A magyar paraszttársadalom* ("Hungarian Peasant Society," 1942); *Magyar tanyák* ("Hungarian Farmsteads," 1942); *A szövetkezeti úton* ("On the Cooperative Road," 1956); *Mezőgazdaság és szövetkezet* ("Agricultural Cooperative," 1959); *A termelőszövetkezeti üzemszervezés gyakorlati kézikönyve* ("A Practical Handbook of Production Organization on Cooperative Farms," 1960). See his Pioneering on the Great Plain in The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. II, No. 3.

CSÁK, Gyula (b. 1930). Writer, columnist of the weekly *Élet és Irodalom* (Life and Literature). An offspring of a peasant family, Csák spent his childhood in a little village on the Great Plains, later he came to Budapest, where he worked in various factories. Since then several short stories of his have been published but his real aim is to find his way as a novelist.

KOROLOVSKÍ, Lajos (b. 1915). Journalist, member of the staff of The New Hungarian Quarterly, former London corres-

pondent of the MTI. See also his essay on the working class in Hungary (Vol. II, No. 1 of The New Hungarian Quarterly).

PATAKY, Dénes (b. 1921). Art Historian. Graduated from Budapest University, obtained a degree in art history. Worked from 1945 for the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts; from 1959 for the Hungarian National Gallery. His publications deal mainly with Hungarian fine arts: *A History of Hungarian Copperplate Engraving* (1951), *Hungarian Drawings and Water Colours* (1960). Furthermore he published a book reviewing the finest pieces in the collection of drawings of the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts, *Masterdrawings of the 19th and 20th Centuries* (1959).

ALLEN, Walter Ernest, B. A. (B'ham). b. B'ham 1911. e: King Edward's Gram. Sch. Aston B'ham, B'ham Univ. Asst. Lit. Ed. New Statesman 1959—publ. Novels: *Innocence is Drowned* 1938; *Blind Man's Ditch* 1939; *Rouge Elephant* 1946; *Dead Man Over All* 1950; *All In a Lifetime* 1959 (Michael Joseph); Criticism: *Arnold Bennett* 1948 (Home and Van Thal); *Writers on Writing* 1948; *The English Novel* 1954 (Phoenix House). ctr.: *New Statesman*; *Times Lit. Supp.*; *News Chron.*; *Ev. Standard*; *N.Y. Times Book Review*; *N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*. (from *The Author's and Writer's Who's Who*)

POPKIN, Harry. Associate Professor of English at New York University, New York, and contributor of articles on drama to American and British publications. Editor of an Anthology of modern plays and collection of new British plays to be published shortly.

This spring Professor Popkin spent a week in Budapest. For our readers interested in Hungarian theatre, we reprint here a passage from his account which appeared in *Encore*, Sept-Oct. 1962, p. 14, under the heading "Brechtians, Swiss, and Other":

... I saw some more Brecht in Budapest, where four of Brecht's plays were in repertoire; I managed to catch two of the four. *Threepenny Opera* was performed amiably enough, in a manner that called to mind the operettas for which Budapest is famous. Mackie (called Maxi) was played as a decaying but still elegant roué and looked strikingly like Piccolo's Mackie. Only the Berliner Ensemble, in its latest production (which I saw again this trip) has thought of making him a gross-looking fellow who aspires to super-elegance. Ferenc Bessenyei was an impressive lead in a *Galileo* which, when this fine actor was not involved, made some of its points rather heavy-handedly. Bessenyei has an especially good moment when he comes on stage after disavowing his discoveries, not yet ready to face his friends, shuffling and shrugging, silently arguing with an invisible accuser.

If I may drop the Brechtian odyssey for a second — in Budapest, I was surprised to find more American than Russian plays in repertoire, by a count of three (*Streetcar, Two for the Seesaw, A View from the Bridge*) to two (one by Lermontov, one by Pogodin). I saw an escapist musical comedy which could never be done on Broadway because it is too escapist: Broadway would have to throw in a song of social significance. (Even in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. Zero Mostel, as a Roman slave, sings a song about freedom). *The Hour Glass*, much admired locally, is a transparent demonstration of how a lover of the West gets his comeuppance. He quotes Stendhal and Giraudoux and, on his wedding night, reads the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. I wondered — would he have been as ludicrous if he had read to his bride from Pushkin? On the other hand, Endre Vészi's *Don Quixote's Last Adventure* is a play of real charm in which Róbert Rátonyi gives an overwhelming performance as two men of virtually identical

appearance — the glassy-eyed knight of the woeful countenance and a young, flashy impostor.

His opinion concerning Endre Illés' play, *The Hour Glass* (see *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, No. 6, 1962, in which a part of this play appeared under the title *Sand-Glass*) seems to be due to incorrect translation, for the main character of this play is not "a lover of the West" but, very definitely, a snob.

LENGYEL, József (b. 1896). Writer; active participant in the Hungarian labour movement since his youth. His first poems, of new form and revolutionary spirit, appeared in 1917. Editor of a newspaper under the 1919 Hungarian Council Republic; later went into exile and after 1930 lived in the U. S. S. R. *Visegrádi utca* ("Visegrádi Street"), a series of reports on the anti-war movements and the Hungarian Council Republic of 1919, was first published in Moscow. Returned to Hungary in 1950. Works: coll. of short stories, *Kulcs* ("The Key"); novel, *Prenn Ferenc bányatott élete* ("Life and Vicissitudes of Ferenc Prenn"); also *Három bídéplő* ("Three Bridge-Builders") of which an extract appears in this issue.

SZENTLÉLEKY, Tihamér (b. 1919). Obtained his law degree in 1941 at the Budapest Pázmány Péter University. Practised law until 1953, but even then was actively interested in historical and archeological problems. Received his diploma in archeology in 1951 at the Budapest Eötvös Loránd University. Curator of the Museum at Kecskemét from 1953 and Curator of the Savaria Museum in Szombathely since 1961. Szentlélek is now carrying on excavations in Szombathely, where he is unearthing the remains of Savaria, the first town in Pannonia that constituted a Roman colony, and is also directing the excavation of Roman remains in the vicinity of Lake Balaton. He has arranged exhibitions in Veszprém, Tihany, and recently at the Savaria Museum in Szombathely.

KOLOZSVÁRI, Grandpierre Emil (b. 1907). Author. In his early novels, the drift towards fascism of the Hungarian middle class is depicted with cutting irony; *Dr. Csibráki szerelmei* ("The Loves of Dr. Csibráki"), *A Nagy Ember* ("The Great Man"). The need for a broader treatment of society is met in *Tegnap* ("Yesterday"), an autobiography, and in *Mérlegen* ("In the Balance"), a novel written after the liberation. The action of his novel *A Csillagszemű* ("The Starry-eyed") takes place in the 16th century.

VAJDA, Imre (b. 1900). Economist. Lived for nearly twenty years in Austria as a political émigré, and spent the last years of the Nazi regime in a concentration camp. After 1945 was Minister of Foreign Trade, later President of the National Planning Bureau. He was appointed a professor at the Karl Marx University of Economics, Budapest, in 1948, a post he still holds, and was a member of the Hungarian delegation to the 11th session of the United Nations. He has written numerous articles on economics and is the author of "International Trade" published in 1959 in Budapest. Member of the Editorial Board of our periodical. (See also his essays in Vol. I, No. 1, and Vol. II, No. 3, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.)

KIS, Eta. Economist, author of essays on problems of consumers' cooperatives.

KÓRODI, József (b. 1930). Graduated from Karl Marx University of Economics, Budapest. Holder of a degree in geographical sciences; heads the department for Regional Economic Planning in the State Office for Economic Planning. His main works: *The Industrial Region of Borsod County* (1959), *Some Problems of Perspective Agricultural Development* (1961), *Perspectives of Hungarian Industrial Siting* (1962).

KÖPECZI, Béla (b. 1924). Historian. Took his teacher's degree and his Ph. D. in the French and Rumanian languages at the

Faculty of Arts of the Budapest Eötvös Loránd University. Studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, was a member of the École Normale Supérieure, and obtained a degree at the University of Paris. Since 1949 he has been working in the field of book publishing and at present heads the Publishing Board of the Ministry of Culture. He published essays on French and Rumanian literature and literary history, as well as on the Hungarian independence struggle of the early 18th century. See his "In the Workshops of the British Publishing Trade" in *The New Hungarian Quarterly* Vol. II, No. 3.

NAGY, Péter (b. 1920). Literary historian and critic. Has published a number of works on modern Hungarian literature, and especially on the question of the Hungarian novel. (See also his essays in several previous issues of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.)

KARDOS, Tibor (b. 1908). Professor of Italian language and literature at the Loránd Eötvös University in Budapest; from 1946 to 1949 he was professor of Hungarian language and literature at the University of Rome and director of the Accademia d'Ungheria there. His main works are: *A magyarországi humanizmus kora* ("The Age of Hungarian Humanism", Budapest, 1956). *A laikus mozgalom magyar bibliája* ("The Hungarian Bible of the Lay Movement"), Budapest, 1931; *A magyar humanizmus kezdetei* ("The Beginnings of Hungarian Humanism"), Pécs, 1936; *Deák műveltség és a magyar renaissance* ("Latin Culture and the Hungarian Renaissance"), Budapest, 1940; *Középkori kultúra, középkori költészet* ("Mediaeval Culture, Mediaeval Poetry"), Budapest, 1941; *La Hongrie latine*, Boivin, Paris, s. a.; *Caratteri ed aspetti dell'umanismo Ungherese*, Rome, 1947; *A huszita biblia keletkezése* ("The Origin of the Hussite Bible"), Proc. Dept. I., Hung. Ac. Sci., MTA I. Oszt. Közl., 1952; *Beszámoló Petrarca tanulmányokról* ("A Report on Studies of Petrarch"), MTA I. Oszt. Közl. Proc.

Dept. I. Hung. Ac. Sci., 1958; *Dramai szövegünk története a középkorban és a renaissance-ban* ("History of Our Dramatic Texts in the Middle Ages and in the Renaissance") as introduction to Vols. I—II of *Régi Magyar Dramai emlékek*, I—II ("Old Hungarian Dramatic Relics"), Budapest, 1960. See also his essay on Francis Bacon in Vol. II, No. 2, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.

RÓBERT, László (b. 1926). Journalist, member of the editorial staff of the Budapest daily *Népszava*, organ of the Hungarian Trade Union Center. Deals mainly with problems concerning foreign affairs. In 1958 he published a novel for the young, set against an Italian background, under the title *Beppino*.

Szász, Imre (b. 1927). Writer and translator. His first novel, *Szól a síp* ("The Whistle Blows"), gives a vivid description of the liberation struggle under Ferenc Rákóczi in the eighteenth century. *Vizparti kalauz*

("Water-front Guide") is a volume of indeterminate literary genre, compounded of meditations, lyricism, short stories and portraits on the riparian life. He has translated a number of English and American authors, including Shakespeare, Chaucer and Melville (*Moby Dick*). See also his short story in Vol. III, No. 5, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.

BAJOMI LÁZÁR, Endre (b. 1914). Author, journalist and publisher's reader. Spent nearly twenty years in France. Has devoted his energies to the propagation in Hungary of French culture. Translator of prose works of Aragon, Aymé, Claude Roy and Peyrefitte and plays by Sardou, Romain Rolland, Druon, Duras and Soria. In 1957, published a novel on Saint-Just *Az üstökös* ("The Comet"). Has written a monograph on Rabelais and one on the French Cinema Today. (See also his article in Vol. II, No. 1, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.)

A SHORT ENCYCLOPEDIA

of some places, historical events, personalities and institutions mentioned in this number

BALÁZS, ÁRPÁD (1874—1941). An art-loving music critic, who achieved great success in the twenties and thirties with his light sentimental Hungarian songs. A few of his 300 songs are still included in the repertoires of popular orchestras.

BERZSENYI, DÁNIEL (1776—1836). The last representative in poetry of the Hungarian feudal world. Though alien to the new ideas of the 19th century, his beautiful, inspired poetry makes one forget his outworn ideas. (See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 2, p. 208)

BETHLEN, GÁBOR (1580—1629). Elected in 1613 as Transylvanian Prince. Took part in the Thirty Years' War against the Hapsburgs on the side of the Protestant Alliance. The "golden age" of Transylvania is connected with his name. (See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 3, p. 235)

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS (founded in 1908). The students receive their final diplomas at the end of five years. There are courses in sculpture, painting and graphic art. The number of pupils is between 150 and 160.

COURT ASSESSORS. In Hungarian courts preliminary trials take place with the assistance of so-called people's assessors. The court consists of one judge and two people's assessors, who are elected for a period of three years, by the respective council (in the case of a district court, by the district council, etc). The Supreme Court assessors are elected by the National Assembly for five years. The people's assessors are judges in their own right, and their rights and duties are consequently the same as those of the professional judge.

ERKEL, FERENC (1810—1893). The greatest representative of national romantic opera in Hungary. Conductor of the National Theatre for nearly fifty years from 1838, besides taking a major part in the formation of the Academy of Music and the Opera. Erkel expressed the nation's desire and endeavour for freedom in his operas, dealing with Hungarian history. Although his musical language is developed from the Hungarian *verbunkos* (recruiting music), it shows a strong Italian influence, especially that of Donizetti and Verdi. His most successful works, *Hunyadi László* and *Bánk bán*, still appear regularly on the opera stage. It was Erkel who composed the music of the Hungarian National Anthem.

FRÁTER, LÓRÁND (1872—1935). Composer of songs and violinist. A typical representative of the gentry, who achieved popularity, especially in the first two decades of the century, with his sweetly sorrowful songs. These so-called Hungarian melodies are still popular numbers today on the programs of gipsy orchestras.

GELLÉRI, ANDOR ENDRE (1908—1945). One of the great novelists between the two world wars, a master in portraying the city workers, the little men, and those who lived their life on the bitter edge of society. Gelléri lived amongst these people, worked amongst them, and was often unemployed. His style is crisp and realistic and often brilliantly poetic. A victim of fascist persecution, he was deported to Germany in 1944 and died a few days later of an illness contracted there. His most outstanding books are: *Nagymosoda* ("The Big Laundry"), *Kikötő* ("The Harbour") and *Villám és esti tűz* ("Lightning and Evening Fire").

HALOTTI BESZÉD ("Funeral Oration"). Title of the earliest coherent literary monument not only of the Hungarian language but of all the Finno-Ugrian languages. Deriving from the period between 1192—1195, it was bequeathed to us in an ecclesiastical book written in Latin, in two parts. The first part is a free translation of the Latin burial service, while the second is a literal translation of the officially prescribed Church prayers. The thirty-two lines containing 274 words (of which 190 are different ones) of this record enable us to trace back to the 12th and 13th centuries the development of the Hungarian language, its stock of words, sound formation and sentence structure.

HUNGARIAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. Formed in 1948, the Chamber operates under the supervision of the Ministry of Foreign Trade. Its chief tasks are to organize international trade fairs and exhibitions in Hungary and Hungarian exhibitions and fairs abroad. Furthermore it edits foreign trade papers and magazines and supplies the foreign press and chambers of commerce with relevant information and news about Hungarian economic life.

HUNYADI. One of Hungary's most heroic and famous families. The name is derived from Hunyad Castle in Transylvania which King Zsigmond gave János Hunyadi's father, who was a warrior at his court. János Hunyadi (1407—1456) was a general of European fame during the Turkish wars. As Regent between 1446—1452 he tried to bring order into the feudal anarchy. His son Mátyás was chosen king in 1458 and ruled until 1490. With the assistance of the lesser nobility and the newly developing towns, King Mátyás (Corvin) took steps to strengthen central rule against feudal oligarchy and established a strong national army. Having acquired great respect for Hungary in the world of that day, his court became a centre of European humanist culture. An outstand-

ing achievement was the founding of his enormous library, the world famous Corvina. The Hunyadi era refers to that period of Hungarian history which falls within the time of the regency of János Hunyadi and the reign of Mátyás I. (See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 1, p. 215)

INSTITUTE OF POLITICAL SCIENCE AND LAW OF THE HUNGARIAN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. Founded in 1949, it has the task of elaborating the theoretical and historical problems of Hungarian political science and law; study of the results and experiences of foreign, primarily socialist countries, collaboration in the preparation of laws and legal regulations. Its periodical is the *Jogtudományi Közlemény* (Law Gazette). It publishes bibliographies of foreign legal regulations and of technical literature in the *Dokumentációs Szemle* (Documentary Review).

IRON AND METAL WORKERS' TRADE UNION. Formed in 1904 with a few thousand workers, it is now the largest Hungarian trade union with a membership of over four hundred thousand. It covers over 90% of those employed in its sphere. At the head of the Union there is a leadership elected at its 23d Congress in 1960. The Union carries on significant cultural work, apart from its normal activity in protecting its members' interests in the social field and in production. Amongst the iron workers 40% are subscribers to the library on which alone the Union spends two million forints a year. It has 360 art groups (choirs, orchestras, actors, folk-dance and puppet ensembles). Several of these groups frequently appear abroad (e. g. choirs and dance-ensembles).

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. The age limit for the punishment of juveniles was raised from twelve years to fourteen by the new Criminal Code which entered into force on July 1, 1962. This was made possible

through the advance in the protection of children during the last 15 years. The proof of this is that (in contrast to many other countries) crime among young people has appreciably decreased in Hungary since 1945. Whilst 7,705 youngsters were convicted in 1939, the number was only 3,523 in 1960. Statistics show that out of 100,000 juveniles of corresponding age, 733 were convicted in 1939. This number dropped to 391 in 1960, an almost 50% decrease.

KLEBELSBERG, COUNT KUNÓ (1875—1932). Conservative politician, a representative figure of the official retrograde cultural policy between the two world wars. Minister for Religious and Educational Affairs from 1922—1931 in Count István Bethlen's government.

MADÁCH, IMRE (1823—1846). Outstanding Hungarian poet, philosopher and dramatist. His chief work, *Az ember tragédiája* ("The Tragedy of Man") was performed for the first time in 1883 at the National Theatre. Since then it has been regularly staged and is nearing its 1,000th performance. It has been translated into 18 foreign languages and frequently staged abroad. (It appeared in English in 1960, translated by Charles Kerry Meltzer and Paul Vajda, published by Corvina Press.) The Tragedy is a dramatic poem in iambic verse. It consists of fifteen scenes, and it follows Man's progress from the Biblical scene of the first human pair falling into sin through Egypt, Athens, Rome and the French Revolution to the utopian phalanstery. Its deep pessimism combined with poetic strength, its richness of thought and its moral educational value are still pertinent today, and its popularity remains unchanged.

MUSEUM OF ETHNOGRAPHY. Originated in 1872 as a separate section within the Hungarian National Museum. Achieved complete autonomy in 1947, since when it

has expanded considerably. Today the Museum has five sections: Hungarian, International, Folk Music, Ethnology and Documentation.

NYUGAT ("West"). Literary and critical magazine, appearing between 1908—1941. A centre of the spiritual and literary renaissance at the beginning of the 20th century. The name indicated its desire to identify itself with progressive western ideas. In its struggle against the backwardness, conservatism and academism of Hungarian society it brought together the radical, liberal and socialist currents. Its leaders and associates emerged from the ranks of the best Hungarian writers. Until 1919 Endre Ady's contributions gave brilliancy to *Nyugat's* columns. Later Mihály Babits guided the magazine up to his death in 1941. Its humanism to the last stood face to face with the inhumanity and boorishness of the Horthy regime, although at times it showed a certain reserve regarding the burning socio-political questions of the period. Its cessation coincided with the entry of Hungary into World War II. (On Endre Ady, see *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. III, No. 5, pp. 83—120. On Mihály Babits, see Vol. II, No. 2, pp. 207—208)

PALÓC. Hungarian ethnic group in the Northern Hills, whose ancient five-toned folk songs are still sung today. The acoustic peculiarity of their dialect is due to the non-labial formation of the "a" sound.

RÁKÓCZI I., GYÖRGY (1593—1648). Son of Zsigmond Rákóczi. Played an outstanding role in the formation of the Rákóczi dynasty. As one of the country's richest Protestant leaders he became Prince in 1630 at the instance of the anti-Hapsburg party of Transylvania. Between 1644—1645 he conducted a successful campaign against the Hapsburgs in alliance with the Swedes and the French. The result of this was the Linz Peace (1645), which strengthened the

Transylvanian principality's autonomy and widened the religious freedom of the Protestants in the territories of Upper Hungary under Hapsburg rule.

RÁKÓCZI II., GYÖRGY (1621—1660). Became Prince of Transylvania after the death of his father Rákóczi I. His efforts to increase his father's glory were unsuccessful. He sought to become King of Poland so as to strengthen his anti-Hapsburg policy, but his campaign ended in disaster (1657). Later he fell fighting against the Turkish-Tartar troops invading Transylvania.

SZEKFÜ, GYULA (1883—1955). Outstanding historian of the first half of the 20th century. (See *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. I, No. 1, p. 240.)

VIKÁR, BÉLA (1859—1945). Outstanding Hungarian ethnographer and pioneering folk-song collector. His name is connected with the introduction of the phonograph recording of folk songs in 1896, which led to a valuable reform in the history of European musical folklore, not only in Hungary. Both Kodály and Bartók always paid homage to his work.

VÖRÖSMARTY, MIHÁLY (1800—1855). The greatest creative artist of Hungarian romantic literature, in the lyric, epic and dramatic spheres alike. Pioneer of the unique upswing of 19th-century Hungarian literature both in ideas and in art and the most prominent figure, besides Petőfi and Arany. Vörösmarty was also an outstanding representative of the generation that prepared for the War of Independence in 1848—

1849. His narrative play, *Csongor és Tünde* was written in 1831 and based on a beautiful 16th-century Hungarian story. Several other dramas of his are dramatically imperfect, which explains why only "Csongor and Tünde" are performed regularly. But his deeply philosophical drama in verse form opened up a new era in the history of Hungarian poetic and stage language.

WORKS AND TRADE-UNION LIBRARIES. The Hungarian educational library system falls into two categories. The local libraries, run by the respective councils, serve the readers at their place of residence, while those belonging to the trade unions and works serve them at their place of work. Two types of library services are available in the plants (enterprises, offices, cooperatives): trade-union libraries, designed to meet the demand for culture and entertainment, and works libraries, which contain the technical literature needed in the production process. In Hungary today there are nearly ten thousand local, works and trade-union libraries (twice as many as in 1938). Not a single community in Hungary is without at least one library. The libraries contain some ten million volumes. More than one and a half million regular readers borrow between 25 and 27 million books every year.

ERRATA. In the article "Doing Britain with a Giraffe, II" appearing the preceding issue (No. 7.) of our magazine, Mr. Seton Watson's name was regrettably misspelled as Seaton Watson. On page 204 of the same issue Mr. Philip Larkin's name and on p. 205 Mr. Wolf Mankovitz's name should, of course, be spelled as here indicated.

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