NHQ

The New Hungarian Quarterly

VOL. XXIX ■ No. 112 ■ WINTER 1988 ■ $4.00

112

The New Hungarian Quarterly

Editorial offices:

17 Rákóczi út, H-1088 Budapest, Hungary. Telephone: (1) 383-152; (1) 384-214
Postal address: H-1906 Budapest, P. O. Box 223, Hungary

Annual subscription: $13.50 or equivalent post free to any address

Orders may be placed with
KULTURA FOREIGN TRADE COMPANY
H-1389 Budapest, P.O.B. 149
See also distributors listed on back page

Residents in Hungary may subscribe
at their local post office or at *HELIR*
Lehet út 10/a, H-1900 Budapest

Published by Pallas Lap- és Könyvkiadó Publishing House, Budapest
General manager: NORBERT SIKLÓSI

Printed in Hungary by Kossuth Printing House, Budapest

HU ISSN 0028-5390

Index: 26843

The New Hungarian Quarterly

VOL. XXIX * No. 112

WINTER 1988

SURVEY

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

ARTS AND ARCHITECTURE

MUSICAL LIFE

THEATRE AND FILM

This issue went to press on 5th August 1988
Last proofs read on 1st December 1988

THE PAST AS PROLOGUE

Pride of place in this issue goes to three names which in recent months we know to have aroused a great deal of interest abroad and, to be sure, in Hungary too. The first is that of the Prime Minister, Károly Grósz, who since the Party Conference of last May has also been General Secretary of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party. The second is that of Imre Pozsgay, who for many years was the General Secretary of the Patriotic People's Front; he was elected to the Political Committee at that same Party Conference and later appointed as Minister of State in the Károly Grósz government. The third name is that of Rezső Nyers, who was a member of the Political Committee and a Secretary to the Central Committee at the end of the sixties; in this capacity he has been regarded as the father of the Hungarian economic reform. He too was elected to the considerably changed Political Committee in May. I would remind the reader that my preface to *NHQ* 111 dealt with these changes more fully.

'A Major and Unprecedented Enterprise', the title of the article by Károly Grósz, refers not merely to its contents but to the hard and heavy responsibilities that he has taken on. I feel that the style is typical of the new policies and of the man establishing these new policies. Károly Grósz refers to an interview he gave on American television in which he was asked what message he had for Hungary and the world at what may well be an historical turning point. The reader will find the answer not merely in the article itself but in the concision of its title. Although, naturally this article is not an outline of a political programme, he does list the crucial, even the most critical, points that he himself, the new Hungarian leadership and the general public are concerned with. These include the relationship between the party and the government, the two way connection between the majority and the minority, the identification and resolution of clashes of interest and what he calls the husbanding of time, including naturally the time needed for the solution of political problems. He includes among the key questions the decision-making process itself. Last but not least, he deals with the

urgent and distressing problem of Hungarian national minorities living outside the country.

In this regard, Károly Grósz is primarily presenting official Hungarian policy towards her own minorities, towards those groups in this country whose mother-tongue is German, Slovak, Rumanian, Serbian, Slovenian or Croatian. The number (some 300,000) concerned is barely more than 12 per cent of the total number of Hungarians living in Rumania, who, as it is now widely known, form the numerically largest ethnic minority in Europe. Károly Grósz notes that the policy of Rumania for some years past has been an attempt to assimilate her two million ethnic Hungarians. This is called euphemistically by the Rumanians 'homogenization.' Included in this effort is a 'regional development' plan, which is better known internationally as a village-destruction or bulldozer policy. This has produced much protest from the politicians, writers, artists, churchmen, not to mention the public and legislative bodies, of many countries. I would like to draw attention to the Prime Minister's concise and low-key statement which aims at fostering good neighbourly relations between the two peoples.

The minority question is explored by Imre Szokay and Csaba Tabajdi in breadth and from many aspects. Their study carries the title of 'Hungarian Policy and the National Minorities Question.'

Entirely different in title and meaning is our article by Imre Pozsgay, 'Life and Politics'. He himself is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most considerable men in Hungarian public life. Here he discloses his thoughts on politics by taking the reader along the course his life has followed, from the village he was born in fifty-five years ago, his studies, to the process of forming his views and his most important propositions deriving from these. I would stress his striving to take every step with public opinion and, for my own part, I would add that in more than one case he has not simply influenced public opinion but led it. Imre Pozsgay attaches great importance to publicity and to the emerging question of creating platforms for the expression of opinion within the party here in Hungary and, naturally, within the political systems of some other socialist countries. While Károly Grósz refers briefly to the topic at the beginning of his article, Imre Pozsgay places it at end of his, exploring two directions. First, he is saying that the constitutional basis for a socialist country should be one that shapes and perfects socialist pluralism; secondly, in a succinct formulation, he says that what we want is not bad capitalism but good socialism.

It is in a radio panel discussion rather than in an article that Rezső Nyers's political position is outlined. In '1968 and After' he is joined by a philos-

opher, a leading journalist and an historian in a panel that recalls, discusses and analyses the year 1968. Any reader who was an adult at the time does not have to be told that it was indeed a watershed year both in Europe and America. Europe saw the events of May in Paris, the Prague Spring followed by military intervention; America saw the assassination of Robert Kennedy and the election of Richard Nixon as President. For Hungary it was a year of excitement and ups and downs. From the positive aspect, what was modestly called the 'new economic mechanism' came into effect. It is now considered as a reform of historic significance. From the negative aspect, Hungarian troops had to play a part in the occupation of Czechoslovakia by Warsaw Pact forces. The four members of the panel and the presenter Gábor Nemes, who is now correspondent of Hungarian Radio in Warsaw after similar postings to Prague and Berlin, sought for and possibly found some answers.

Immediately after hearing the broadcast, we felt that it had to be of interest to our readership; the transcript proved to be exceedingly long and resistant to editing down. This, I feel, is fortunate as every part of the discussion is fascinating, every nuance contributes incisive appreciation and assessment of recent Hungarian history. Rezső Nyers was, in 1968, as I have mentioned, one of the most important and influential members of the country's highest political body and, as such, took part not only in the preparation and implementation of the economic reform, but also in the painfully difficult decision the Hungarian leadership had to take concerning participation in the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Contrary to my custom, I refrain from providing a short summary of the new information and light Rezső Nyers gives. The reader will find it for himself.

*

The other focus of *NHQ* 112 turns to the distant past, to the figure of Saint Stephen, who reigned as the first king of Hungary from 1000 to 1038. This year the entire country has been commemorating the 950th anniversary of his death. Although this is no centenary, the political leadership, the Catholic Church and, indeed, the general public, all felt that we should not wait another twelve years to celebrate him on the millennial of his coronation. At a time of refinding their national identity, Hungarians should reach back to their oldest roots, to the example given by the founder of the state as a political thinker, as a philosopher and educator in the famous Exhortation addressed to his son Imre; so too should Hungarians reach back to those ideals and that way of life which led to his canonisation shortly after his

death. For nine centuries he has been called simply 'Saint Stephen' in Hungarian. But I have in mind that period in the forties and early fifties when the then political leadership, ignoring the national consciousness, deep-rooted and honourable popular tradition and an historical inheritance, tried to detach the title of saint from his name. Equally, they tried to obscure what was, perhaps, the most important decision taken by our first king, namely to choose Christianity over paganism and the Church of Rome over that of Byzantium—choosing, in effect, Europe—and not only in a geographical notion. The national celebration this year also received an impetus which should further renew tradition by the decision to display Hungary's holiest relic throughout the country, particularly in those places where he had established a bishopric or monastery. The relic, the embalmed right hand of the saint, has been preserved for 950 years but could hardly ever be seen in the last few decades. I am reluctant to use the word but feel I have to: Saint Stephen has been 'rehabilitated'. This is not a process which began just now. After the unhistorical historical views of the late forties and early fifties, the title of saint was once again placed in front of the king's name by 1965.

The reader may by now be used to my habit of referring to my own past and of even daring to boast like an old man. On the 20th of August 1965, I had the honour of being the first—since 1949—to write on the first king and call him a saint, and in *Népszabadság*, the party daily, at that. Yet it has taken more than twenty years for the saint, the founder of the state, to retake his rightful place in the national consciousness. Here, Jenő Szücs presents in his article the importance of Stephen I, as founder of the state, more thoroughly, of course, than I did all those years ago. Complementing his article is the full text of Saint Stephen's Exhortations to his son Imre. What may surprise the reader most is the extraordinarily modern character, indeed the timeliness, of these texts; on the reception and fostering of guests. By guests here I mean minorities of other mother-tongues living in this country. The Exhortations still speak not only to Hungary, but to every country, not least to our neighbouring countries.

*

The bizarre title of György Konrád's piece may well have caught the reader's eye: 'Attention Western Speleologists!'. Perhaps the Hungarian writer best known in Western Europe and America, Konrád has nothing to say on speleology but is referring to those Western observers, writers, journalists, politicians or simple tourists who come for a short visit, descend

as it were into the caves of Hungarian (or Central European) existence and pronounce their judgement.

The metaphor does more than merely attract attention. To my mind, it has the purpose of showing the so different East and East Central European conditions, the political, cultural and economic stalactites, the unexpected courses and dead ends, the underground lakes. It is a fine piece of writing.

It is fine because in a typically Central European way, it skirts the boundaries of literature and politics: politics are addressed with the ideas of literature. Nor is the latter in any way neglected in this issue. Miklós Mészöly represents current fiction with a fine and disturbing short story. We include some poems by László Lator in the translation of the English-Hungarian, or Hungarian-English, poet George Szirtes. For those interested in the literary process, we are serving not one but two courses. George Szirtes, who has translated several poets in addition to László Lator, also writes here on the art of translating poetry. The same theme is taken up by an American, Frederick Turner. He has translated some of the Miklós Radnóti's poems written at the end of the thirties and early forties which have now attained classic status. Turner's contribution on the agonies of translation does not come in the form of an essay but in that of a poem. His final line on sharing "the passions of his vassalage" is a sentiment shared by us at this journal too.

THE EDITOR

This is the last of the instructive and often witty prefaces by Iván Boldizsár the founding and so far only Editor of The New Hungarian Quarterly. He died on the 22nd of December, at the age of seventy-six, after last proofs were signed, when printing was about to start. An obituary and articles on his life and work will appear in future issues.

The Editorial Staff

A MAJOR AND UNPRECEDENTED ENTERPRISE

by

KÁROLY GRÓSZ

When an ABC television journalist asked me what kind of a message I thought my election sent to Hungary and also to the rest of the world, I answered that I thought it was the idea of renewal, the consistent implementation of reforms and the continuation of the foreign policy we have pursued until now. What I mean by reform is a major and unprecedented enterprise, the introduction of market relations in an economy which is characterized by the dominant role of social property. The introduction of individual incentives is part of it, as well as the free flow of capital, and the readiness to take risks. The reform also means a social pluralism in the context of a one-party system. Not that I consider political freedom as a notion that can be quantified. To my mind the essential thing is that the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party has to create new intellectual values.

Let me give you an example. For several decades now we in Hungary and in other socialist societies have always emphasised the idea of collectivity. We believed that it was the many smaller and greater communities that formed the nation as a whole. We failed to realize that against this background individuals lost their clearly defined character. What we want is a community in which individual talents and skills have a greater role to play. In other words, we wish to combine the individual and the collective approach in a manner which benefits the individual and the community at the same time.

I began my address to the Party Conference in May, which is regarded as a turning point in Hungarian politics, by quoting Aristotle's classical definition of truth: "Those who see that which belongs together as belonging together and that which is separated as separated, tell the truth. Those who say the opposite to what is the case, are mistaken."

The demand is clear: what we say must accord with what is the case. I must immediately add that the economic and the political situations in Hungary are highly complex. On the one hand, the oppressive burden of growing indebtedness has been an economic fact of life for some years, and, on the other, there have been far from negligible efforts to improve industrial

and agricultural performance, as well as the volume of trade, and at obtaining better and more efficient work performance. Products are up to world standard in one factory, and of poor quality in another, occasionally both occur in the same plant. Stagnating standards of living on the one hand, rising affluence on the other. I could go on. Following the Aristotelian definition, results and mistakes must both be taken into account.

It must be said that there are troubles which cannot be imputed to earlier mistaken decisions. The difficulties, distortions and unforeseeable consequences incidental to development and restructuring must not be confounded with the mistakes of management, wrong ideas and bad strategies. At the same time, however, I do not contest the view that for a great part of our problems we have only ourselves to blame. The results of the seventies for instance made the leadership complacent. We persuaded ourselves that the Hungarian innovations in the economy, the first phase of the reform, created something perfect. Labour discipline, social control and individual self-discipline all weakened. Arbitrariness gained ground in economic management, in intellectual life, in personnel work, and a new formalism spread in public life. A sense of infallibility imbued some people and some institutions. We were seriously mistaken about a few important questions of an economic nature. In this respect I myself also feel responsible, considering that, as a member of the Central Committee of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party since 1980 and a delegate to the 13th Congress in March 1985, I gave my vote approving decisions which life later denied. I think it natural that I should accept the political responsibility. This deterioration has taken place gradually over a long time, and if the situation remains as it is, it may pass into a qualitatively new stage, the outcome of which would be tragic.

At the same time I want to emphasise again that while criticising everyday weaknesses, I do not repudiate the values of the past, for I am convinced that a political movement that fails to value a past fought out in battles will be rootless and insecure in the future.

The party and the government

Besides renewing the party it is our duty to determine precisely the place of the state and the part to be played within it by the government.

The first priority is that power must be consolidated. The most important condition is to renew the HSWP. Many people argue that the one-party system has not stood the test of time and maintain that our current problems speak on their behalf. They say therefore: let there be several parties. They

do not appear to realise that this is not a matter which can be dealt with at will, this is a vital decision which depends on real social possibilities. I am convinced that one party is needed, which is a real party, a militant alliance such as it started out to be, as it was for many years, and as it can become if it gets rid of some structures and preconceived ideas.

This can happen if democracy and discipline will prevail within party organisation, if it breaks with the secretiveness, introversion and isolation, restrictions of the rigidities of its working style. In that case the HSWP will be able to fill its leading role maintaining the one-party system; it will be able to make good the doubtless existing, politically practical, advantages of a multi-party system.

Majority and minority

My government guarantees democracy, it promises to act in the interests of the majority and, in so doing, to face up to the minority at any time in the firm belief that all legitimate interests of particular people can be safeguarded in the whole of society with the help of compromises. Paying heed to minority opinions, it intends to cooperate patiently with all those who express views that fit in with the interests of socialism but differ from the point of view of the government.

This government wants to create conditions under which the performance principle applies and which at the same time reflect an equitable character. It guarantees humanism and legality. It complies, for the protection of socialist society, with all its constitutional duties. It represents the interests of the nation and wishes to remain an active participant in the fight for progress and peace.

The government is functioning in a twofold dependence. It is committed to HSWP policy, because the party defines the principles, the orientation of policy. At the same time the government is responsible to the National Assembly, because parliament is the elected embodiment of the popular will. The government is not sovereign but is independent, this is how it can work efficiently and responsibly.

Clashes of interest

An important element of the government's new working style is cooperation and continuous dialogue with various elected bodies and interest-representing organizations, like the trades unions, chambers of commerce, etc.

I think the number of disputes and conflicts in this field will increase as a result. I can promise no one that such cooperation will be free of disputes. The fact that the agencies of interest representation will formulate their demands cannot in itself change what is true and especially the nature of the options. I do not wish anybody to harbour any illusions: resolved conflicts will give rise to newer conflicts.

I can see clearly also that temporarily the government will inevitably, and indeed will occasionally, come into conflict with one or another section of society, since it may damage their direct interests. We are also bound, at the same time, to clash not only with differing interests but also with habits of thought.

Husbanding time

The well and efficiently functioning kind of socialism will guarantee the security of only those enterprises which produce good results. The reason why there are only as few stable and profitable enterprises as there are is that we pay back production subsidies of more than 200,000 million forints out of the paid-in annual net profit of roughly 560,000 million. The principle that honest work should be the measure of value is not enough. Only profit-yielding honest work can be the measure of value.

Time has a price: we either seize the day or fail to do so. The poet Attila József wrote: "...we have brought time with us." Time does not work for anybody, it only creates possibilities. According to Marx any worthwhile economic activity means husbanding time. We want therefore to economise it efficiently, but not inconsiderately. Today there is still a great inclination to hurry, which may produce the same results as taking things easy.

Eleven government programmes are running concurrently. Some of them are matters of considerable weight, for instance budget reform, the wage reform, the social policy reform. The tensions which have gradually been generated over thirty years cannot be eased overnight. The reform involves the danger of arousing many illusions. Many people think the reform is the answer, yet not just the reform but hard work will alter the situation. The reform is only a means for creating a better possibility of working more efficiently. This is a time-consuming affair. Everybody knows that if the government adopts a decision today, it will take years to get appreciable results. I say again: the reform only creates possibilities, and how they are exploited will depend on minor details of day-to-day hard work. The euphoria in anticipation of reforms causes many to think that if we decide on ten reforms or so, the situation of the country will then change. This is not so.

What is needed in a number of fields is not reform but simply hard work. We will also work hard to be able to service and to repay our foreign debts.

Hungary has every intention of satisfying the country's foreign creditors and will certainly do so. Although it is true that the per capita foreign debt is the highest in Eastern Europe, this year's improvement in the balance of trade is an ongoing process. For the first time in recent years Hungary is not in the red as regards trade with the West. Such trade is of the essence as far as Hungary is concerned and it has improved to the tune of $300 million in the first five months of the year. Paying back the credits causes the most trouble. Altogether $2,500 million have to be paid back every year and interest payments amount to an annual $1,000 million. Though Hungary is forced to raise new credits every year to service the country's debts, asking for rescheduling is out of the question since that would undermine the international credit standing of the country. The way things look now, rescheduling may well be avoided. Present efforts may well bear fruit.

The decision-making system

Since last May the post of General Secretary of the party and that of Prime Minister have been occupied by one and the same person. At a time when the modernisation of the system of political institutions is on the agenda, this does not seem to be logical. It is not up to me to say why I was chosen to be General Secretary. I was appointed Prime Minister in the summer of last year. If at that time there had been an idea that I would later hold that office in the party—I certainly should not have been proposed for a government office, and a different solution would have been sought. This country is not short of talent. Obviously things developed and turned out in the meanwhile so that I will in future do some party work. It could be that the job I have done as Prime Minister also—I don't really know—played a part in my election to be General Secretary. Basically the decision-making system should be divided in the first place; the Central Committee and the Political Committee of the HSWP should not have to decide on matters which are government business, or at least they should approach the questions to be decided from a different angle.

Party guidance in international practice means that the parties define their policy and the governments carry it out. They do this with great freedom of action as required by changing conditions. If the government is incapable of doing this, it is removed by the party it represents. Numerous examples could be mentioned.

Another point which is essential in connection with the separation of functions is that the working style and the order of business of the executive apparatus must be changed so that they should not overlap. It is important—the issue was raised in Hungary last year—that the leading role of the party should not signify that the executive functions of the state machinery are under the direction of the party apparatus. This will inevitably result in a state of chaos. The party's leading role with regard to the work of government means that the Prime Minister enjoying the party's confidence makes the political will prevail through his own administration, and not that party workers exempted from routine duties make their own will prevail on behalf of the party. There is some confusion of principle and practice in this respect, so this is where we have to put things right.

We also want to restrict the government's role in spontaneous social, human activities to improve in this respect, but the government wants to withdraw from all spheres where it is more reasonable and more natural that things should happen without its interference.

There are many examples all over the world of one and the same person being Prime Minister and party leader. According to the Hungarian experience, however, it is better for the two offices not to be filled by the same person, thus the current state of affairs should be considered to be temporary. This is not a question of principle but one of practice.

The office of Party President was thought of recently. János Kádár has asked to be exempted from operative duties, and we have requested him to continue functioning in political life. Other ways could also have been found for him to work, say, as an adviser or otherwise. We thought we ought to carry on the traditions of the Hungarian working-class movement. In the Social Democratic movement of Hungary the office of Party Chairman —which incidentally survives in the Social Democratic parties in Western Europe today—is an established feature. This function has always been filled by most eminent and most experienced working-class leaders. In our view this practice should be introduced in Hungary. In developing the political culture of Hungary we have to show due regard for Hungarian political traditions. This is how the idea came up that János Kádár should continue as Party President. He has considerable experience in the affairs of the international working-class movement and in international political life as such. I, on the other hand, have very little experience. He can certainly be most helpful to the cause if he undertakes to do more in this new capacity. Daily routine has so far stopped him doing more, he has presided over meetings and has prepared for them. A fact of no lesser importance is that János Kádár has a good deal of practical and personal experience. It would be a considerable contribution

not only to the present but to the future as well if he were to distil this experience for the benefit of theory.

I think our friends will give the changes a favourable reception, and this not only because they regard them as the domestic affair of the Hungarian party, but also because not one of our resolutions or our words has for a moment given rise to any doubt about the course we want to follow. And this is the road to socialism. As to how socialism is to be built up—this is something which every party has dealt with freely and independently for a long time now.

National minorities

At this point nevertheless I cannot avoid making some remarks about the national minorities policy of the Rumanian party and indeed of the government of the Rumanian Socialist Republic, the more so because according to a new plan and decree the very existence of thousands of villages in Rumania is threatened. But let me first state the Hungarian policy on national minorities the essence of which is to maintain the sense of identity of national minorities in Hungary: Germans, Slovaks, Rumanians, Serbs, Slovenes and Croats.

These national minorities may freely employ their native language, which is the language of instruction in primary and secondary schools and teachers' training colleges. Their representatives are members of Parliament and of local government councils. The government and local authorities give their support to the cultural heritage of the various national minorities. All the same, the Hungarian government feels that even more could be done to ensure national minority rights. A national minorities bill is being drafted which will be presented to Parliament in 1989.

As against this, Rumania's policy line for some years now has been the assimilation of the two million ethnic Hungarians. The term they use is homogenisation movement. One of the unfortunate side effects is that in recent months several thousand Rumanian citizens who are ethnic Hungarian asked for political asylum in Hungary.

When we, however, protest against the new programme of "regional development" we do so not only in support of national minority rights. The issue as regards the villages in Rumania is the general defence of culture. The villages scheduled for bulldozing are not just Hungarian, they are inhabited also by other national minorities, indeed by Rumanians as well. There are things of inestimable cultural value in villages the disappearance of which

would be an irreplaceable loss not only for Rumania and the Hungarian national minority but for the whole of humanity. As a resolution passed by the Hungarian Parliament stresses, the implementation of the programme of "regional development" implies the destruction of the material and spiritual cradle of the national minorities, the dispersion of their communities, many human tragedies and, in the last resort, their forced and accelerated assimilation. Carrying out this plan will also place an additional burden on Hungaro–Rumanian relations.

Regional development as such is naturally Rumania's domestic business in which we have neither the right nor the desire to interfere. We are defending culture as such, and within that, emphatically, the culture of the Hungarian national minority. Political dialogue is the only way in which we can put our common business in order. The Hungarian government and the Hungarian people continue to be prepared to cooperate on all matters of substance.

This had also been my opinion last spring in London when I had discussions with Prime Minister Thatcher, negotiated with British businessmen and cultural personages and was also interviewed by the BBC. At the time the systematic demolishing of villages was not yet the most urgent aspect of Hungaro–Rumanian relations but the resettlement of Hungarians from Rumania in Hungary, and to a lesser degree that of Saxons and Rumanians. The BBC correspondent indicated that to the best of his knowledge, the position of the Hungarian national minority in Rumania was a source of anxiety in Hungary. He asked me precisely what was involved.

I answered that we Hungarians in Hungary saw things in much the same way as did ethnic Hungarians in Rumania. In other words, they get insufficient support in their desire to nurse their own native language and culture, to preserve their heritage and to participate in public life, including every level of education, as equals. For that reason they feel oppressed and lately a fair few of them took to Hungary for the opportunity to start a new life. As I pointed out on the BBC as well, we Hungarians lacked the right not to keep the frontiers open to them, first of all because they are Hungarians, and also because in Hungary it is possible for all citizens to travel wherever they want to. Their freedom to do so is unlimited and they are given passports of world-wide currency. I also pointed out that we in Hungary in no way encourage Hungarians from Rumania to resettle in Hungary. We know what a native village, native town or native country mean. We know what resettlement means, or starting life afresh, even if one receives all possible help. Now when an even greater danger threatens Hungarians in Rumania, I still maintain that I would prefer them to prosper where they were born,

where their fathers lived, where their roots are, maintaining their national feelings and identity. I sincerely hope that these are mainly transitional problems, temporary troubles, which have to be dealt with according to the laws that govern our lives. The idea of a revision of frontiers is far from our minds. We look on the frontiers drawn after the Second World War as historical facts which we have no desire to change. It is far from us to desire a lasting deterioration in the relations between the two neighbouring countries. This does not serve the best interests of the two nations, or of Europe, or of that process that leads to détente, dialogue and understanding which has recently gathered momentum.

In conclusion let me return to Hungary's foreign policy. In my opinion it is well known abroad. We have thus far had an unambiguous foreign policy, which has governing principles of its own. We want peace and cooperation based on mutual advantage. We hold others in respect and we expect the same respect to be shown to us. We have clear principles. Hungary's policy has not changed on this matter.

HUNGARIANS IN LONDON

by

JÓZSEF MARTIN

László Cs. Szabó, an important twentieth-century Hungarian essayist, lived the latter half of his life in London. In a brilliant essay on Thomas More he recalls a little-known episode in Hungarian–English contacts. Languishing in the Tower of London, in Henry VIII's prison, the old statesman, in an unremitting effort to preserve the unity of the ecumenical Church of his time, keeps himself busy by writing a dialogue, known as *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation.*

Thomas More's Magyars, Jókai's Englishman

Like any intimidated intellectual, to use this rather modern term, at any time, Sir Thomas reflects on how to outwit the eager champions of despotism, the creatures of Henry VIII, once his friend and a cruel tyrant. Eight years after Hungary's disaster at Mohács in 1526, in his cell in the Tower, he has the idea of placing his thoughts into the mouths of two Magyars: Anthony, a wise and experienced man, and Vincent, as yet little prepared for the ordeals of life. Clearly, in a work disguised as a translation, Anthony's alter ego is Thomas More himself and the Turkish peril stands for the tyranny of Henry VIII. Thus a distinguished figure in English history, hiding within a fictitious Magyar, gives comfort to his contemporaries and to the inmates of prisons in future centuries. As Cs. Szabó writes, "during the solitary mental self-steeling of the months running out in the direction of the scaffold he put on a mask under which to pour out his heart in confidence," although "Thomas More never set foot on Hungarian soil, did not understand our language, and never heard it spoken. But from the outset he had known about the professed fate imposed on the country's people."

The Hungarian parallel in the Dialogue is a fine example of how the two peoples and the two cultures have for long recognized each other and of the fact that those who wish to record these links still have much to record. Of course, the laws of politics and history, yielding to geographical realities, have not often sanctioned real proximity. It is well known that, before and during the Second World War, a fairly considerable number of anti-German politicians in Hungary tried to squint towards London: recent research has discovered that István Tisza, the hatchet-faced, rather self-contradictory Hungarian prime minister at the outset of the Great War, also had an Anglo–Saxon orientation present in mind. Budapest is far from London; Central European developments were always appraised in Whitehall from the points of view of the British Empire. A pertinent episode was related by Mór Jókai, the great Hungarian novelist of the nineteenth century, who was, incidentally, notably competent as a thinker on foreign policy as well as being a naturalist and an expert on a good many other things.

During the 1848–49 Revolution the storm of Hungarian politics raged, as at so many other times in the nation's history, involving German–Austrian interests, too. On April 14, 1849, as every Hungarian schoolboy knows, the Diet of Debrecen dethroned, under Lajos Kossuth's prompting, the House of Habsburg. On the day after, there arrived to that city of the Great Hungarian Plain a certain Mr Brown, who brought Kossuth a message from Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister. In fact, he had smuggled it across the frontier, evading the searching eyes of the Habsburg frontier guards by concealing the prime minister's message in a drum. Jókai was happy to relate this in his autobiographical novel *The Romance of my Life*, since within the contemporary Hungarian political spectrum, he belonged to the wing which regarded the act of dethronement as rash. Mr Brown told Kossuth that "diplomacy abroad makes no objection if the Hungarians win a victory over the Austrians on the battlefield;" but he cautioned Hungary against secession, because—as Jókai quoted the message—diplomacy could not agree to the break-up of the Empire. Kossuth perused the letter and said: "It's too late."

Professional historians have since been arguing over this decision; in any case, Mr Brown's reasoning was not confuted by the ensuing events. To prevent an upset to the European balance of power, Czarist Russia flew to the assistance of the endangered House of Habsburg but this is not the place to deal with the unanswerable "what would have happened if." Mr Brown's case is worth recalling only in order to demonstrate that elements of mutual attention have never been missing in the relationships of the two countries. When, in early May this year, the Hungarian Prime Minister, Károly Grósz,

visited British Premier Margaret Thatcher, or when he exchanged views with leading British business figures, or when, sightseeing in London, he inspected the Tower's treasures, he added new elements to a system of relations which, over long centuries, go far into the past.

The long road of creating contacts

The last time but one a Hungarian head of government made a visit to Great Britain was more than four decades ago, in 1946. A delegation of the coalition government was headed by Prime Minister Ferenc Nagy, and among its members was Mátyás Rákosi in his capacity as deputy premier. The Hungarian politicians conferred with the Labour Prime Minister Clement Attlee. Developing again steadily after stormy intervals, relations acquired a near European dimension amidst the international political tribulations of the early half of the 1980s when Soviet–American relations reached an all-time low. At about that time Hungarian diplomacy was successful in building contacts with several important West European countries, Great Britain amongst them. *The Times* wrote in September 1983: "Sir Geoffrey Howe was right not to cancel his official visit to Hungary in the aftermath of the Korean airline disaster."

A good half year later, in connection with Margaret Thatcher's memorable visit to Budapest, the same paper wrote as follows: "Leading Hungarian officials have recently visited Washington and other Western capitals. The US Vice President, George Bush, went to Budapest last year, and this year the Hungarians are entertaining not only Mrs Thatcher, but also the West German Chancellor and the Italian Prime Minister," and *The Times* acknowledged with satisfaction that Hungarian politics was "seemingly independent at home and abroad." Margaret Thatcher's visit in February 1984 laid the foundations of personal contacts between the British Prime Minister and János Kádár, and obviously this was a prelude to another event in Hungarian–British summit diplomacy in the second half of 1985, when János Kádár visited London.*

The two summit meetings crowned the post-war development of Hungarian–British relations and at the same time offered an opportunity for strengthening and extending them. The maintenance of important high-level contacts continued. To mention only a few related events, in the spring of 1987 the Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, was in Budapest, where he

* See *NHQ* 101.

spoke of the changes in the world economy which called for a high degree of adaptability on the part of the countries of Western and Eastern Europe alike. At the time two important accords were also signed: a cultural convention and an agreement on investment protection stimulating the formation of joint undertakings. Similarly, the chronicle of events of the period following the Kádár visit includes the fact that the head of the foreign affairs department of the Hungarian Socialist Worker's Party went to London in the autumn of 1986 and that Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor at the time, was in Budapest in February 1987.

Károly Grósz in London

The Hungarian Prime Minister's May 1988 visit was thus built upon extensive relations based on a code of conduct governing cooperation between countries whose social systems have differed for a long time. Great Britain is not in the forefront of Hungary's Western trading partners, seventh in 1987 in the field of both exports and imports. (The volume of Hungarian exports is by and large £ 83 m, that of imports £ 101 m.) The number of direct cooperation ventures has grown in recent years, but it can by no means be claimed that these modern forms of cooperation have achieved a breakthrough in the whole range of economic relations. Joint projects of this type are most intensive in the chemical and pharmaceutical industries, most of the twelve cooperation deals being maintained in these two sectors. A statement made by Károly Grósz on the eve of his visit drew the attention of the British media to Budapest. The Hungarian Prime Minister said in this statement that "the laws of biology are applicable to everybody", and a politician "should be able to retire." Another remark of his that created a stir in the world press brings us closer to London. Grósz stated that he held the British Premier "in extraordinarily high respect", that be appreciated and valued greatly all those decisions which she had undertaken with a view to the economic modernisation of Great Britain and in order to reduce its relative weaknesses compared to Western rivals.

Both these views were commented on during Károly Grósz's three day visit to England, where he met a great number of leading figures in British political, economic and cultural life. Many press reports published in early May dealt with the probability of personnel changes in Hungary, and more than one news commentator described the Hungarian Prime Minister as "Thatcherite".

Grósz as well as the politicians and businessmen accompanying him kept

emphasising that in the current stage of attempting to find a way out of Hungary's economic plight the prime necessity is to intensify the inflow of foreign capital, working capital. An article in *The Guardian* said that "If the economic reforms are successful, the trade deficit should be cut, but it will be a slow and painful process. The real problem hindering Hungarian export potential is an antiquated industry which uses too much energy and raw material," and went on to say, perhaps somewhat drastically, that for this very reason "The Hungarians see their economic future tied more closely with the developed countries in the West, and particularly in Europe, than to the less technologically advanced Comecon countries."

A prime minister's visit is not supposed to strengthen relations by closing a series of concrete business deals. A major achievement of the visit was to have offered leading industrial and financial circles in one of the most important capitals of the Western world, an occasion to receive accurate and relevant first-hand information on Hungary's economic situation. The pertinent details on economic cooperation have to be decided between the enterprises concerned; all the same, it is important in the long run that the British Prime Minister, who, returned in three general elections and holding several records for tenure of office, has stressed on a number of occasions that she supports Hungarian endeavours, including links to be established with the European Economic Community, and is convinced that Budapest's plans for economic stabilisation will be successful. With this in mind, the fact that Hungary's head of government brought home in his briefcase only a few concrete proposals is of minor importance. The idea has emerged of Hungarian and British firms acting jointly on the markets of third countries, and this was discussed by Tamás Beck, the President of the Hungarian Chamber of Commerce. Interest was likewise shown in a plan for the British—as well as West Germans and Americans—to participate in management training in Hungary.

In talks with the Confederation of British Industry, the body representing major British industrial companies, the Hungarian visitors were asked how particular British firms could better take part in various Hungarian programmes, especially in the chemical and the steel-making industry.

Cultural exchanges

The Prime Minister was accompanied by Deputy Minister of Culture Ferenc Rátkai, who met the director of the Barbican Centre in connection with a Bartók Festival to be held there and the organization of a major

Hungarian arts festival in England. In Hungary, as in so many other states, English is the foreign language most in demand and it is thus particularly important to ensure that those Hungarian secondary schools providing dual language instruction receive from London more support than before and that students learning English have more opportunities to visit England. Nor does this take into account the Széchenyi scholarship for the promotion of scientific cooperation for the further training of Hungarian agricultural specialists, or the great interest shown by Britain in the Pető Institute of Budapest for the rehabilitation of the physically handicapped. As regards the latter, the Hungarian Prime Minister has proposed that the Hungarian government take over patronage of the institute's operations. It would like to bring this highly successful therapy under the aegis of some international agency. Shortly after the Prime Minister's visit, leading British medical specialists came to Budapest to clarify the details; it should be added that more than sixty British families are now living in Budapest so that their children can undergo treatment at the Pető Institute.

Obviously, the above inventory is of slight economic importance. Károly Grósz has said that British political and commercial circles are well informed on Hungarian economic affairs and this is something Hungary can be proud of. It is important to note that, as a small Central European country, Hungary can hardly expect to enjoy full reciprocity in the capital city of a former world empire, so we must build up a good reputation by our own efforts and keep alive the attention we receive abroad. True, Mrs Thatcher and her government have always been willing to study ideas on reform in Eastern Europe, Soviet *perestroika* and *glasnost*, and the Hungarian reforms. Perhaps this is why she quoted an aphorism of Count István Széchenyi's, the great nineteenth-century Hungarian reformer. An admirer of the English people and founder of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences and much else, Széchenyi wrote in his diary: "The Germans write a lot, the French talk a lot, the English do a lot."

The Docklands

How much they do was to be seen more than once by those who witnessed the Prime Minister's visit. Let me cite one example to conclude this account, and let this example also demonstrate how a socialist Hungarian politician can be a Thatcherite. The hosts showed the Hungarian politicians around the London docks, the formerly deserted Docklands. With the slump in traditional industrial sectors, with the decline in ocean-going

navigation, this area of about 20 to 25 square kilometres, only a step or so from the Tower, was doomed to destruction. Some five years before, the Docklands Company was founded, with little money but with an awareness of the demands international companies had for services in management organization, in computing and commercial pursuits. British and non-British capital began to flow in gradually, and the whole area has now been restructured as a result of the construction of business premises, office blocks, printing works, computer centres and hotels. The Docklands is still a huge building site, with only one pub—a grumble of the journalists working in the area—but there can be no room for doubt that in a few years' time a service colony will be in full flow in a place from where not so long ago large merchant ships set out for faraway continents.

This is a prime example of realizing demands in due time, an example of adaptation through a great deal of painful effort. But the smaller a country, the more it is forced into this difficult adaptation by the realities of the world economy.

HISTORIC TIMES, TIMES OF OPPORTUNITIES

An interview with Margaret Thatcher

Can we start with a non-political question?

Of course.

Coming back to your first visit to Budapest in 1984, I can tell you that people do not easily forget you in the big market hall buying that famous string of garlic. May I ask you now about the fate of all that garlic? Decoration on the kitchen wall or did you ever make a meal of it?

I brought them back as decoration on the kitchen wall and then we did use them, you know, we did use them in cooking...

You liked...

...and I brought honey back as well. And I'll never forget that visit either. It was marvellous. The market was full of people, and full of goods, and the people were so welcoming!

You were almost mobbed.

Yes, lovely!

You found it lovely?

I enjoyed it enormously.

Thank you. Now, since you are fresh from your talks with Prime Minister Grósz, can I ask you to share your first impressions of the talks with me?

We had very good talks. I think we both realize that we are living really in historic times. They're historic times for Hungary and in a way my own visit there four years ago was what I regarded as an historic visit. His visit here is of the first Hungarian prime minister since the war. For quite apart from our bilateral relations, which are very important, it is the background of what is happening in the Soviet Union. The beginning of *glasnost*, *perestroika*, the realization that after 70 years of that regime, it has not been producing the things that people expected of it, either in the standard of living, standard of technology, standard of social services, and we have there a leader who is, in the Soviet Union, determined to change. This is going to have an impact way beyond the Soviet Union. In a way, Hungary blazed the trail, you know. Because I think many people were looking to the way in which Hungary was handling her economy, and now to the enormous, ambitious plans that she has for developing it further. And so Hungary, as so often happens with a smaller country, can show in advance to a bigger country what a smaller one can do. And so we said right at the beginning, look, we are both prime ministers, we are lucky to be prime ministers now, because they're exciting times, they're historic times, they're challenging times.

Mr Grósz once said publicly that perhaps he was not the luckiest of all prime ministers because these are relatively hard times in Hungary now.

Look, if you are doing great things, often in the short run, you have to do things which are unpopular, because you know that that's the right way to go to get the benefits in the

The British Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, was interviewed on May 5, 1988 on Hungarian Television during the official visit to London of the Hungarian Prime Minister, Károly Grósz. The interviewer was Endre Aczél. The interview was broadcast on May 8, 1988.

longer run. Sometimes I said to Mr Gorbachev, look, the difficulties will come out first. The benefits will show later. But if you want to go to a freer economy, you can see from other freer economies the benefits you will get. But you have got to get over the difficulties first. In life you must never be so overcome by the difficulties that you forget the fantastic opportunities.

I feel you are speaking of your own record, aren't you?

Yes, but we came through. We broke through to a tremendous success. And we have restored Britain to the kind of greatness, for enterprise, initiative, that she used to have.

Yes.

It is there, it is there... in Hungary.

Prime Minister, you now have a first-hand account about the efforts of the Hungarian government to reinvigorate and streamline the economy. Could you find anything in common between the efforts you have already undertaken and the efforts now under way in Hungary? Actually, this is related to what we are saying on this particular issue.

Yes, very much so. Because when I came back into power in 1979, there was far too much government control, control over prices, controls over incomes, controls over foreign exchange, all sorts of intricate detail controls. It wasn't suitable for Britain. You couldn't, in fact, break through to the success we were accustomed to have, you couldn't break through to enterprise. So we got rid of a lot of those controls, and we said the thing that motivates people to work is doing better for their families, building a better opportunity for them, wanting to own their own homes, wanting to have more savings, wanting to have a better way of life for their children. For that, in fact, you must give them real incentives. If they work hard, they must have more resources, more money, and be able to do what they like with it.

And so, yes, we had incentives. Yes, we had lower taxation for all these people. And we have in fact now got a much higher standard of living, a much higher standard of social services and we've got back the enterprise, the technology, the success, and success comes from the talent and ability which is within each one of us working together.

Are you sure we Hungarians have the same talent and ability to overcome the difficulties which are much higher in proportion than the ones you used to have?

I can assure you that the Hungarian people have. Many of them came over here in the mid-50s and in the freer framework did very well. So, yes, I'm in the position to assure you they have that talent. They have that ability.

And I detect a little bit of pessimism in your interviewing tone! It will not do! You have great opportunities! You must be a little bit more optimistic!

OK.

Good.

What would you advise the Hungarian reformers? What would you first and foremost advise to them?

I think that it's absolutely right to get many of the decisions out of the way of the government. Because, you know, people can respond much more quickly to the conditions they see around them. They know the kind of goods they would like to buy and therefore they know the kind of goods they would like to make. They recognize that you get on in life when you work hard—and when you've got the incentives to do it, they will do it. You are quite strong in small business, I noticed that when I came. This is important to extend. When you run a small business, you're used to taking your own decisions. You are getting much more joint ownership of big companies. I understand that people are being offered shares in the company in which they work. That gives you a double interest: the interest you get from your weekly wages, and the interest which you will get from having a share and then you will, I hope you will, get some return at the end of the year from that. It is

better to run an economy so that you give more powers to people, and then government can concentrate on the things which only government can do well, which is running the economy well, seeing that you live within your means, seeing that you don't have too much inflation, and getting the framework of law in which people can live their own lives, start up their own business, sell their own goods and do very well.

In a wider international context, I think part of our problems would be relieved by our, say, rapprochement *with the EEC, or by an agreement or a treaty with the EEC. You know this is one of the hot issues of the day now, for us at least...*

I realize that. And the prime minister was telling me the difficulties they are having. And they don't even know the list of goods to which some of the quotas would apply. Now this is news to me and I'm horrified because I'm a great believer in having a closer relationship between the Community and Hungary. And I think it's even more important now than it was when I started some years ago. Se we will do everything we can to help, I promise to raise the issue with Chancellor Kohl, who is chairman of the Council of the Common Market at the moment. They are having no difficulty from Great Britain, we will do everything we can to be helpful; there are some difficulties coming from other countries. But really, you know, the Community is doing well. Some of the countries that have joined recently are doing well, and some of the southern Mediterranean countries are doing well. And really, we should be able to say, we must in fact turn our attention to helping Hungary and sort this out. It's more frustrating to Hungary if the negotiations seem to have been slowed down. I understand the frustration. I'll do all I can to speed them up.

Can I ask you that apart from the goodwill and Britain's support of the Hungarian case at the EEC, were you able to offer something substantial to Mr Grósz?

Substantial? I can only say that I will take it up vigorously with Chancellor Kohl, if need be, raise it at the next meeting which is in Hannover in June. Because I understand the frustration and I've offered very vigorously to help.

And Britain has no reservations?

We have no reservations, no.

Hungary has a case and perhaps there is no full agreement between the two and...

Hungary has a case; it's important that we increase our trading relationships as well as our other contacts and it is doubly important in a world of very great international opportunities in which we are living now.

Can I come back to what you were saying earlier? I asked you about British–Hungarian relations, and you almost immediately mentioned the name of Mr Gorbachev with whom you have an extremely good relationship, personal relationship, as we all know. Now could you tell me your view of the new, Gorbachevian Soviet Union? Do you still feel it is a threat to the West or is it not?

That's a very big question to answer all in one. May I try to summarize the way I feel? Mr Gorbachev made his own assessment of what was happening in the Soviet Union. Its power, internationally, is purely military power and its influence spreads from that. That's how it has become a superpower. It has not got industrial power anything like as good as it should have, it has not got a higher standard of living, it has not taken its technologies forward as far as it should've done, it has not got a standard of social services that it should have. So, most of their effort has gone into this military might, which has given it a position in the world. He has realized this can't go on. And that the strict communist system has not produced the standard of living, and has not lived up to their hopes, therefore it must change. The direction in which it must change is giving ordinary folk more responsibility, allowing them to take more initiatives, allowing them to earn more and keep more for themselves. I think in reaching that decision he probably was considerably influenced by the extra freedom that he saw in the Hungarian society—not enough perhaps,

it's going much further now. But he realized that he could do very much better in the Soviet Union. He was bold and courageous enough to say that, announced it, has announced a programme of reform and in my view is determined to carry it through. That will enlarge the liberty of the Soviet Union, it will help their standard of living, that will be good for them, good for the whole world. I don't know whether it will succeed or not, I hope most earnestly it will, and I have said so. My view is the same on defence issues as it always has been. Freedom must always be defended. You never know where it is going to be attacked, you never know who will attack it. So my strategy and tactics has been the same: whosoever attacks freedom, must know they will never succeed. Because we will always have a strong defence and a sure defence both in Britain and in the Alliance. And if by any chance things should go wrong in the Soviet Union—which I hope they won't, and I believe Mr Gorbachev will succeed—then we will still have a sure defence. So it's two-fold: I encourage everything that's going on within, I keep a sure defence, I expect the Soviet Union also to keep a sure defence. She is as entitled to defend her own system as we are ours, and because we both want to be secure, we try to do that at a lower level of weaponry, keeping in balance the whole time. Can I come back to what I said earlier?

Yes, please.

Because of this change of view in the Soviet Union, which will have enormous changes and consequences for her neighbours, [it] offers enormous opportunities because it's coming at a time when leaders, world leaders, meet together much more frequently. And therefore they can support one another in doing what we believe to be right. Yes. These are exciting times. They offer opportunities for all peoples. If they will take them and not be frightened of them. It won't be easy to bring in, there are many people with vested interests in the continuation of the existing system. But we are after the enlarging of liberty, a higher standard of living, a greater cooperation, that we may all dwell in peace and safety.

So I can only wish that you enjoy the excitement of our times.

I intend to. And I approach things with a great feeling of hope and faith in the future that we can build together.

We will. Thank you very much.

Thank you.

ENDRE ACZÉL

LIFE AND POLITICS

by

IMRE POZSGAY

When the much talked-of Hungarian party conference in May 1988 elected me a member of the Political Committee, the central daily of the Hungarian Socialist Worker's Party, *Népszabadság*, asked me for an interview. The first question I was asked was when the paper had last interviewed me. My answer was that I had written articles, though rarely, but had never been interviewed. Asked to explain I said that I imagined at the time I headed the Patriotic People's Front, political reservations had surely also played their part.

Since that time changes have taken place in Hungarian politics. Ideas I expressed in the Patriotic People's Front, suggestions made there, are today part and parcel of the government programme and of the party line. I feel some satisfaction because I think the trust put in me and my election are a result of the changes that took place in the party and in society before and during the May party conference. I consider this as a turning-point in the sense I already expressed in my address to the conference, namely that things could not go on as they had done and therefore the country cannot be governed as it had been. I regard as a change also that, although for a long time even after the 13th Congress in 1985 the attention of the leadership had been concentrated mostly on economic problems, the party conference focused on the reformulation of the leading role of the HSWP and on the transformation of the system of political institutions. This is why I consider what happened at the party conference to be both an end and a beginning.

Already in preparations for the conference, party members provided evidence of their active participation on such a scale that it indicated the beginning of a new age and was at the same time the end of a period in which the duties of party members had often been confined to endorsing and implementing the decisions of the leadership. The common opinion of the

party, thus indirectly public opinion as well, was this time present within the party conference, and I feel that this fact ushered in a new stage in the history of inner party democracy and Hungarian democracy, as well.

People think, I am sure, that I find myself in a *hic Rhodus hic salta* position. Has my political freedom of action grown or become restricted with my membership of the Political Committee? Both ways, I should say. It has grown inasmuch as I now have a more direct chance of taking part in the making of essential decisions. It has diminished inasmuch as I now have less opportunity to ask the public for assistance in the realization of all my ideas. The Political Committee is not responsible for this. It is a matter of course that a leading body of nation-wide competence must establish a consensus on fundamental issues. I acknowledged this also when I emphasised that I was going to enter this body holding particular views of my own. This means also that on certain matters I shall have to act in accordance with the agreed consensus and not according to my judgement of public opinion. This involves some risk as regards the public's judgement of my person.

A country childhood

Before summing up the essence of my ideas and suggestions, I shall briefly tell the story of my life so far. I shall say less about my political career, and more about my childhood and my young days, about my roots. I was born at Kóny in northern Transdanubia on the 26th of November 1933. My father was a village tailor and he died in 1938. After his death we moved to my maternal grandfather's at Balatonbozsok, a village of some 800 inhabitants. Except for a few artisans and the Catholic cantor-schoolmaster, the inhabitants were smallholders who worked hard tilling their 5–10 *hold* (8–15 acres). We grew up on my grandfather's property. And my mother took that land with her when she joined the farmers' cooperative.

That time of my life was decisive for me as well. It was only my later reading that made me aware what kind of environment I had lived in. I tried to explain to myself subsequently that three really great educational factors played a part in that rural peasant environment. First, the family with its own traditional elements and norms, which accurately defined functions, the division of labour and action, and all this with unaffected spontaneity. Second, the natural surroundings which, with the seasons of the year and the hours of the day, brought perfect order into the manner of living, the way of life and working relations. Third, the school as the first step enabling one to look beyond that world determined by tradition and nature. The

historic years 1848–1849 lived on as a great and decisive experience of the family, the years of the Hungarian Revolution. We preserved also some relics: Kossuth banknotes and a chest of drawers which had been buried in the autumn of 1848 in order to save the family wardrobe from the approaching troops of General Jellachich. Thus the roots of family progressive thinking reach that far back, that is how far back they are part of living memory. As to the sequel, it may well have been inevitable. My smallholder grandfather cultivating his five *hold* of land was village headman for more than a quarter of a century. Let me quote an earlier writing of mine: "For nearly half a century self-government was well-established here—in Bozsok, I mean—in the spirit of justice and moral firmness. Nobody was harried here because of his religion or social origin." Family progressive attitudes continued in 1919. Under the Republic of Councils in 1919 my uncle András became chairman of the Bozsok Directory, and other members of my family also assumed functions at the time. I heard later that my father had been among them. I hardly remember him. But I was there with the others, as several generations lived under my grandfather's roof. I am still filled with admiration when thinking of their actions and judgements, how they and the whole village lived without prejudices in an age when politics as a whole aroused prejudices and agitated to bolster contempt for other nations and to produce racialism. It would appear that a peasant's life and world could isolate itself from perversion. It is not memory that embellishes the picture, nor do I want to idealize that world. There were many human conflicts and unleashed passions. And there was envy, anger and rancour. But even those followed, somehow or other, a symmetrical pattern. Opinions were not left unsaid either. Even anger, quarrel and reconciliation had rituals to be observed. The community was able to arrange matters in its own inner world. And viciousness stopped well short of real hell for anybody. Just one example: the village of Bozsok dates back to the age of the Árpád Dynasty but no murder or attempted murder is remembered before the early 1950s.

After liberation in 1945 the imagination accustomed to more limited space could run farther. Earlier, the most a lad hoped for was to become an apprentice in Fűzfő, Peremarton, Berhida or Székesfehérvár. The post-liberation opening and the generation that sang of Splendid Winds and attended the People's Colleges of coalition times further broadened this prospect. After finishing junior high school *(polgári iskola)* at Enying I went to the Horticultural College at Eszterháza, today's Fertőd. It was a choice of career determined by circumstances when I decided on a school akin to our way of life at home. I did so in keeping with my inclinations at the time, but counter to my later desires which then led me in the direction

of politics. From that time on I determined my every step by myself. Perhaps I did not always choose rightly. Nor can I reproach anybody for it. At Eszterháza I became secretary of the students' association, a party member when I was sixteen, then a party secretary and, moreover, a member of the district party committee at the age of eighteen.

The chance to continue my studies at the university-level Lenin Institute of that time was my great opportunity. I felt I needed theoretical foundations if I was to pursue a political career. I was greatly interested in the social sciences, and my interest stimulated me to change the instinctive in me into conscious action. This is what the Lenin Institute offered me. I found out only later that the Institute had an élite-forming function, students were especially selected for it. In the beginning I was fond of history, then of philosophy. For that matter, I still profess to be a teacher of history and philosophy. At the age of 15–17, country or progress appeared as alternative stuff and nonsense. It took me long years of painful drudgery to become aware that the nation was the community which could keep a people on a high level of emotional and moral commitment. But by the time I attended the Lenin Institute my idea of the circumstances had begun to change. When I went home—early in the 1950s—I was received there by complaints and curses bursting forth from rural life. That was the time when peasant life was destroyed and the lofts were swept clean to enforce compulsory deliveries of the harvest. I was in violent dispute with my mother in the first place. She was disillusioned earlier than I was, since she had felt where the shoe pinched. She had witnessed the village being brought to ruin. She did not understand why I defended those who reduced those people to destitution and I blamed her for incomprehension and backwardness. I was wrong. But at least there was plain speaking between us. Today I already also know that I did not dare put to a real test my still wobbly ideological convictions. I chose to shut my eyes and was parroting the usual phrases.

Under the influence of those disputes I began to think over the situation as so many peasant lads like me did. I turned passive towards university politics. I concentrated on the main job, my studies, while I did my best to stay my own man. It was in those years that I finished the complementary course of philosophy and a post-graduate course. The successive posts I held can be enumerated briefly: I was Cultural Secretary to the Bács County Committee of the HSWP, then, in 1970 I became head of the press sub-department of the HSWP Central Committee; I was Deputy Editor-in-chief of *Társadalmi Szemle*—the theoretical journal of the HSWP—from 1971 to 1975; Assistant Minister of Culture in 1975–1976; Minister of

Culture between 1976 and 1982, and after 1982 I held the post of Secretary-General of the National Council of the Patriotic People's Front. I was elected a member of the Political Committee in May 1988 and was appointed Minister of State in June.

Keeping step with public opinion

Let us get back to public affairs and to my recent dual political function. I am aware that my standing with the public may be at risk. There will be periods and times when I shall have to rely on the experience the public had of me earlier and on the trust they put in me, before I can make myself understood. But, ultimately and in the long term, I hope we shall be able, without any difficulty and major conflicts, to move on together with public opinion and with the Political Committee, if only because both the Political Committee and the government would like to satisfy public expectations.

It will of course be necessary to take annoying measures which will often give rise to discontent. The public may then become impatient and demand results too soon. For this reason I think that only a dialogue with the public can maintain confidence. This confidence requires us participants—no matter how painful it is—to make known to the public that we do not identify ourselves with everything done in the previous era. If we fail to make this known, we shall be held responsible for decisions that are needed to rectify the mistakes of earlier times.

In my opinion, Hungary might well have done better than it did in practice. True, there were serious external problems. The scope of the Hungarian reform was obviously limited by the existence of certain compulsory models taken over from other socialist countries and by certain forms of coordinated action, but I think we exaggerated their importance.

Since most of the socialist countries, the Soviet Union among them, were in a state of mistaken identification, one might say that it was a serious mistake to describe as advanced socialism a stage of social development to which one could have applied, at best, Marx's words about raw communism and distribution communism. This in itself already determined the behaviour of other socialist countries as well. If I recall, however, that in 1966 it was nevertheless possible to formulate in Hungary the basic principles of a relatively radical reform, then I think one can rightly discern a certain absence of guts by the reformers. There was a certain tacking, a trimming of sails, inasmuch as a reform offensive was launched between 1966 and 1968,

and then followed a hidden or stealthily advancing reform so that the public should not know what we wanted. Therefore, communication with the people on this matter was broken on the assumption that it was up to the leadership to produce results, that the people would support it after all if they did well, if standards of living rose, and so on. Or let me mention the wrong reflexes which likewise resulted from giving things the wrong names. As, for example, when after the oil price explosion, after our first losses due to the deterioration of the terms of trade, we declared that the crisis would not spill over into this country, saying that the system itself was a guarantee against that. Whereas the guarantee ought to have been a political decision resulting in adaptation to changed conditions. I feel the root of the problems is in these facts, in that the voluntaristic element was running through the political history of our party even at a time when the leadership was, subjectively and in keeping with its commitment, against voluntarism.

The effect of two international factors is certainly difficult to overestimate. One is the world economic crisis and resulting changes, the other is the erroneous self-image of the socialist countries and their ensuing obligation of mutual solidarity. In addition, in Hungary, there was a sectarian-dogmatic group which was taking advantage of the fact that their kind had always done well in the history of communism. This fact weakened the reformists who lacked the determination and strength to appeal to the public.

Publicity, free choice of platforms

Publicity is one of the key words in my speeches and writings. Let me repeat what I already said at the 13th Congress. There, quoting Lenin, I pointed out that it was indispensable for non-party people also to exercise some control over the party. Well, then, how are they supposed to control a party which does not act in public? I think therefore that what takes place in the party is not its internal affair, since we want to be the party of the nation. Let me add that we refer to Leninist norms *ad nauseam*, but it occurred to no one, that in Lenin's time the most heated debates, as well as the debates taking place in the Central Committee, were conducted in the columns of *Pravda*. Or who remembered that in the trades union dispute Lenin himself had ordered the apparatus to reproduce the platform of his opponents in 250,000 copies, in order that the party organizations should know it inside out and could decide on the debated issues?

Since the existence of currents is a reality, the free choice of platforms is a logical consequence and a decisive requirement of party life. If this cannot

be laid down in a draft proposal for the modification of the organizational rules until the 14th Congress, we shall be unable to maintain the position that one party should accept responsibility for government towards society. Only a democratic party can do this, one whose unity is embodied not in an organization conceived to be monolithic and in a mythical, illusory party unity. In opposition to those who are kicking against similar pronouncements, we now have to repeat that, whether we like it or not, and whether we prohibit it or not, the fact is that various currents inevitably crop up in a party with a membership of hundreds of thousands.

That pluralism exists in socialism is so much an undeniable fact of life that it is not even worth arguing about. Surely, the communities are at the same time communities of interests, communities differing from one another. Consequently, they are communities which have different aims and different political ambitions. Here, therefore, the case in point is social pluralism. The real question is whether or not socialism has an adequate system of political institutions. In my view, the institutional system has until now continued the monolithic traditions even if this is not an objective intention. For this reason, institutions must be established for the division, supervision and maintenance of power, and for much else. Accordingly, if social pluralism in everyday life can be institutionalised politically, socialist pluralism will evolve. This would result in a much stronger society than the present one, in which solidarity and the readiness to join forces are often absent. I wish to note, however, that I do not imagine that now there will be a political reform in the same way as earlier there had been an economic reform. I have kept on emphasising that without a reform of the system of political institutions there will be no economic reconstruction. The two must proceed together, and responsibility in both spheres must be greater and more easily established than before. And, more important still, the institutional system must ensure that responsibility not only for implementation but also for decision-making is properly controlled.

Recently the Tokyo correspondent of a Hungarian daily asked Japanese public figures for their opinion on the present situation in Hungary. One of them said: "The compulsion to create freedom and democracy, to boost efficiency and improving quality, and the necessity to be competitive are extremely difficult to coordinate. If the Hungarians can cope with this, it would be an extraordinarily important experience for all mankind." This Japanese politician says that to create democracy and an efficient economy is awfully difficult. I also think it is, but one must try. And if the experiment is successful, something else may also prove true and that is that socialism can become the freest of all societies. But one must get hold of the right

end of the stick. What socialism depends on is not a utopian group which feels called to do something special and to be its trustee, but the support and collaboration of the people. Still, this support or rather this collaboration can be secured only by a free society, and it may also turn out at the same time that there is nothing in this freedom to threaten the foundations of socialism.

In economic respects the property relations must be examined thoroughly. Of course, I do not regard this as a purely economic question, but its very first consequences are of an economic character. From the point of view of property relations, one must make a break here, first of all, with the fetishism of state ownership. Let me say that even Marx regarded the state ownership of property as the most primitive form of community ownership; what is more, he writes somewhere that state property implies in fact public ownership in private property. It differs from private property only in that the envy of competition dominates there and the envy of distribution here.

True, we have had bad experiences also with the self-directing system of community ownership. This may also make sure that competition for distribution comes to the fore, and the catastrophic consequences this can entail need not be stressed here. In this problem area, therefore, extremely important studies must be carried out. Let me add that the hierarchic relationship between these forms of ownership must be ended, because the current phase of the construction of socialism is, in a certain sense, still part of the ogre of capitalism, where commodity-money relations and market conditions prevail only if capital is free to move, to relocate itself. This is why neither private property nor state property can be excluded, but hegemony must be enjoyed by community of ownership in property. In this connection a programme may then make much more concrete recommendations of an economic nature without directly defining economic policy as a whole.

If I am to sum up in a single sentence what I consider to be the duty of the years or maybe decades to come, I would say: a course must be charted which will create the constitutional basis of the socialist state while developing and accomplishing socialist pluralism.

I could also say, with fewer theoretical pretensions but evidently with higher efficiency: what we want is not bad capitalism but good socialism. Only this can provide experience which is of use to the whole of mankind. And, this alone can guarantee the rise of the Hungarian nation.

THE NATIONAL MINORITIES QUESTION

by

IMRE SZOKAI — CSABA TABAJDI

Recently—for domestic and international reasons—Hungarian public opinion has been paying closer attention to the national and national minorities issue. This is also a part and consequence of efforts to clarify the concept of nation, such efforts, however, are still largely confined to public debate. It is urgent for Hungarians living in a socialist society to work out a way of their awareness of being a nation which is in keeping with the spirit of the times. The past must be confronted objectively, including all its achievements, mistakes and errors. A sincere examination—avoiding excesses and pitfalls—must be made of the country's place in Europe, and its checkered history. The goal is a healthy, forward-looking way of thinking. How can socialism in Hungary develop within the framework of national frontiers and how can the Hungarian nation prosper under socialism? Those are the key issues.

In order to remove pernicious associations from the notion of national identity, one must face up to the far from smooth relationship between the national minorities and Hungarians in the 19th century, including the mean and offensive implementation of 1868 national minorities legislation that could be described as progressive by the standards of the time. The psychological digestion of 20th century traumas, a sober evaluation of the Treaty of Trianon and its consequences, including the switch from being citizens of a Great Power to being nationals of a small country, are among the most difficult duties. Those living today must also articulate a responsible position on the inhuman liquidation of the Hungarian Jews, recognising this as the mutilation of the body politic which it was, something that has not yet adequately become part of collective thinking, as well as on the equality of Gypsies, both ethnic and social, and on numerous other important questions. Self-knowledge, based on a realistic and authentic awareness of the international position, is part and parcel of this, as well

as a sense of dignity, a pride that does not puff up, the acceptance of diversity as a value, and patience and understanding for double allegiances.

Since roughly one Hungarian in three lives beyond the borders of the country—the majority not as a consequence of migration—it is essential that Hungarians in Hungary should clarify their relationship with them, both conceptually and in practice.

The fate of Hungarians in neighbouring countries has an increasingly obvious and strong influence on public opinion and morale in Hungary.

Rebirth of ethnicity

In this respect in Hungary there has been, and in some cases there still is, procrastination for various reasons, there is great caution in even raising national minority problems. However, the recreation of national and social unity is as inconceivable without the renewal and attainment of the socialist ideal of nation as without the policy of reform.

Important external circumstances have also accelerated a new emphasis on the national minorities question in Hungary. That nation-building which elsewhere in the 19th century interpreted the concept of nation in exclusive terms, looking with mistrust on otherness, in some cases whipping up prejudices has now become a priority policy. As a consequence, in places, and at times, the life of Hungarians has become more difficult or has even dramatically deteriorated, intensifying the anxiety of public opinion and making those in charge of policy more aware of their responsibilities.

Another factor that should not be underestimated is the strengthening throughout the world of what has been described as the ethnic renaissance. Various nations, ethnic minorities and people living in a diaspora are looking for their identity and increasingly striving to create and strengthen their organizations and institutions. Among the facts and processes, often with radically different motivations and varied forms, one could mention the trials and tribulations of newly independent countries that are only now going through the painful process of nation building, the search for identity in advanced industrial societies that has practically become a movement to counterbalance uniformisation and loss of identity, national and regional movements in Western Europe, and in Central Europe the aggravation of the unresolved disputes rooted in history and the opening up of old wounds.

The rebirth of ethnic consciousness is also related to the fact that in the life of the international community and in the judgement of world public

opinion passed on particular states, note is taken of respect for human rights and the degree of democracy manifest in domestic arrangements. Part of this is the guarantee of individual and collective equal opportunity for ethnic, religious and other minorities. The humanitarian performance of countries is becoming an increasingly important consideration in creating the trust indispensable for normal intergovernmental relations and in shaping a reliable partner image or rival image. The Soviet Union and the other socialist countries—including Hungary—attribute a growing role to the humanitarian factor in re-evaluation and renewal.

International relations turned more democratic starting with the seventies. The aim is consistent respect for the self-determination of nations moderating and ending hierarchical relations, establishing efficiently operating institutions for conflict management and reduction, getting nations and citizens to play a more marked international role. In Europe all this has been unambiguously expressed by the Helsinki process, peace and human rights movements.

Frontiers and national minorities

Given economic and internal challenges, the demand for a renewal in cooperation and for economic integration is making itself felt among the socialist countries. This cannot be attained without mutual confidence, and confidence is the minimum internationalism can ask for. Bilateral relations between a number of socialist countries are burdened by unsolved, seemingly insoluble, national questions, disputes and conflicts. Without dealing with these and without their open, internationalist discussion and remedy, it is not possible to achieve substantial progress in other areas, including economic cooperation. The actual human rights performance of the socialist countries and their readiness for international cooperation on such questions are increasingly becoming a yardstick for measuring the performance of the socialist social system.

The guarantee of the rights of national minorities and the full application of Leninist principles, both in Hungary and in other socialist countries, play a growing role in the evaluation by public opinion of the performance of socialism. For this reason, national minority rights, urging a solution of their problems, and the sober attitude of the Hungarian authorities should not be thought of as narrow selfishness, but as a national interest, the assertion of which is in harmony with the interests of the socialist community as a whole.

Owing to the course determined by the imperialist peace system imposed at the end of the Great War, there has not been, and there cannot be, a responsible Hungarian political leadership able to avoid facing up to the question of the Hungarians in the neighbouring countries, one that would merely stand by idle and observe their situation. This is a unique point of intersection and linkage of Hungarian domestic policy and international activity. In this respect, the point of departure for Hungarian domestic and foreign policy must be that in our times large numbers of Hungarians live outside the present borders of the country, the majority of them in the neighbouring countries, a situation that is not of their choice. Recalling the expression used by Gyula Illyés: they did not emigrate, other state authorities were tailored for them. This differs from the situation of the national minorities who have been living for centuries in the present territory of the country, voluntarily accepting a certain community with the Hungarians and showing loyalty to the Hungarian state. Although the Hungarians in the neighbouring countries became the citizens of other states, they did not leave the national community. The frontiers may have made outsiders of them but the Hungarian nation certainly did not.

This situation is unique. Hungarians occupy a distinguished place among the nations a significant proportion of which lives outside the political borders of their state. One third of Hungarians live in the territories of other states. Numerically, the Hungarians represent the largest national minority in Europe and account for 40 per cent of the members of national minorities on the continent.

It is therefore an imperative need, and a matter of vital importance, for Hungarian policy at any given time to maintain close relations with Hungarians living on the other side of the borders. Hungary must ensure, or at least strive to preserve, the national cohesion and intellectual integrity of Hungarians anywhere. It must make every effort to ensure that those who embody the national past, Hungarian culture and ways of thinking, do not become separated from the body of Hungarians. In view of its democracy, humanism, internationalism, and Hungarian nature, Hungarian policy must express solidarity with Hungarians wherever they may be. Hungary cannot stand idly by if anyone, anywhere, suffers disadvantages or discrimination because they are Hungarian.

This question, which for a long time had been largely treated as a taboo or raised with great diffidence, is one of exceptional significance. For a long while Hungary was restrained in raising the problems of Hungarians in the neighbouring countries since the country took it as given that socialism would automatically solve this question. At the same time it was also

influenced by a notion of internationalism characteristic of an earlier historical stage which considered that common interests must always be given precedence over national interests. Today we judge the relationship, intertwining and clashes of national interests in a more differentiated manner. The lessons of the past have taught Hungarians circumspection and caution in order to avoid being suspected of infamous revisionist aspirations when drawing attention to the plight of national minorities. Rumanian allegations that Hungarian policy is the continuation of the revisionist aspirations of the Horthy era lack all foundation.

The source of new conflicts

The speech made by János Kádár in Helsinki in 1975 clearly expounded the position of the Hungarian People's Republic. It was indeed a breakthrough. He spoke of the losses suffered by Hungarians in the 20th century and declared that Hungarian policy takes the realities into account and wishes to coexist in peace with the neighbouring nations. This intention has been confirmed again and again since.

With characteristic circumspection, the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party and the government accept the country's present borders as a fact. The historical situation, as described by Lenin himself is that the Big Power decisions ending the Great War satisfied the largely well-founded wishes (but also the excessive acquisitive urges of their leaders) of the neighbouring nations to create new states, at the expense of other nations—for the most part Hungarians—and in doing so they were also motivated by the desire to take political reprisals. In this way the right of some nations to self-determination was asserted by denying the same right to other states and nations. These facts are not mentioned to rehearse grievances; this is not an appeal to the conscience of Europe but merely points out the origin of present problems. International public opinion and the vigilant guardians of the *status quo* can rightly expect the Hungarian state and the Hungarian people to accept the present borders as a fact, but they have no right to demand that the Hungarian people declare this fact to be the fruit of a just decision.

Respect for the principle of self-determination that was also formulated by Lenin and the maintenance of territorial stability are simultaneously and inseparably decisive for the Hungarian state and the Hungarian people. In the interest of guaranteeing European peace, stability and joint security, the borders are accepted as they are. Primary significance accrues not to their location but to their functions. Hungary favours that borders should become

symbolical, that they be spiritualised; that they cease to be barriers dividing peoples and become factors joining them.

Hungarian policy is justified and confirmed by the fact that those states —for example, Yugoslavia—which strive to settle and handle the situation of national minorities in a democratic way, recognising the demand to represent the rights of Hungarians in Yugoslavia, do not interpret this as a revival of Hungarian revanchism; they do not look on offers of cooperation in this area as intervention in domestic affairs, they do not suspect the desire to stir up nationalism behind Hungarian aspirations and they do no attribute a fifth-column role of infamous memory to the national minority.

The importance of legal guarantees

The yardstick for present Hungarian policy is the extent to which this or that state ensures equal opportunities for the Hungarians who are its citizens, the extent to which it guarantees the conditions needed for the survival of the minority. In other countries many different viewpoints and a certain lack of clarity can be experienced concerning this question. In Hungary on the other hand some people ask what justifies the special attention devoted to the national minorities in the country, their, as it were, privileged legal position.

The democratic political system that has evolved in modern societies that have articulated interests, takes into account the objective fact of differing and distinct interests, their institutional framework and the simultaneous existence of limited state centralism, moderate intervention as required, and spontaneous, autonomous organizations and movements. It ensures and even regards as desirable independent action by religious, ethnic and other minorities and, in certain situations and cases, even their autonomy. The life-work of Oszkár Jászi bears witness to the fact that liberal-democratic policies are closely related to the conditions for the expression of national identity. However, history shows that this kind of democracy in itself does not guarantee that the nations and ethnic groups are able to maintain their own identity since it provides a necessary but not sufficient condition for that of a national minority.

It is not a sufficient condition also because the moving body of greater mass always exerts a greater attraction and has precedence over the minorities. To ensure that this unconscious, objective, standardising influence does not have detrimental consequences for the minority, democracy demands further special guarantees in addition to the general equal opportunities. The

expressed or implicit attraction exerted by the majority can only be counterbalanced by the individual and collective additional rights of minorities. It is a paradox that under the general democratic conditions of modern societies, the independent organization of national minorities and other kinds of minorities can be assured precisely by legal guarantees that are the result of deliberate political intervention. For the ethnic majority to exercise self-restraint, there is a need for the constant revision of the law, for supervision by the political authorities—for example, Parliament—and for the effectively functioning moral power of restraint or condemnation of sober domestic and international public opinion. (At present it is still rare to find examples of sober self-restraint on a mass scale.) Examining Hungarian history, there is an example of the need for supervision in the second half of the 19th century when, despite the inconsistent application of the sound elements and principles of the national minorities law linked to the name of Baron József Eötvös, and occasionally its outright violation, for a long time what was typical was, as a consequence of the force of attraction already mentioned, voluntary assimilation, and not imposed Magyarisation. The political error was that the Hungarian state did not do enough to counterbalance the force of attraction.

The specific difference in the legal guarantee of the actual democratic rights of national and other minorities, compared to other social processes, is the need for relatively firm political intervention. This is why Hungarians also argue that the question of equal rights for national minorities can never be regarded as settled. The exercise of the rights and their social effectiveness must be constantly supervised. Thus it is not possible to judge the national minorities performance of any country on the basis of its constitution, declared principles and fancy political declarations. The only yardstick can be the actual situation, that is, reality.

Over and above politics, the economy, and culture, being in a minority may be fraught with a certain feeling of insecurity or even anxiety. This is particularly so if a group of people finds itself placed within the boundaries of a given state in violation of the principle of self-determination, without being consulted and without its approval being sought, for example in a referendum.

Nor is it possible to avoid the question why it should be in the interest of the majority for the national minorities to survive and even to receive special treatment. One can argue today that they do not endanger the security and unity of the state, on the contrary: that security and unity can be strengthened by national minorities which, as a result of their own independent political organizations for the protection of their interests, the

cultivation of their native language and their own culture and the maintenance of contacts with their nation where it forms the majority, do not feel themselves threatened in their existence as national minorities.

Variety enriches all communities. The culture of Hungary would be poorer without the contribution of the Serbians of Szentendre, the Germans of the Buda hills, the Slovaks of Békés or the Rumanians of Méhkerék. Thanks to the national minorities, the majority nation is enriched with additional means that can be important vehicles in establishing political, economic and cultural relations with other countries and in achieving mutual understanding. Just as democracy always assumes the coordination of interests requiring more time and expense than does autocratic decision-making, internal coordination and ensuring a spiritual balance in a state composed of many nations may appear to be more laborious and difficult than the artificial, imposed homogeneisation of the population. There are examples of peoples being successfully assimilated in old, barbarian times; in the 20th century, now that the dignity of the individual matters, under the influence of increasingly democratic world public opinion, with an international demand for respect for human rights, the number of reasons is growing why hidden or harshly open assimilation is untenable in the long run.

And yet forced assimilation and standardisation, as official policy, exists in both near and distant countries. Experience shows that restrictions on the right to use the native language and of territorial political rights, the dismantling of the national minorities' educational and cultural institutions and continuous moral and political pressure do not necessarily result in the erosion of the national minority, but on the contrary, given certain elementary possibilities for self-organization, they strengthen its sense of cohesion. However, the dismantling of the foundations of national minority survival, the absence of a democratic international environment or lack of support by the country in which the nation forms the majority, necessarily lead gradually to a loss of confidence, to an introversion cloaked in indifference, to a giving up of identity. A national minority whose bearing has been broken, and its members, will not be loyal citizens nor will they feel committed to their ethnic community, but they will flee in growing numbers from their native land in order to defend their human dignity and to ensure their personal survival. Such a turn of affairs can only be an apparent solution of temporary duration for the majority nation. In the longer term, the withdrawal of special democratic rights to which the national minority is entitled, and the breaking of bonds of centuries of coexistence, will create a serious and unworthy situation for the majority nation as well.

In a paper titled "The paralysis of the international community of states," István Bibó provided a carefully balanced analysis of this delicate issue. It is necessary on the one hand for the state to take into account and tolerate the divided loyalty of the minorities and, despite this duality, to ensure equal treatment without discrimination, as well as additional minority rights, and to renounce voluntarily any insistence on the appearance of over-enthusiastic patriotism. On the other hand, members of the national minority must be aware that in return for an absence of discrimination and realistic minority rights, they owe loyalty as citizens. The nation in another country where there is one, must at all times behave correctly. This is what is called a very delicate psychological balance. The state power which fears the disloyalty of a national minority should first of all take a close look at its own domestic conditions, the state of democracy and the nature of equality of opportunity, rather than passing the blame, claiming incitement from abroad. Lenin wrote clearly and unequivocally on the subject of the right of nations to self-determination, the possible behaviour of the minority and the risks involved.

The conclusion thus appears clear: recognition and acknowledgement of the existence of a national minority is not up to state policy and not a favour granted to the national minority; the existence of a national minority is an objective reality and to deny it or remain silent about it is, to say the least, irresponsible.

The question is one of the most debated issues in Hungary and elsewhere. This is explained both by gaps in international law and a lack of clarity in the principles regulating the life of the community of nations as well as the shortcomings in its institutions. All this reaches back to the peace treaties which followed the Second World War. They dealt with the conflicts much as those of Versailles, St Germain and Trianon had done, with the difference that they did not include international legal obligations for the defence of minorities. Nor do the charters of the United Nations and other international documents regulate national minority issues, applying unequivocal legal instruments, certainly none with mandatory force. The Helsinki Final Act has an important political aspect which, however, does not have the force of law. This applies particularly to basic principle VII: "The participating States on whose territory national minorities exist will respect the right of persons belonging to such minorities to equality before the law, will afford them the full opportunity for the actual enjoyment of human rights and fundamental freedoms and will, in this manner, protect their legitimate

interests in this sphere." At the follow-up conferences and meetings of experts of the Helsinki process, each of them extremely important political forums, Hungary consistently argued and as far as possible asserted, the country's position on the question of national minority rights. It is particularly important that we have found others within this institutional framework to join in drafting, moving and seconding documents defining the collective rights of national minorities. This promoted the process for the creation of the necessary political and legal guarantees for the satisfactory settlement of the national minorities question. However, too much significance should not be attached to regulation since internal legal regulation is in itself sufficient for a serious, responsible country, while given an irresponsible government, undertaking an international obligation carries no weight whatever.

In the eighties the view has begun to crystallise both in Hungarian political declarations and in the writings of certain political scientists, that the situation of national minorities is the right and responsibility of the country in which they live. In this sense, and only in this context, can the national minorities question be described as of domestic concern. The stressing of national sovereignty and reference to non-intervention is a valid principle as long as the actions of a state do not affect other countries. Economic activity is also exclusively governed by sovereignty unless, for example, environmental pollution spreads beyond the borders. This is why national processes with an international effect cannot be regarded as exclusively of domestic concern. Under the circumstances of mutual dependence and objective interdependence, it is inevitable that the exercise of sovereignty also assumes that international implications be taken into account. In this sense, the situation and fate of the national minorities cannot be regarded as the exclusive business of a given state, if for no other reason than because, in certain cases, as a result of given historical circumstances, their living conditions, course of development, sense of well-being and equality—or lack of it—and their maintenance of contacts influence the larger nation to which they belong, and is definitely in interaction with the entire international environment. In this way the internal commitment of the state guaranteeing the rights of minorities is also a part of the equilibrium of the international community of states.

A higher standard of debate

Hungarian policy is thus based on the facts and reality. The situation of a Hungarian national minority is a central but not exclusive element in

relations with a neighbouring country. An intergovernmental relationship which is seriously burdened by the grievances of the Hungarian national minority cannot be regarded as problem-free and friendly. However, it would be out of all proportion to examine relations exclusively from the angle of the situation of the Hungarian national minority concerned. The relationship between the national minority and other aspects is therefore not subordinate but adjunctive in nature. It is particularly important to create common security with neighbours so that the development of one nation is not disturbed by an imagined, or real, sense of being under a threat.

A differentiated evaluation of the situation of the Hungarians in the neighbouring countries must take into account the fact that the historical position differs from country to country, the numbers involved differ, so does the strength of internal cohesion and the role played in Hungarian history and culture, and so do ethnic endowments and bilateral relations, that is, the historical burden. For this reason, Hungarian policy does not regard the individual and collective minority rights guaranteed to Hungarians in other countries, the possibilities and conditions for their cultural self-organization, the teaching of their native language and its use in public business, the defence of political interests, the maintenance of individual and organized relations with Hungarians in Hungary, and the use of Hungarian in religious life, apart from space and time, and the facts of the case.

Hungary does not wish to take part in mutual name-calling. Clarification of the past is the task of historians. In the nature of events and the multitude of past conflicts that ended in tragedy, it is unlikely that the historians of different countries will evaluate the events and processes in the same way in the near future. This is quite natural. But a situation is desirable in which no one regards the inevitable historical and professional debates conducted in the most objective tone possible as a questioning of the other's right to exist, as a disparagement of each other, as a pursuance of the infamous political aims of the past. Although this would appear unlikely to be attainable in the near future, there is nevertheless an exceptionally great need for a higher standard of debate in the Danube valley, and far more patience towards each other's characteristics, in other words for mutual understanding. Greater patience and understanding permits the toleration of dual, and even multiple, commitments.

The Hungarians in the neighbouring countries have a triple commitment. In the first place the Hungarian national minority as a whole is integrally bound up with the success of the policies of the country in which they live, for this determines their prosperity as individuals and as a community. The

Hungarian in a minority can identify with the work of the majority, its successes and failures, to the extent of the actual degree of his individual and collective (national minority) rights. At the same time the individual is also bound by strong emotional ties—the factors of the common past, culture and language—to his own national community. The individual commitment to the Hungarian national community is at the same time a link leading to the third bond, to membership in the Hungarian nation as a whole. Because of their bilingualism, their two-fold culture, the Hungarian national minorities are also bound in a special way to the body of Hungarians as well as to the majority nation sharing a state organization with them. Naturally, even under ideal conditions, this triple bond is not always free of conflicts, but these tensions can be managed.

Humanitarian arrangements

The overwhelming majority of the Hungarians in the neighbouring countries live in areas of settlement they have occupied for many centuries; irrespective of the state authority, it is their native land. Hungarian policy considers it desirable for national minorities to look for their personal and collective prosperity in the land of their ancestors, within the field of the triple commitment. Emigration or resettlement in other countries cannot provide a solution for whole communities—even if individuals are sometimes obliged to resort to such ways. One cannot accept a situation where Hungarians, fleeing on a mass scale from the pressure of tensions, leave their inherited environment and emigrate, where Hungarians beyond the border abandon those who share a common fate with them and resettle in Hungary. Those who think with responsibility in terms of people and nation, both in Hungary and beyond the borders, cannot adopt an attitude which strengthens the instinct to flee even if justified grievances exist. One must curb restrictions and patiently restore coexistence and persistently work to eliminate gaps in what neighbours know of each other. Breaking out of the native land, one's national community and coexistence with the surrounding nations reduces the chance to find each other again in a calmer world. This is a quantitative and, even more so, a qualitative, loss for the Hungarians who are left behind, as well as for the given state. Although a situation in which the individual is threatened, personal crisis, or other serious reasons, may justify an individual decision to leave a country permanently or temporarily, this does not exclude the possibility of returning later to the native land once the circumstances change.

Hungary considers that it is clearly bilateral diplomatic relations that are the main channel for the correct, friendly debate of such questions since it is primarily with representatives of the majority nation forming the state concerned that Hungary must establish an understanding. Despite all the mutual historical grievances and present problems, we are convinced that there is no obstacle of principle to the humanist, and—in the case of our socialist neighbours—internationalist, settlement of such questions. For this reason Hungarian policy is always guided simultaneously by the demand for firmness and moderation. This sense of responsibility arises from national self-respect, from the sincere desire of the nations to find each other, from internationalism.

Hungary has argued the country's interests and aspirations in recent years in the course of the Helsinki process, at the meeting of experts on human rights in Ottawa, at the meeting of experts on the reunification of families in Berne, at the cultural forum in Budapest and at the Vienna follow-up conference. The Hungarian position is clear. All concerned, including international public opinion, clearly understood what motivates Hungary. The honesty of intentions and the way the problem was raised can be seen in the fact that Hungary did not allow itself to be drawn into the personal, fruitless accusations that flared up, although fortunately they were forced to the fringes of attention at these forums, Hungarian goals and aspirations are so clear that there is no need to enter into debates on certain concrete details on all occasions. There is no aim whatever to internationalise Hungarian problems, for bilateral agreements can lead to the solution of concrete matters.

It is continuously changing, expanding and developing Hungarian practice in dealing with national minorities that gives credit and moral backing to the country's international position. This is an integral part of the internal expansion of democracy and the manifestation of tolerance towards a minority of any kind. In the spirit of the practice of recent years, the firm representation of the individual and collective rights of the national minorities, initiatives with real substance, the continuous raising of these questions in international forums will definitely be among the fundamental foreign policy goals in the future as well.

The socialisation of foreign policy

There can be no doubt then that in recent years the Hungarian political leadership has increasingly undertaken to pay closer attention to what hap-

pens to Hungarians in neighbouring countries and to make their interests manifest. It has learnt from the restraint shown in earlier periods and is showing greater activity. However, it does not wish to ignore, because it cannot do without, the experience and knowledge that has accumulated in the most varied areas of society and that deserves respect and careful study. It wishes to rely to a growing extent on the initiative of citizens and their readiness to act that is gradually expanding into a movement. It is becoming increasingly obvious that Hungarian foreign policy can draw on substantial reserves, primarily by strengthening its constituency, with the socialisation and further democratisation of foreign policy. This aspiration also coincides with its intention to broaden socialist democracy. It gives concrete form to this in a particular aspect of social life, in the system of international relations. Socialisation is possible in those areas of international life where human relations and humanitarian factors play a greater role. Dealing with the problems of the national minorities is one of these. This produces multiple benefits for all states concerned. It can enrich the range of official foreign policy instruments with the hidden currents of human relations, it can contribute on different levels to reducing mutual mistrust and prejudices, to strengthening joint action, to releasing slumbering national energies in the desirable direction, and to prejudice-free thinking. The tasks of fundamental importance that we must carry out include the non-centralised but nevertheless harmonised coordination of social forces, giving greater publicity to foreign policy, the combined shaping of the main directions of principle, the modernisation and expansion of the institutional framework. All this would put an end to the present duplication and fragmentation of efforts. At the same time it is intolerable and causes great harm that certain individuals and organizations subordinate the cause of the Hungarian national minorities to tactical considerations and exaggerated aspirations for self-assertion. The principal disciplining force is democracy of action, a responsible presence, creation of the institutional framework for involvement, and participation on an equal footing in debate and in dealing with the fundamental national questions.

The other basic condition for achieving progress is the cultivation of national awareness. However, this presents an indispensable need firstly, for active, open solidarity with the national minorities and for a responsible, sober discussion of the problems, if for no other reason than to curb superfluous, unproductive, and unintentionally damaging emotions. Secondly, even if heated, overcharged emotions run high in some of the neighbouring countries, Hungarians must strive for self-control and composure. There must be no response to insults with insults, to nationalism with nationalism.

This too calls for a modern national awareness based on self-respect. In other words, the maintenance of national consciousness and a firm, civilised stand in support of the Hungarian minority are not in contradiction, quite the opposite, each assumes the other.

*

This article, written in the spirit of frankness and openness, was intended to contribute ideas to the public debate in Hungary. Its goal cannot be to state final, unchallengeable truths. Its purpose, in presenting this train of thought, is to initiate a responsible exchange of views.

We have attempted to make use of, and to combine, a number of propositions earlier put forward by Hungarian progressive thinkers. Our intention is open and honest. This of course cannot protect us from being misrepresented, from having our intentions distorted, and our ideas misinterpreted, by some people. But despite this, we argue that Hungary must build on the sober forces of all those of good faith and good intentions who sincerely wish that the nations of the Danube valley find a common purpose.

1968 AND AFTER

A radio discussion with Miklós Almási, Endre Gömöri, Béla Köpeczi, and Rezső Nyers

GÁBOR NEMES: 1968 promised to be a political vintage year from the start. The Tet offensive proved a turning point in Vietnam, student demonstrations and a protest wave by young intellectuals swept Western Europe and the United States. That year Richard Nixon was first elected President of the US. In Eastern Europe 1968 was the year of the student demonstrations in Poland and the ensuing antisemitic and anti-intellectual wave. It was the year of the Prague Spring and of the invasion of Czechoslovakia. In Hungary it was the year of the economic reform.

In our discussion—with Miklós Almási, Endre Gömöri, Béla Köpeczi and Rezső Nyers—we discussed what connections there were among the events and processes in various parts of the world and to what extent the after-effects of 1968 can still be felt today.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: Stefan Zweig somewhere speaks of periods when in a relatively short time dramatic events and lengthy processes are compressed and their interaction brings about the drama which changes the course of events for a long time. Beyond doubt, 1968 was such a year. In 1968 America woke up to the fact that the war in Vietnam was lost and President Lyndon Johnson drew the appropriate conclusions. This meant a radical change in American home politics. The tide of the civil rights movement receded the day Johnson declared he would not stand. The vision of the Great Society proclaimed by Johnson faded. Two murders, the killing of Martin Luther King and of Robert Kennedy were brutal expressions of this receding tide, of these changes, and of the polarisation of forces. On August 8, less than a fortnight before the final, military conclusion of the Czechoslovak crisis, the Republican Party nominated Richard Nixon as its presidential candidate. He won by a minimal margin. Some American historians argue that Robert Kennedy could have defeated Richard Nixon. In that case a liberal would have confronted the shock that swelled into a tide which flooded America because of the Vietnam war, sweeping away the young in the first place. Many American commentators argue that the bullet killing Robert Kennedy altered American history more decisively than any event since the death of Roosevelt in April 1945, at a very critical point in time. Presumably the war in Vietnam could have been ended in other circumstances and perhaps earlier. American history would not have included the Nixon age, including Watergate, and the after-life of the whole period would have been entirely different—including Reagan's eight years.

Let me make a brief digression to West European student revolts between the two assassinations in America. They of course had

Broadcast by Hungarian Radio on May 25, 1988. Rezső Nyers is a Member of the Political Committee of the HSWP, Miklós Almási is Professor of Aesthetics at Budapest University, Endre Gömöri is senior editor of *Magyarország*, a weekly, Béla Köpeczi, a historian, was Minister of Culture at the time of the broadcast. Gábor Nemes was the presenter. (Somewhat abbreviated.)

their special motives. Yet they took their passion and ideology to no small degree from the revulsion against the war in Vietnam, in other words from American politics. One has also to be aware that in 1968 all this was watched rather pragmatically and coolly by the Brezhnev leadership, which had by then begun the reorganization and restoration of a power structure of the Stalinist type. At the time of the Czechoslovak crisis, in January, the Soviet leadership thought that it faced a weakened and divided America and Western Europe, a society in a moral crisis and undermined by anarchist protest movements. This was why it judged that its own particular method of crisis management relying on the big stick was in fact not restricted by world political forces.

GÁBOR NEMES: Let us say a few words about the student movements. Was the consumer society really in a crisis in 1968 or did the student and leftist movements represent the crisis of the left alternative?

BÉLA KÖPECZI: I think it should be made clear that capitalism was not in a crisis in Western Europe. Consequently, the student movements were not primarily about changing the social system, they occupied themselves with the problems of the superstructure. They asked themselves: was capitalist society able to manifest social equality, able to practice true democracy, and not least, able secure a way of living in which man was his own master, and where he did not feel manipulated and alienated.

We were in fact confronting an interesting paradox, especially in Western Europe. There was a leftist motivation which was rooted in the resistance movement. This did not cover Communists only, but also the Socialists or the bourgeois left. In truth they did not like capitalist society, and they wanted some new kind of society. But this left—and especially its young intellectuals—were faced with the fact that capitalism was indeed capable of gathering strength capable of evolution, capable of raising the standard of living and of improving living conditions. Nevertheless, people did not feel comfortable in this society. It was to this revolt against the way of living that I attributed the biggest importance in the movements of the young intellectuals. And I may add that in fact this was the last genuinely leftist initiative.

GÁBOR NEMES: Was this not rather the first leftist initiative which made a deliberate break with the model of existing socialism? Until then every conflict occurred by its nature between the two systems and their representatives, while the sequence of events in Western Europe in 1968 showed that the attractiveness of existing socialism had diminished considerably in the eyes of the western left, and they began to come under the influence of the exotic models—such as China or Vietnam.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Yes, but at that time they did not distinguish between China and existing socialism. To them existing socialism meant China, not the Soviet Union, in particular the cultural revolution, and possibly Cuba, Che Guevara, and the apparently radical changes which occurred there.

GÁBOR NEMES: Do you then agree with the formulation that in 1968 the West European left expressed the final break with the Soviet model?

BÉLA KÖPECZI: I cannot accept this either. At that time I enjoyed a personal relationship with Roger Garaudy and Rossana Rossanda, and took part in the Rome and Paris debates on existing socialism. The truth is that at that time many Communists, and even leftists in general still had hopes in the revival of socialism. This included the rejuvenation of the Soviet model too.

REZSŐ NYERS: This was before August 1968...

BÉLA KÖPECZI: That is right, this is precisely what I mean. Before August 1968 the possibility of the rejuvenation of the Soviet model was on the cards. It is true that some of the student movements were already then extremely critical about this model. The criticism of this model they took note of was, on the one hand, the Lukács of the

twenties, of *History and Class Consciousness*—or the Trotskyites and on the other, Maoism, and even the socialism of the Castro type. In this sense we have to assume an interaction between the various types of existing socialism and their new and old reflections. The student movements argued not only against existing socialism but also against the West European communist parties, and the policies of the French Communist Party, and to a certain extent even against the policies of the Italian Communist Party.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: What thrills me is the notion that for the radical left 1968 was the dividing line. Had not 1956 seen a much bloodier and tougher reality in Hungary? After all, guns were fired, thousands were killed, houses were destroyed. After 1956 a Marxist utopia continued to exist in some places and, as was mentioned earlier, some even placed their hopes in existing socialism. 1968 swept this away in a moment. Although no blood was shed and no houses were destroyed.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: The Czechoslovak events, the intervention, produced the crisis. From August 1968 the fronts became entirely confused. They became mixed up both politically and ideologically.

REZSŐ NYERS: I agree. Take France. Elections had been held in 1967. In the elections—I believe for the first time—Mitterrand's Democratic Socialist front and the Communists combined in the second round. They got above forty per cent, and the right had a majority of a single mandate. One year later, in 1968, the student revolt took place, the general strike occurred, and in the elections at the end of June the left suffered a catastrophic defeat. This shows very clearly that in France the efforts of a united front on the left were not merely halted, they collapsed, and were to revive only in the seventies.

I should like to say something about things which have not been mentioned so far, but which are also linked to 1968 or 1967. One is the role of China. Maoism and the Cultural Revolution have already been mentioned. 1967 was also the year in which China tested a hydrogen bomb. China readied itself for its role as a great power, which was the emphatic aim of Chairman Mao. The other aim was to restrain Soviet influence within the international communist movement, and to bring to power a more revolutionary and utopian line with its basis in the Third World. The Chinese situation, that's the Soviet-Chinese conflict, had a considerable effect on the world communist movement, including Eastern Europe. It is true that in Eastern Europe Albania alone supported China. China tried to envelop not only the capitalist countries but also the socialist bloc led by the Soviet Union.

It was at the same time, to be more precise in 1967, that the Six-Day War took place in the Middle East. Palestinian terrorism started in 1968–1969. It later took off on a broad front and also caused an international problem.

At that time European power relations and bloc positions were not clear either. As I remember 1968, the German question was rampant and much discussed. The countries of existing socialism had not recognised the Federal Republic of Germany, and the Western world had not yet accepted either de jure or de facto that two German states existed. Soviet policy tried to establish the European status quo, but was unsuccessful, the German question stuck in the throats of the Soviet Union and of the Western world. This influenced not only the policies of the GDR, but even more so of Poland, a country for which the German question was crucial. This also influenced the Polish judgement of the Czechoslovak reform.

GÁBOR NEMES: It may be a question of detail, but I believe that this was only the surface, an element of propaganda. At that time the positive elements of the German question too had made its presence felt. The *Grosse Koalition* had already been established in West Germany, and it was clear that small steps made it possible to get some-

where. I believe that the treatment of the German question in Poland was a typical example of how a leadership mixes or manipulates a domestic political crisis with foreign policy motives.

REZSŐ NYERS: I agree that foreign political activity has deeper ideological and world political notions. But this does not make foreign policy superficial. I believe that the German question continued to be a genuine problem for some time. It was precisely for this reason that it could be used against the reform movements.

I should like to add something about the Soviet situation: I do not believe that it is right to interpret Soviet politics to argue that after the fall of Khrushchev the policies of Brezhnev proceeded straight towards intervention in Czechoslovakia and then the freezing of Soviet social and economic progress. As I see it today, Brezhnev and his lot did not yet know in 1964 what they wanted to do and would do. They only knew what they did not want. Undoubtedly their intention was to reverse Khrushchev's reform, to put an end to the incertitude caused by the often muddled changes, and to create a strong and authoritative government in the Soviet Union, and make more use of the world political authority of the Soviet Union than had been done in Khrushchev's time. This was their intention, but they tacked a great deal to keep to this course. As I remember things, Brezhnev tried to come to an agreement with the Chinese. They blamed Khrushchev's policies for the quarrel with China, and began to negotiate. It soon turned out that this was hopeless. The Chinese would have none of it. It was another Brezhnev policy to combine the restoration of central authority with an economic reform. The Kosygin reform was a very interesting compromise. It restored central sectoral management by 130 ministries. In other words, it built up a very strong administration in Moscow—similar to Stalin's administration, and this was a clear step of restalinization. But at the same time, by introducing the profit principle they also started economic decentralization in 1964. This lasted until 1968. The year of 1968 proved decisive. The Soviet Kosygin reform ground to a halt almost at the very moment of the events connected with the Prague Spring.

GÁBOR NEMES: Before looking at who did what and to whom after 1968, it would be useful to have a look at the ideological antecedents of 1968.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: I consider the 20th Congress to have been of decisive importance in post-1956 East European developments. The guiding star of the surviving Communists was the Soviet 20th Congress. There a process of renewal had begun, with extremely emphatic destalinization and all that this involved, from laying bare the political frame-ups to a survey of then existing Soviet society. Much muddled thinking was the result. All this remained a bone of contention between 1956 and 1968. The situation was not that this or that was proclaimed in Moscow and was accepted by everybody, but —I believe—within the Soviet Union too, and in the East European countries as well, the ideas tied to interests clashed powerfully in the arguments for or against the 20th Congress. On the one side the stake was the continuation of the principles of the 20th Congress, their translation into the language of practice, and on the other, the restoration of the ideological and political status quo which had been disturbed by the 20th Congress. Between 1956 and 1964 this congress was an extremely strong positive driving force, but simultaneously those forces too were present which were either sitting it out waiting for the moment when the ball could be returned into the other court or who fought hard against the reform.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: It cannot be denied that in 1964 the overthrow of Khrushchev was almost a *coup d'état*. This was even expressed by János Kádár in front of the Western Railway Station in Budapest on his return from negotiations in Warsaw, in a short and very memorable speech, which was not

quoted for a long time afterwards. 1964, the overthrow of Khrushchev was a divide, and between 1964 and 1968 the restoration of the somewhat cracked structural elements of Stalinism was under way. I fully agree that this Soviet policy was neither simple nor unambiguous, i.e. there too were different interests. I therefore argue that the pressure which, after April 1968, after the proclamation of the April action program of the Czechoslovak reform leadership, was applied against Czechoslovakia, was reflected in a certain sense also as an internal power struggle within the Soviet Union. In other words, this pressure was applied just as heavily on what was called earlier the Kosygin reform by Rezső Nyers as on the Czechoslovaks. Consequently, in my opinion, we cannot escape the key question. I believe that at the beginning of our conversation there seemed to be a sort of somewhat hidden incipient consensus. As was already mentioned by one and all, August 21st was a radical turning point. On my part I should like to say—of course, as Dubcek said in an interview given to *L'Unità* recently, that after the battle the generals are always wise. It is easier to look back on these events after twenty years—that this intervention had extremely negative consequences, and on my part I consider it as a mistaken political step.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Nevertheless, the main question for the Soviet Union, but for the Western powers too, was primarily that of power. I consider that in 1968 the German question had not yet been closed, the European status quo was not yet ensured. And the war in Vietnam had not yet been concluded either. The question of what happened in Vietnam was not exclusively a question of American domestic policy. I am speaking about this only because I believe that a certain opposition arose between, if you like, power interests—and I am now speaking about Eastern Europe—and the revitalisation of socialism. It was possible to ideologise this opposition. It was possible to prove that socialist renewal could produce instability within the socialist countries, and the instability did not favour the bastions of socialism. This opposition arose most sharply not in connection with the Hungarian 1956 but much rather with the Czechoslovak events.

REZSŐ NYERS: After the Czechoslovak events, and even much more after the later Polish events, we can place the Hungarian events of 1956 in a much broader historic perspective and can search for deeper social interconnections than we were aware of immediately after the event. We formulated a position in the HSWP, and we listed four causes. I accepted these, and accept them today too, but have to say that they were assembled by a metaphysical method. We then knew no better.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: It may have been metaphysical, but it nevertheless relied on a certain kind of experience.

REZSŐ NYERS: I call them metaphysical because we have not succeeded in turning the four causes into a genuine analysis. We did not succeed, indeed it was impossible. Today I believe that history will have to go into this more thoroughly.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: I would call this pragmatic and not metaphysical.

REZSŐ NYERS: I rely on Engels when saying that we neatly placed the facts next to each other in a pragmatic order. It was not yet apparent then that in the East European socialist societies contradictions were at work which formed part of the regime: the political regime and the economic regime, and the connection between the two as well. It was not clear that if political power was not able to overcome these contradictions through reforms, the contradictions would move the regime towards failure. This was the internal contradiction of the regime. But this could not be seen then. The four points are—let us call them that—pragmatic, because they can be interpreted in several ways, and such a primitive view can also be read into them that it was in essence a contrived counter-revolution. All right, the errors committed

by Rákosi and his accomplices helped, but it was in fact produced by the counter-revolutionaries. It is part of this evaluation that in the HSWP there were—concerning major questions—two trends after 1956 which offered different interpretations. One argued that the prevailing economic and political system had to be transcended, while the other considered that it could be maintained by excising the mistakes.

The judgement of Hungarian events was just as contradictory internationally too. But in fact the international communist movement was still able to ignore them, because there was no next occasion yet. The Czechoslovak events of 1968 were the next occasion. This is where I too can see the analogy.

I should like to add one thing: I believe that by 1964 the 20th Congress was accepted only by some of the Communist parties, and not by the majority. They were unable to grapple with it ideologically; not even the parties which were not in power, such as the French. The Italians made most progress. They had started to break with Stalinism already at the time of Togliatti. Among the parties in power only the Yugoslavs showed a conspicuous but not always consistent break with Stalinism. In my opinion, the substance of the Czechoslovak and the Hungarian reforms of 1968 was the transcendence of the economic system of the Stalinist type. This was interrupted in Czechoslovakia in 1968 and in Hungary in 1972.

Let us look at the Communist World Conference of 1969. What did it have to say about Communist strategy? It said that unity had to be established, and that peace and peaceful coexistence had to be supported. This was the one positive message, which was too little and therefore weak. It was unable to add anything. Afterwards there was no unity in the world movement. Since 1973 proposals have been expressed again and again that a World Conference of Communist Parties should be convened, but this has not been possible for fifteen years because of the absence or at least shortcomings of a comprehensive theory explaining the situation.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: May I add something about 1956? 1956 was judged in many ways then, and is judged in many ways today. In the judgement of the Party, I saw, as far as intentions were concerned, an openness towards the past. Let me refer to the fact that there was a hierarchy among the four points mentioned. Rákosi's policy was condemned in the first place. This had an effect on the policies of the Hungarian Party, on the attempts at renewal up to the reform of 1968. This applies also to the international judgement. In the mid-sixties I met many Italian or French Communists who argued from the Hungarian 1956 that it was not possible to continue with Stalinism.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: In this sense there was indeed a second proof: the handling of the Czechoslovak crisis. I wish to state that I do not agree that the actual security interest of socialism or of the Soviet Union came into conflict with socialist rejuvenation. This method of crisis management can and must be opposed from a socialist base. It is my conviction—and this has clearly been shown by foreign events—that this kind of crisis management has unequivocally led in the West, and especially in America, to the consolidation of the right. Concretely, the main beneficiary was Nixon, and his policies. In the international communist movement the intervention led to a certain—and not small—crisis amongst the West European parties. Eurocommunism as a whole and the split in the Spanish Communist Party were direct consequences. I must therefore say that if we try to discuss the situation seriously, we should point out that this type of military solution did not in fact satisfy the real power and security interests of the Soviet Union.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: This is true, but this motivation figured in the given political ideology.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: Well, yes. But I am speaking of reality. To give another ex-

ample, there was also China. There were obviously much deeper historic reasons and a certain imperial opposition too were contributing factors. Mao spent his entire life fighting the Comintern and Stalin, whatever the official legends claimed later. It is obvious that the Peking leadership considered the Prague of 1968, in a certain sense, to be a model—just as it happened in Afghanistan in 1979. It read events as a danger to its own security interests, and this had a very important role in that after-Prague American policy—and especially the hawks—were able to play the Chinese card, which is still today one of the gravest factors in the international situation, which represents, at the very least, a problem to Soviet power interests.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Are you then claiming that the political power interests played a role, irrespective of the fact that the Cultural Revolution occurred in China in the name of socialism?

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: If there are differences in our opinions, it is that in my view the intervention in Prague was not in accord with actual, historically true and justified Soviet security and power interests.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: In this we agree in the long term.

GÁBOR NEMES: What exactly happened in Czechoslovakia? Was there a socialist local crisis in 1968, or was this a vigorous attempt at destalinization, the last for a long time?

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: What happened was that the then existing system of socialism—as we had learned it from the Soviet model—did not function, and consequently it was necessary to switch to a different economic and political structure. In Hungary there was an attempt, and it required extreme courage to think in a reform way in spite of the winds of restalinization. This existed since 1964, when there were still extremely strong countertrends in the Soviet Union and around us. In Hungary we tried economic reforms but in Czechoslovakia, I do not see the structure of economic reforms of the Hungarian sort. There they were rather thinking in terms of the political structure. Economic reform had the nature of a bud, but as far as the political structure was concerned, it is certain that if the reform had been able to take place then the inherent structural problems of the system would have become outlined with increasing sharpness. In other words, I interpret what Rezső Nyers said earlier—that there is something missing from the four points—in the way that the troubles were also the ailments of the then existing internal structure of socialism. If an explosion occurs every ten or twelve years, something else must also be present. I believe that we did not yet sense this in the middle of the 1968 crisis but began to do so immediately afterwards.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Yes, I agree that after 1956 in Hungary it was the reform idea which came to the fore, i. e. Hungarian policies were characterized by a slow, carefully considered reformism which did not want to change the foundations of the system within a given framework but to improve it through reforms. Indeed, Czechoslovak events meant a much more radical change within the system than what we attempted after the crisis of 1956. And when I speak of a contradiction between the rejuvenation of socialism and power interests, then I say that it was the argument of the political ideology of the period, and what backed it was also that it desired a more moderate reform.

REZSŐ NYERS: When looking at the events of 1968 in Czechoslovakia and in Hungary, I consider the difference essential which exists between Hungary and Czechoslovakia from the aspect of security policy. Czechoslovakia borders on West Germany, Hungary on Austria. This is what I consider the most critical point.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: But we must also think of the extent to which the slogan of Socialism with a Human Face had a destabilising effect in the conditions of restalinisation. The Czechoslovak attempt aimed at a new economic, political and social structure com-

pared to the then existing socialism, and that appeared to be intolerable. What is tragic in this is that the idea of the identity of humanism and socialism was buried for nearly twenty years because of the fate of the slogan and practice of Socialism with a Human Face.

REZSŐ NYERS: I did not say that the security policy factor was decisive but that it was an important factor. I remember who those people were who were very much against the Czechoslovak economic and political reforms. They were Brezhnev and his associates. But for a long time they remained in the background and stepped forward only in the end. In the arguments which started after April, in the memorable series of negotiations, Poland and the GDR led the attack. This was then also part of the justification, not that I wish to justify the intervention. Behind this there was an erroneous view of the world situation, but nevertheless, the military considerations existed and were strong.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: I must say and I may well be wrong, and then I will be contradicted that this was a large-scale political manipulation on the part of the Brezhnev leadership which could of course rely on certain facts. Such as the mere existence of West Germany, and of West Germany as the principal European power of the North Atlantic alliance. But it is nevertheless beyond doubt that from the aspect of the real world situation the role of the West Germans was, to put it mildly, overestimated in this manipulative process.

REZSŐ NYERS: I should like to point out the role of the Poles, of Gomulka and his associates, in this matter.

GÁBOR NEMES: Which can be explained by Polish domestic policies?

REZSŐ NYERS: It is linked to domestic politics, but to foreign policy too, because this Polish attitude did not start in 1968. True, certainly there can be a connection between the absence of internal reforms and foreign policy activity, but Gomulka was nevertheless not the agent or executor of Soviet policy. Gomulka was a remarkable defender of the interests of Poland—even against Soviet policies if interests differed. At the same time, on the German question, he was the one who dissuaded us too from establishing diplomatic relations with the Federal Republic. In my opinion this was not stopped by the Soviets but by Gomulka. For him the German question had also become a question of domestic politics—the Oder-Neisse border, the new geographic place of Poland, the composition of the middle-power role of Poland—all these played a role in it, and Gomulka opposed the Czechoslovak reforms because he thought these would destabilise the socialist world internally and externally.

GÁBOR NEMES: This was the essence. Gomulka could not say that in his country the struggle between the pro-reform and anti-reform forces had come to an end with the victory of the latter, and therefore he could not support similar reforms by his southern neighbour. He had to say something which, if you like, could be sold as foreign policy.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: In my opinion that was also the view he held. It is not possible to disregard foreign policy. Many things happened in the history of the twentieth century which make it impossible to explain domestic developments by domestic forces.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: I would nevertheless question this entire assumption of destabilisation. The question is whether it is true that Czechoslovakia would have become destabilised through the reform, and whether it is true that it would have created a dangerous zone versus West German policies.

REZSŐ NYERS: My unequivocal answer is: no. But this does not change the fact that this motivated the Soviet Union and the others. Gomulka is very interesting because he was not against reforms. Poland and Hungary cooperated in the CMEA after 1968, and as I remember things, this was initiated by Gomulka and not by us. By December 1969 the whole thing bogged down.

GÁBOR NEMES: But in 1968 Gomulka demoted or forced into exile everybody of standing who would have been able to carry out these reforms, including Brus.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: The persecution and explusion of Brus and the others was not linked to the reform but to them being Jews.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: I beg to differ. The truth is that the opponents of Gomulka —the ultra-conservative, extremely nationalist extreme right wing of the Polish Communist Party, that is General Moczar and his followers—closely linked the Czechoslovak reform, the Middle Eastern situation, and the whole Zionist legendarium. As Moczar himself said it—and this was part of his offensive against Gomulka—what happened in Czechoslovakia was a conspiracy of imperialists, revisionists and Zionists.

REZSŐ NYERS: This view latter became part of Gomulka's policy. This was his mistake.

GÁBOR NEMES: I believe that the chronology is very important here. The events in Poland occurred in March, and in March the crisis was not yet deep enough in Czechoslovakia that it could have been used as a shillelagh or knobkerrie against anybody.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: That is precisely what I am saying.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: The cause of the reform suffered its first open defeat in Poland, the first time in the socialist countries, as manifest in what happened to men and schools of thought; and it was only after that that things happened in the other countries. But before things could get rolling in the other countries there had to be a temporal diving line.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: To finish with Poland: it has to be acknowledged that—true, after twenty years, and true, after unbelievable shocks, commotions and crises—the Polish Communist Party and the Polish leadership—and *Trybuna Ludu* have finally passed judgement over the Polish events of 1968, pointing out clearly that it was wrong and mistaken to interpret the desire to reform society and the economy as anti-socialist.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: The Polish Communist Party has now condemned antisemitism. I think that is important.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: Yes, but we are forgetting here an intervening element. What happened in Poland in March 1968 did not receive a major echo in Hungary, but was devastating for the West European left. My briefcase contains a list of protesters who implored, and asked that the Poles desist since this meant the ruin of leftists. This helped to make 1968 the end of the traditional radical left in Western Europe.

REZSŐ NYERS: If possible, let's put an end to all this talk of Poland without however learning what can be learnt. I have, since 1972, argued that Gomulka failed in 1970 because he had not carried out his own reform programme and reform promise of 1956. Gomulka's political failure continues to be a factor in Poland.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: I should like to return to the dividing line which is here in fact one of the principal subjects. And that is August 21st. It is in connection with this that the problem of the famous and existing or notorious and non-existent limited sovereignty, in other words the Brezhnev doctrine arises. Let me say a few words about it here. I do not claim that this is a well thought-out opinion, and even less so that I have any evidence. I am really putting forward a debating point. It was said in the West that there was the Brezhnev doctrine, the theory of limited sovereignty. It was also said that at the Pozsony conference on August 3rd when the tension and pressure were already very strong, the Czechoslovak leadership in practice accepted the formulation that the defence of the socialist power positions of every socialist country was the common cause of all these countries. It is obvious to me: no such Brezhnev doctrine existed as a norm of international law, that could be adduced in evidence. However, the *de facto* ideological, political and military behaviour,

the fact that the Brezhnev leadership (or any leadership at all) could claim the right to decide whether, in another socialist country, at a given point in time, something could be described as a socialist achievement and something else as the endangering of socialist achievements, created an attitude of limited sovereignty and created the ideological or pseudo-ideological foundation for military crisis management. These days Soviet historians hold similar views. On my part I consider this especially important because the Czechoslovak tragedy was especially shocking and had such a destructive effect on the international communist movement because it occurred in a country where—of all East European countries—the roots of democracy, and not only of parliamentary democracy, ran the deepest. It was also there that the existence of the Communist Party as the party with a relative majority could be claimed with the greatest persuasive power, where —if I may say so—the legitimacy of Communist power was best founded. In my opinion it was not least for this reason that what happened in Czechoslovakia (and with Czechoslovakia) slowed down and paralysed in all countries of the Warsaw Pact, and even in the Soviet Union, the process of thorough, properly thought-out economic and social reforms. In other words, it paralysed a process which would have led to the more efficient functioning of the socialist community. This determined the situation right up to the Gorbachev *perestroika*. Just about twenty years were lost.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Earlier I stressed outside power interests, but where key socialist measures are concerned, one should also examine what image of socialism the different countries wanted to defend in connection with Czechoslovakia. I found that the basic question about which the arguments started —beyond the military defence of socialism— was the question of the multi or single-party system. The multi-party system, due to the manifestations which occurred in Czechoslovakia at that time, was interpreted as an attack on socialism. It can be claimed that this too was a manipulative argument but it corresponded to the then existing image of socialism. I well remember references in *Two thousand words* which raised the multi-party system, and the declarations of parties then being formed—including the Social Democratic Party—which was being distributed rather widely, and also the answers which argued that, given the failure of the one-party system, that would be the end of socialism.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: But it must be pointed out that the then leadership of the Czechoslovak Communist Party most categorically opposed the restoration of a multi-party system of the bourgeois type, and supported a pluralistic system which favoured a certain freedom of movement of the parties which then participated in the Czechoslovak National Front. These did not include the Czechoslovak Social Democratic Party, the founding of which, even in the embryonic condition in which it then was, was condemned most clearly by Dubcek in person.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Today some of the Czechoslovak exiles consider the foundation of this party a mistake.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: In the January 1988 interview Dubcek gave to *L'Unità*, the central organ of the Italian CP, which—unfortunately—the Hungarians have not read, he confirmed that he himself considered *Two thousand words* damaging not only then but now as well because it made it difficult to move forward in Czechoslovakia. He declared this then, and now again argued against the formation at the time of the Social Democratic Party.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: This leaves us with the problem which concerns the nature of the system.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: Yes, that is what Gorbachev calls today the socialism image of the thirties. In other words: the surviving Stalinist basic structure.

REZSŐ NYERS: I should like to stress two conclusions from the Czechoslovak

events. One concerns precisely the re-formation of the Social Democratic Party. But let me interpose that I agree that in 1968 there indeed existed contrary movements and declarations in Czechoslovakia which endangered the system. In my view this is beyond doubt. The question is whether the Czechoslovak leadership would have been able to come to grips with these, and whether it wanted to come to grips? We have now heard of an example proving that it wanted to come to grips with it, and I fully agree. Would it have been able to overcome them? In this I cannot claim a hundred per cent certainty, but it had a chance—and of this I am fully convinced—to overcome this danger. A situation did not arise the like of which had unfortunately arisen in Hungary on November 3rd, 1956. I believe that then we would not have been able to defeat the opposing forces relying on our own strength. This is of course debatable, but this is not the question now. I am talking about Czechoslovakia and that they would have been able to manage.

This is not what we learn, but that the nature of the governing Communist Parties repeatedly arises in some of the socialist countries, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia—in my opinion in Hungary too—but I feel that it even arises in the GDR. Is our party a united workers' party or is it not a united workers' party? If it is truly a united workers' party, then there is no, and there cannot be any, genuine need for a Social Democratic Party. The root of the problem is that in 1948 the Social Democratic parties were merged with the Communist Parties, which *de facto* remained as they had ever been. Consequently, to my mind it is not too late—even now—to rethink the nature of the Communist parties that should exist in our countries. It can be said that the same Communist Parties are involved as—let us say—the Soviet Communist Party, but it is also possible to say that these are Communist Parties united with the Social Democrats, which have adopted something from the Social Democratic movement, primarily internal party democracy. Perhaps they even have learnt something of the flexible and realistic policies. We have not yet truly digested this merger, doing so only formally.

As I see it, the Czechoslovak reform was also a reform which was started too late, in haste and inconsistently. This led to all sorts of complications. Right up to January 1968 when Novotny was removed from the post of Secretary General, Novotny resisted the reform. True, there were some preparations for the reform, a second political sphere functioned already intellectually, but the official politicians resisted. It was too late that Dubcek and his lot obtained power, and for some time where was double power, and the question was really solved only with Svoboda—but at the last minute.

The really big question is why every reform starts out too late. The Hungarian economic reform is no exception, and this nevertheless had some political aspects. This reform was started late, and was not late at the same time. It was late in the sense that it could have been started in 1956. But from the aspect of the enforced situation it was not too late. But all the other reforms started late. The political mechanisms are unable to raise the problems to the political level appropriately and in time.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: Perhaps they were unable because there are no sovereign—there were no sovereign—political mechanisms. As far as 1956 is concerned, in Hungary the lack of time, of which we have talked here, was despite the external factors primarily a lack of time due to an unbelievably dynamic political flood which carried away the possibility of any compromise. In Czechoslovakia—and let us not forget, after twelve long years—this did not happen. In Czechoslovakia the time of grace was denied from the outside. The Czechoslovak reform movement simply did not get the chance for the efficiency and the conflict-management skills of this movement to come to light without a situation of violence in—in a certain sense—

much calmer and more consolidated political situation.

REZSŐ NYERS: This is why the situation was so dramatic. In 1961–1962 the growth of the Czechoslovak economy had ground to a halt, and it was already recognised then that a change was needed. The change was dragged out until 1968.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Yes, I agree that in fact the critical phenomena themselves too were recognised too late. It is obvious that there is no democratic control which would make possible the clash of various interests. Thus the antagonisms do not surface.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: Because the fundamental interest of the power monopolies is not to recognise the critical situation.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: This is one aspect of the matter. The other is that in consequence it is not even possible to create a political structure which is suitable for working out programmes. The third thing is that we do not provide an opportunity for experiment, that is that there should time for the introduction of the reforms. Here, in our world, in Eastern Central Europe, an attitude has developed that if somebody wants changes, this can only be done radically and promptly. There is no adequate historic and political soil here for reformism in the right sense of the term.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: I would also add ideological blindness. They simply do not believe, or do not accept, the facts if they do not fit into the pattern which the ideology has conjured for them. Consequently, it is not only the defence of power positions which is functioning here, but this also includes an ideological system which accompanies the party structure of the type of the Bolshevik party.

GÁBOR NEMES: What views were held then by the Hungarian leadership? This question has to be asked because then, in 1968, the leadership was in a rather awkward situation. On the one hand, it participated in every warning and took part in the invasion of Czechoslovakia, and at the same time it implemented reforms—at least in the economy—which the Czechoslovaks also wanted.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: It may nevertheless be said that the Hungarian leadership took a conciliatory position and tried to maintain it over a long time.

REZSŐ NYERS: In other words, we did not support the invasion. We took part out of solidarity in an action which we did not consider our own truth. But solidarity is a very strong factor in the international communist movement, and it was a force to which the Hungarian leadership submitted.

GÁBOR NEMES: What if they had not submitted? Did it have the chance? The Rumanians did not, they kept out of it.

REZSŐ NYERS: I believe that if we consider ourselves an independent country and independent Party, then it is not possible to answer—and it could not have been different then either—that it was not possible. Now, after I have said that it was possible, the question arises in my opinion as to which was the attitude for which there were weightier arguments in Hungary: for participation out of solidarity, or for staying out? I believe that the weightier interests spoke for participating out of solidarity. The economic reform anyway meant that we stuck out within the community the moment the troops set out. We already had to be on the defensive for what we were doing and what we wanted to continue. It was easier to defend ourselves from a position avowing solidarity. I do not want to ideologise the matter in this way. I do not believe that there was no alternative. The alternative was there that we continue the reform policy in circumstances where we stay alone and do not invade. This would have demanded an internal political unity of a degree which existed in Yugoslavia in 1948, and it is doubtful whether it existed in the Hungary of the time.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: The general internal attack against the Hungarian reform policy occurred as early as the mid-1970s, and

thirteen years had to pass to name the leaders of that attack. That naming is not official even today.

REZSŐ NYERS: It is possible that we should have been able to establish unity for the moment. If János Kádár had declared his position as clearly as he had at the Western Railway Station in 1964, then in my opinion the Central Committee, with very few exceptions, would have stood behind him, and created unity. Yes, but the question has to be asked what would have happened to this unity later? Would it not have been eroded already in 1969? Thinking ahead then, it was possible to doubt the coming about of such a unity in the political leadership, and in the maintenance later of this unity.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: This is not the tragedy but the tragicomedy of the matter, but it was fateful. This is not a pharmacological experiment where I administer a certain drug to a group, and a placebo to another and then I wait and see what happens. Here there is no control. In other words, that unity did not exist originally either—neither in 1968 nor in 1956. And it would have become further eroded. But in what circumstances and at what speed it would have become eroded in another situation where intervention would have been rejected by Hungary, that—I believe—cannot be disclosed today. I certainly agree with Rezső Nyers that there would have been an alternative.

Incidentally, I should like to remind of the rational and very thoroughly thought-through role which the Hungarian Party leadership played in those days up to mid-August. If this evidence has validity at all — and in my opinion it has—Dubcek himself, now after twenty years, in his interview given to *L'Unità* and mentioned by me, clearly differentiated. Just as in this conversation we have also differentiated among the attitudes of the different scocialist countries. He himself said unequivocally that the attitude of the Hungarian Party demonstrated clearly that the initiative—that is the initiative for the armed intervention of the five Warsaw Pact countries—certainly did not come from Hungary.

At the same time, it is perhaps worth noting because this is a positive factor and Jacques Tatu too commented on it recently in *Le Monde*, that in Hungary the after-life of this entire problem was characterized by an extremely forceful defensive attempt on the part of the reform-inclined nucleus of the party leadership. The integrity of the Hungarian reform of 1968 obviously suffered much due to the events, and a neo-Stalinist contradiction began to take shape. But at the same time there was an—I could almost call it desperate but to a certain extent successful—Hungarian attempt to save at least some elements of the Hungarian reform at the time of the reform ebb following on August 21st, 1968. And this did undoubtedly happen.

GÁBOR NEMES: This is the question. The preceding summary—to save the reform through intervention—entails the second question: what was the influence of the fact of 1968 on the later course of the Hungarian reform, and on Hungarian reality in general. August 1968 had made it different to what it had been before. What I have in mind is not only the fact that some intellectual elements became divorced from the party, but also that a new situation arose. It had been a clearly demonstrated example of a certain method of management, and opponents could speak in another tone of voice to the friends of the reform after 1968.

REZSŐ NYERS: Yes, but not immediately after 1968. In 1969 the situation was not yet clear, because the change in the Party occurred only in April, until then Dubcek and Cernik had been present in the leadership. They, the reform politicians, of course stopped the reform in the confused situation, probably in the belief that they may perhaps be able to continue. The Soviet Union has a lot to thank Svoboda and Dubcek for. If Dubcek, and the Dubcek leadership, simply marches out of the party leadership, out of

the government, and does not help—as a political springboard—to transfer power to the Husak leadership, the situation would have been entirely different. The tragedy would have been greater, and the situation would have been much worse for us too. I can only say that we can only express our thanks to the Dubcek leadership, to Dubcek and Cernik. Even to Smrkovsky, who was a man of a more populist type, but he too showed internationalist responsibility. It was not yet possible to see in 1969, and I did not see it clearly at the beginning of 1970 either, which way Husak would turn. Was it going to be an independent, more moderate, pragmatic policy, or would the forces opposed to the reform obtain political control. My personal opinion is that the forces opposed to the reform came out on top. But this happened only gradually, interlinking with Brezhnev's policies. It could not have been foreseen. But in the last resort there was such a transition, and this represented a sort of breathing time for the Hungarian reform.

GÁBOR NEMES: But did 1968 not strengthen the anti-reform forces in the long term?

REZSŐ NYERS: Yes, of course, it certainly strengthened them. As power became stabilised in Czechoslovakia on the basis of new ideas, its mere existence opposed Hungarian policies, our economic policy and the economic reform.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: But in many respects it was also the opposite of post-1956 Hungarian policies.

REZSŐ NYERS: It was counter to the Hungarian policies as a whole, and they increasingly sniped at us.

GÁBOR NEMES: To what extent was the surprisingly long survival of the Hungarian notion approving economic reform but rejecting political reform connected to the Czechoslovak business?

REZSŐ NYERS: I do not see any direct connection, but perhaps it had an indirect effect. I mean the entire post-1968 atmosphere. After 1968 we still made preparations for a reform in the political mechanism, not in the present sense, but substantial changes nevertheless. We started in 1967, 1968 followed and in 1969 we still did something by making self-government by the councils accepted in principle, but then it all stopped. The Czechoslovak events had a role in this. But I repeat, not a direct but an indirect role. This indirect effect appeared intertwined with the entire Brezhnev policy. And then we were totally unable to rely on Yugoslavia. When indeed could we rely on the support of Yugoslavia, as a reform-communist country? In the eighties. When the contradictions of the Yugoslav reform policies already began to pile up.

GÁBOR NEMES: This takes us to the aftermath of 1968, which proved to be surprisingly tenacious, lasting nearly twenty years. The first question is whether what is called the Brezhnev period, or the era of stagnation, started from 1968?

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: I should like to return to the fact that 1968 caused a rather big crisis in Hungarian intellectual life, and especially amongst the young. There is a generation of Fifty-six, for whom Fifty-six was the big crisis of their life and there appeared another generation, whose critical period was 1968. Many socialist ideals, even the validity of Marxism, were questioned by August 1968—and that in spite of all our rearguard struggles. But I would nevertheless underline that there was tough infighting all the same—and if we look at these twenty years the rearguard actions turned into an offensive. But for this particular young generation, 1968 has remained a trauma to this day.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Yes, but this too was a period full of contradictions because 1969 saw, for instance, the adoption of the guidelines of science policy, which for the first time proclaimed freedom of research, even if it limited opportunity to publish. This was a major change, even compared to the sixties. In other words, a breach was cut in science, but a breach which naturally did not satisfy

those who wanted more radical reforms. This led then to a political contradiction in cultural policy but that is already a question of later developments.

REZSŐ NYERS: But an opening started not only in science, but more broadly, in my opinion, in culture too, especially towards the young. At that time—let us remember—in the majority of the socialist countries, a passionate and prudish, conservative restrictive policy was the rule against the music made by the young and their way they danced, even their sports and against their behaviour and how they dressed. In other words, they did not recognize the innovations of youth. At the same time we here in Hungary tolerated them.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Hear, hear.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: Nevertheless, something else happened too. I remember as a university lecturer—I then began to operate again after a long break—that in 1973–1975, that is when we were well and truly in the political doldrums—reading Marx in the original and Lukács's early works was the thing. As late as in 1974 students dug up Marx texts, especially critiques of utopian socialism, that I was unable to answer. This stopped after 1975, Marx's works were no longer read. Thank you—they said—we have had enough. 1975 was a dividing line with resolutions against philosophers and sociologists. This affected Ágnes Heller, Ferenc Fehér, György Márkus, Mihály Vajda, and they—with the exception of Vajda—went into exile two years later. They, being Lukács's disciples, really believed that the progress of philosophy and of Marxist theory was an organic part of rejuvenation. Of course they thought that philosophers had to contribute to the solution of the social problems, because thought can develop only in praxis. The resolution in fact decapitated Hungarian philosophy. I am well aware that this step had a political background too, and that it was a tactical step taken under compulsion. But we have now felt for a long time the absence of this type of thinking.

REZSŐ NYERS: It is not certain that it was a step under compulsion. It was a tactical step.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: As somebody unfamiliar with the doings of philosophers, I should like to put a question to Miklós Almási. Is the political background, or the tactical background, which has been mentioned here, a background which is par excellence tied to the Hungarian domestic situation, or can international roots going back to 1968, be identified in it?

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: I think that it is not a Hungarian peculiarity.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: In other words, philosophy should not have been decapitated.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: In my view, according to my present thinking, but even according to my thinking at the time, it should not have happened.

REZSŐ NYERS: In my view, the international current was very strong, the wind blew from Moscow, but the action itself was nevertheless Hungarian. Even in this international current we had a certain freedom to do or not to do.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Yes, but this tactical line included the question as to what could be saved and carried forward of the breach we cut both before and after 1968. Not just Hungarian economic policy was criticised, but cultural policy as well. And we defended ourselves in the above described way.

GÁBOR NEMES: But 1968 laid the foundation of tactics the essence of which was that we took a step back to be able to defend the reform. And these tactics eventually led to such big steps backwards, that it could in fact not be seen where the line of defence was where we wanted to stop.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: It is my conviction that an important breach occurred in cultural policy as early as the mid-sixties. At the beginning of the seventies questions of a political and of an ideological nature arose. It was then that we came up against the processes which are not only linked to 1968. How was it possible to dismantle the Stalin-

ist model, or was this possible at all. Restalinization occurred in some socialist countries. In this situation some defensive manoeuvres were undoubtedly necessary. The defence did some damage, this is true, but on the other hand we have to see that a pluralist ideological, aesthetic and professional life came into being in Hungary, and this was nevertheless an achievement.

GÁBOR NEMES: This is true, but what explains the anti-intellectual flare-ups which from time to time recur in the socialist countries, and of which we saw a classical example in Poland in March 1968? What is the explanation that over long periods rather serious ideological and even moral offences against intellectuals appear as venial? What is the explanation for the success of such restorations? And why indeed does this question surface with every crisis?

BÉLA KÖPECZI: I believe that the restorations occur in the economy too, not only in culture or in ideology, where they are of course the most spectacular. It is obviously the intellectuals who can best express ideas which are induced by reality. The big question in Hungary today is that the limits of tolerance are extremely narrow. This is of course not linked to culture or to cultural policy, but to politics and the political institutional system. I believe that the evolution of the political institutional system must create bigger openness, and within this bigger openness the possibility that political debates should be conducted on political platforms, and in the spirit of reasonable tolerance. In Hungary political views have appeared over a long time in the arts, in science, or in the arts, and I do not consider this a state of affairs worthy of intellectual life.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: I shall nevertheless revert to the interpretation of philosophy or of the nature of ideology. The task of philosophy is to raise fundamental questions. But at certain moments these fundamental questions offend the politicians. Consequently, when Ágnes Heller and Ferenc Fehér said that socialism was progressing towards a political sphere of a pluralistic structure, and that research should be done into socialism, this clashed sharply with the interests of the politicians. In our eyes today this is no longer such a sharp confrontation, and today we already know that ideology is not a fighting question in this sense, not a question of life and death, and that such things are decided elsewhere.

REZSŐ NYERS: As I see the problem, what happened had both advantages and drawbacks, but bigger drawbacks than advantages. We came to a halt in our reform policy, because the leadership was unable to employ attack as the best defence in a situation of constraint. This is the drawback. We ground to a halt, lost ten or fifteen years, which cannot be made up, and this is one of the reasons for today's grave and difficult situation. At the same time I should like to stress and recognise that Hungarian politicians did not condemn the reform policy in principle, they did not perform a U-turn when opportunism would have demanded this. They did or did not take steps backward in certain cases, but they did not perform a U-turn. This was their big advantage, this is why things can now be continued on the political basis of 1968.

Two factors played a role in what happened. The leadership still lacked an ideological base for the reform policy. It was not there in the perception of reality, in the realistic evaluation of contemporary capitalism and of contemporary socialism. Today we can already see that socialism too occurs in several kinds of models. But then this was not clear. And the ideological substance of the reform policy was not clear, unfortunately—and I might add it is not yet clear.

The other important factor was that no firm progressive block stood behind the leadership. Although it had come together sometime in the mid-sixties, after 1968 it gradually weakened.

GÁBOR NEMES: Precisely due to 1968.

REZSŐ NYERS: Partly also on account of 1968. There was a peculiar joining of forces in the time when the reform was launched, a peculiar united front of economists, historians, philosophers, makers of cultural policy. This too gradually disintegrated. But in fact I interpret the then deliberately progressive forces as fairly thin on the ground within Hungarian civil society.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: The non-technocrat intelligentsia was then outrightly hostile to the reform.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: What contributed to this also is that in ideology things have to be named. And we were then in the middle of the Brezhnev period when things could not be named.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: Not even the Hungarian model could.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: Not even the Hungarian model! How should it then have been possible to formulate ideological-political concepts in the language of political science.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: György Lukács's thoroughly socialist paper *Demokratisierung heute und morgen* could not be published for twenty years.

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI: After the publisher's reader's report the preface had to be rewritten once again, because now the critique of Stalinism had to be more emphatic.

REZSŐ NYERS: I should like to refer back to an experience which I had yesterday. A meeting was held in memory of Illés Mónus. Fortunately this is now a good thing. One speaker—an outstanding historian—discussed Illés Mónus, who was really a true Marxist. There is nothing, but absolutely nothing, in his writings that can be taken exception to. The problem with him was that already in the Stalinist era he said of the Soviet Union that that was no socialism but he also said: "Hands off the Soviet Union!". His other mistake was that, unfortunately, right up to 1944 he did not agree to a united front between Communists and Social Democrats. But this was not so unequivocal either, because at the same time he approved that Communists should join the Social Democratic Party, and the National Youth Committee, with Mónus's blessing, was in fact given over to the Communists. Well, Illés Mónus was a Marxist socialist, and when in 1944 he already agreed to a united front with the Communists, and accepted that preparations should be made that after the Liberation, Communist-Social Democratic cooperation should be the basis of the new democratic system, he also said: But I am afraid that the weight of Soviet policy will be overwhelming in Eastern Europe. We have to admit that this has been undoubtedly an important factor in the period here discussed, that is that in Eastern Europe Soviet policy is preponderant.

BÉLA KÖPECZI: And this could not become renewed at the right time. If the programme of the 20th Congress had been implemented after 1956, circumstances would have changed. Then this preponderance would have appeared in a much more differentiated light.

GÁBOR NEMES: We talked of 1968. Let us sum up: in what way was 1968 a transitory episode and in what way did 1968 have a serious aftermath, East or West?

BÉLA KÖPECZI: In my view, it had an aftermath primarily in the East. In the West it was followed by an entirely new period, the era of Neo-Conservativism. For us 1968 was a dividing line of vital importance. But in the West it was not the problem of the whole of society, but only a catastrophe for the left.

ENDRE GÖMÖRI: This is why the West could sublimate 1968 better than we could.

GÁBOR NEMES: And when did we overcome 1968?

BÉLA KÖPECZI: In my opinion we have not yet overcome it. The contradictions and problems which became acutely manifest in 1968 still survive.

GÁBOR NEMES

ON GYULA ILLYÉS'S POSTHUMOUS JOURNALS

by

MÁTYÁS DOMOKOS

"Under tyranny everyone is a link in the chain." The total dependence, in a philosophical sense, of man's existence, his predicament at the mercy of the dictatorship in those decades which historians call the period of the personality cult, could hardly be characterised more fully or deeply. Yet, the aphorism quoted above comes from a poem. In it Gyula Illyés, a classic of recent Hungarian letters, expressed with the terseness of an epigram the ontological algebra of tyranny. The words occur in the poem called *One Sentence on Tyranny*. It was written in the autumn of 1950, at the darkest hour of the personality cult, and remained locked in Illyés's desk drawer for years. It saw the light in the autumn of 1956, on November 2nd, in the literary weekly *Irodalmi Újság*, following the explosion that had shattered the Rákosi regime, the Hungarian version of Stalinist despotism; the poem was then forced underground once again after November 4th. The world has seen in the poem a new Hungarian National Anthem, one to succeed, as the result of the interplay of certain historical circumstances, Petőfi's *National Song* of 1848. It circulated in *samizdat* and on tapes of the recording of the poet's own recital during his visit to Washington in 1965. (The record was released by Occidental Press.) In Hungary it could only be published again many years later, after Illyés's death, in the posthumous volume *Menet a ködben* (Procession in the Fog).

The poem's chequered history might examplify what the Gorbachevian *glasnost* is beginning to make clear on a world historical scale; the Darkness at Noon didn't begin with the first (Moscow) trials in the Soviet Union, nor did the tyrannical autocracy come to an end with Stalin's death. The Hungarian version, often referred to as the "The Fifties" (one of the euphemistic misnomers of the personality cult in Hungarian political jargon as well as in everyday language), an era of whose architect, mastermind, and *executor* (the word is apposite) was Mátyás Rákosi, an exile returned from

Moscow, was likewise rooted much further back and in its aftermath extends beyond the decade in the calendar in the reckoning of history. Those who are fond of paradoxes would be totally justified in saying—and with the endorsement of history—that the so-called "Fifties" didn't begin in Hungary in the fifties, nor did they end with that decade.

But Illyés's poem has more than an external fate. It has internal authenticity and a validity that points beyond the age in which it was born. It is valid for the age of the Caesars, and is valid and true today and in the future, always and everywhere "where there is tyranny." His contemporaries could see first hand that everyone, including the poet, was subjected to the truth of the poem, with the important difference that Gyula Illyés wasn't just any link, he was a particular and exceptional "link in the chain." Anyone who is interested in the character and relationships of this particular and exceptional link can discover them from Illyés's posthumous fragmentary journals which are in train of publication.

The fossils of little stories and anecdotes, fantastic and absurd, contained in the pages as fragments of what is virtually a novel, set in the intimate realms of the power politics of the age, narrate the intricate and often diabolic set of relationships that developed between the highest representatives of the all-powerful, almost theocratic political authority, and the poet, just as shards and bones inform us of the customs and morals of, say, the obsidian age in the hands of an archaeologist skilled in reading the past. But these historical miniatures are worthy of our attention for another reason as well. It is probable that no one will ever now write a regular novel out of this material, since there is hardly anyone alive today of those who did possess the story-teller's point of view necessary for writing a novel of this kind. Nor the magic cloak in which Illyés moved about on the revolving stage of the twentieth-century Shakespearean historical plays.

Gyula Illyés was linked with the potentates of the fifties by a relationship that was really exceptional (marked on that account by *exemptions*), as though it had reincarnated, amid Hungarian intellectual and public conditions, the special relationship of, say (and it is doubtful if it is possible to cite any other), Gorky and the first generation leaders of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 in Russia. It is necessary to emphasize that a network of personal relationships of this kind rarely ever relies for its cement on neophyte and sly political opportunism and time-serving. In the case of Illyés, apart from outstanding talent, a revolutionary youth, a leading role in Hungarian literary life, and the national authority to go with it, what came into play was the special circumstance that the lives of the one-time revolutionary poet and the first-generation leaders of the Hungarian communist movement had

already had certain points of contact a couple of decades earlier. By dint of the characteristic accidents, happenstances of individual destinies, which are the preferred devices of the greatest of novelists: Life itself.

Let me provide just a few examples. The *gimnázium* student Illyés in his teens attends a course organized by the Commissariat of Public Education of the Hungarian Republic of Councils for young working-class "agitators," and as "a young communist" (the name of the organization) he gave lectures in Budapest and the countryside; he was at the front line too, near the town of Szolnok in the East, and there he witnessed from close quarters, though not like an unsuspecting Fabrizio del Dongo, the break-up of the Hungarian Red Army and the collapse of the Republic of Councils. Something which also contributed to his interest being turned in adolescence in this direction was the fact that when in 1916 he came up to Budapest as a peasant lad from the *puszta* and its background of privation, one of his teachers at a *gimnázium* was Sándor Varjas, hailing from the same Transdanubian region, who was to become in 1919 the head of the Scientific Propaganda Department of the Commissariat of Public Education. Having said that, there was good reason why Illyés in the first years of the counterrevolution had joined those young Communists who were to become top political leaders (such as Erzsébet Andics, or Zoltán Vas, who spent sixteen years in prison, for a time with Mátyás Rákosi, until the Soviet Union had exchanged them). Together they took part in the work of that "Red Aid" which supported the families of arrested Communists. When some of his fellows came under arrest, he managed to leave the country. He went first to Vienna, then via the Ruhr, to Paris where he spent five years as an exile. There he made the acquaintance of another future high-ranking functionary: Ernő Gerő, who let the down-and-out poet have some free lunch vouchers.

On his way home from Paris he stopped over in Vienna in order to discuss the Hungarian situation, and first and foremost, what a revolutionary poet must and might do in a counter-revolutionary country, with Jenő Landler, the former Commissar for War of the Republic of Councils, and with György Lukács, the philosopher and also a former Commissar. With these antecedents, one may consider it almost natural that in July 1926 Illyés was present at the meeting of Rákosi and Meunier, the correspondent of *l'Humanité* during an interval of the former's trial—a trial that had aroused international protest—and his notes tell us that he interpreted the French journalist's questions to the court officials. A few years later Illyés was personally invited to visit the Soviet Union and attend the First Congress of Soviet Writers; there, in the company of André Malraux, his guide, he roamed the Moscow streets, and established contact with Hungarian exiles.

Not only with the poet friends of his youth: Sándor Barta (after arrest and trial on trumped-up charges, he disappeared for ever), and with Antal Hidas (exiled to a far corner of the Soviet Union for years, also on trumped-up charges, and allowed to return to Hungary only at the end of the fifties), but also with Hidas's father-in-law, who was none other than Béla Kun, a leading figure of the Republic of Councils of 1919 (arrested and died, probably in 1939; Illyés's former teacher, Sándor Varjas, also shared the same fate in 1940).

It should be evident from all this that the fateful meeting-points of the biographies of the poet and those of the future Hungarian dictators and former victims of Stalin necessarily meant contact with secrets, concerns, and doubts, and a good many years before the so-called "Fifties" too. Thus there was good reason why it was Gyula Illyés who wrote—as early as 1930—a detailed account for the most prestigious journal, *Nyugat*, of the Soviet author Tarasov-Rodyinov's novel *Chocolate*, which describes how the Chekists try to persuade, by appealing to the "interests of the revolution," a pure-minded revolutionary to voluntarily undertake, needless to say, blamelessly, the role of the principal accused in a show trial. And although there is no direct evidence as such, it is nevertheless not a quite groundless supposition that he must have known the other face of Ernő Gerő, the resident of the NKVD, who during the Spanish Civil War merited the epithet "the butcher of Barcelona," given by those who fought on the Republican side, and who, together with agents of that ilk, unquestionably played a major role in bringing about the disillusionment of left-wing sympathisers with the Republican cause, including Spender, Auden, Cecil Day Lewis, Hemingway, and Orwell.

Illyés was one of those European revolutionary intellectuals who, along with the novelists and poets who fought in the Spanish Civil War, and along with Gide, Koestler, Camus, and later Semprun, facing the political, historical and moral dilemma of choosing between the GPU and their victims, chose the victims. In so doing, to use Ignazio Silone's expression, they opted for the camp of the *Ex*'s, who found the double-think intolerable that used impassioned eloquence to demand the sacrosanct rights of the individual, denied by fascism, while considered these same rights petty-bourgeois prejudices wherever they seized power. It is common knowledge that the *Ex*'s had formed a numerous camp at the time of the consolidation of Stalin's power, each of them living in external or internal exile, according to his or her destiny or opportunity.

One of the main traits of a satisfactory social novel, said László Németh, a fellow writer and contemporary of Illyés's, is that it becomes in time a

reliable historical novel. The snapshots in Illyés's journals summoning, evoking the leading politicians of the fifties might trace the fragments of just such a social novel turning with the passage of time into a historical one. There is yet another typical accident to contribute another strand to this material: a book called *The Unknown Illyés* by a friend from the poet's youth (published by Occidental Press, Washington). László Gara, the author, lived in Paris from 1924 till his death in 1966. As a writer and translator he was a devoted lover and tireless propagator of Hungarian literature and in this capacity a major venture of his was a French-language anthology of Hungarian poetry from the earliest time to the present, the most comprehensive collection of its kind to be undertaken in any foreign language (*Anthologie de la poésie hongroise de XII^e siècle à nos jours*, Paris, 1962). His book on Illyés is authentic as far as its subject is concerned in that it is based for the most part on Illyés's diary jottings (which had the working title *Sketches from an Autobiography in Progress*, but was never completed). Whatever remains of it is preserved for us in Gara's work.

The first excerpt is a bird's-eye-view summary of the political and moral record the poet received from his one-time fellow intellectuals in exile, many of whom, thanks to Stalin, arrived at the topmost echelons of power at the end of the war. It also describes how Illyés reacted to their views and the ways he conducted himself towards them.

POLITICAL GROUNDING

From: László Gara: *The Unknown Illyés*

The time came when Hitler's troops were at last driven out of Hungary, and, as Illyés had predicted in a book title, "order" returned "to the ruins." But let us see what effect the "new times" had on literature.

Official historians of literature seem to like to cut in half the œuvre of writers almost with the diligence of bakers and melon vendors. With this skilful selection each author's material became accessible for a probing inspection before the liberation and after it: this is what lay hidden in it during capitalism and this is what it burgeoned into under "people's democracy" or *vice versa*. Illyés himself was subjected to this operation, though not quite at the time under discussion. Encyclopaediae, textbooks, notes on authors in anthologies all repeat almost with verbatim uniformity: revolutionary, enthusiastically welcomes the distribution of landed estates and the country's socialist transformation; then, with a similarly unvaried closing

coda: wavering, inconsistency in dropping out of the ranks in the march to the proletarian state, and, worse than that, confrontation.

What then are the true facts?

In 1945 the poet had every chance to take his place at the top under the new dispensation. Worker-peasant origin, writings as unequivocal as deeds in support of the peasant-worker camp, a decently objective book about the Soviet Union, standing up for victims of political and religious persecution, exposing himself to harassment and legal proceedings. His name had in the meantime become a household word.

And the former companions in exile had returned. The acquaintances from the trade unions or *bistros* had been given ministerial posts, from which they ran and controlled politics.

It was not difficult to project how Illyés's relationship with his former émigré acquaintances was going to develop once they had returned from abroad. Their programme was, of course, to bring about the dictatorship of the proletariat. In the Stalinist interpretation. For the time being, however, they little realized what it meant, and still less, what it was going to mean.

But for anyone in a position to observe the signs began to fall into place, to form a rather sinister pattern. This jarred even those who were prepared to endorse certain measures at least in principle, unless they could daily anoint themselves with the dragon's blood of faith.

"Hungary's greatest living writer," Rákosi and Révai presented Illyés to Marshal Voroshilov, who then held his seat in Budapest, speaking the words for everyone at the first reception both to hear and to reckon with. The sole reason for having offered him a place among themselves was certainly not because he was the kind of person they needed. Many people, not elderly people either, were offered the posts of ambassador, minister, and finally even the command of the country's armed forces in those times. That they could all become members of parliament is almost needless to mention.

Illyés's first political gesture is no longer a secret, of which at the time, and for a long while after it, only some of those in authority had knowledge. People might consider capital punishment a right or wrong legal means according to their persuasion and after the necessary mental struggle. At times of sudden and sharp social changes the use of this expedient is particularly worth careful consideration.

Illyés, with one of the ministers of his party, the National Peasant Party, went to see Stalin's resident representative, Rákosi, then Prime Minister, and finally the President of the Republic, to request them to waive or

suspend the death penalty for at least five to ten years, if for the time being it could not be abolished for good.

He made two or three similar moves, all aimed at seeing that the new order and regime of the people was different from that of their erstwhile lords and masters; and not just in Hungary alone, but in all the countries of the Danube valley. The new peace treaty was approaching: a momentous first chance for socialism to create justice, through its authority, in strifes and conflicts several centuries old. But let's only speak of some regrettable and painful facts that are relevant in this context, if only by virtue of their impact. President Beneš of Czechoslovakia had the Hungarian population of a whole region deported to forced labour camps or enforced "population exchange" in the very same railway wagons Hitler's henchmen had used to deport the Jews. In Transylvania, with a macabre spectacularity, heads of innocent peasants rolled off the block under the axe in a series of villages of an all-Hungarian population only because their language and religion were different from those in power.

Stalin disliked the Hungarians. One of his first victims, struck down in the crudest of ways at the time of the Great Purges, was Béla Kun himself. But Stalin did not know the Hungarians very well either. He himself had the stuff of contradictions rammed and packed into the ground, which under the necessary pressure was to become explosive.

In Stalin's political blunders the Hungarian left was plunged into an extremely difficult situation. The deeds mentioned serve in no small measure as excuses for the events that followed. One thing is certain, the deeds cannot always have been clearly aligned with the objectives. Ideas—and dreams in the first place—went one way for a long time while practice, undertaken in many cases out of the necessity of political exigencies and contingencies, went another.

Within less than a year Illyés renounced his parliamentary mandate, the leadership in his own party, and declined any public role. The judgement from on high that he was the person best suited to play the role of the greatest Hungarian writer alive—an authority neither asked for nor accepted, he used it at most to get a kilo of carrots into the cell of someone awaiting execution and by this act of charity fulfilling his last wish; or to help two of the writers he declared to be the greatest of the nation, by getting Lőrinc Szabó, the poet, almost out of prison and László Németh, the novelist, playwright, and essayist, from the no less threatening pressure of harassments. This strange authority he even managed to preserve when he decided to withdraw to his native village, then to Tihany nearby, also in Transdanubia, by Lake Balaton.

Whatever was possible he did to help—others. When once he learned that a friend of his youth had been kept for nearly ten years in a Soviet forced labour camp accused of "Trotskyite heresy," he called on Mátyás Rákosi and in the course of their conversation he asked for the party chief's engagement-book or diary. When the latter handed it to him rather surprised, Illyés wrote in an empty page: March 1st: intervene with Soviet authorities on behalf of W.

April 1st: see if intervention had any result

May 1st: intervene again with higher forum

June 1st: check again if intervention was effective.

And so on for another couple of months. However, Rákosi did not have to follow through all the steps laid down by Illyés, because W. soon returned from a Soviet labour camp.

*

Illyés wrote his first play, to be staged in 1946, *Lélekbúvár* (The Headshrinker), a satire rich in Molièresque flavours and situations, and related to Ionesco's theatre of the absurd. It is set in a prewar Hungarian village and the protagonist is a latter-day Tartuffe called Szmuk, a vulgar Freudian charlatan, who wants to solve all the problems of the community by a superficial and senseless application of psychoanalytical techniques and demanding for himself complete freedom of action. The village rejects the doctrinaire prophet purporting to bring them salvation but the almighty powers-that-be, including the supreme director of all cultural affairs, József Révai, saw an allegory in the play, taking Freudian for Marxian and the satire for a critique of the communists' peasant policy. The piece, fiercely attacked in the press, was soon taken off, not to be performed for almost forty years.

LINK IN THE CHAIN

Excerpts from Gyula Illyés's posthumous journals

The Naïve Surrealist

November, 1948

Éluard.

He arrived in Hungary from Rumania. I went to meet him in Szolnok.

He asked for a light schedule; he did not want to be overburdened. That's how I wanted it myself. Arriving at Keleti Station I dismissed the delegation that had been sent to greet him. He was tired, hardly able to stand on his feet.

I was tired too; sleepy. So the first evening he was invited by just a few close friends. Zoltán Szabó, Szentmihályi, Murányi and me. We ate a quick supper and rose from the table to go home.

I'm sitting next to him, he touches the edge of my coat as we're talking, takes the end of a little horsehair, the kind woven into the lining of suits. "I adore pulling these out!"

He won't get up from the table.

He excuses himself, saying he has entered a cycle in which he sometimes falls asleep from exhaustion in the middle of a conversation.

Now he seems to be at the other end of it, overly energetic.

He's drinking, telling stories.

Two young girls were bound by a womanly friendship that was so close that they vowed to lose their virginity at the same time. Soon one of them got married. When she had met her fate she slipped out of the bridal bed and smuggled her friend in her place at the side of her resting husband.

The next morning his father-in-law asked the new husband how it went.

"Great, fantastic! Sir, I swear, your daughter was twice a virgin!"

"A recessive trait! Her poor mother never was one."

At two in the morning I had to be the first to rise from the table to say good night.

May 26, 1956

It's not a barbarian who is gullible, but an intellectual.

Poor old Éluard! What was he in essence? What was it that made both Flóra and Ika like him at once?

Talent and naïvety.

When he was here (in Tihany) at the end of July we had a new air-gun in the house. From light until dark we shot at targets. Not birds, but fruit. It wasn't easy (you had to hit the stems) but it wasn't long before we had brought down all the peaches and apples in the garden and eaten them, or given them to the children who ran to and fro, or were at our heels like a pack of hounds.

Back in spring I had been experimenting with melons, some four bushes of them. They sprouted even here, on this steep rubble of lava; and they brought fruit. But instead of a few large ones there were dozens the size of my fist. The children loved them even so, perhaps even more than the normal kind; they were sweet.

To amuse us, that is to provide us with targets, Flóra tied a couple of these melons on the almond tree in front of the bower, just for the fun of it.

Well, that was a hunter's delight, if you ever saw one! Whang! And click and clack! We grabbed the gun out of each other's hands. When a melon finally hit the ground Éluard snatched it up. He cut it, smelled it; he took a taste of it with the boldness of a man who has travelled the world.

"It's just like a muskmelon," he said.

"Because that's what it is. A regular muskmelon."

"Where I come from they grow on the ground," he said, swallowing another slice.

I thought he'd start *canularding*, buckjumping that is; so I answered:

"Because Michurin hasn't reached you yet."

"We'll introduce him then," he said, raising his bright eyes that were always filled with the pureness of gaiety and graveness at once.

That afternoon we encountered much larger melons on another tree. The following day, on another, there were cucumbers. Finally the children put an enormous watermelon on the top of a tree; they considered Éluard to be one of them, all the more so because he didn't speak Hungarian, so that he didn't count as a real adult—they could get his attention only by tugging at his arm or padding his back.

I'm almost sure that he discovered the joke only then. Why did I set this to paper? Because indeed I do not long for Paris, I haven't for such a long time now. What could I possibly learn there? I think the "intellectual Westerners" naïve and gullible, this because of their erudition.

What do they know of life, the wild mechanism of existence! Most of their experience is theoretical and of the mind. They can express reality better, but with that they have already domesticated it. Harsh reality—be it human or of nature—we know much better.

For fifteen or twenty years I've been asserting our superiority in this regard. My verdict is as follows: We here really know what stuff this world is made of; but how much more profoundly must a white slaver in Teheran know it!

(All this occurred during Éluard's second visit, in the summer.)

Accusations and Confessions

Autumn, 1948

In the spring of 1945 the journals and politicians accused me of having been exceedingly reticent in demonstrating my leftist convictions; too prudent. So let's not go overbroad now in rewarding merit.

Though I did not know it the answer in my mind must have been something like this:

"That I was not reticent out of prudence I can prove only by one thing. By being reticent when it comes to the rewards."

But it is just possible that I felt a sense of penitence in my new reticence. Perhaps truth is on their side as they judge my leftism. In that case I have no reason to insist on speaking out. Yet that is what they expected from me: to speak out.

They overwhelmed me with harshly unjust accusations, accusations whose lack of foundation I could have proven to the world in a moment. The "dinner" where I submitted to Gömbös. (On the contrary, I offended him.) That in a statement for a paper in 1942 (the basis for all of Zsolt's accusations) I renounced the agrarian reform. (That is when they had convicted me for "inciting" against the holding of large estates.) I had not stood up for persecuted Jewish writers. I had not defended defenceless leftists.—The main purpose for *Magyar Csillag* had been to provide a forum for Jewish writers; the last edition of March 15, 1944 published almost as many Jewish as Christian writers. And I had been the only one to speak out against the imprisonment of the Hungarian fighters in the Spanish Civil War. And so on.

To these I offered no reply—and proudly so—because I could have disproven them by merely holding up a document.

And these are precisely the charges most ingrained in the public mind.

Proclamations in the Air

In the beautiful landscape of paradise—with the rolling vineyards above, still in the fresh green of spring, and below, in a half-circle the sparklingly blue lake—a sudden crack, and then the sound of a tremendous proclamation. Just at those sensitive moments of sunset.

The thunder, which from the distance of two or three kilometres seemed stronger, strangely, than near its source, came from a grove that stood apart like a fortress and was quite large:

"We shall argue the criminal case of László Rajk and his collaborators. Lead in the accused!"

The grove was an artificial one; it was made up of high-grown poplars right at the shore of the lake. In its centre there were the rectangularly arranged buildings of a vacation camp. On its façade, on the attic level of the main building, a team of professionals had worked an entire day to assemble an electrically operated megaphone. They had now completed the work, just in the nick of time.

It wasn't long before László Rajk's voice was aiming at the sprouting stars...

Materialisation

Early spring, 1955

"Do you think so?!"

This *you* had weight. And this weight brought to my mind the time when it could come only from above. But the answer was just as stressed.

"Why, don't you?!"

Gerő and Rákosi used to speak with each other like that, even in the presence of others.

Communist leaders did not address each other in the familiar form. Everyone but each other. I was on a *te* basis—though I don't think I had been the one to initiate it—with Rákosi and Gerő, with Lukács and Révai. Among themselves they all used the polite form of address. I used the familiar form with Mihály Farkas and even Gábor Péter on that single occasion I had to speak to them about the release of Péter Németh, the cousin of László Németh, and of Gyula Vadász. (With success.) I used the familiar form also with Zoltán Vas, because we had known each other since our teens. And with Béla Illés, as one writer to another.

At a reception I sat next to Révai at a splendidly set table. We were convivial, drinks in hand, yet in a sharp dispute at the same time. Béla Illés came up behind us.

Obviously he was assigned to another table, lower in rank than ours, so he could not sit down next to us. As soon as I noticed him I interrupted the conversation and turned towards him to let him speak his mind.

But Révai went on to finish our discussion, and only then did he throw a disapproving glance at Illés: "If I may ask Comrade Révai's opinion about. . .," and he started to relate his writing or not writing some article.

"You may not," Révai replied to Illés, who was senior to both of us. And the latter nodded and left. I flushed and said nothing.

Together they could as well arrange for my liquidation if they were so ordered. Yet personally they each were closer to me than to each other.

This was just like at my former company, Phönix insurance. In Hungary they employed only a few thousand people. We lesser officials could be on friendly terms, even invite each other to our homes. The directors, surrounded by secretaries and reception rooms in a building big enough to be a royal palace, never stopped to chat in the hall; they only held meetings, usually in the presence of the even more important Viennese directors, in which they addressed actually only the latter and considered only their reply.

In written examinations it was customary to help each other here in Hungary—and no one felt demeaned by it. In France the grading also includes your rank among the others. The air in the examination room is different there.

Something like it was now.

One of the period's most characteristic concepts, that of alienation, was first defined by Marx by the term *materialization*.

It was shocking to meet with this—here.

*

Erzsébet Andics I already knew back in 1919—no, already in the autumn of 1918—and I admired her like a secondary-school boy admires a university student. We met again after the fall of the dictatorship of the proletariat, under circumstances which, if not life-threatening, nonetheless carried the threat of imprison- ment.

In Moscow, in 1934, we talked, if only over the telephone. I was very busy.

When I saw her again in the spring of 1945 I recognized her at once. We could not talk at length then, as we met at an official reception.

But the following day, by virtue of an ever greater coincidence, we saw each other again. It happened quite notably as follows:

It was Sunday morning. We had discovered a place in town where they had potatoes and I was carrying a rucksack full up the hill. Because of the rubble of collapsed houses in the streets, cars could hardly drive through town, but here on the hill a couple of them were already out for a Sunday morning ride, stirring up the dust at me as they were heading toward the distant, greener slopes.

One of them honked at me, though I had stepped aside well ahead of time, and in it I recognized Erzsébet Andics. It couldn't have come at a better moment, it was headed in the direction of our house, with just the chauffeur, her husband and a woman I did not know [*illegible. The Editor.*] occupying the huge vehicle. With a gasp of satisfaction and a smile under the weight of the pack I lifted my hand in greeting, at the same time signalling for them to stop and pick me up. On such occasion even the archbishop would have picked a person up.

But they passed by. They looked at me, but they passed by without even returning my greeting.

Instinctively I understood something important right there. But as I was still unable to put it into words, I was not able to reckon with it either. If Stalin himself, the leader of the world only yesterday, had been dragging himself up the hill under such weight they would have left him standing there, too. And Andics was well inclined towards me.

On another occasion, at the onset of the insane "cult of personality," I was again at a reception. It was the intermission at a commemorative meeting held in the Opera.

We came to the same champagne tray as the Andics's; soon only the three of us remained. Flóra, Erzsi [Erzsébet Andics] and I.

"Why weren't you clapping?" she asked.

"Gyula clapped," Flóra said.

She, too, had only clapped with her bent fingers touching without making a sound.

"I was sitting just below your box, he didn't clap once, anyone could see that."

"It still seems strange to clap in this building for anyone other than a singer."

"You just clap, like everyone else."

"I am used to only singers and nude dancers gathering applause here."

"You must get used to the fact that now there is another kind of applause also," she said, looking me sincerely in the eye, and walking on—after glancing around with a slightly different look.

Dispute of "Explication"

October 4, 1948

At a gala performance in the Katona József Theatre in Kecskemét: the National Anthem; a speech.

They are playing *Dózsa*.

György Dózsa, that is.

The first name was included in the title because at the time the financial directors of the National Theatre feared that the mere designation of *Dózsa* on the posters would draw the attention only of the fans of the Dózsa football team.

Following a successful, small reception we headed home into the night on the Great Plain.

Another memento: the première in Pest in January, 1956.

The critics received my play unfavourably. They considered it "nationalistic."

In the lounge of the Writers' Union, Kálmán Sándor reproached me in the presence of a group of people (as I stepped up to them) for the part beginning with the cry (from the lips of Hungarian captives deported to Turkey): "Christians, help!"

But after the fifth or sixth performance the director of the Party School on Liberty Hill called me on the telephone: they were going to organize a "dispute of explication" about the piece; I should go, talk about it myself.

I declined; I don't like to appear in public. And there is nothing I could add to what has already been said in the papers.

"But there is! Yes! Since great changes are being made with regard to the interpretation of the play! I think it is important that these should become public to the students of the Party School before anyone else."

"What are the changes?"

"I should tell you, comrade? I was there at last night's performance. Actually I wasn't looking at the stage but the presidential box where you, comrade, were sitting next to Comrade Rákosi explaining the piece to him."

I have never sat with Rákosi in a theatre box. I saw *Dózsa*, or rather *György Dózsa* only once, at the première.

I said nothing, waiting when to interrupt to explain the misunderstanding. But the person on the telephone left no time for that.

"We would like you to tell us what you told Comrade Rákosi last night. What a beautiful scene that was, even from afar! How Comrade Rákosi

nodded and put his hand on your arm, embracing you. I wish this harmonious scene could have been photographed!"

Three days later I finally called the office of the National Theatre; who had Rákosi seen the play with?

Sándor Gergely* had also written about Dózsa, a bulky, three-volume novel.

Rákosi had asked him to interpret the text for him. With him he agreed: in denouncing the piece.

At the end of the performance in the anteroom of the presidential box the officials of the theatre bade farewell to their guests—all according to etiquette. They got from them not a word of recognition or a handshake of congratulation.

Coolly, they departed.

That same week the play was removed from the repertoires of theatres throughout the country. Soon it was no longer performed in Budapest either.

Translated by Christina Rozsnyai and László T. András

* President of the Writers' Union in the Rákosi era, a typical Stalinist author.

LÁSZLÓ LATOR

POEMS

Translated by George Szirtes

UNDER A HEATED TIN ROOF

The silence, the sound, the fever, and the fear,
change places constantly, as if by chance,
some crater insists on disinterring here
her waste products of no significance,
their bubbles blend in depth and stratosphere
and all exist and all appear at once,
seeking emergence, form-autonomy
to break with death and death's monotony.

The warmth of rumpled feathers in the loft,
the lukewarm egg, the albumen and yolk,
a needleful of blood darkens the soft
vitellus in its circular blurred sac
of jelly. Exhausted pigeons brood and huff.
Life turns to its own heart and surges back
to find embodiment within a bed
of uterine heat where black is streaked with red.

Then seeds: pale scabs within a pit of wax
like mottled beans, where roughly tucked, a thin
ovule adheres precisely to a flux
of phosphor-and-lime in damp concretions
of swollen wheat, of rye's ribbed-fibrous husk,
red enamel of broomcorn-seed, peas blown
and fat, dim lentils, pearled millet, which endorse
their own peculiar inimitable laws.

Under a heated tin roof in the haze,
already squashy, and pulsing with the scent
of singed feathers and manure, with blaze
and throb of gashed tin, summer comes, the moment
of the predator's beak, the monomanic gaze
of an orbed eye aquiline and attent,
preparing to turn dagger and to mar
the perfect membrane with a jet-black scar.

WHEN THE SOOTY CANDLES HAVE GUTTERED

When the sooty candles have guttered
to stumps along each migrant border
when endearments are fouled and scattered
their ranks reformed to a new order
when from a spinning dustcloud starlings
wheel in a body to a summons
from their place prematurely darkening
on the low six-o-clock horizon

when the mood of the drunken banquet
turns to croaking when premature wear
and tear start to show on the blanket
when morning goes about to prepare
a day that for you is more sombre
than those before and drily coughing
some conveyance melts in an amber
fog stinking of foul mash and stuffing

when stains that are just perceptible
and scales like barbs discover for us
qualities quite irredeemable
about our beautiful detritus
and form's whimsical capriccios
reveal the swift deterioration
of precise and delicate sketches
to sharpened powers of observation

when colour and light and its shadow
the taste the smell the moisture of matter
surrounded and hounded still follow
their usual round of endless chatter
when the trees stand petrified frozen
in their inflammable ecstasy
and when through the damp cleft the risen
tide swamps seeds in their maturity

when he is dissolved in his meagre
dream in his own warmth he listens
with his senses and instincts eager
to catch the sound of preparations
when enveloped in dreams the creature
in his own body's midnight senses
the mistaken pending appearance
of something like his death yet greater

THE MEDITATIONS OF HERACLIUS GLOSS

How long have I been treading these galleries
big with illusions of reduced existence,
this dark so pitilessly circumscribed,
yet coruscating, bright with expectation?
If we assume the spirit's transmigration,
its rise and fall according to its merit,
and if at most the thing that remains hidden,
unseen by souls is that haphazard evil
of which they might perhaps have been convicted,
and the unit of eternal measurement
by which are weighed their actions in the balance,
if we assume the spirit's transmigration,
vast legions then, unmoving, march across
the impenetrable regions of our minds,
our uninhabited and common fate,
and all our memories are blocks of feldspar
grown transparent, or dull masses of slate
whose strata are compressed by a huge weight.
Whence otherwise those intermittent fountains

that spring to life obscure in shapes of dreams,
or else in one quite tangible clear-contoured
freshly-ejected part of some transaction?
Whence otherwise the underground explosions
and pit-gas combustions of anxiety,
the narrow fear that lives between our eyes,
the galloping thickets of our panic which
point to some lower fibre in our being?
Whence otherwise the brilliance and pleasure
of that moment when the walls cave in on us,
what current drives us then into the low
uncharted cavern of a musky night
flailed by the black hunger of the flesh?
Do I not feel how my thin skull is squeezed
and dented ever deeper by desire?

ABANDONED SCENE

The bird is sluggish, moving slowly
heavily lighting on the tree,
wind washes off what can be borne,
in circles, frayed, concentrically.

Smouldering on the hill's high crown
a brush-fire darkly billows smoke.
Some live thing singed by distant heat
recoils and beats a sharp retreat.

The scene's abandoned, tenantless.

No crumbling worlds stuck with pitted
swathes of clay, their tin-roofs slatted,
divided by enormous, skilless
hewn beams, mouldering and matted—

The soul has long migrated from
these rows of blistered walls and cast
her shape aside. Image and form,
the very circumstance is lost.

What is the source then of this light
which serves as sign, however slight
its message, persisting behind our lids.
Sometimes on an echoing night
the air wears faces like bright beads,

Drained faces in whose pleats the years
gather a rugged sediment,
which turn in dreams, within their blear
and suffocating element.

FROM OUR NEXT ISSUES

THOMAS MANN AND GYÖRGY LUKÁCS
Judith Marcus

THE ESSAYS OF DOMOKOS KOSÁRY
László Ferenczi

LOGIC AND DIALECTICS
János Frenyó

THE ARCHITECTS OF THE PÉCS GROUP
János Gerle

CONVERSATION WITH MALCOLM BILSON
Katalin Komlós

KING STEPHEN'S EXHORTATIONS AND HIS STATE

by

JENŐ SZŰCS

We have no authentic portrait of King Stephen I (1000–1038). The only contemporary picture of Hungary's first king—an embroidered portrait on what is now the coronation mantle—is a stereotype image, void of individual traits. Historical research has also revealed that the objects traditionally attributed to him have been attached to the "holy king" by posterity either through piety or for political reasons. Characterizations of King Stephen in our written sources are contradictory for they are distorted by accrued traditions of subsequent centuries. In spite of all this, owing to interdisciplinary studies we know a great deal if not about the king himself but at least about the state he created. These studies shed light on the state but offer merely indirect and incomplete details about the man who formed it. Only one surviving written source permits the person to appear on the scene and, as it were, speak to us in his own words for here Stephen addresses his son, Prince Imre, repeatedly calling him "my dear, my beloved son." This text, conventionally entitled *De institutione morum*—commonly called *St Stephen's Exhortations*—consists of a preface and ten chapters, probably written in the decade after A. D. 1010: the first literary product in medieval Hungary.

The intimate tone of the *Exhortations* suggests that it was King Stephen's personal legacy. Of course it would be naïve to believe that the king himself was the actual author, as some nineteenth-century historians averred. However, critical analysis of style has also discredited the more recent, hypercritical view that the writing was reworked later and passages were inserted at that time. The *Exhortations* is an integral and homogeneous piece both in its style and its train of thought, written by an unknown foreign priest at St Stephen's court. It suggests that the king not only ordered and inspired the work but also embraced the theories contained in it. The personal tone and immediate style of the *Exhortations* cannot be traced back

to any of its much more impersonal literary models. Thus it can be truly seen as King Stephen's only direct and individual pronouncement. Its value and importance is enhanced by the fact that it is not only the first piece of literature conceived on Hungarian soil, but also that it refers entirely to the first king's creation, the Hungarian treatise on political theory.

Such statement is, of course, valid only in the context of its time. Even the best translation (and we try to present a fairly competent one in this issue) is unable to convey its value to the modern reader. It may seem no more than a collection of abstract theological thoughts and moralizing sentences taken from didactical religious textbooks. Posterity actually considered it as such, without grasping its underlying symbolism, but since it spoke in the name of Stephen, it was in reverent ignorance regarded as our "first decretum" and placed at the head of the traditional *Corpus Iuris Hungarici* ever since the sixteenth century. Actually both this procedure and the more modern, hypercritical, interpretation have a common root: the lack of a key to understanding the concepts and structure of eleventh-century thinking. Without such a key we cannot gain access to the symbolism of the age, for the more distant an age is from us, the more intricate the lock.

The intellectual structure of what can be called constitutional or political theory of the earlier Middle Ages is based on the set of ideas formed by Christianity, and is entirely constructed in consonance with the teachings of the Christian church. Something like political or constitutional theory evolved as early as the eighth century but these ideas remained hidden for some 400 years within the categories of theology and Christian ethics. The period from the Carolingians to the rediscovery of Roman Law is, therefore, fittingly called the clericalization of political thought. Hence, it is not surprising that while King Stephen's state was a concrete political, institutional, and territorial reality, there is hardly a reference to any of these in the *Exhortations*. This was typical for all such writings in the Europe of his period.

At the birth of medieval Europe no explicit Christian political theory existed, even though the church had long relinquished its earlier disinterest in worldly power and had made its peace with the empire since the time of the Emperor Constantine.

The great theoretician of this compromise was St Augustine, who defined the frame of Christian political theory in a way that remained valid far into the Middle Ages. For him all earthly power was evil and the result of original sin; Christianity's spiritual *res publica* was the only perfect community. But with a nod to the actual conditions he admitted that the City

of God and the secular state "exist reciprocally conjoined on this earth," and worldly power was lawful in so far as it realized, however imperfectly, something of the concepts of law, justice, and peace. This was the Christian basis for the acceptance of secular power, for the theoretical recognition of the state, but also of the independence, or even superiority of the church: in short, of the dual source of power in the Middle Ages. Nothing noteworthy was added to St Augustine's theories in the sixth to eighth centuries. They were merely applied to the kingdoms newly founded on the ruins of the Empire, with one significant modification: they considered royal power to be of divine origin, *dei gratia*, "by the grace of God." Such reasoning was, however, much less theory than propaganda for a functioning Christian state. Patristic literature was anxious to underline the separation of the religious and secular spheres, as expressed in the famous formulation of Pope Gelasius, in the fifth century. The pope's words on the "two swords" meant that the world was theoretically governed by the distinct authorities, the priestly and the royal dignities. In reality, though, government in western Christendom was increasingly replaced by chaos.

The great turn-about came in the eighth century after the early Carolingians had forged their lands into an empire which was virtually identical with Latin Christendom. As a result, Charlemagne was crowned emperor in Rome at Christmas A.D. 800, ecclesiastical and secular institutions in the empire became intertwined and rulership was raised to the religious sphere expressed in such propagandistic terminology as the emperor's being styled a "governor of all Christianity," and "vicar of Christ." Remarkably, religious state mysticism developed in essence only after the death of Charlemagne, in the ninth century, when the Carolingian Empire began to disintegrate. In the early feudal chaos the church attempted to support the weakening states by bestowing on the individual kings all characteristics formerly attributed to Charlemagne, who in turn came to be linked with the now mythical figure of the first Christian Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great.

*

The centre of the new theory was the mystical concept of a single, organic human community, a universal church that was the *corpus Christi*, the body of Christ, with Christ himself as its head—a thesis that was first formulated at the Council of Paris in 829. All possible government, be it secular or ecclesiastical, could exist only within this context. Secular rule was thus no more a relatively justified necessity (as with Augustine), nor simply a product of divine grace (as in the patristic concepts of the three preceding centuries), but the king was seen as God's immediate servant and

administrator, a *minister Dei*, and as such the vicar of Christ on earth. Hence, the ruler was both king and priest, *rex et sacerdos*. According to this concept, the *regnum*, or kingship, no longer existed alongside the church, and was not merely a secular authority (as defined by Gelasius I), nor a power set above the church (as in Byzantium), but rather a governmental function within the universal church. As formulated in A.D. 823–825, the king was aided in this function, in his *sacrum ministerium*, by bishops and secular leaders alike, who were thereby granted a share in the god-given duties. In a sense the state had thus become an organ of the church, and at the same time the church was fused with the state; this Christian political idea raised the king's power to an unprecedented level. At the same time, a theoretical antidote had to be found against a ruler's power becoming too strong or absolute for an overly independent ruler might pose a threat to the church itself. This was done by a new concept of qualifications for a ruler: *idoneitas*, "ability". The king was to be God's administrator in his country only insofar as his virtues and deeds complied with Christian world order as defined by the church. The prescribed virtues were those set down by Augustine, and implied that a ruler's qualification to dominion did not stem from his descent, his blood right or heredity but rather from certain definite characteristics that can be assessed, judged, and criticized.

Before the twelfth century no other concept for the idea of the "state" was available to Latin Christian authors. This theoretically balanced intellectual structure was the adequate theory of the time, a "functional" political theory as Gerhard Ladner called it. Of course, formally this theory was completely enmeshed into Christian theology and ethics. This is why it was not formulated in treatises but in a kind of didactic compendia called *specula regis*, or "king's mirrors," which emphasized the mandatory virtues of the ideal ruler. In these mirrors the prince was to recognize whether he fulfilled the ideal features of a Christian king.

*

This is how we arrive at our subject, the *Exhortations* of King Stephen. This work is related not only in its genre to the king's mirrors, but its whole world of thought is deeply rooted in the ideals that were born largely on west Frankish soil in the 820s and 840s and found their formulation in the Carolingian *specula regis*, as well as in conciliar canons of the age. Instead of listing a series of authors and titles, the places of origin of the mirrors and conciliar resolutions may indicate this circle: Orléans, Rhims, Verdun, Paris, Aix-la-Chappelle, Worms. The unknown cleric who came to Esztergom or

Fehérvár at the turn of the millennium was clearly familiar with these works and lived within the world of this thinking. After the exposition of the theories contained in these works to King Stephen, both must have come to the idea of setting down these ideas in writing. The *Exhortations* is the final product of Carolingian political writing in Europe. But not its mere late copy. Although the state mysticism outlined above remained effective until the end of the eleventh century, its creative period was over by the mid-ninth. No more independent works of this type were written in Western Europe, except for some simple compendia and excerpts of earlier popular works. Also, compilations of these thoughts, incorporated into liturgical texts that prescribed the ceremonies at royal coronations, the so-called coronation *ordines,* for the most part finalized in the tenth century.

King Stephen himself was crowned on Christmas Day of the year 1000, most probably according to the ceremony set down in the *ordo* of Mainz, compiled and reworked around 960–980. That text contains in essence the political thought of the time even if petrified into dogmatic form. Had King Stephen merely wished to perform a duty and to follow current trends in proving that he was adhering to the norms of his age, it would have sufficed to order a copy or excerpts of any of the existing texts. Such procedure would not have been considered plagiarism, for the concept was unknown then, and a writing was thought to be all the more reputable if it contained as much as possible from some prestigious "authority."

In contrast to this principle, the *Exhortations* is a work of unusual originality. Its discourse is necessarily set within the scope I have outlined, but hardly any verbatim borrowings can be found in it. It is more articulate and lighter in structure, its tone is more direct and spirited, its message more concrete, and as a whole it is better proportioned and graceful than its verbose, abstract, and cumbersome literary models. All this is the merit of its author, but the fact that a late but unique offspring of this genre was born on still barbarian Hungarian soil is indicative of King Stephen's keenness. It must have been the ruler's innermost wish to see his state not merely as a practical product, but to grasp its essence intellectually as well, with such tools as his time could offer. What had become petrified and commonplace in the western areas of Europe was spirited and new here, indicating that such thinking had a special meaning and unique function in Hungary at the onset of the new millennium.

What, then, is the real meaning and significance of that proposition that defines the approach of the *Exhortations,* in which the concept of the *regnum* essentially blends with the concept of "royal dignity," and that, in turn, is part of one of those "orders" *(regalis dignitatis ordo)* which function within

the universal unit of Christendom as embodied in the church and submit to its norms? Neither the attitude, nor the language of the *Exhortations* deals with the "people" as some immanently political or ethnic unit, but rather as the "newborn people of holy church" *(novella sancte ecclesie plebs)* that God has ordered to submit to the rule of the king. The state, that is "our state" *(nostra monarchia)*, was, according to prevailing mysticism, the new offspring and member of the church as the body of Christ of which Christ himself was the head. The actual ruler was thus *rex et regis filius*, hence, implicitly "the son of Christ the King," a literary version of the usual *vicarius Christi*. Such a concept of the *ecclesia* was at once a historical framework which incorporated the former Christian Roman emperors. The *caesares* are set as models under such terms as "precursors," or "ancient kings," by which not dynastic ancestors, but rather earlier Christian rulers are meant within this world historical concept. And what is the meaning and significance of the fact that the criteria for rulership are based on its function within the broader organic whole? The precondition was neither right of descent, but accomplished deeds, not inheritance but the fulfilment of minutely specified virtues, or rather, political requirements defined in ethical terms.

Let me try to project this type of thinking into the context of the age. King Stephen had to fight enormous, at times armed, resistance, often engrained in a social conservatism hiding behind an ideology of pagan tradition which had determined the relationship between ruler and people. True, the power of the pagan ruler was supported by sacral ideas rooted in the ruling dynasty's myth of origin. However, ancient traditions also limited this power, so much so that when the leaders came to be convinced that a ruler's mythic power had left him, they killed him. That must have been the fate of Álmos, prince of the Hungarian tribes which conquered the Carpathian Basin around 895.

The pre-feudal, barbarian structure of government was unstable, not only in territorial-institutional terms, but ideologically as well. The foundations for a more solid structure, in both, could only come from the Christian West. In regard to ideology these foundations were precisely those expressed in the *Exhortations*.

It was from the West that the king took the effective ideological argument for overcoming the ties of traditional pagan rulership, since now his power came not merely from above, from God, but received its justification from outside, from a larger organic unit. Pagan-barbarian thinking could accept no superior authority beyond its own political or ethnic frame of reference. The functional concept of the Christian *regnum*, on the other hand, opposed

the ideological authority of conservatism cloaked in ancient tradition, even within the given political or ethnic community. The Christian ruler's primary function was to protect the church and to defeat paganism. As the *Exhortations* states: "If you hold fast the shield of faith, you will also have the helmet of salvation. For with these spiritual weapons you will be able to fight lawfully against foes both visible and invisible." In this biblical language the "foes" are the pagans in a material and ideological sense, that is, the traditional social set-up of Hungary in the early eleventh century. Power receives legitimacy (a term explicitly used in the *Exhortations*) by fighting this enemy, hence the use of force is also legitimate. This is how King Stephen, in concert with the ideals of a medieval ruler could be both a deeply committed Christian and an iron-fisted king. Here is the theoretical basis for the battles fought to form a monarchical state.

The submission of Stephen's kingship to the church in the spiritual sense has mere ideal significance. We are still far from the time of Pope Gregory VII when the papacy claimed independent political power. However, there are all the more practical consequences to such "state mysticism." In founding the Hungarian bishoprics King Stephen did not act as an apostolic legate (which was to be a theory proposed in the post-investiture church) but as a king of priests, *quasi sacerdos*, who could be the sovereign organizer of this church. In his time the crown was seen as symbolizing the king's partaking in the office of bishop.

And finally, if the *regnum* was part of a spiritual whole that is emphatically embodied in the church then this theoretically precluded that the kingdom of Hungary be subject to an empire propagated as the secular organ of Christendom. The *Exhortations* mentions the *Imperium* merely as an historical entitiy but the present is the *Ecclesia*. Here is the theoretical foundation for that politically significant fact that Stephen's state did not become a vassal to the Ottonian Roman Empire.

Thus, in carefully ridding the Carolingian theory of its theological overtones, we may establish its function in the context of the turn of the millennium: it was to serve what we would call, with a modern term, "sovereignty." Adapting to Christian universalism was the key to sovereign political action. In taking his place within the church provided King Stephen with the means to rise above the church within his own sphere of power.

*

With some peeling operations we may also uncover political concepts under the ethical overtones. It must be noted that the world *politica* was rarely used before the thirteenth century. *Virtus politica*, or "political virtue,"

referred to something between talent for government and Christian morality. A high medieval treatise still defined *politica* as *ethica publica*, in contrast to *ethica solitaria*, or individual morality.

In the *Exhortations*, as in the "mirrors" in general, the practising of certain cardinal virtues was a precondition for the king to be awarded the title *rex;* otherwise he was a *tyrannus*. The mandatory catalogue of virtues was *rex pius, iustus, pacificus*, from St Augustine, even though the meaning of "devout," "just," or "peaceful" had taken on different connotations. The concept that the ruler's ability was primarily determined by his possessing certain virtues (as stated in the *Exhortations*) was a key problem of early medieval western Europe. The legitimacy of rule through inheritance, "by blood," was confronted in the seventh–eighth centuries by the qualification of aptitude, *indoneitas* in Christian terms. This concept had its roots in the erroneous, but all the more effective and ideologically motivated etymology of Isidor of Seville that the word *rex* came from *recte faciendo*, or "acting rightly." It is obvious from the facts of history that this was a problem of utmost importance in Stephen's time. In the struggle for the leadership of the Magyars after the death of Prince Géza (997) his kinsman the pagan Koppány claimed the throne by right of blood. In order to create and protect the new state Stephen had to defeat and quarter him as a punishment, but the other pretender by right of pagan *legitimitas*, another kinsman, Vazul, had to be blinded and his sons sent into exile. In his own old age, Stephen designated a foreigner, Peter Orseolo, as his heir, whom the king loved, as one "possessing outstanding virtues" and abilities for rule, after the death of his own son, Prince Imre (1031). King Stephen held the qualifications of a ruler above all else, even when his son was still living. In a section of the Hungarian chronicles, Prince Imre was characterized as *catholicis atque politicis virtutibus adornatus*, which conforms exactly to that peculiar relationship between ethics and politics described above, which constitues the main train of thought of the *Exhortations*.

However, in this mirror of princes the seemingly general Christian virtues of "piety," "patience," or "peacefulness" did not signify an abstract code of conduct but rather expressly "political virtues," in the context of a system of political symbols. In a chapter of the *Exhortations* we read "... you should guide the life of your retinue... so that they... adhere to you... so that your reign may be peaceful *(regnum pacificum)* in every way." Or, in another place, the good relationship with the leaders of society is said to be a "pious," or "patient" *regnum*, hence, these cardinal virtues had a narrower, specifically "political" sense: the harmonic relationship between government and the religious and secular leaders.

In Stephen's age politics did not include the masses. As Heinrich Mitteis succinctly stated, the great men were seen as "actually representing the people, even embodying it as far as their power would allow. They themselves were the people, the society." This came to be expressed as early as the ninth century in a rite of Turkish Khazar origin where the tribal leaders would elevate the prince on their shields, symbolizing that they recognized his rule in the name of the people. Similarly the *populus*, which at the Christian coronation of a king gave its consent, was identical with the secular nobility standing before the steps of the altar. This "political" sector of society actually supported the ruler in making laws and governing, and in a sense partook in the practice of power, as the *decreta* of Stephen's testify.

Generally, Christian rulers were not absolute monarchs nor did King Stephen himself seek to be one. The *Exhortations* shows this not just in its political content expressed in ethical categories but in the Prologue, in its jurisprudential premise as well: the dignities that secure the order of the universe, including kingship, are sustained not only by divine laws, but also by secular ones and by the counsel of the nobles. In a chapter Stephen addresses his son: "If you are stiff-necked in anger, pride, hatred and strife concerning the counts and magnates, the power of the warriors will doubtlessly overshadow the royal dignity and your kingdom will be given over to others." One may recognize here an early precursor of what constitutional history calls the right of resistance.

All this pertains, of course, only to Christians, the supporters of the new Christian monarchy, the prelates and magnates. In other words, the *Exhortations'* political theory ideologically separated the ruler's power from society's older, pagan barbarian sector on the one hand, and placed it under the control of society's new, Christian, feudal sector on the other. King Stephen established the relationship between the Hungarian state and contemporary Europe and underpinned the sovereignty of the ruler in terms of theology. In terms of ethics he regulated the relationship between royal power and society. On the theoretical level this early feudal, Christian monarch exists in a twofold functional relationship: between royal dignity and universal Christianity, and between king and politically active members of his society. Herein lie the bases for that dynamic development of the medieval state that neither barbarian nor oriental despotic systems ever knew.

DE INSTITUTIONE MORUM AD EMERICUM DUCUM

TO PRINCE IMRE CONCERNING INSTRUCTION IN VIRTUOUS CONDUCT

In the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here begins the law of St Stephen the King.

Since I understand and know fully that everything created at the bidding of God and arranged by His most evident foreordination, whether in the vastness of heaven or in these interconnected regions on earth, lives and is sustained by reason; and since I see all that the grace of God amply granted for the advantage and worth of this life, namely, kingdoms, consulships, duchies, counties, pontificates and other ranks are governed, defended, distributed, and united some by divine precept and foundation, some by legal custom and the counsels and recommendations of nobles and those advanced in age; and since I know with certainty that every order, wherever on earth it may be and of whatever rank, admonishes, counsels, and advises not only retainers, friends, and servants, but even sons; therefore, I am unashamed, most beloved son of this life, to impart to you teachings, precepts, advice, and recommendations by which you may adorn the ways of your life and those of your subjects when, with the permission of the Almighty, you shall reign after me. It is fitting for you to observe according to the suasion of divine wisdom the precepts of your father by attentively listening to what was said through the mouth of Solomon: My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother [Prov. 1 : 8]

Translated by János M. Bak and James Ross Sweeney, editors of the forthcoming *Decreta Regni Mediaevalis Hungariae 1000–1301* (Irvine, Cal.: Schlacks, 1988; The Laws of Hungary. Ser. I vol. 1), from the critical edition of "De Institutione Morum ad Emericum Ducum" by József Balogh, in E. Szentpétery, ed., *Scriptores rerum Hungariae tempore ducum regumque stirpis Arpadianae gestarum* (Budapest: Egyetemi Nyomda, 1938) II: 619–27. Although tradition placed this text at the head of St Stephen's laws, it is not a legal text but a politico-ethical treatise; hence, it will not be included in the above-mentioned Latin–English edition of laws.

so that the years of thy life shall be many [Prov. 4 : 10]. From this saying you may see that if, God forbid, you were to be contemptuous of what I with fatherly devotion advise you, you will be a friend to neither God nor man. Hearken to the story of the disobedient who transgressed these commands and of their downfall. Adam, whom the divine Maker and author of all creation shaped in His own likeness and set as heir of all dignities, broke the restraining bonds of these commands and, thereupon, lost the loftiness of those dignities and his abode in Paradise. Also the ancient people whom God chose and favoured perished in diverse ways for having sundered the cords of commandments fashioned by the fingers of God. The earth swallowed some up, pestilence wiped out others, and still others killed one another. Furthermore, when Solomon's son abandoning the moderating words of his father and swollen with pride, threatened the people with the piercing of spea s rather than the lashes of the whip of his father, there arose for that reason many evils in the kingdom and he was ultimately thrown out. So that this should not happen to you, obey me, my son. You are a child, a babe born in riches, dwelling in cushioned comfort, raised and nurtured in all luxuries, having no share in the labours of campaigns and the attacks of different peoples in which I have spent almost my entire life. The time has now come when you shall not always have recourse to the softness of pillows, which makes you dull and pampered, whence there is a loss of virtue, a fostering of vice, and a contempt for the law; rather you should from time to time be given pungent wine which will make your mind responsive to what I admonish. This having been said by way of introduction, let us proceed to the subject.

The Chapters are:

On the observance of the Catholic faith.
On the reverence for the clerical order.
On the honour due to prelates.
On honouring magnates and warriors.
On practicing justice and patience.
On the reception and fostering of guests.
On the importance of the council.
On sons following [their elders].
On the observance of prayer.
On piety and mercy and other virtues.

I. On the Observance of the Catholic Faith

Because only believers and those of the Catholic faith are allowed to receive the rank of royal dignity, we grant first place to holy faith in our commands. If you wish to honour the royal crown, I prescribe and counsel, suggest and recommend to you, my son, at the outset that you guard the Catholic and Apostolic faith with such devotion and vigilance that you will be a model to all who by God's will shall be subject to you, and that all ecclesiastical persons will regard you deservedly as a true Christian. Without this, be assured, you will not be called a Christian and a son of the church. For those who believe in falsehood or who do not complete and adorn faith with works—since faith if it hath not works is dead [II Tim. 2 : 5; Jas. 2 : 26]—will neither reign here justly nor partake in the eternal kingdom and crown. But if you hold fast the shield of faith you will also have the helmet of salvation [Eph. 6 : 16, 17]. For with these spiritual weapons you will be able to fight lawfully against foes both visible and invisible. As the Apostle says: he is not crowned, except he strives lawfully [II Tim. 2 : 5]. The faith I speak of is this: believe firmly without a shred of doubt in God the Father Almighty, Creator of all worlds, and in His only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who was announced by the angel, born of the Holy Virgin Mary, and suffered on the cross for the salvation of the whole world, and in the Holy Ghost, who spoke through the prophets, apostles, and evangelists—one, perfect, indivisible, and immaculate Godhead. This is the Catholic faith, without the firm belief in which, as Athanasius says, no one can be saved [Quicumque vult c. 42]. If ever under your reign there are those who, God forbid, venture to divide, augment, or diminish this unified Holy Trinity, be aware that they are servants of the prince of heresy and not sons of holy church. You should neither support nor defend them, lest you appear an enemy and an avenger yourself. For such men miserably destroy and disperse the people of the holy church. Take utmost care that this may not happen.

II. On the Reverence for the Clerical Order

The second place after faith in the royal palace belongs to the church, the seeds of which were first sown by our head, namely by Christ, then transplanted, firmly rooted, and propagated all over the world by its members, such as the apostles and holy fathers. And while it always has new shoots, in some places it is regarded as rather ancient. But here, dearest son, in our

kingdom, its proclaiming is still young and tender. It needs, therefore, more careful and watchful guardians, lest the good which Divine Clemency in His great mercy has undeservedly granted to us may by your laxity, laziness, or negligence be destroyed and extinguished. For he who impinges on the dignity of the church or diminishes it, attempts to mutilate the Body of Christ. As the Lord Himself told Peter, whom He established as the guardian and master of holy church: thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church [Matt. 16 : 18]. He named Himself the rock; and spoke not of a church built of wood or stone, but called the newly won people, the chosen generation, the divine flock, taught in faith, washed in baptism and anointed by chrism, the church built upon Himself. If some hapless person scandalizes the members or little ones of this holy church, he deserves, according to the Gospel, that a millstone be hanged about his neck and that he be drowned in the depth of the sea [Matt. 18 : 6], that is, that he be ejected from the dignity of power and remain outside the church of the righteous in the misery of the world as the heathen and the publican [Matt. 18 : 17]. Thus, my son, you must watch with vigilant care, day by day, that the church should obtain growth rather than suffer loss. That is why at first kings were called *augusti*, because they "augmented" the church. This you, too, should do, so that your crown may be more famous, and your life happier and longer.

III. On the Honour due to Prelates

The order of prelates adorns the royal throne; hence prelates hold the third place within the regal dignity. They shall be, dearest son, your elders, and you shall cherish them as the apple of your eye. If they favour you, you need not fear any enemy, for if they respect you, you will be secure in all your deeds: for their prayers will recommend you to God Almighty, because God set them up as guardians over His people, as overseers of souls, and partakers in as well as administrators of the entire ecclesiastical dignity and of all divine sacraments. Without them no kings are made and none rule; by their intercession are men's faults forgiven. If you love them truly, you will certainly better yourself and govern your realm with honour. For into their hands was given the power of binding us in sin and loosing us from trespass [cf. Matt. 16 : 19]. God made an everlasting covenant with them and set them apart from men, and made them partakers in His name and holiness and prohibited their being prosecuted by the human world through the word of the God-fearing King David: Touch ye not my anointed [Ps. 104 : 15]. But he who, against divine and canonical statutes, dishonours

and drags men in holy orders into the public forum by false accusations touches the anointed of God. I forbid you expressly, my son, to act thus, if you wish to live happily and bring honour to your reign, for by such deeds is God especially offended. If, perchance, any of those of whom we speak should commit, God forbid, a reprehensible offense, reprove him three or four times between you and him alone in accordance with the Gospel's teaching. If he then refuses to listen to admonition, he should be reprimanded publicly, as it is said: If he will not hear you, tell the church [Matt. 18 : 17]. For if you protect this order, you will greatly exalt your glorious crown.

IV. On Honouring Magnates and Warriors

The fourth ornament of rulership is the fidelity, strength, diligence, comity and trust of the magnates, counts, and warriors. For they are the bulwark of the realm, defenders of the weak, conquerors of the enemy, and expanders of the kingdom. They will be, my son, your fathers and brothers; you should never reduce any of them to servitude nor designate any as a bondman. They will fight for you, not basely serve you, and you should rule over them without anger, pride, or hatred, but peacefully, humbly, and gently, remembering always that all men are of one condition and that nothing exalts a person but humility and nothing abases a person but pride and hatred. If you are peace-loving, you will be called a king and a king's son and loved by all the warriors. If you are stiff-necked in anger, pride, hatred, and strife concerning the counts and magnates, the power of the warriors will doubtlessly overshadow the royal dignity and your kingdom will be given over to others. Fearing this, guide the life of your retinue according to the rule of virtue, so that they, bound by your affection, will forever adhere without obstruction to the royal dignity and so that your reign may be peaceful in every way.

V. On Practicing Justice and Patience

The practice of justice and patience is the fifth embellishment of the royal crown. King David, the Prophet, says: Give to the king thy judgment, O God [Ps. 71 : 2]; and elsewhere: The king's honour loveth judgment [Ps. 98 : 4]. Of patience the Apostle Paul says: Be patient towards all men [I Thess. 5 : 14]; and our Lord says in the Gospel: In your patience you shall possess your souls [Luke 21 : 19]. Hold to this, my son, if you

wish for your kingdom's honour: favour justice. If you wish to possess your soul: be patient. Whenever, my dearest son, a suit is brought to you for judgment or one accused of a capital offense is brought, do not act rashly or swear to punish him, as that would be inconstant and weak, for stupid oaths are broken. Nor should you yourself judge, lest the royal dignity be sullied by arbitrary meddling in lesser matters, but rather send such matters to justices who are entrusted with judging according to their law. Fear to be a judge and enjoy being and being called king. Patient kings reign, but the impatient tyrannise. Yet if some case comes to you which is commensurate with your dignity, pass judgment with patience and mercy, without swearing, so that your crown may be praised and adorned.

VI. On the Reception and Fostering of Guests

Guests and newcomers bring so much profit that they can stand properly in sixth place in the regal dignity. For the Roman Empire waxed in the beginning and the Roman kings became lofty and glorious because many noble and wise men came to them from different regions. Rome would still be servile had the sons of Aeneas not made her free. Just as guests arrive from diverse regions and areas, so, too, do they bring diverse languages and customs, diverse teachings and tools with them which all adorn the kingdoms, bring praise to the court, and deter outsiders from arrogance. For infirm and weak is the kingdom of one language and one custom. Therefore, I command you, my son, to nourish them in good will and retain them with integrity, so that they stay with you rather than live elsewhere. But if you wish to destroy what I have built and dissipate what I have gathered, your realm will, beyond doubt, suffer great loss. To avoid that, augment the kingdom every day so that your crown may be seen by men as august.

VII. On the Importance of the Council

The council claims the seventh place on the tribune of kings. The council makes kings, defines government, defends the fatherland, decides battles, wins victories, expels enemies, receives friends, builds cities, and destroys the castles of the foe. Because so much profit is in the council, it seems to me pointless to compose it of stupid, arrogant, or mediocre men; rather, counsel should be articulated and honed by the worthier and better ones, by the wiser and most honest elders. Therefore, my son, do not keep council with

or take counsel from the young and less wise, but from elders [*senatores*] to whom this matter is suited because of their age and wisdom. For the counsel to a king ought to be enclosed in the heart of the wise and not broadcast by the giddiness of fools. For if you walk with the wise you will be wise; if you associate with fools, you will be their fellow. As the Holy Ghost says through Solomon: He that walketh with the wise, shall be wise; a friend of fools shall become like to them [Prov. 13 : 20]. And David sings the hymn: With the holy thou wilt be holy; and with the innocent man thou wilt be innocent: And with the elect thou wilt be elect: and with the perverse thou wilt be perverted [Ps. 17 : 26, 27]. Therefore, everyone ought to busy himself in matters suitable to his age; the young in arms, the old in council. The young are not altogether to be banned from council, though. But whenever you take counsel with them, always refer it, even if it be fitting, to the elders so that all your deeds may be measured by the rules of wisdom.

VIII. On Sons Following [their Elders]

Following the dictates of one's betters takes the eighth place in the royal dignity. I know that the greatest royal ornament is to follow royal predecessors and to imitate honorable parents. He who scorns the laws of paternal predecessors will also neglect divine commands. For fathers are fathers in order to nourish their sons, and sons are sons in order to obey their parents. He who opposes his father is an enemy of God, because all who are disobedient oppose God. And the spirit of disobedience disperses the flowers of the crown. Disobedience is a plague on the entire kingdom. Therefore, my son, always keep in mind my edicts, that is, those of your father, so that your fortune may everywhere be guided by royal reins. And follow, without the fetters of any doubt, my customs which you see to conform with the royal dignity. For it will be hard to retain a kingdom in this region unless you imitate the customs of the kings who ruled before you. What Greek would rule Latins in Greek ways, and what Latin Greeks with Latin customs? None. Therefore, follow my customs so that you may be great among your people and praised by others.

IX. On the Observance of Prayer

As the observance of prayer is the greatest corollary of royal salvation, it reverberates in the ninth rule of royal dignity. Steady prayer means cleansing from sins and their remission. My son, every time you enter God's church in

order to adore Him, you should say with Solomon, a king's son and ever king himself: Send out, O lord, wisdom from the throne of thy glory, that she may be with me, that I may know what is acceptable with Thee [Wis. 9 : 10] at all times. And again: O Lord father, and God of my life, leave me not to their devices. Give me not haughtiness of my eyes; and turn away from me all coveting. Lord, let not the lusts of the flesh take hold of me, and give me not over, Lord, to a shameless and foolish mind [Ecclus. 23 : 4–6]. This prayer was used by the ancient kings and you, too, ought to use the same so that God may deign to cancel all your sins and that you may be seen by all as an invincible king. Pray also that inertia and laxity be kept from you and that the uplifting of all virtues may be granted to you so that you may defeat both visible and invisible enemies; and that you may complete the course of your life, together with all your subjects, safely, undisturbed by enemy attacks, and in peace.

X. On Piety and Mercy and Other Virtues

The measure of virtue completes the crown of kings; hence it is placed tenth among the precepts. For the Lord of Virtues is the King of Kings, and just as His heavenly host fully consists of ten choils, so the conduct of your life shall consist of ten commands. The king ought to be pious and merciful as well as imbued and adorned with the other virtues. For a king sullied by impiety and cruelty, even if he claims the name of king, is to be called tyrant. Therefore, my most beloved son, delight of my heart and hope of my future progeny, I beg and command you to be imbued with piety, kind not only to kinsmen and relatives, magnates, rich men, neighbors, and countrymen, but also to foreigners and to all who come to you. For the work of piety will lead you to the highest bliss. Be merciful to all who suffer affliction, always keeping in your heart that divine teaching: I will have mercy, and not sacrifice [Matt. 9 : 13]. Be patient to all, not only to the mighty but even to those without power. Finally, be strong, neither overly elated by good fortune nor dejected by adversity. Also be humble so that God may raise you up now and in the future. Be moderate so that you neither punish nor condemn anyone beyond measure. Be gentle so that you never contradict justice. Be honourable so that you wittingly bring disgrace to no one. Be modest so that you avoid the stain of wantonness and the sting of death.

All this which we touched on above makes up the royal crown; without them you will be able neither to reign here nor to be admitted to the eternal kingdom. Amen.

ATTENTION WESTERN SPELEOLOGISTS

by

GYÖRGY KONRÁD

Although I have been living in Budapest for decades, I would not dare to say I know the city. Everybody here knows something important that I will never be able to learn. Just looking at the others is normally enough for me to feel just another passer-by. Someone who comes here and looks around, who does not even spend a month in Budapest can consider our city settled as far as he is concerned. He must hurry on to another one, Prague or Cracow, in order to provide a hurried description of that city too, to produce the latest cliché about Central Europe.

For the many advantages of what we generally call Western the punishment is the hasty cliché. Pleasant superficiality is the consequence of a thrifty use of time. It is enough to add some colour to the stereotypes of newspapers and a report is authentic. Voice is given in it to the yearning of the quick impersonality for the assumed slow individuality.

*

Westerners visiting East Central Europe are, to a certain extent, revisiting their own wartime past. They see shortages, occasionally shortages that were typical of war-time, and sense in the air the aromatic scent of danger, hear romantic stories about good people who got into trouble because they were good. Here are set tight limits almost impossible to break out of. One of the attempts to break out is literature.

*

Tolerance is not enough to understand one another, complicity is also necessary. We must live together to share our fundamental experiences. A visit is not enough to understand Central Europe.

As a Hungarian whose life is a little easier than that of most of our neighbours, I was once looked upon as an uncle from America in a neighbouring country. I realized only after a while that I was a caricature.

I do not say that he who is doing worse, is better, but I would not say either that someone who is doing better, is better.

*

The Western type of narcissism destines people for a different kind of neurosis and loneliness than the East Central European variety of narcissism.

Our burden is the state cult; the burden of people in the West is the cliché of the voluntary majority. Some comfort themselves believing that palms grow better when weighed down. Who knows? In any case we have all been badly drawn to the patterns of our respective civilizations.

*

We are not living in the delirium of change. We do not experience that everything has changed enormously. In fact our experience is that the essentials are very permanent. The essentials are homes, friendships and the questions asked.

Many things have changed in our lives but it is mainly the surface that is changing. The deeper the layers we reach the more illusory, indeed perhaps even the more grotesque is the change.

*

We are too poor relatives, we are the aborigines, we are the people who fell behind, the backward, the obstinate, the foolish, the hand-to-mouth, the cadgers, the spongers, the impostors, the dupes, the sentimental, the old-fashioned, the uninformed, the muddled, the high-falutin, the artful, the unpredictable, the indolent, those who do not answer letters, who miss great opportunities, the boozers, the babblers, the loungers, those who do not deliver on schedule, the forgetters of promises, the braggarts, the immature, the monstrous, the undisciplined, the thin-skinned, the passionate abusers of one another, those who yearn to but cannot separate from one another, we are the ones at fault, the grumblers, frequenters of crooked ways, a people intoxicated by failure.

*

We are irritating, exaggerating, heart-breaking and somewhat unlucky. We are often treated with contempt, we are cheap labour, they buy our goods cheaper, they bring us presents of yesterday's newspapers, they receive untidily typed letters with superfluous details from us, they can smile at us, they usually feel sorry for us until, one day, we become irksome.

Until we say something peculiar, sharp, until we let our claws out and bare our teeth, until it turns out that we are stubborn, wild, and aim right to the point, until they hear our cynical laughter, until they wish us arrogant idiots to hell.

*

We are sometimes below, other times above the normal. We are not pictures of reliable, rational mediocrity, clear and consistent life principles, planning, sober determination, the right means in the service of the aim, paradigms of efficiency caring for the details, circumspect hoarders of success, steady capitalizers of life energies. We are something else.

So come, Western visitor, but leave this country in good time. You may get yourself entangled in something and then have to tear yourself out of this world when you want to return to reality, to return from this depressing but attractive nightmare. You see that the whole environment is poor, yet for some not quite clear reason you still feel yourself quite at home in it and in addition you have something to think about when you get in touch with the natives. Indeed, this whole life is sometimes even madder, more extravagant and richer than the one from which you came. Be on guard lest you become entangled. You will have metaphors about mother earth and about quagmire. Watch out, for you are bound to sink deeply in the mud, dead drunk.

*

It belongs to the nature of the profession of writing that you leave your identity in the hall, on the hatstand, before sitting down at the desk. The first stage in the grooming one's inner self is more or less breaking free of the aggressive stereotypes of the environment. The sun is always shining above the clouds, we meet up there.

Down here this terrible collective and individual self-pity hinders reflection, that is objectivity with ourselves. They treated us nastily, we tell people in many ways, repetitively and truly that they did treat us badly. What can one say about that? History is propitious to some and not to others. From time to time those who are luckier feel a spontaneous antipathy for the less lucky.

In the twentieth century, which began with the First World War, the Kafkaesque situation of opening your eyes in the morning to find two strange men stand beside the bed informing you that you are under arrest is not unimaginable, indeed not in the least fantastic in Central Europe.

You may protest as much as you wish, you cannot get away from punishment. They isolate you, silence you, ruin you, lock you up, indeed, even worse things are possible. *The Trial* is a typical Central European novel. Its message is that man is powerless against others, against some anonymous force. No matter how he struggles to prove his innocence he can only aggravate his position. If he wants to achieve some improvement he should accept that he is guilty and that the authorities are right. Thus it is wiser to trust that they will be forgiving than to voice innocence with growing despair.

Since by the act of his birth man is condemned to death, it is not so difficult to feel that the end will come once and everything will be over. The blow is coming, and is wearing a human face.

*

Central European writers mostly express this confrontation with a power that is incalculable and mightier than they are, the power that expects flattery and punishes truthfulness. Some hide their manuscripts, others hide their thoughts to avoid being pinned down to their own words.

Lest they are silenced, they rather keep silent, and in print sometimes keep silent very verbosely about their hopes of avoiding all the troubles that would befall them if they did not keep silent.

Western visitors are peculiarly struck when they realize how general the mocking of the state is here, even though the mockers are one way or another people of the state if for no other reason than because they are its hostages. They never forget the omnipresence, the enquiring eyes of the state in the conduct of their lives. They find it almost impossible to exclude the image of the state from their decisions on how they should manage their own affairs.

We live in a characteristically East European symbiosis with the state. It begins with the simple fact that we live here, in East Central Europe, where the majority of public thinkers became resigned to the unwritten pledge that he will never publicly say or write certain things.

This pledge requires the use of one of the languages of the state. The language permitted by the state solidifies as the culture of the minority of the literati. And they are members of the minority who consider on paper

what is permitted and what is not. A further consideration is when nothing illicit comes to the mind of an author any longer.

This withdrawal from the majority causes a bitterness which one may freely voice here and there. One is tempted to withdraw into the cave, into the haven—to build a maze there.

*

What kind of an impression would our literature make if, by the waving of a magic wand, the freedom of the press grew out of the soil, if one did not have to have any kind of morals, courage to write down simple truths which are forbidden today?

In the Utopian delirium in which we can imagine this unlikely turn, many things in our present-day literature would appear unnecessarily artful and high-sounding.

*

We feel as if we were emerging from some general neurosis. One needs to be in delirium in order to soberly wonder at the complicated nonsense we are engaged in. We have developed anxiety into an intellectual method, since that is the condition for normal social existence. Since there is a certain conflict between success and honesty we could observe countless attempts to bridge this contradiction.

*

But is there some artistic profit in intellectual concealment? Most certainly there is. It is the matchless balance between expressing and not expressing that produces the artistic effect. It is not certain that the emphatic utterance is a more promising artistic strategy than concealment. From the language of flowers one can take a brave headlong jump into journalism.

What remains are the events of individual miracles. The majority fail but a few succeed. There is no rule. Even the extraordinary power of talent would not be the exact reason, for so many factors interact here. One genius comes to grief and another does not.

Possibly it is precisely this inner pensiveness that is the message, the discipline of tearing all of our beliefs and borrowed thoughts to shreds. The utter necessity of making everything questionable—although one is fully conscious that writing is an adventure for which one must, naturally, pay the price. He who resigns himself to write what he thinks, will, presumably, become an adventurer in his own fashion. He will be obliged to calculate every possibility like an assassin.

We live in a no man's land of values. Neither pre-war values, nor Western values, nor those of the present Eastern scale of values are valid. The liberal scale of values would require a liberal practice, but the actual practice is something different. The ideology of state socialism is in decline but the vista of democratic socialism or liberal democracy has not arrived yet. The lookout in the crow's nest is not yet shouting "Land Ahoy!"

Nevertheless, it is possible that interesting years are coming. It is not impossible that the murky mixture will suddenly begin to clear. If something will happen here it will be because the people of Central Europe are not really the resigning kind. They are convinced that they are destined for something more, that they deserve a better life. Here the waves of the resurrection of human dignity reach storm-lashed heights from time to time. Although democratic experiments were short-lived, thus unsuccessful, none of them was useless. They became pent up energies that may surge up with cumulative force in some latter-day generation.

*

People in this region must make a decision even if they are not looking for trouble. It is not they who run head-on against a brick wall, the walls run against them—as a friend of mine explained apologetically. Heroes against their own will. Who wants to be a hero? Decent people in the West do not really find themselves in similar situations.

A good many interesting, intense people have emigrated from here to all parts of the world, and many stayed here. We are white people, we live here right next door to Western Europe, more or less in the same cultural sphere amongst the objects of yesterday's Europe. Come and have a visit to the imperfect past, see this nearby exotism.

This East–West relativity is our oddity. We can see things from this side as well as from the other side lucidly enough, I almost might say cynically. But we do it with a pathos unusual in the West. Some of our visitors mention that during their stay they found a kind of warmth here they think they remember from a previous life. The philosophy of unhurried presence appeared vaguely to them here and there.

There is much talk here, chatter, if you like. Something of this unprinted, indeed unwritten, literature precipitates in our books. We are here in the geographic centre of Europe, and life can also be contemplated from here no less validly than from any other point of the globe.

*

This is the inbreeding of the closer environment. The inbreeding of the family and the broader family to which not only our relatives and friends belong but also our enemies. We have known and kept an eye on one another for a long time and this closeness and impetuosity is special.

We have been crowded together in a small area, we have no imperial mania, this is the place from which we hive off into the world and to which we straggle back, nothing else has been left only this fictive clinging together wounded by hurts.

*

We are not a people that writes world history, we never brag about our might, others usually do not fear us. Our land is not as spacious and our soul is not as broad as that of the Russians, our mind understands the Western way of thinking better. It is this eye, that ranged over the West, too, with which we are judging the local conditions—determined from the East. It is this eye that sees Eastern inertia with Western irony. What can be learnt here is how the Western and the Eastern mentalities vie with one another in one mind, in one bed.

One may consider the culture of Central Europe as a mongrel culture, but also as a fortuitous crossing. There is a rational activity in it as well as resigned fatalism. Calculation and intemperance are found side by side. Whoever visits the region notices that time is not as much money here as in the West. We talk too much and we devote our time to meetings. Trains are also slower here, even films are slower, and so is the way of dealing with things.

We have places to go, people to meet, people to invite when we do not want to be alone. And there are also vehement, intoxicated clashes here from time to time; the visitor is ready to think that opponents have come to loggerheads, but that is not so: they have just had a good argument, and then both of them relax and all is right.

Our discussions are a frondescent indoor plant. The words keep flowing even if the wires are tapped. Another guest comes, sits down, he knows everybody, even those he has never before seen in his life. There is much ethical judgement in the air and equally many cynical anecdotes. The remembrance of history is passed to younger people in the form of such garlands of social stories, made up of paradoxes flowering amongst old furniture and of hackneyed, intricate, weather-worn relations.

MIKLÓS RADNÓTI

POEMS

Translated by Zsuzsanna Ozsvath and Frederick Turner

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS

Monster I was in my nativity,
twin-bearing mother—and your murderer!*
Whether my brother breathed, or he
came lifeless forth, I cannot say,
but in the blood and groans of torment there
they lifted me toward the day,
the little brute who gained the victory,
leaving a debt that others had to pay:
two lives, the price of me.

Two lives, the price of me,
the world itself to buy.
So deep, so deep the night
where I, the orphan, grew,
the little outlaw grew,
from such a depth came I
into the ringing height,
the broad and open light
of bitter liberty.

How deep my childhood was for me,
how deep, how cold.
In place of your sweet voice, a snake's
hissed at me in the paths that we
as children make in play; behold
at night my pillow flecked with blood
—the child petrified with dread—
instead of gentle, snow-white flakes.

* Radnóti's mother and twin brother died in childbirth.

How deep, how deep was my childhood,
how high the topmost crest of youth!
Was it then worth those two lost dead?—
I cried out to the photograph
which shone upon my wall like truth.

Then, you were twenty-eight years old,
pictured, twenty-five, maybe;
a young girl still: not quite a laugh,
a look of half-solemnity.

Then, you were twenty-eight years old,
now twenty-eight have come to me.
Twenty-eight years since you were cold,
Mother! poor bleeding refugee!

Mother, poor bleeding sacrifice,
of man's estate I've come to be.
Sign to me with your mothlike hands
—the sun is blazing, blinding me—
that all is well, worth the great price
you paid for my nativity.

1937

THE SECOND ECLOGUE

PILOT:

We came so far last night; I almost laughed with fury,
fighters like swarms of bees buzzed in the upper story:
a hot defense, good shooting—they'd beaten out our brains,
till the horizon filled up with new swarms of our planes;
they almost mopped the floor with us, swatted us from the sky
but see, I'm here again! Tomorrow by and by
Europe will know I'm coming, and trembling hide away...
Enough of this! Friend, did you write since yesterday?

POET:

Write—what else could I do? The poet writes, the cat
will mew, dog howl and have his day, the fish coquett-

ishly set out its eggs. Of everything I write,
so you'll know how I live—you, even, in your height—
when through the blasted houses slumping in toppled rows
the sick light of the bloodshot moon staggers as it goes,
and public squares all quaking rear upward with the shock,
so that the earth is gagging, the sky itself must choke,
and still the waves of planes come over and are gone,
and then return—insanity!—to strafe the shattered town.
Write—what else can I do?—If you but knew the peril
of a poem, a line however whimsical
or delicate—there's courage in this too, the poet
writes, the poor dog howls, the little fish, the cat—
and so on... what do you know? Nothing! all you hear
is the machine, you're deaf with it, it's what you are,
your friend, your other nature: this you can't deny.
What do you think about, above us in the sky?

PILOT

You'll laugh. I'm terrified up here. Eyes closed, I miss
just lying about in bed, I miss my sweetheart's kiss,
or else I hum about it softly through my teeth
above the vaporous hell's kitchen there beneath.
Up here I would be down. Down there I want to fly.
No place upon the earth is fit for such as I.
I am indeed condemned to love a dead machine,
for we have ached to the same beat where we have been...
But you know this, and you will write my secret down,
that I, who am destroyer, lived once as a man,
I who am an exile between the earth and sky...
Ah, who could know or write the mystery of I?
Will you?

POET:

If I and those I write for do not die.

April 27th, 1941

SKIN AND BONE AND PAIN

On the death of Mihály Babits

1.

Now rests after so many sufferings,
behold, this brown and unwarmed corpse.
Nothing but skin and bone and pain.
And as the torn trunk shivered in its fall
will show its age in rings,
so he confesses now his tortured years.
A thing of skin and bone.
The nation's body, too,
is only skin and bone and pain. Ah, pray,
Saint Blaise, his patron, take him in your arms!
O requiem aeternam dona ei. . . Domine!

2.

Gather around him now, O words,
his words, the battered foam of pain,
O all you words that stumble in the dark
of the brain sick and dull with grief
stay with me, and again
weep for him, trickling *dust*,
gravest of words that mourn!
come now, light-bodied *veil*,
O cover him;
whose voice has left him silent for so long,
mourn him, O *bell* with somber-gonging tongue,
and you, the soaring *soul*, perfected *pearl*,
and again mourn,
you starriest word, you *star*,
you mothwing-hovering word, O eyelashed *moon*,
and all you words, O mourn.

3.

We had long known that nothing could be done,
that cancer gnawed at you, but in your eyes
glittered a new world woven by an alien sun
as bright and timeless as the farthest galaxies.

We knew that you must die, but still we grieve,
orphaned, with but your Mark to comfort us.
Its noble Magnitude. Its height.
Its vertigo. Its thunder in the heart.

4.

Who now will watch over our writing hands
even when he was sick, when he was weary...
who now will be for us the living Measure?
See how already, broken with the pain,
these very lines miscarry.

How would *you* judge them? Now for the new poet,
shy to step forward with his treasure,
your Mark's the only measure.

He cannot know the Meaning
of this our orphaning...
he sat not at your bedside, never shared
your table in the evening.

He knows not pain's sharp sting,
and shall not ask, nor shall be asked in turn,
as we did, till it seemed an ancient thing,
this password,—"who's been out to see him?
what news of Mihály Babits do you bring?"

5.

No more does this dead hand enfold its pen.
No more do these dead eyes behold this night.
Now blazing through the smoke of earthliness and pain
shines down on him the everlasting light.

Aug.–Sep. 1941

NEITHER MEMORY NOR MAGIC

A great but hidden anger clung in my heart before,
like seeds as brown as negroes within the apple-core;
I knew an angel watched me, a great sword in his hand,
to care, protect and follow me in danger's shadow-land.

But he—who has awoken, a ghost in that brutal dawn,
when everything's in ruins, and he must be up and gone,
his body almost naked, his few things left behind,
whose lovely lightstep heart must now learn to find
the cryptic musing humbleness of an older man—
rebels against things other than he did when he was free,
strives toward the future, the glow of liberty.
I never owned possessions and now I never shall.
Think for a moment: life's so rich and prodigal;
I bear no anger in my heart, would not avenge the wrong;
always the world rebuilds; though they forbid my song,
in the new wall's foundations my word will sing and be;
now it's for me to live out what there's left to me,
and I will not look back now, for neither memory
nor magic will protect me from these omens in the sky.
Turn from me when you see me, friend, throw up your hands.
Where once an angel with a sword stood guard,
now, perhaps, no one stands.

April 30th, 1944

THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE

Dusk; and the barracks, the oak stockade with its hem
of cruel wire, they are floating—see! they melt in the night.
The faltering gaze unlocks our frame of captivity
and only the brain can measure the twist of the wire.
But see too, my love, only thus may the fantasy free itself:
dream the redeemer dissolves the wreck of the body,
and off they go homeward, the whole campful of prisoners.

Snoring they fly, the poor captives, ragged and bald,
from the blind crest of Serbia to the hidden heartland of home!

The hidden heartland. —O home, O can it still be?
with the bombing? and *is* it as then when they marched us away?
and shall those who moan on my left and my right return?
Say, is there a country where someone still knows the hexameter?

As thus in darkness I feel my way over the poem,
shorn of its crown of accents, even so do I live,
blind, like an inchworm, spanning my hand on the paper;
flashlight, book, the lager guards took away everything,
and the mail doesn't come, and fog descends on the barracks.

Amid rumours and pests live the Frenchman, the Pole, loud Italian,
the Serbian outcast, the musing Jew in the mountains:
one life in all of these tattered and feverish bodies,
waiting for news, for a lovely womanly word,
for freedom—for an end how dark soever—for a miracle.

On boards among vermin I lie, a beast in a cage;
while the flies' armies rest, the fleas renew the assault.
It's night. Confinement's another day shorter, my love;
life, also, is less by a day. The camp is asleep.
The moonlight rekindles the landscape, retightens the wire;
you can watch through the window the shadows of guards with guns,
pacing, cast on the wall in the many voices of night.

The camp is asleep. See their dreams rustle, my love;
he who startled up snores, turns in his narrow confinement,
falls asleep again, face in a shine. Alone, awake,
I sit with the taste of a cigarette-end in my mouth
instead of your kiss, and the melting dream doesn't come, for
I neither can die nor live any more without you.

Lager Heidenau: in the mountains above Zagubica. July, 1944

FREDERICK TURNER

ON THE PAINS OF TRANSLATING MIKLÓS RADNÓTI

And now I too must wrestle with a brother
Whose dead limbs cumber me within the womb,
Whose grief I pity, but whose cord of nurture
Glides dreadful and unseen in this blind gloom.

That angel, who is Michael in my language,
Knew how to die, knew how to share a grave;
Sometimes he almost overcrows my spirit,
His great feathered wings beating in the cave—

My elder brother died as I first opened
My lips in speech instead of in a scream;
Now he returns to claim the voice I borrowed,
Now he returns, the hero of my dream.

How can I share the lifeblood of our mother?
How can I let his dead voice steal my breath?
But how indeed could I deny my brother
Who, reckless, bought my birthright with his death?

For all alone among that generation
He kept the faith that I have made my name,
That ancient grace, that hard emancipation,
The love of form that touches us like flame.

What can I do but open to his service
The pulse and wordstream of the mother tongue?
Thus I subdue myself and hear him singing
Out of the land of shades where none have sung.

Could I, the western democrat, professor,
Father, essayist, of middle age,
Be given any greater gift than this is,
To share the passion of his vassalage?

LAMENT

(short story)

by

MIKLOS MÉSZÖLY

Sixty-four years since the fox was slain—*Sticky and scarlet was the night*—she was twenty then, the belle of the county, a young wife expecting her first child; they had to seek out the doctor at night, creeping along the bed of the Séd brook for fear of being shot at by the Reds for breaking curfew or by a jittery, lurking White rattled by the rustle of their feet. Later, forty years later, the painting in its Blondel frame hangs heavy in the tumble-down peasant house on the saltpetre-rotted wall of the back kitchen allocated to her. When the picture was painted she had been married ten years; a fine silk shawl droops from the bare, softly rounded shoulders, the fingers of the hands resting in the lap, tensed with unconscious grace, only just avoid electric discharge; they are not intertwined, even the fingertips do not touch, are just sensuously polarized for a single, never-ending moment. One little finger is bent at an unnaturally graceful angle—like the queens of the air alighting on the sawdust-covered boards, attempting the impossible for a breath-taking, frozen moment, accepting ovation with formal grace, heads unbowed though bowing still, spiriting the featherweight acrobatics of flight and dream down to earth. The lack of dimensions. The surplus of them. Already in those years the young woman is unhappy, nothing became of the flight and the dream; the inscrutably silent man towers over her like a pillar of strength, like the Calvinism of defenceless concealment, radiating a hopeless predestination. A parable of foam and iceberg. A memorable moment of these years is a summer Sunday noon on the esplanade, her two sailor-suited sons climbing the steel girders of a pylon while she, holding a blue polka-dotted parasol, vainly begs them to come down; they do not take the slightest notice of her, would not miss a single opportunity to test their prowess. They scale the pylon doggedly, a hair's breadth from the overhead high-voltage cables. The sun blazes murderously down, as in paradise marred. Cross-fire of smiles, tumult, collective and

vociferous encouragement, lewd gibes, a little erotic humour. Fear and pride enhance the young woman's beauty by the minute. The office buggy, opportunely though quite by chance, chooses this moment to pass by; the clinometers stick out from beneath the seats in the back like Shrove Tuesday sausage skewers. The old coachman, sizing up the situation at a glance, draws up close to the kerb and hands down his long-handled whip: "Best take a nip at their arses, Ma'am!" The laughter this remark evokes is embarrassed and tinted with feudal consternation, which seals the fate of the advice coming from below: it is doomed to be ignored, as any normal feudalism is wont to be. The coachman drives on leaden-faced, abashed; the young woman's cheeks are crimson-white. They cannot deny that they alone are lonely. The other never-forgotten setting is the marshland between Ózsák and Borjádpuszta, studded with centennial black poplars. Word was sent of a three-year-old stray dog-fox that had gone to earth in an abandoned burrow; he had stamped down the entrance after a fashion but had left the passages and the shallow hole that served as living quarters untouched. It was in February, during the mating season that they first noted his bark, then they lost all trace of him—as though the tidelands had swallowed him up—until the end of summer, when he had been seen again slinking proud-footed by, yapping in high spirits or, on another occasion, darting away in sudden apprehension. But not once did they catch him slipping into his burrow, so there could be no question of waylaying him, sinking a shaft into his living quarters and rapping him on the snout to ensure a swift end; by way of compensation they advanced on his fate in a thoroughly businesslike manner. At the end of August he spends more time than usual resting in front of his burrow without any sign of undue suspicion, simply content to ponder over memories predestined to the darkness of instinct. As though he were facing his fate without intending to do so. He is young but not inexperienced and is fully aware of what a raid, a hunt means, what ostracism is like and how the life of a scapegoat unfailingly ends; he knows all there is to know about the dock and has learned that the world is scarcely capable of evincing mere curiosity and appreciating anything that is different. And this knowledge confers upon him concerns that differ from those of a professional foxhound. The furrier and the tanner (the latter, as his signboard proudly proclaimed, worked only with traditional vegetable matter) both fixed a date that coincided with the first ball given in honour of the long-awaited peace: February. A February like the previous one, when the fox had last run after a vixen in heat and had spun round with her like a flaming wheel, whipping up a fine cloud of powdery snow. That is how the choice came to fall on the 8th of September, so the stole could be made ready

on time. Of course there could be no guarantee that he would be brought down at the first try but the members of the party were all excellent shots and Rolf, the hound, worked in perfect harmony with them. They had the young woman accompany them though she was loath to go. She craved the stole but craved even more a bloodless miracle. Rolf took the scent around seven o'clock in the evening. The alignment of the guns is of a mathematical precision; there is no breach in the line of fire. Every phase reeks of expertise, yet the focal point is the young woman, not the fox. She stands a little to one side but still at the point of vantage from where she can easily observe the course of events. She is wearing lace-up boots, a long fawn skirt and a simple, forest-green jacket. Her many-coloured straw hat melts into the background with a deceptive mimesis; it could as well be a special landmark as it remains alien in motionless awe in the place that is cruelly, simply, and bluntly a place of execution. Romantic fancy would have the fox glimpse her first among those assembled at the moment that Rolf, after much nerve-racking and confused dashing around, finally hits upon the straight line that is straighter than a rope stretched taut and which does not simply lead him but drives him, irresistibly and grossly, straight at his target. Yet this comes closest to what the young woman believed to have happened: that their eyes met. Not for long, but long enough for her stomach to contract, as when she will lead the waltz in the ballroom of the county hall, or as when the stole, a scarlet jewel, weaves in and out of the throng around the buffet like a finely drawn directrix. But the fox soon realized that he was hemmed in and did not deem it worthwhile to run more than twenty yards or so; he flattened himself against the ground, brandished his plumy tail wildly for some minutes, then lay still. *In acrid smoke the shot resounds In his ear. Before his eye the meadow lurches, Lead shot drones from the thicket Strewn by the murmuring wind*—just like the ball, which was likewise improbably formal. The stewards, in possession of the necessary historical heritage, still remembered how to deck a room full of mirrors, how to turn the stairs leading to the gallery into a tunnel of love shaded by nodding ferns, remembered the disciplined orgies that were the redoute and souvenir balls. The young girls and the women who barely two years hence were busy knitting mittens and sweaters for the men at the front now flaunted lofty mounds resplendent with powder above tightly laced corsets; from the dusky depths of their cleavage an odour originating in the friction of lower clefts rose heady and strong. These rival fragrances blazed into air like revelatory morsels of concealed nakedness. And in the ballroom it did in fact seem as though it were May, though the night was sparkling white and blade-thin fissures criss-crossed the cat's ice covering the marshland between Ózsák and Borjád.

It may have been at this ball that the young woman first thought she saw winter lurking behind every season, and it had been winter already on that 8th of September. *Bordered with blood-red lace that wild, primeval face glared up from the snow*—or to be absolutely precise, it seemed as though this night, this ball had once more cost him his skin.

Then for long years the stole was banished to the wardrobe.

Years passed. As no daughters were born to her (though perhaps the baby she miscarried would have been a girl) she never went to a ball again, just as she never went abroad except on the one occasion when she accompanied a group of underfed war-time school-children on a holiday to Fiume. But that memory seemed so remote it came back to haunt her on that last hospital bed—the pier, the man in the linen shirt who gave her a giant shell so she could take the sound of the sea home with her. And the white rock where only black birds came to settle. Petrified birds that showed up against the rock every time the surf crashed over it, of the kind that can never be washed truly white; pure white and grey-black birds like the cigarette smoke with its aroma of forced gaiety billowing in hopeful surges above the festive table-cloth on nights they were expecting guests, and which belonged to the false peace that lasted barely twenty years, to the consolidated eve of the tragedy, just as much as an emblematic exorcism—"It'll turn out alright, never fear! *Oh the poor little skylark Has cried both her eyes out. . .*"—while they could be young, not on occasion, but once and for always, since it was their turn to play the repertory of youth, to cast aside the favourite Chopin and Mozart scores, running her fingers obediently over the yellowed keys of the red-black Bösendorfer so as to make the lurking silence inaudible and so his self-tormenting toasts would not splash against the damask table-cloth that had been mangled crisp with so much care: that was how she was able to recall it later in the back kitchen she had transformed into a warm cosy nook which the rats gallantly steered clear of (deferentially, since she never resorted to poison, but ingeniously stuffed the cracks full of broken glass instead) and into which (after a bout of barbarous sawing) the piano could somehow be squeezed in after all. But the summer afternoon when she, barely thirty, had attempted to cross to the Other Side of her own accord had sunk together with Atlantis. Her younger son had just completed his masterpiece in the courtyard of the single-storied block of flats; he had filled five beer-bottles with water and had replaced the caps, which he had straightened out with a pair of pliers, with machine-made precision. It would be difficult to reconstruct today what the deeper motives that lay behind this fastidiously wrought piece of trickery may have been. Most probably it was the mystery, the artful demonstration of the fact of unanswerability that

incited it. She watched the clandestine manœuvres from the upstairs gallery for some moments and did not rap the railings with her wedding ring until the boy had covered the bottles with his jersey in readiness to smuggle them into the icebox in an opportune moment. She waved to him with her blue muslin shawl but was not equal to more, and hurried back into the flat. The boy sensed that, though he had been caught out, he too had been initiated into a mystery, a clandestine happening. He was rendered almost immobile by resentment and fear and dashed up the stairs only when they were breaking the bedroom door down with an axe. The sweetish smell of some medicine leaked through the cracks. Yielding to his entreaties they allowed him to crawl over a plank laid across the airshaft from the toilet window opposite—this being the only other access to the bedroom, but too narrow for an adult to get through. He had to catch hold of the chain when he jumped down from the vent it was so high up and the water crashed down, battering his eardrums like the Niagara falls of a sinister, distant land. Before he opened the door leading into the sitting-room he purloined the sight reserved for his eyes alone: in the darkened room, on the disarrayed bed the beautiful body gleamed with ghostly pallor, as though lying on the forest bier of fairy-tales. It was only when he opened the door that he saw the silvery trickle of saliva glisten at the corner of her mouth like a snail's slime on a cooling stone. This made him so grown that the adults rushing into the room and clustering around him were dwarfed in comparison. It took them hours to bring her back and they all knew that this would be a day to remember even if it should go unrecorded. They enveloped her in soft folds of tender inexorability, of attention and care, and somehow everything became more stridently mute, more determinedly ceremonious. And as time passed the world itself seemed to grow more like the ruthless end game. Sincerity transformed itself into candid self-deceit. She had to dread the war, trust in the future, her sons were grown and old enough to be sent off to battle. Her husband, who had reached the zenith of his career, could feel with sombre satisfaction that he had accomplished at the last minute all that there was to be accomplished. If the world still wants surgery, it can likewise be a celebration of decision; there is always some sort of disjointed relief at the approach of the trial. But the summer afternoon that had gone unrecorded—when they could still have faced each other without intending to do so—was never mentioned again. Just like the stole: they simply changed the mothballs in the paper sack every year. Then one night the doorway was knocked down in order to admit lorries into the courtyard, the electric cables were replaced, and the smell of the street changed. On the morning of yet another day she noticed a huge puddle of oil from the upstairs window, only a couple of

yards from the statue of Saint Sebastian that stood in the marketplace. As though a golem had bled to death only a couple of yards from her bed, her chest of drawers, her sewing basket; the body had been taken away, but they had forgotten to strew the place where it had lain with sand. Her terror intensified when she noted other tracks in the garden beside the petunia beds and the same stench belched up from the kitchen sink. Soon after this were no cards from the boys for eight whole months. And an arduous winter followed. During this war it was no longer a custom for women to knit sweaters for the men at the front; and in any case they had long since ceased to call them sweaters. But the cold promised to last, and made no distinction between front and hinterland.

That is how the stole came out of mothballs. The old furrier had died but his son had taken over the shop; had deftly cut the stole in two—*With tremendous effort he raised his head His tongue stiffened on the wound*—and had made it into a truly warm doublet.

The war ended as it always did—with conflicting hopes. And law and order got its chance to act out its eternal role: beside sanctioning new truths it was not unmindful of the injustices it is customary to proclaim—loudly and enthusiastically—the guardians of the new truths. Her husband was accused of having flooded the fertile lowlands around the city with malice aforethought at the time of the spring-flood. Try as it might the court could do nothing with the spectacularly stage-managed case: still it served its purpose. They had charged him with the mala fide operation of the sluice which was his life-work, and though they exonerated him of the charge in the end, he never recovered from the injustice of it. He had staved off all attempts to defend himself but did nothing to stave off death–welcomed it instead, left all doors and windows wide open to facilitate its approach. It took five years for the long-awaited guest to arrive. During the death-throes that lasted several days the woman became vitrified and like her son on that summer afternoon found herself incapable of movement; she stared fixedly at the deathbed and suddenly lost all her natural skills. A solitary fly circled above the sickbed but did not alight; waited like a hapless, hysterical vulture. When death set in the woman rent her clothes, cried and laughed and repeated deliriously that everything was flooded with water except Borjád and Ózsákpuszta. It was at this time that she moved from the service flat into the back kitchen allocated to her. The lawsuit was nevertheless not without effect; she was unable to find a job for a long time. The period that followed was of the kind during which widowed women demonstrate with mysterious tranquillity that it is not only the cradle that they know infinitely more about than men; when they succeed in riveting together a

silhouette out of dearth with astounding persistence, a silhouette that neither snow nor ice can harm and which has more to do with the endurance of minutely rationed understanding than with happiness. Her forebears all had their just share of her. She found the time to hoe her vegetable garden (and take the surplus to market) while remaining loyal to her scores (and even took on a few pupils). It was a red-letter day for her when she finally found employment washing up in a factory kitchen. She calculated that even if she were to become disabled the two pensions would suffice for her to put some money aside for a proper funeral. After a time it crossed someone's mind that her proficiency at the piano could be profitably exploited at company ceremonies and her draughtmanship in the day nurseries. She took a new lease of life from this additional work for which she received neither benefits nor an easier assignment but at least she could be fairly certain that she would not be given notice. The children adored her, toddled everywhere in her wake like a flock of goslings and when she crossed the nursery courtyard with her food-trolley, helped her pull and pushed it from behind. She felt she had never risen so high. This was her first true recompense for not having received the sacraments since she had agreed at the marriage ceremony that her children would be brought up in their father's faith; it was only now that she could forgive herself for having committed adultery. Her new post warmed her more than the fur doublet which had in the course of time grown threadbare, witness to the age—*like a flaming brand his tail sank into the snow*—but still it stubbornly held its own, thinning only in moderation. Then the last working year slowly drew to its close, the day of retirement approached and she did not want it to go uncelebrated. She borrowed the other tenant's room (the best room of the tumble-down peasant house) for Boxing Day afternoon so she could ask the day nursery children to tea in two shifts. She made all the preparations in secret and only told the children at the last moment that there was to be a surprise waiting for them at her flat. She spent an hour and a half sitting at the flower-bedecked table but not one of them came. The whipped cream went mushy, the cocoa grew cold, the cake maladroitly shed all its raisins. Her singular whim had been deemed decidedly awkward in high quarters—and still because of the old lawsuit. In the end she ate all the whipped cream and upset her stomach and so was less conscious of her tears; played parts from Beethoven's Sonata in D minor late into the night, especially the concluding Andante Moderato. It was only then that she realized that her hands, her fingers were almost totally ruined from lifting the heavy cauldrons and would never again be equal to the task of giving lessons. And her fingers had grown sensitive to the slightest hint of cold. It was this that made her decide to sacrifice the doublet. But this

time she did not entrust the furrier with the task: she meant to do it herself.

That is how the remainder of the stole became a muff which she wore night and day to keep her hands warm, hanging from her neck on a string.

She lived eighty-five years. She had neither wishes nor complaints, just as a full glass can hold not a drop more than it contains. In the last years she wrote: "My solitude is infinite, I must delve into myself for everything." She thought herself lucky for being able to see, from the end of the garden where the privy stood, full to overflowing and giving off a pungent stench (the authorities refused to pump it out since the house was condemned to be demolished), the marshlands of Ózsák—the place that kindled her memories. When the day arrived—*The murk of clotted blood washed over him, pounding. . .*—she probably felt what the fox had felt: *A taste of rotten carrots coated his tongue* . . . The picture is powerful even without a Blondel frame: both resting in the marshy meadow before setting out once more—sticky and scarlet was the night—not too close, but not too far apart.

Translated by Eszter Molnár

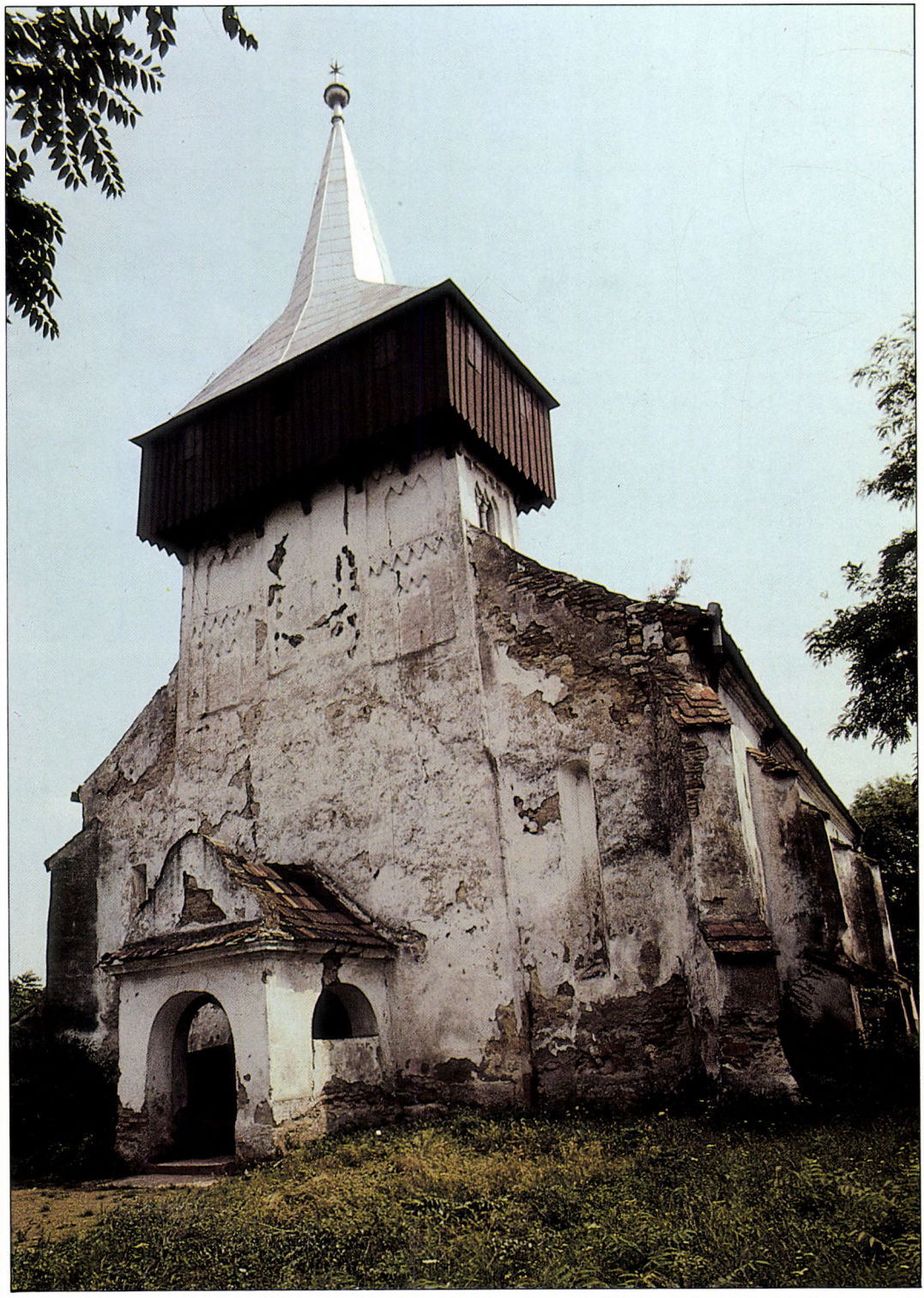
Csíksomlyó (part of Csíkszereda). A Franciscan church which has served as a place of pilgrimage for the Székely Catholic villagers ever since the 16th century. Josef Fischer, 1930s.

THE RURAL HERITAGE OF TRANSYLVANIA

Rumanian Uniate wooden church from the Máramaros region in the open-air ethnographical museum of Kolozsvá (Cluj-Napoca). *Ottó Bojtár, 1971.*

Courtesy Institute of Ethnography

Ádámos (Adămus). Chancel of a Late Gothic Unitarian church. Outside the USA and Great Britain, the Unitarian Church founded by Ferenc Dávid, has its largest number of adherents among Hungarians in Transylvania. *János Gaál, 1980.*



Courtesy Museum of Ethnography

Küküllővár (Cetatea-de-Baltă, Kockelburg). Calvinist church with a tower resembling a bastion. The originally two-steepled and single-naved Romanesque church was rebuilt in the 15th century by the Saxons of Transylvania for defence. *János Gaál, 1980.*

Prázsmár (Prejmer, Tartlau). Interior of a walled, fortified church in the centre of a Saxon village. The numbered backless benches were handed down from generation to generation; they allowed the women to sit down in traditional costume. *Tamás Hofer, 1972.*

Torockószentgyörgy (Colțești). Interior of the Calvinist church of the traditionally Hungarian village. The plain church interiors of the region are decorated with handwoven fabrics and embroideries. *Ottó Bojtár, 1971.*

Courtesy Institute of Ethnography

Courtesy Museum of Ethnography

Iconostasis of a Rumanian Uniate church in the open-air ethnographical museum in Kolozsvár (Cluj-Napoca). It is decorated by figures of the Virgin, the apostles and floral motifs, and separated believers from the priests. *Ottó Bojtár*, 1971.

Kalotadámos (Damoşu). Communion table dating from 1749, in the Calvinist Church. An Old Testament text in Hungarian runs along its round, painted surface with inlay ornament. *János Gaál*, 1980.

Szék (Sic). The Hungarian inhabitants of the former market-town have preserved their folk costumes to the present day, even for weekday wear. On Sundays they go to church in holiday attire and leave the church in separate groups. *Tamás Mohay, 1985.*

Opposite page: Avasújfalu (Certeze). Early on Easter Sunday, baskets loaded with food are taken by the Uniate families to the church to be blessed by the priest after the service. *Tamás Hofer, 1976.*

Csíksomlyó (Şumuleu). Recalling the memory of a Hungarian custom from pre-Christian days, people on Whitsun morning in Csíksomlyó (see Plate 1) go to the Calvary hill early at dawn to watch the rising sun, hoping to perceive the Holy Ghost in it. *Tamás Mohay, 1985.*

Rozsnyó (Rîsnov, Rosenau). Two-storey stone houses in a Saxon market-town. The citadel over the town was built in the 14th century on the site of a castle of the Teutonic Knights. *Ottó Bojtár, 1971.*

Torockó (Rimetea). A line of vaulted stone houses with tiled roofs. The former Hungarian, mining town provided for many centuries a great part of Transylvania with iron-ware. *Ottó Bojtár, 1971.*

Courtesy Museum of Ethnography

Vajnafalva (Voinești). Rumanian house built of wood and plastered over, with shingle roof. A room opens from either side of the entrance from the porch, with a narrow kitchen opposite it. *Lajos Csomor, 1980.*

Sóvárad (Sărățeni). A typical Hungarian house built at the end of the last century of brick, with tile roofing and plaster decoration on the front. The carriage gateway and the carved wicket-gate open into the courtyard. *János Gaál, 1980.*

Courtesy Museum of Ethnography

Nagykend (Chendul Mare). A region rich in woodlands, in most parts of Transylvania ornate gates have been carved by the peasants and craftsmen. *Gyula Pálfy, 1981.*

Kecsetkisfalud (Satu Mic). Carved detail of the wooden door of a barn. The pattern imitates the decorated reinforcing iron band. *Lajos Csomor, 1980.*

Courtesy Museum of Ethnography

Nyárszó (Nearşova). Small and large gates covered with narrow roofs have been in use among several peoples in Europe. They are made to the present day in the Székely country and in Kalotaszeg. *Mária Kresz, 1982.*

Courtesy Museum of Ethnography

Felsőboldogfalva (Feliceni). Hunting scene above the opening of a carved carriage gate. The name of the maker or of the owner of the house was often written on the gate, sometimes accompanied by a short verse. *Lajos Csomor, 1986.*

Nyujtód (Lunga). Carved carriage gates, known as "Székely gates" were not only used for the village houses but for the graveyard as well. *Lajos Csomor, 1980.*

Courtesy Institute of Ethnography

Torockó (Rimetea). Interior of a room in the former mining town. The typical colours of the local embroideries are blue and red. At meals the family sat around the table in the middle of the room. *Ottó Bojtár, 1971.*

Szék (Sic). A typical interior: painted wooden bed with pillows and rugs placed on it in a set order, a wooden bench before it and a table in front of the window. *Tamás Hofer, 1970s.*

Vargyas (Vîrghiș). Traditional painted furniture: a corner cupboard, wall-shelves for dishes and jugs and a bench in the room of one of the last joiners in a village with Hungarian inhabitants, a former centre of furniture manufacture. *János Gaál, 1980.*
Courtesy Museum of Ethnography

Courtesy Institute of Ethnography

Rumanian stone cross with Glagolitic writing. *Ottó Bojtár, 1971.*

Kalotaszentkirály (Zam-Sîncraiu). A pair of wooden grave-posts in the Hungarian Calvinist graveyard. *Tamás Hofer, 1970s.*

Bita (Bita). Gravestone. *Lajos Csomor, 1986.*

Csíkmadaras (Mădăras). In the Csík basin, encircled by the Eastern Carpathians, the churches were surrounded by walls, and in many places the graveyard has remained ever since within the churchyard. The shape and finish of the stone cross recalls early medieval memories. *Tamás Hofer, 1972.*

◀

▶

Szakadát (Săcădate). Hungarians, Rumanians and Saxons have been living together for centuries in this village in southern Transylvania. The carved crosses come from the Rumanian Orthodox graveyard. *Josef Fischer, 1930s.*

Following page: Tiliske (Tilișca). On the Orthodox Day of the Dead and on anniversaries, relatives take food to the graves in the Rumanian graveyards. *Josef Fischer, 1930s.*

RURAL ARCHITECTURE IN TRANSYLVANIA

Rural art, particularly in the eastern part of Central Europe, reflects in practically every period the main trends of historical styles on which it draws. But in form and content it converts high art so as to fit its own taste and needs, incorporating it in its centuries-long history. It takes over all that can be integrally fitted into the life of the village, to the extent that it can be connected with village traditions. Rural art reveals the manner in which the people in a given part of Europe receive and further develop the structural, formal and conceptual architectural elements, the background against which they feel at home. This also means that these villages not only signify a man-made environment for their inhabitants, one that is legitimised by tradition, but also one that best meets their economic and social needs. The architectural forms which have developed over many generations, the size of the villages, and their place within the landscape correspond optimally with the climatic conditions and with the everyday needs of the inhabitants.

Despite the accelerating rate of change the century-long traditions of village life have been maintained much better in the Carpathian basin, irrespective of state frontiers and language areas, than in Western Europe. Perhaps they survive most profusely and most specifically in the Hungarian, Rumanian and Saxon villages nestling in the picturesque hills of Transylvania. In most cases these villages have also preserved an ancient lay-out: rows of houses strung along one street, or possibly several, the main streets opening on the market square, lines of houses stretching down into the valleys, or scattered houses and gardens clinging to the mountain slope. Alongside the landscape, architecture also acts as an organizing force. The settlements centre on medieval churches, often surrounded by buttresses, more than once with a nearby Baroque or Neo-Classical single-storey manor-house or a simple, two-storeyed residence. In other cases, the church or

chapel, with their churchyards, crown the steep hill adjoining the village, and orchard-girt manor-houses look down on the village, whose structure thus loses in regularity, but still shows a certain unity in appearance, a harmony mellowed by history.

The largest and architecturally most outstanding building in these villages, organically fitting in with their environment was and has remained the church. The first of the many contemporaneous records on these churches date from the 13th century. Particularly important in this respect is a list of papal tithes from the period between 1332 and 1337, which includes the sums the village priests had to pay to the Holy See. Where there was a priest, there was a church. The evidence of the written sources is supported by the great number of 13th century buildings all over Transylvania, which have preserved their Romanesque structure and architectural details partly in their original state and partly with later restorations. The Catholic and Orthodox churches are usually single-naved, simple stone buildings with semicircular or square apses, slit windows and a semicircular entrance. Rarely, front towers with twin windows also occur. In the region inhabited by the Saxons, churches were built with three aisles divided by pillars, and often with bulky front towers.

Gothic architecture appeared around 1300, first only in certain details (ogival arches) and the spread of vaulted chancels with polygonal buttresses. From the late 14th century, the entrance became more ornate, the windows received variegated traceries. In the interior tabernacles of a Gothic articulation clerical sedilia appeared, and they continued to spread over the 15th century. The chancel was usually covered by a groined vault, and from the mid-century on, the nave was given a reticulated vault, while the front towers were often raised, particularly in the regions of the privileged Saxon and Székely districts. Many old churches were rebuilt, partly or in full in the Gothic style at that time. The growing Turkish menace led to the fortification of the strongest building in the village—the church. The Székely usually built huge western towers, which could also serve as look-outs, while the Saxons fortified the church itself which gave shelter to the villagers and their belongings. From the 14th century, wall painting became the most widespread form of interior church ornamentation, using iconographic subjects. Triptychs first appeared in the mid-15th century, often accompanied by Gothic church furnishing.

The early 16th century saw the arrival of the Renaissance, first in some details (gates, tabernacle), and then also in structure, with painted coffered ceilings, organ lofts and furniture. The last often maintained a Renaissance character up to the 18th century. After the wave of Gothic building, and

due to the historical upheavals, little construction went on in the 16th and 17th centuries. In the calmer climate of the 18th century, mainly interior Baroque alterations became the rule, sometimes adding new towers and brick fencing, and in some of the small villages the earlier timber church was replaced by a Baroque stone building. In fact wood played an important role in architecture everywhere in Transylvania. From the late 16th century on, picturesque wooden bell towers with spires with four pinnacles were erected beside the stone church.

Written records speak of wooden churches in the Rumanian villages in the 14th century. The architecture and Orthodox iconostasis of these wooden churches, which have survived from the 17th century onwards, were still intact in the 19th century. Their folk art murals and the buildings themselves with their finely proportioned towers have preserved medieval Transylvanian traditions.

The churches, with the attached graveyards, and the carved and painted wooden crosses of the Catholic and Orthodox villages, are important to the history, culture and physical appearance of the village. Added to this there are the original manor houses of which mention is often made in medieval documents from about 1300 onwards. Apart from two examples, both considerably rebuilt, these have all disappeared. But it becomes evident from records that the Baroque, and later Neo-classical manor-houses built in the 18th and 19th centuries largely, retain a medieval structure, as do the peasant houses themselves. This complex of houses, with their courtyards, outbuildings, gardens and orchards, determine the life and look of the villages, rooted in history and their potential for continued development.

IN FOCUS

KORNAI ON FREEDOM AND ECONOMIC REFORM

The author approaches the question of the economic reforms in Hungary from the aspect of moral and political philosophy. He examines the problem of interrelation between the reform and the growth in individual freedom as a scholar who highly values individual freedom, self-realization, the right to choose one's way of living. Kornai regards the considerable growth in economic freedom to be one of the most important achievements of the Hungarian reform. And he points out that one of its most serious shortcomings is that it did not succeed in going further.

The discussion of individual freedom had been qualified an ideological taboo in the socialist countries until quite recently, the terms of individualism and liberalism were used in a pejorative sense. The author is convinced that the respect for individual freedom cannot just be reconciled with the original ideas of many socialist thinkers but should become a fundamental goal of any socialist system.

Kornai discusses only the freedom of the *individual*, i.e. he does not digress to the freedom of communities (companies, societies, settlements, nations). He discusses only economic freedom, i.e. the right of the individual to dispose freely of his assets, income, time, and efforts. He does not digress to political and intellectual freedom, although it is clear to him that these are closely linked to economic freedom.

He mentions two important constraints of economic freedom and free choice: bureaucratic barriers and shortages. He includes among bureaucratic constraints the law and other formal prohibitons, as well as informal commands forced on the individual by the pressure or threats of the bureaucracy. Economic freedom increases if bureaucratic obstacles to individual decisions are abolished, or if such bureaucratic constraints are mitigated quantitatively, or if the right to make certain decisions is transferred from the bureaucracy to the individual. It is this meaning of freedom that is usually called "negative freedom" or "freedom from". It is a peculiar legacy of the socialist movement that it belittles the tradition of such negative freedom. This legacy usually emphasizes the emptiness of bourgeois civil rights, stressing that the circumstance that the citizen is free to do something does not yet mean that he has the resources to carry out his wish. But Kornai points out that such negative freedoms can also be very important, including, for instance, the right of a citizen to leave his domicile without any special permit.

The limitation of freedom caused by shortages means that a citizen is unable to buy at the ruling price, or at any price, goods which he would like to possess and which he is financially able to purchase. On

such occasions the citizen is compelled to forced substitution or to abandoning his desire. This type of freedom increases if shortages diminish.

These two kinds of constraints to freedom are interrelated. The bureaucratic control of the economy, as János Kornai has shown in other works, causes inevitably almost chronic and universal shortages. For the measurement of changes in the extent of freedom he recommends indices which show where the given country in the given period is situated in various areas of the economy between the extreme conditions of complete state control and total anarchy. These two extreme situations have never existed in reality. But the concepts of the maximal and the minimal state describe real situations. In the case of the maximal state bureaucratic control in all economic areas is of the degree where the bureaucracy is still feasible. Beyond a certain degree of centralization a bureaucracy becomes disfunctional. This degree of maximum centralization depends on the technology of collecting and processing information, and of communication among the officials of the bureaucracy, on the organizational abilities of the bureaucracy, on the state of the art of mass manipulation, and the ultimate limits of the toleration of repression.

The minimal state or the night watchman state protects its citizens only from violence and theft, and ensures the enforcement of the voluntary contracts. (The study does not cover the role of the state in foreign policy.)

Between 1949 and 1953 the East European socialist countries approached the type of the maximal state. In the course of the economic reforms they moved away from this type. This is why Kornai calls this type the reformed state. In the course of the change, new laws were passed in Hungary, but the implementation of the old regulations also became more relaxed. The state not only withdrew but has "softened" as well.

János Kornai describes these tendencies of change in detail in four areas:

1. In the area of property and entrepreneurship the private sector became stronger thanks to the reforms. He includes in the private sector 1. the small family business (e.g. car repair shops), 2. the small family farms (one or several members of the family who are employed by a state company or cooperative farm in their free time), 3. the private business work partnerships (in these small and medium enterprises the partners doing the work are also owners), 4. self-employed professionals, part-time workers, freelance individuals who work at home. According to estimates, this sector produces one-fifth to one quarter of the GDP. Consequently, the employment monopoly of the state has been broken, and thus economic freedom has increased. However, numerous bureaucratic regulations (e.g. limitation of the number of employees) still restrict the individual's choice of freedom in this area.

2. In the area of the choice of profession, job and working hours, parallel to the reform, progress has occurred towards greater freedom in the sense that the individual is free to decide in which secondary or tertiary educational institution he requests acceptance and what place of work he chooses after leaving school. Later too he can freely change his place of work and due to the entrepreneurial business work partnerships can flexibly decide on his overtime work. It is also possible to undertake work abroad. At the same time, the numbers of those accepted to the secondary and tertiary educational institutions are limited, and consequently not all persons requesting acceptance can gain admittance; the activities of the entrepreneurial business work partnerships are restricted in many respects, and a permit by the authorities is needed to accept work abroad. Today it is already in order for an individual not to have a permanent place of employment. On the other hand, at least one half of the adult population work over 60 hours per week, and there are some who work 80 to 100 hours.

3. In the area of consumer choice the following have resulted in the increase of

economic freedom: 1. expansion of the range of goods on offer, 2. rapid growth in the number of private cars, 3. rapid growth in the number of privately owned homes, 4. rapid growth in the number of privately owned holiday homes, 5. the illegal but tolerated penetration of market conditions into the domain of the health services, due to which freedom of choice when it comes to doctors and treatments has increased, 6. extension of child care leave (a mother, if she so desires, can remain at home until her child is three years old) and the spreading of private care for children (private kindergartens).

The change is especially substantial in respect of housing and medical care. At the initial period of social change both were considered fundamental needs which the state had to satisfy. In fact both state housing construction and the health services were neglected, both enjoying low priority compared to investments in industry.

The dual distribution system of health care functions badly (on the one hand, state care is free, on the other, thanks to gratuities given to doctors, market distribution is present), there are limits to the private ownership of dwellings (it is regulated how many and what kind of dwellings a person can own), and there is a huge housing shortage. There is a long waiting list for car purchases, and there are smaller or bigger shortages of other goods as well.

4. In the area of the utilization of household saving it occurred earlier that people were compelled to buy state bonds. Until recently savings could be placed only in saving deposits the interest rate of which was very low (in fact the real interest was negative). Recently the choice of saving deposits has become larger, it is possible to enter into various insurance contracts, bonds can be bought, possibilities of buying real estate have increased. However, there is no institutionalized possibility for people to lend their savings to private enterprises. There is talk about state-owned companies issuing shares which could be bought by private persons. It is a further important limitation that the Hungarian currency is not convertible and private persons cannot buy convertible currencies freely or without limitations.

Kornai sums up the situation which exists at present after the economic reform by stating that the economic freedom of the individual has increased substantially in Hungary but this does not yet satisfy those who consider freedom as a fundamental value.

He discusses the question whether the growth of welfare does not obstruct the growth of freedom, and if such a trade-off exists, which of the two should be preferred. A concrete basis is provided by a comparison of Hungary and the GDR. In Hungary, due to the economic reforms, economic freedom is greater, but the growth rate of national income and of personal consumption appears to be higher in the GDR. János Kornai prefers the Hungarian alternative. He adds that the choice is not of an absolute nature. He would accept a certain restriction of freedom in one economic area or another if this sacrifice were indispensable for a considerable growth of welfare. On the other hand, he questions whether restrictions on economic freedom are really necessary for the faster growth of welfare. He sees numerous steps possible in the continuation of the reforms which could increase welfare without restricting freedom.

Finally, he discusses the future of the socialist countries. As against Hayek, he believes that it is possible to return to a situation where the role of the state and of the bureaucracy is smaller, and consequently economic freedom is larger even after the maximal state. He considers it likely that the socialist countries will evolve towards such a medium state. This will contain some mixture of state intervention and individual freedom. Kornai agrees with political scientists who argue that a state should have three essential functions: 1. active governmental

macro-policy to ensure economic stability, full employment, balanced economic relations with the outside world, 2. governmental activities are requiered to adverse externalities and ensure the appropriate supply of public goods, 3. governmental distribution of income in keeping with social justice including support for the poor. Kornai is attracted by such a state and calls it a justifiable "medium state."

Kornai, János: "Az egyéni szabadság és a szocialista gazdaság reformja" (Individual freedom and the reform of the socialist economy). *Valóság*, 1988. No. 5. pp. 1–24.

R. A.

TWO OR THREE EUROPES

The place of Hungary within Europe has been argued about for a long time. The position taken on this issue is one of the key questions in Hungarian intellectual life.

According to the dominating ideology up to the Second World War, Hungary—as witnessed by a thousand years of history—was the bastion of western Christianity, earlier against Tartar and Turkish conquerors, and more recently against the Czars of Russia and later against Soviet Communism. The majority of historians and of politicians considered Hungary to be part of the German imperial sphere of interest. Two smaller schools of intellectuals looked on East Central European or the Danubian region as a unit: the bourgeois radicals, amongst them Oszkár Jászi who proclaimed the idea of the Danubian confederation, and populists like László Németh, who spoke of the East Central European peoples as being nursed by the same breast.

In recent years these arguments have been revived. A young historian, Gábor Gyáni, has now undertaken to sum up their course and essence in a clear and concise article.

He established the deviation theory of the well-known Marxist historian Zsigmond Pál Pach as the point of departure. According to him, this region of Central Europe, which earlier followed the Western European model, deviated after the Turkish conquest, especially in the 17th–18th centuries. Pach's theory was further developed in the sixties by two of his noted disciples, Iván T. Berend and György Ránki: in their economic history they presented East Central Europe—as they called it—as a distinct model of evolution.

Péter Gunst argued that this region exemplified a different model from the very beginning. Gunst, and more recently Berend too, think that it was indeed the East European evolution which became divided into a Russian (and Balkan) and a Central East European type, Hungary following the latter, together with Poland and Bohemia.

Jenő Szűcs, in a major paper written in the early eighties and published in several languages (on the three historic regions of Europe),* on the contrary, considered this region to have been part of the marches of the West, which plied as a ferry between Western and Eastern Europe, and carried in its economic-social structure the characteristics of *both* regions, while its ambitions placed it closer to the West. Péter Hanák, who holds basically the same view, tried to support this view also by advancing evidence that in this region, including Hungary, bourgeois evolution and modernization also had an endogenous base (in addition to the role of foreign capital and the skills of immigrant Germans, Czechs, Jews, etc.).

Gábor Gyáni adds, with justification, that beyond objective evolution, an important role is played by the region's own sense of identity. Intellectual efforts were always necessary for Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary to be able to form a truly independent and characteristic region.

Gyáni, Gábor: "Történészviták hazánk Európán belüli hovatartozásáról" (Historic Arguments about where Hungary Belongs within Europe). *Valóság*, 1988, No. 4. pp. 76–83.

Gy. L.

* *NHQ* 86, In Focus.

THE DIFFICULT BIRTH OF MODERNIZATION

The death of György Ránki the historian in February 1988 deprived Hungary and international scholarship of a scholar of broad vision and of a resourceful research organizer. He was the head of the Institute of Historical Studies and simultaneously in charge of the Hungarian Department of the University of Indiana at Bloomington. The loss with the disappearance of his stimulating spirit and versatility which always concentrated on the main problems and noticed ever new subjects, is inestimable.

As a true scholar, Ránki was interested both in detailed research and in the major syntheses. As if he had felt that he had to hurry, in his last years he concentrated on syntheses. The last, even though fairly short, article published in his lifetime dealt with perhaps one of the most burning problems of our days, recent and contemporary questions connected with the process of modernization in Hungary. In its broader context the subject—surveying the entire 19th and 20th-century history and problems of modernization in Hungary—dominated Ránki's research in his last years.

In spite of his universal approach and international outlook, Ránki always concentrated on Hungarian history and progress. He was increasingly, and more and more intensively, interested in the relationship between Hungary and Europe, between Hungary and the most advanced nations and centres. In a paper which has survived in manuscript he made an extremely interesting and original attempt at surveying and analysing the three periods of efforts at eliminating the historic backwardness of the country: 1867–1914, 1919–1944, and post-1945.

In his discussion of the different efforts at modernization, Ránki returned again and again to one of the principal problems, the dilemma of organic evolution of the imitation of an external pattern. It is proof of his realistic approach that—contrary to many others—he did not fall into the trap of either extreme: he respected but did not consider absolute the requirement of organic evolution, but also understood the danger of the mechanical imitation of foreign models. He also stressed that some patterns which proved themselves elsewhere may become organic in the life of a particular nation. (Those who deny this, if they want to remain consistent, must consider industry and trade, capitalism and socialism also alien to the national character and traditions!)

In the short article here discussed, György Ránki placed the other side of the same question at the focus, discussing only the post-1945 problems of modernization. The principal mistake of the modernization policy forced by Mátyás Rákosi was precisely that he mechanically followed and copied the Soviet model without the smallest regard for Hungarian traditions and particularities. The other, closely interconnected, problem, appeared, according to Ránki, in the quality of the mechanism of modernization in all areas, including e.g. the exclusively extensive nature of industrialization, the quantitative approach in the training and employment of staff and the education policy as such, which all derived from the Stalinist position that the class struggle was becoming more acute all the time and the needed reaction was permanent, intense vigilance. The result was the creation of a new, rigid, and professionally incompetent hierarchy.

This explains why—as Ránki found—modernization still lies ahead in Hungary. It is a future image, a programme, and not an accomplished fact. But he sees the essence of the question in the clarification of what is identical and what is different between the problems as they existed forty years ago and as they exist today.

All in all, it would be difficult to include post-1945 Hungary within the conventional system of self-developing or stagnating societies, Ránki argues. He points out that the process of modernization and innovation

which seemed to gather momentum at the end of the sixties and the beginning of the seventies has again slowed down since then, but has not ground to a halt. The new and forceful development of the process, he stresses in conclusion, can only be achieved at the cost of fighting for it.

Ránki György: "A hazai modernizáció kérdéséhez" (Modernization in Hungary), *Társadalomtudományi Közlemények*, 1987, No. 4. pp. 570–575.

Gy. L.

A YOUNG PERIODICAL—*AETAS*

The proliferation of new periodicals is an unmistakable sign of ages of reform. This applied to the 1840s, to the early 20th century, to the thirties, and we experience this—with joy—also in the most recent years, when the official, regular, and adult periodicals, have been joined by new journals. They appear irregularly, but by their fresh voice, and their curiosity challenging taboos quickly made them popular. These include e.g. *Medvetánc* or *Századvég*, published respectively by the University of Budapest and by Social Science College of Law Students.

In the meantime the periodic publications of some universities outside Budapest have also entered the fray, including *Aetas*, the journal of the history students of the József Attila University of Szeged, which places the questions of today in the broader context of history, ideology, and social theory. In the seven numbers which have appeared we find interesting publications of sources, including earlier Hungarian history as well as the vicissitudes of our age, as e.g. the Hungarian translation of the full text of Fyodor Raskolnikov's famous 1939 letter to Stalin. All the articles are of a high standard. The presentation of the Hungarian historians who are not sufficiently known is especially interesting.

No. 2 of 1987 introduces Péter Váczy, an outstanding student of medieval history who suffered indignities in the fifties, and was removed from his university chair, to the mostly young readers who had never heard him lecture and did not read his works.

Nos. 1 and 3 of 1987 draw attention to authors who have lived abroad for decades, whose work has not yet been recognized officially in Hungary. One is Tamás Bogyay, who lives in Munich, and in the 1960s, was the director of the Munich Hungarian Institute. *Aetas* publishes an interview with Professor Bogyay, and a selected bibliography as well as a paper on "The Holy Crown as the source and actor of Hungarian history."

The "Beyond the border" column of the latest issue undertakes an even more conspicuous crossing of borders. It publishes an interview with a selected bibliography of and article by Gyula Borbándi, who has not simply been living abroad (also in Munich) for forty years, but is a *par excellence* political exile, one of the intellectual leaders and historians of Hungarian exiles in the West, and editor of *Új Látóhatár*, one of the best Hungarian journals published in the West. Borbándi is in fact a participant in Hungarian intellectual life, which—after having been artificially dismembered for so many years—again begins to assume a universal nature. Borbándi speaks about this in the interview, primarily in connection with his two great books *A magyar népi mozgalom* (The Hungarian Populist Movement), New York, 1983, and *A magyar emigráció életrajza 1945–85* (Hungarians in Exile 1945–1985) Munich, 1985, as well as in his article "Hungarian–Hungarian contacts," in which he tries to discuss frankly and objectively the relationship between those "at home" and the "homeless," the so far delicate and certainly painful problem and conflict of their ultimate belonging together. But he too is aware that "only the future will answer" his openly put questions, and that the real dialogue, the difficult work will begin only after these steps, which must be considered important and useful, but which are only a beginning.

Aetas, 1987. No. 3.

Gy. L.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF CRIME

Crime is studied as a social phenomenon by sociologists. Earlier the causes of crime were sought in the social environment, today the behavioural sciences provide the basic concepts and the technique of investigations.

Professor Szabó, who is Hungarian but teaches in Montreal, emphasizes that there are numerous points of contact between the purely psychological approach and the crimino-sociological attitude to crime. The former investigates crime primarily in the light of the individual personality. The attitudinal theory of crime and of criminal behaviour argues that the main difficulty is that criminal law lists the types of behaviour which are classed as crimes. At the same time, from the aspect of attitudinal theory, there is no such sharp dividing line between criminal and non-criminal behaviour. The sociology of crime can in essence be outlined using three major paradigms. According to the first, the behaviour of the criminal is the consequence of the faulty mechanism of social regulation. The followers of the second view concentrate on the act itself and on the decision-making process preceding it. They do not ask how somebody becomes a criminal, but look at the circumstances which, given criminal tendencies, lead to a criminal act. The decision appears to be the result of a consideration. Finally, the third paradigm looks on crime in the interaction of the socio-economic, cultural, and institutional order. The social systems are integrated to a different extent, but in keeping with their differences average behaviour is differently defined. However, attention must be paid also to the administration of justice. Modern society has established a special institutional apparatus for the handling of crime. The general goal vacillates between rejection and intervention. Rejection presumes exclusion from society, and this was the characteristic notion of the 19th century. But in time some people started to think of imprisonment as serving an educational purpose.

At present the social sciences treat criminal behaviour as manifestations of a cultural conflict, and consider it a behaviour deviating from the norms determined by the culture of the given society. A criminal is a person who is unable to find, or to recreate, the balance between his ego and the requirements of the criminal code. Deviating behaviour is linked to the environment. Law plays the principal role in deciding what criminal behaviour is. To understand the criminal act and the criminal, the various interconnections of behaviour have to be studied in an integrated way. If that is done the social sciences can indeed be useful in the prevention of crime.

Szabó, Denis: "A bűnözés szociológiája" (The Sociology of Crime). *Társadalomkutatás*, 1987, No. 4. pp. 65–87.

A. S.

SERVANTS OF POLITICAL POWER

After 1948, usually called the Year of the Turn, the special associations of the teaching profession (more than a hundred before the war) were abolished. All this was part and parcel of the party line of the time. The curriculum was reformulated and thus teaching became subordinated to dogmatic politics.

In the beginning politics subordinated the profession directly eroding established ways of pedagogical thinking, and the relationship between the two spheres remained inorganic. It was only later that a professional way of thinking came into being which, although permeated by politics and ideology, nevertheless followed its own logic. It was embodied in what was called the socialist theory of education. This theory tried to translate the aims of ideology and politics into the language of the profession, thus at least adapting them to the requirements of the children and the laws of the learning process. The training of teachers and the everyday practice of school teaching were suffused by a professional theory which was

politicized through and through and given official status.

In recent years the problems of the Hungarian economy and society have been accompanied by a crisis in political ideology. The teaching profession is again searching for its own identity, it tries to reinterpret its situation and clarify its relationship to politics and to the social environment.

Mária Nagy tries to present the historic background of this situation. A distinction between classroom teachers, educationalists, and policy-makers, as three separate social groups, is in itself novel in Hungarian educational literature. Earlier nobody thought of himself or herself as belonging to one group or another. Political commitment was expected both from educationalists and classroom teachers. Shapers and executors of educational policy were recruited among them. It was rejected until quite recently that these three spheres could have a logic of their own, and that it was good if each followed its own logic and tried to communicate with the other.

The study distinguishes four important periods of the relationship between the three groups. In the early fifties, the authorities disregarded the particularities of the profession and wanted to dominate everything. The second period lasted from the end of the fifties to the end of the sixties. It was then that professional thinking which was politicized but nevertheless followed its own logic appeared, and it then became possible for practising teachers, even if within narrow limits, to initiate educational experiments. The third period lasted from the end of the sixties to the end of the seventies, when —while stressing political loyalty—it became possible to establish professional organizations. These were consulted in the elaboration of educational policy. Finally, the fourth period started at the beginning of the eighties with the proclamation of the government's decentralizing educational policy.* This period still lasts. Teachers enjoy the right to initiate at the local or school level and the professional autonomy of school is recognized.

According to Mária Nagy, this process means that a start has been made in emancipating professional thinking from political domination. This means that it should be possible to create workshops of professional thinking which differ from each other, and it would be possible to develop professional organizations—seeking a dialogue with the politicians—which could represent the interests of the teachers and express values proper to the teaching profession.

Nagy, Mária: "Politika, tudomány és pedagógiai gyakorlat az 1945 utáni magyar oktatási rendszerben" (Politics, Science and Teaching Practice in the post-1945 Hungarian Educational System). *Magyar Pedagógia*, 1986, No. 3–4. pp. 343–358.

G. H.

* *NHQ* 106.

PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY IN ARCHAEOLOGY

The use of physics and chemistry in archaeological research began some decades ago. The examination of the human skeletons has formed part of archaeology almost from the start, the study of burials being indispensable. The importance of animal bones was noticed later. Their examination considerably increased our knowledge of eating habits and ways of living of a given period. Physics and chemistry was at the start limited to fixing the age of the finds, but soon an area became outlined where unexpected success could be achieved. The examination of pottery is one such area. It has become clear that the methods of physics and chemistry can be applied successfully especially to finds which have already been properly studied in the conventional way. These are not the individual or casual products of small workshops only, but were made in large quantities and offer much

evidence about the pottery workshops which produced them. They have formal and ornamental characteristics which refer to the producer, by which the workshops, and perhaps the artisans themselves, can be identified. A system of marks permits the identification character even of small fragments which at the first glance seem to lack an individual character. Among finds in the European provinces of the Roman Empire there are two kinds of products, which were widespread and which have proved to be especially suitable for the further refinement of the results achieved, and the control of observation. It was frequently only by using the methods of physics that it was possible to distinguish them and to identify them exactly. Both groups of finds—Samian Ware and the Amphorae—deserve a special position among the archaeological finds, since they can be treated with relatively high precision. In excavations, they can help determine dating. Both make it possible to examine numerous economic aspects. They make it possible to establish customs brariers between provinces, as well as trade routes.

Wine, olive oil, and fish sauces were carried in the large thick-walled amphorae. These were storage vessels. The red, fine, usually convex, frequently figurally ornamented Samian Ware were table sets or ornamental vessels. While pieces of the first group are formally very similar and can hardly be distinguished by the layman, Samian Ware can be divided into easily distinguishable types from smaller and larger plates, to dishes and vases, according to manufactures. But numerous variants of the basic type also exist amongst amphorae. The examination of both groups of finds was started relying on their principal characteristics, the pieces being marked by the stamps of the manufacturing workshop. It is rare for complete pieces to be found in excavations, but the place of manufacture and time of manufacture of the small fragments can be established, if the piece shows some characteristics of the workshop. However, in the case of undecorated or characterless fragments the attribution to a workshop or potter had been impossible. The stock of shapes and patterns of the workshops influenced each other; the potters migrated or started new potteries. However, the clay used for throwing was acquired by the workshop from one pit.

The trace elements which can be found in the clay mostly differ from pit to pit. This made it possible in the case of the Amphorae and Samian Ware to establish two characteristics of the raw materials by various tests, and these results could be included among the characteristics of the various workshops. A more coarsely prepared clay was used for the Amphorae and an extremely fine one for Samian Ware. Consequently, for the first group of finds it is usually sufficient to prepare a thin section, and workshops using the same raw material can be identified. In Samian Ware the determination of trace elements can lead to results, and this can be done employing neutron activation tests. By the systematic testing of a large series of Samian Ware found in Pannonia, Dénes Gabler and his team have succeeded in distinguishing the raw material of certain Samian Ware workshops in Italy and Gaul, identifying their characteristics. They have thereby succeeded in identifying pieces made in workshops in Arezzo and in Northern Italy which could not be distinguished earlier. In the course of tests it also became possible to identify precisely smaller, characterless fragments of Samian Ware.

Gabler, Dénes–Balla, Márta–Bérczy, János–Keömley, Gábor: "Terra sigillaták eredetének meghatározása neutronaktivációs analitikai módszerrel" (Provenance Studies of Terra Sigillata Found in Pannonia by Means of Instrumental Neutronactivation Analysis). *Archeologiai Értesítő*, 1986, No. 113. pp. 32–43.

E. T.

CAROLINGIAN PANNONIA

Among the events which occurred in the Carpathian Basin in antiquity and in the Middle Ages perhaps only the terrible news of the Mongol Invasion of 1242 exceeded in quantity the written sources on the 791–796 campaigns of the Franks against the Avars. The explanation lies not in the destruction of the historic sources of the imperial period of Rome, but mainly in a change of genre: in almost all of the numerous monastic communities of Christian Europe the events considered to be most important were being noted down regularly. These usually laconic chronicles mentioned the campaign led by Charlemagne against the Avars in 792, just as they did of the invasion in 795 by Erik, Duke of Friaul, and of the advance to the Danube of Pippin, King of Italy, in 796. On the last mentioned occasion the Franks got as far as the headquarters of the Avars, the Hring, and seized the Kaghan's treasury. The loot was transported to Aix-la-Chapelle in 14 drays. The ruler gave abundant gifts or weapons, table sets, and oriental silks to his allies, followers, ecclesiastic and lay dignitaries. He sent an ornamental sword and silk clothes to Offa, king of Mercia. Events in addition to the chronicles are gathered from lives of saints and kings, formularies, Alcuin's correspondence, the works of St Paulinus, Patriarch of Aquileia, as well as documents.

It was not easy for historians to interpret this mass of evidence. In recent years the view of the Avars has changed somewhat. There is no doubt that towards the end of the 8th century the feared Avar great power—or perhaps only its reputation—collapsed. First Charlemagne conquered the region between the Drava and Sava rivers. Two decades later the Bulgar Czar Krum made conquests east of the Danube. We do not know how he was able to hold on to a region which was far north of his realm. It must have happened as it did further west where Charlemagne and his successors only occupied as much as the defence of their own lands needed. It is certain that after the administrative reorganization of the eastern marches (828), Eastern Transdanubia no longer belonged to the Empire. At the most, they took care that in this uninteresting Avar area the Moravians also should not be able to increase their power, nor should the Bulgars endanger the interests of the Empire from the south.

Frankish rule lasted barely more than a century in the eastern marches. The 907 defeat at the hands of the Hungarians, in the battle of Pozsony, destroyed the defensive system. New conquerors, replacing Avars, controlled the area as far west as the river Enns for a long time. More documents concerning the area are available about the century of Frankish rule than of any period before or of the two centuries which followed. Nevertheless, we know little of the church or secular administration of the marches which fitted, of course, into the government of the Empire. Earlier a single question exercised the minds of German historians. They sought the traces of the Bavarian settlements of the Carolingian period in the western part of the Hungarian kingdom and thought to discover proofs of continuity in the similarity between Carolingian and medieval Hungarian place-names. They were over-optimistic about the survival of 9th-century settlements. They presumed to identify well-known Carolingian place-names in Hungarian place-names of similar spelling. This method was not convincing. Most material is in an 860 document, a grant by the Emperor Louis the German of numerous estates to the Archbishopric of Salzburg, seeking his support against Karlmann.

Numerous toponyms in the document, and in its extended forgery which was made one hundred years later, are important sources for the history of the region. It showed that in the 9th century they were familiar with the Latin name of Szombathely, Sabaria, suggesting continuity of oc-

cupation, which made the survival of the toponym possible. Using the term *civitas* which was the due of cathedral towns in the terminological practice of the imperial chancellery shows the importance of Sabaria. It may well have been the centre of a margravate. The name of another place is mentioned in the forged and expanded document: Quinquae Ecclesiae is usually identified with the ancient Sophianae, Pécs in Hungarian. It was known as Quinquae Ecclesiae in Latin documents of the Hungarian Middle Ages. Now, however, Gábor Vékony, after trying to identify several toponyms in the document more credibly than had been done earlier, has thrown doubt on the identity of the Carolingian and the Hungarian Quinquae Ecclesiae. First, because the eastern marches of the Frankish Empire are unlikely to have reached the area of Pécs, and second because the possessions of the Archbishop of Salzburg were in Western Transdanubia. Showing the untenability of earlier identifications, the author has made an important contribution to neglected research into the history of the Carolingian marches.

Vékony, Gábor: "A Karoling birodalom délkeleti határvédelme kérdéséhez" (The Defence of the South-eastern Frontier of the Carolingian Empire). *Komárom Megyei Múzeumok Közleményei*, II. 1986, pp. 43–75.

E. T.

THE SURVIVAL OF MINORITIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES

In the Middle Ages the situation of isolated national minorities was easier. Nationalism and aggressive policies of assimilation were still unknown. But their situation was also more difficult. Their difference was frequently defined as a difference of religion. How long could the linguistic, cultural, and ethnic autonomy of such small groups survive? There are examples which bear witness of surprisingly long periods. The Ostrogoths left the Crimea following the invasion of the Huns in 375, but those left behind still spoke Gothic in 1562. There were crusades in the Middle Ages to destroy the Slavs on the river Elbe, but Sorbic has survived to this day. Jenő Szűcs, an outstanding historian of medieval Hungary and Hungarian national ideologies, examines the chances of small groups for survival, using two groups of people as an example.

One of his examples is that of Moslems of Northern Iranian descent in medieval Hungary. Their forefathers joined the Hungarians before the Magyar Conquest. Until approximately 830 the Hungarians lived in the Khazar Empire. Around 860 three tribes rebelled against the Khazars and joined the Hungarians; they were given the Turkic name Kabar, which meant rebels. They took part in the Magyar Conquest together with the Magyars, but some of them did not adopt Christianity when the Hungarians did. Latin sources mentioned them as Ismaelites or Saracens, and in Hungarian they were called *böszörmény*, which meant Moslem. Before the 13th century their presence is made clear by 80 place-names, dispersed all over the country. This could have been a result of their being dispersed in order to achieve their confessional assimilation, but it could also be related to the fact that these Moslems were soldier merchants, archers, and consequently their natural place of settlement was along trade routes and in the marches. Jenő Szűcs examines more closely some of the soldier-Moslems in around 30 villages along the southern border of the country.

The Arab traveller Abu-Hamid al-Garnati al-Andalusi (1080–1170) spent three years in Hungary in the mid-12th century and wrote about flourishing Moslem communities, mentioning also that the king liked his Moslem subjects. Approximately 70 years later around 1220, the Arab geographer Yakut al-Rumi (1178–1229) collected information in Aleppo from Hun-

garian Moslem youths who had gone there to study theology. Their chins were shaven and their apparel also resembled that of Christians, which suggests that by then the sense of identity of the Moslems had already been shaken. They spoke Hungarian among themselves. It is likely that they finally disappeared due to the Mongol invasion which devastated the whole of Hungary in 1241–1242.

Their survival for nearly 400 years was probably assisted by the fact that as merchants they maintained contact with their ethnic and linguistic kin in Eastern Europe, and certainly obtained replacements from them. They had a peculiar role and function in the Hungarian state and enjoyed self-government, which apparently provided them with sufficient protecion over several centuries against occasional religious intolerance.

The second example given by Jenő Szűcs are the Hungarians settled by János Hunyadi in the mid-15th century along the lower reaches of the river Dniester for military purposes, in connection with the expansion of the Ottoman Turks. Their centre was at Akkerman, which was then called Nyeszterfehérvár in Hungarian. When the area was conquered by the Tartar khan of the Crimea, the Hungarians moved to the other bank of the river. As many as seven Hungarian villages were still mentioned in the 17th century (in 1633 and 1637). Research by Kálmán Benda in Vatican archives about missionary work among the Hungarian Catholic diaspora revealed both the wearing down of this group and the role of the Roman Catholic religion in its survival. Tartar rule was favourable, being tolerant in religious questions. However, the Hungarians were in a more difficult situation than the above-mentioned Moslems, as they had no particular function in the state administration or regional divison of labour. They were at a distance of four hundred kilometres from Hungarian inhabited areas and even several days' walk from Hungarian settlements in Moldavia. It is likely that they were replenished from west of the Pruth and visited by priests from there, but only once every twenty or thirty years. They maintained their Roman Catholic Christianity employing peculiar devices. Only one village was mentioned in 1706. But they still spoke Hungarian in 1732, and declared themselves to be of the Catholic faith though they had no priest of their own. Their final assimilation was brought about by Czarist Russia. Nevertheless, isolated and without an élite of their own they maintained their linguistic and cultural identity over nearly 300 years.

These examples tell of pre-nationalist periods. Nevertheless, the survival of small and unprotected ethnic units can perhaps also give some hope to our era—writes the author.

Szűcs, Jenő: "Két történelmi példa az etnikai csoportok életképességéről" (Two Historic Examples of the Vitality of Ethnic Groups). *Magyarságkutatás*, 1987, pp. 11–28.

T. H.

THE STATELY HOMES OF OLD HUNGARY

Who was Rotenstein?—Éva H. Balázs asks in the title of her article concerning the distinguished Hungarian nobleman who left us extremely colourful and detailed descriptions of the chateaux and festivities of the leading Hungarian aristocrats of the 1760s and 1770s. These descriptions appeared in the collection of travelogues which Johann Bernoulli Jr. published in Berlin between 1781 and 1784 under the title: "*Sammlung kurzer Reisebeschreibungen*," under the name of "des Herren Gottfried Edlen von Rotenstein." His attention covered a great number of minute details in describing the castles, town mansions, gardens, and estates of the Esterházy, Pálffy, Erdődy, Grassalkovics, and other families, including the colours, patterns, ornaments of the French and Chinese silk covers and wallpapers of individual rooms, the American catalpa trees

of the parks, the vines from the Canary Islands, vines imported from Cyprus and Cap. It is in similar detail that he described a number of festivities, including a visit by Maria Theresa and her entourage, to Eszterháza in 1770, where the court conductor of Prince Esterházy, the host at that time, was Josef Haydn. The pomp and the luxury were unbelievable, and Rotenstein was an outstanding observer. He too was captivated by the richness of the festivities, and inspired by them to describe them.

Since the name *Rotenstein* does not occur anywhere in the sources or in encyclopaedias dealing with the 18th century, and because the descriptions indicate that he was a nobleman who participated in the festivities, a landowner in Hungary, living in or near Pozsony, the assumption is logical that a Hungarian aristocrat must be covered by the pseudonym *Rotenstein*. The telling details of the descriptions and the recognition that von Rotenstein is the German translation of *de Vöröskő* make it likely that the aristocratic amateur was a member of the Vöröskő branch of one of the most distinguished Hungarian families, the Pálffys, viz. János Pálffy the Ninth (1744–1794). He was a captain in the Hungarian noble bodyguard of Maria Theresa in Vienna, and was a brother-in-law of the Hungarian Count János Fekete, who wrote poems in French and corresponded with Voltaire.

The notes concerning the luxurious life of the Hungarian aristocrats of the 1760s and 1770s were read with mixed feelings by some members of the enlightened and rationalist public of the 1780s. However, the editor Bernoulli, in his reflections, written 200 years ago, defended his author: "The treasures and tastes of Hungary are little known, and if one reads about the values accumulated here, the important question certainly arises: will the present luxury appear to be small and pitiable in three or four hundred years from now, or on the contrary, can one count on its diminution? If we compare the present situation of several civilized countries with that of three of four hundred years ago, then the first variant is likely, otherwise the latter."

H. Balázs, Éva: "Ki volt Rotenstein? Egy forrás azonosítása" (Who was Rotenstein? Identification of a Source). *Ars Hungarica*, 1987. pp. 133–138.

G. G.

LEARNING TO ESCAPE

Almost fifteen years ago, a laboratory was established at the University of Budapest with the aim of conducting research in ethology and behaviour-genetics, as well as teaching these subjects to would-be biologists, psychologists, and teachers.

Research in behaviour-genetics started within psychology with the chief purpose of proving that behaviour does not include only acquired and learned factors, but inbred ones as well. Ethology, on the other hand, is one of the natural sciences, and aims to reveal the biological bases of the behaviour of human beings and animals. Although the field of interest of psychology and ethology is actually the same, they developed independently of one another for a long time. Behaviour-genetics used the methods of experimental psychology and was not too interested in the natural behaviour of animals. Though ethology had shown an interest primarily in inherited behavioural patterns, it did not use the already well-elaborated testing methods of behaviour-genetics. Therefore, when establishing a new laboratory at the University, under the direction of Professor Vilmos Csányi, the most important objective was to utilize the methodology of both. Thus experimental animals are kept under observation in a natural, or at least "quasi-natural" environment (ethological approach); at the same time, the genetical background of the natural elements of their behaviour are analysed by the psychological methods of behaviour-genetics.

The present experimental animal is a

small tropical fish, the paradise-fish, well-known to aquarium owners. The reason for this choice was that it can easily be bred, is suitable for genetic tests and has a well-developed behavioural repertory. Its natural environment can be imitated in a laboratory.

By utilizing different new genetic methods, such as gynogenesis it was possible to produce genetically homogeneous stocks of paradise-fish.

First it was tested in the most detailed way how paradise-fish avoid predators. It was found that the paradise-fish can congenitally recognize pikes spying upon it. It was also found that the most important factors in the recognition of the predator are the two eyes of the predator. The eyes have an attractive effect on paradise-fish. If an object or a moving creature appears in its environment, it scrutinizes it very carefully. If no harm occurs in the course of reconnoitring, it soon stops further examination, however, if the bearer of the eyes attacks or chases it, the paradise-fish seems to make a mental note of the outside marks of the aggressor and, if it survives, avoids it the next time. An extremely important result of this text-series is that the introductory phase of learning is always an exploration activity that is directed by genetically fixed key-stimuli, in the present case by the eyes of the predator. The study of the genetically different paradise-fish stocks has also shown, that the behavioural regulations induced by the predator cannot be classified rigorously into learned or inherited categories. Generally they are of such a construction that the possibilities of the different learning events are fixed by genetic factors. Thus learning due to the environment is genetically regulated but genetically fixed behavioural rules can be modified by learning under well-defined circumstances.

J. H.

Csányi, V. 1985: "Ethological Analysis of Predator Avoidance by the Paradise Fish *(Macropodus opercularis)*" I. Recognition and learning of predators. *Behaviour, 92:* 227–240;

Csányi, V. and *Gervai, J.* 1986: "Behaviour-genetic Analysis of the Paradise Fish *(Marcopodus opercularis)*" II. Passive avoidance conditioning of inbred strains. *Behav. Genet., 16:* 553–57;

Csányi, V. and *Lovász, F.* 1987: "Key Stimuli and the Recognition of the Physical Environment by the Paradise Fish *(Macropodus opercularis)*" *Anim. Learn. Behav., 15:* 379–381.

RUDOLF ANDORKA is a Professor of Sociology im Budapest... GÉZA GALAVICS is an art historian who has written a book on the Turkish wars in art... GÁBOR HALÁSZ is on the staff of the Education Reserach Group... JÓZSEF HÁMORI is Professor of Neurobiology at the Department of Anatomy of the Semmelweis School of Medicine... TAMÁS HOFER is Deputy Director of the Ethnographical Institute... MIHÁLY LAKI is on the staff of the Research Institute of Cooperatives... GYÖRGY LITVÁN is preparing an American edition of Oszkár Jászi's writings... ANDRÁS SAJÓ is a Professor of Law in Budapest... ENDRE TÓTH is on the staff of the National Museum

Valóság—a monthly of the social sciences

Társadalomtudományi Közlemények—a monthly of the Social Sciences Research Institute of the Central Committee of the HSWP

Aetas—a monthly, published by the history students of Szeged University

Társadalomkutatás—a monthly of the Economic and Legal Section of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences

Magyar Pedagógia—monthy of the Institute of Education

Archeológiai Értesítő—a journal of the Hungarian Archeological and Art Society

Komárom Megyei Múzeumok Közleményei—publication by the museums of Komárom County

Magyarságkutatás—yearbook of the Research Group for Hungarian Studies

Ars Hungarica—publication of the Art History Research Group of the Academy of Sciences.

SURVEY

RÓBERT ZSOLT

SPORT BETWEEN AMATEURISM AND PROFESSIONALISM

One would have thought that Hungary, a country grappling with economic and social difficulties, would have given sport a less prominent role. After all, who cares about or takes comfort from, a well-scored goal or a new record, when a new pair of shoes for one's child is too expensive, when an old-age pensioner wears out the last clothes bought before retirement because new ones are beyond his pocket.

Interestingly enough, sport is invariably timely even though the public views have altered over the course of years. In the 1950s sporting glory was opium to the people. It made them forget—if only for a short time—about their being stripped of many, many beauties and joys of life. An amazing interest was taken in all sports, especially in football. Following Hungary's memorable 6–3 win at Wembley in the autumn of 1953, a return match against the England team was arranged for Budapest in the spring of 1954. Obtaining a ticket for this match in the Népstadion was more difficult than for the men's singles finals at Wimbledon today. When the Hungarian side, playing with the authority of a truly great team, won 7–1, there was none happier than the Magyar. He celebrated as if he had never had anything to worry about.

Political leaders attributed the Hungarian successes in sport, including the 16 gold medals won at the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki, to the superiority of the people's democratic order. They proclaimed that a socio-economic system capable of achieving such sporting results was in every respect superior to any other in the world.

Sport was put in its proper place in the 1960s. The claim was no longer made that a spectacular goal was proof of the superiority of socialism. No one did so if only because those years saw the beginning of a period in which the number of goals scored was about the same on both sides. However, it could not yet be said that Hungarian football was badly off at the time: during the 1966 World Cup finals in England the Hungarian national team eliminated Brazil and qualified for the quarter-finals. A good many Olympic medals were also collected by Hungary, whose successful sportsmen enjoyed great prestige. They received considerable bonuses and enjoyed high status, although money was scarcely emphasized. The president of the International Olympic Committee, Mr Avery Brundage, banned from the Olympic family all those who accepted money in return for their sporting achievements. The Western media labelled the methods of socialist countries as "state-sponsored shamateurism," claiming that sportsmen and women were kept by the state, while the Hungarian press wrote on how advertising moneys were passed on to sportsmen in the countries to the west of us. This did not disturb the peace, since both sides knew well what was at the back of those mutual references.

Towards the end of the 1970s, when it began to be evident in Hungary that further economic progress could hardly be expected, views on sport changed again. When it later became clear that difficult years were still ahead of the country, sporting success—still considerable but not as great as before—could no longer divert attention from the current economic problems. Moreover, people increasingly voiced the question of why hundreds of millions were spent on gold medals when a thousand different ways could be found to make good use of that money.

Why sporting success caused problems to be forgotten in the 1950s, and why it does not in the 1980s, can be explained quite simply. The decade following the miseries and ravages of the Second World War—even though full of cares—brought about incomparably more favourable conditions of life than those that had prevailed in the war years. Not even the curtailment of human rights and the serious economic and political situation could destroy the people's optimism. Although present conditions are much better than those with which the Hungarian people had to cope with in the 1950s, the general feeling is far more pessimistic today than it was at that time. This is easy to understand. Now the Hungarian does not have to climb out of an abyss but is slipping off quite a high peak. And he who has tasted the good finds it difficult to take the bad. It is no comfort to him if he is presented with sporting victories wrapped in tissue paper.

It still cannot be said that the public mood has turned against sport, it is rather the significance of competitive sport that is being widely challenged. There is a specific reason for this as well. Hungary holds an undistinguished place in international health statistics. A special cause for concern is that the physical condition of young people, of students in particular, is not satisfactory: nearly one-fifth do not meet the health requirements of military service entry. Nor are adult age-groups in the pink of health either. Physicians are of the opinion—this view being voiced also by the press, by television and radio programmes as well as by members of Parliament—that the problems are primarily due to lack of prevention. Ill-health can be ascribed to improper nourishment, lack of physical exercise, smoking and overconsumption of alcohol. Lack of exercise is a clear indication of defects in the organization of sport.

Over many years only the development of top competitive sport was in the forefront. The sports authority, under whatever name it operated, regarded it only as a minor duty to occupy itself with leisure-time sporting activities for students and adults; physical education at school was the concern of an unimportant subsection of the Ministry of Culture responsible for the functioning of schools. As a result of public health education, on the other hand, the social demand for leisure sports was growing. Parents became increasingly aware that it was no use cramming so much knowledge into the heads of their children when they remained physically undeveloped and untrained, pigeon-chested, were growing fat, lazy, and inactive. Adults also became interested in active sports, and students and parents realized that they had no choice but to do gymnastics at home, or walking, hiking, and jogging out of doors. But it is a fact that a child cannot, and an adult only with difficulty, be persuaded into pursuing a boring activity for the good of his health. Sport must be entertaining.

In accordance with this train of thought, the management councils of various factories and enterprises—which have wide discretion on how much to expend on sport—gradually stopped subsidising top sport with money and instead attempted to meet the demands of their own employees. The expenses of a football team involve the purchase of equipment and outfits, the rent of a playing-field and premises and the organization of attractive playing schedules. What use is a team of players consuming hundreds of thousands of forints of subsidy while scoring peripheral

successes at the most, when the management does not have enough money to finance the sports activities of its own employees and their families?

Hundreds of small football clubs have been dissolved in recent years, and many factories, enterprises, and institutions have withdrawn financial assistance from clubs active in different competitive sports. One of the most prosperous industrial enterprises in Hungary, the Rába Company in Győr, has disbanded several of its sports sections; no wonder therefore that its example has been followed by many other large enterprises assailed by economic difficulties.

It seems, however, that a proper equilibrium will slowly be restored. A good many firms have terminated or at least reduced their financial sponsorship of competitive sport, and they have been replaced by others, primarily by those which have invested in sport in anticipation of receipts from domestic and foreign advertising. Sponsorhip by enterprises in Hungary—as opposed to practice in other socialist countries—is of extremely great importance. Approximately 10,000 million Ft, about one per cent of the national income, flows into sport, and nearly one-third of this sum comes from state subsidies. The rest of it is provided by commercial enterprises.

In the years of prosperity, various firms sponsored sport like socialist patrons; today, however, they consider carefully how to spend money and expect a return in the form of publicity. A number of enterprises wishing to publicise their products have decided to participate in financing sports events, doing so for their own ends. An example is Datacoop, a small cooperative with a staff of thirty, which pays 100,000 Ft a month in aid to the Fencing Association which, in turn, obliges fencers taking part in international competitions to display the firm's trade mark. Members of this cooperative do not use public funds to sponsor sport, as is usually done by state-owned enterprises in Hungary, but they use part of their own income in the expectation of broadening their market. The amount they provide is much more substantial than the subsidy the Association receives from the Sports Office.

The sponsors naturally concentrate on football. Although Hungarian football cannot claim today to be successful internationally, it is still the most popular sport in this country. The number of spectators has fallen considerably compared to the fifties and sixties—the average attendance for a first-division is now 6,000—but football is a general topic of discussion among sports followers. About three to four-fifths of the pages of the sporting press and the sports columns of the dailies are taken up with football, and a victory by the Hungarian national team, or still more a failure, is bound to excite nationwide commotion. When, at the 1986 World Cup tournament in Mexico, the national team was drubbed 6–0 by the Soviet Union, the entire country was in uproar. A whole series of books came out explaining what had happened, vilifying the players, the responsible officials of the Football Association and in general everybody who was supposed to have had anything to do with the fiasco. The most outspoken book sold more than a quarter million copies—in a country of ten million inhabitants!

After the World Cup, the team manager and the president of the Football Association resigned, and the entire leadership was replaced. But Hungarian football did not improve, failure followed failure in the international arena. As a Budapest paper put it, the curious thing about it all was that Hungarian footballers had never before been paid such high salaries, and Hungarian football still had never been at such a low ebb as it was then. A Hungarian humorist illustrated the situation: "Tell me, sir, can you swim? Ah, you cannot. And what if I pay you for it!..."

The Hungarian football player gets paid, and not just anyhow. The unduly high bonuses annoy the public. The football fan says he does not mind, the player can have

the sky and the stars for that matter—provided he produces something. If he plays well, if he is the architect of success and victory. But if he is worth little by international standards, if he is continually humiliated during play, why should he be paid five or ten times as much as an average Hungarian worker?

Even if no official document openly states so, football in Hungary has in effect become a professional sport. Professional players are as relatively highly paid in Hungary as, shall we say, in England. What we Hungarians have taken from professionalism is that a crack player must be paid just as well as, or even better, than a pop singer, a film-star, a circus showman. But Hungary lacks the standard of organization of the world of professional football, in its order and discipline, including and primarily adherence to the principle that benefits must be earned. To pocket substantial salaries and high bonuses the player must produce. He must attain results, attract spectators to the ground, deserve the assistance of generous sponsors.

In first-division championship games in Hungary, where—as I have indicated—the average number of attendance is only 6,000, the victory bonus is three times, occasionally over five times, as high as the average monthly wage of ordinary workers. And the public is annoyed, because the games it watches are low in quality and boring, and the teams are wanting in genuine fighting spirit. There is nothing to stimulate the player to a better performance, since he earns more than the prime minister does.

The football fan grumbles because he feels cheated. After paying an expensive admission he gets only some imitation football. He is disposed to suspect that the games are played so spiritlessly because the matches are again being bought and sold. Before the last World Cup, a Budapest team, Honvéd, in contention for the championship title was found to have paid the Csepel club for the points it needed, and Csepel was proved also to have done similar business with Nyíregyháza. It was a scandal which would have grown even more serious if police investigations had been extended to all first-division clubs. A good deal more bribery would certainly have been brought to light—as was admitted by the then president of the Football Association.

That is why the fan has become prone to be suspicious and is inclined to attribute bad performances to behind-the-scenes bargaining, even though it is precisely the appallingly high bonuses that have restricted the opportunities to buy points: the clubs cannot afford to pay around double the bonus for a victory. The high outlay brings no other profit. But the fan does not take comfort from this either. He wants a good spectacle for his money.

On top of it all, he is fully aware that nothing much can be done with the gate money. In Hungary no football club operates at a profit. Even the best-supported Hungarian club, Ferencváros, whose matches are regularly attended by 15 to 20,000 spectators, is operating at a great deficit. Its gate and other receipts are enough to run its first-division side, but insufficient to maintain its reserve and junior teams and to keep the stadium in good repair. Public funds are wasted on football, since the clubs are supported by the state: in part indirectly, through the sponsoring state-run enterprises, and in part directly, through the funds of the Sports Office. The fan does more than just purchase his admission ticket, by working, by paying taxes like other citizens, he also contributes to the incomes of footballers.

Ferenc Puskás, the former star player of Honvéd and of Real Madrid, is alleged to have been the source of the saying: "small money weak football, big money strong football..." This may have been the case in Hungary during the early 1950s, but the figures show that Puskás, when playing in Hungarian football, did not receive one-tenth of what the present-day tyros are paid, even taking into account the depreciation of the forint. One example: the

players on the present national team have been promised 25 per cent of the receipts from the 1990 World Cup tournament as a reward for qualifying for the finals. Even at the very worst this money will come to a million forints. Puskás and company, after losing in the 1954 World Cup final against West Germany (after defeating Brazil and Uruguay), got as a reward reproaches, mockery and booing. Their successors may get a million forints just for being one of the 24 participants in the finals. This prize equivalent to some £ 11,000 is not inconsiderable even by English standards.

All this shows that neither in football nor in sports in Hungary is there any sign of amateurism. Or rather, amateurism exists where sportsmen have not yet been tested internationally. In Hungary no money is paid to those who go in for sports like field hockey, gliding, etc.; on the other hand, shooters, kayakers, judoists, wrestlers and competitors who top the home championships of many other sports already draw regular money and, when producing results in the international field, are granted generous awards too. Last spring the Sports Office decided to exempt altogether 2,800 top-class sportsmen and women from doing any other kind of work. Until last year the established rule was that the footballers of the first and second divisions (720 in all) and the sportsmen in the international class (294 in all) those who had excelled in European or World Championship events—received their salaries explicitly for their sporting activity. From this year onwards all qualified first-class competitors in 36 sports and a considerable proportion of the players of first-division clubs have been granted what is called sporting status. They are thus all professionals. According to a vice-president of the Sports Office this has done away with the fictitious jobs provided for them in the past: the sportsmen listed in the new category need 4 to 8 hours a day training and formerly, when sport was their only occupation, they were officially employed by some enterprise. The aim was to put an end to this ambiguous situation.

The sportsmen and players in this category do not draw particularly high salaries they are paid just a little more than the national average; outstanding results are, however, abundantly recompensed. In sports for which world championships are held every year a gold-medal winner is awarded 100,000 Ft and in those which hold their world championships every four years the gold-medallist receives 300,000 Ft. For example, the swimmer Tamás Darnyi, who won both of his events at the Soeul Olympic Games, was paid 600,000 Ft. These sums are high because the Sports Office wishes to reward the sportsmen for the hard work put in over a year or four years.

The central sports authority set up in 1986, the State Office for Youth and Sports (or Sports Office for short), has intended the system of rewards to be centred on results. It holds the view that good results deserve good pay, but if no real performance takes place, there should be no pay. This sensible idea, however, is contradicted in practice. Not only production but also cheating pays in Hungary. The general public view is that it is right and proper that those who excel in sport at home and abroad should accordingly receive excellent treatment, but it considers it inadmissible that not only top-ranking football players enjoy extraordinarily high incomes but also, and still more, that players in third-rank regional championships are also given professional treatment. In various farmers' cooperatives and such like organizations football players are employed only formally: they do no work as such yet still collect salaries as high as those drawn by second-division players who have acquired sporting status. For this reason, these players do not make any effort to rise from the lower divisions because with less training and less rigorous requirements they can attain a standard of living for which they would have to work rather hard in an upper-division club.

Cheating of this kind is in vogue in other

branches of sport, too. The most typical is for sportsmen to use their connections in order to gain some special benefits: they procure some profitable business for wives or parents and then help in making it prosper instead of concerning themselves with sport. Another typical method is to change clubs, in which case the new club pays a fee or guarantees some favours in recompense. Many use sporting pursuits as stepping-stones not to victory or advancement in sport but to material success.

Meeting with general approval, on the other hand, is the fact that the Sports Office established in 1986 is fostering school sports and leisure activities and is giving these priority. The Student Sports Association founded last year has an annual budget of hundreds of millions of forints for the reorganization of sporting life in schools. The Ministry does not plan to raise the prescribed number of physical training classes (three forty-five-minute periods a week at present), so the Association is hoping to promote extracurricular sporting activity. It provides the sports groups in schools with financial assistance enabling them to buy equipment and to employ coaches, and material incentives are available to encourage physical training leaders to aid the students' clubs. Already in operation in a considerable number of schools are sports groups whose main aim is to help the largest possible number of students to satisfy the need for exercise by making such physical exercise easy and entertaining. Training is not centred on results, but those who are striving for success and prove to have special talent will be transferred by the school to leading sports clubs.

Leisure sporting activities have experienced similar development. The number of tennis courts in the country has doubled, ski-lifts have been installed on many hills, enterprises make playing-fields available to their employees and families at certain hours of the day. The young have grown particularly fond of self-defence sports of the Far Eastern type: these can be learnt in various self-supported clubs. Running has become increasingly popular and mass competitions for distance-runners are held in many cities. The Sports Office conducts various performance tests, and successful participants can win many valuable prizes. Thus popular needs are being satisfied, and the Sports Office is not only promoting a healthy way of life but is attempting to create the conditions for it. A growing number of people are taking advantage of the opportunities, and even though the majority of the population does not engage in sport, the rest are trying to make up for their lack of exercise by engaging in various sports. And if they succeed in this, then those World Cup and Olympic gold medals can roll in—it won't matter.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

BALÁZS LENGYEL

ÚJHOLD REDIVIVUS

The Death and Rebirth of a Periodical

There was in Budapest in 1946 a magazine in which everyone who belonged to its coterie could and did write what he or she wanted, whatever "the god within his breast" dictated. Strange. Strange because there are stormy areas of the world where, in consequence of the constant struggle between power interests, this is something not to be taken for granted, not by a long chalk, however natural it is elsewhere. For the literary magazine *Újhold* (New Moon) to come into being in Hungary, a power vacuum of some sort was needed, or at least an equilibrium of social forces, that had to suffer willy-nilly that authors should write whatever they pleased—a rare moment indeed in the entire history of Hungarian letters. Those two or three years, from 1945 to 1948, were a period of an unprecedented flowering of literature in Hungary.

Flowering? Yes; out of a war-torn, wretched soil. When the present author, together with a group of young writers and poets, founded that periodical, Budapest was still practically in ruins, with collapsed roofs, houses gutted, windows boarded or papered up, piles of rubble on the pavements, and in Buda, in Szent János Square, the fuselage and tail of a military glider stuck out over the street, its nose wedged in a third-floor window, as though the pilot had wanted to visit that flat by way of the window. And there was a rampant, runaway seven- or eight-digit inflation. How could anyone think of founding a literary magazine and of trying to create a sound financial base for it at the same time? Quite simply. One of the coterie handsomely made an unbelievable sacrifice by offering a "fortune," that is, no less than a cool ten dollars for the printing of the first issue. For this greenback, the printing house undertook to produce the first issue on six printed sheets in 500 copies. We volunteered to go the rounds of the booksellers and distribute the complimentary copies too.

The press reception of our venture was immediate, indeed, it was astonishing. We came on the scene like a bomb explosion in time of peace.

Why? Certainly not for our literary merits. Literary value by itself rarely excites a loud sensation or furore, particularly not at the doubtful stage of making a debut. It is a much more low-key affair. Myself, the editor-in-chief, took some years to discover the secret of it all: the social equilibrium, making the conditions for our existence possible, wasn't as stable and unchanging after all as we had supposed in our starry-eyed, naive desire for freedom.

Who were those people who banded together, what kind of writers, to make an entry as a new generation? It was those young people (young at the time) between twenty and thirty who had individually, I should say miraculously, managed to survive

the war. Their stories of coming through all the dangers to their lives are legion; the war took its highest toll among their age group. Their personal experience was also different from that of the older generations of writers. Sidney Keyes, the poet killed at Tobruk, could perhaps explain it to the English, if one could communicate from across "that bourn." This otherness stemmed possibly also from the fact that the older writers had been fully formed in their psychological make-up, and their abilities as writers developed by the time they went through what we did in a formative, impressionable state. The destructive disillusionment of the war did not affect them while young. To borrow another English poet's phrase, "our superfluous experiences" were different from all those coming before and after us; our historical lesson was very different from theirs. So were our states of mind and feeling. And we differed—as it turned out before long—in our modes of expression. These were our principal reasons for having to launch a separate magazine.

The school, supplemented by the extramural instruction of history provided by the war this enterprizing and rising generation attended, was *Nyugat* (West). Not in the sense of a geographical concept or cultural symbol, but as a magazine that had been from the beginning till nearly the middle of this century (our appearance on the stage) the most prestigious literary magazine, one that rallied the major authors of the period around it and laid down the law through its liberal spirit. It was, as much as possible in this part of the world, a bastion for the existence of literature independent of political power and of its immanence, a magazine which represented and proclaimed—not just in its title—the oneness of Hungary's literature with that of the West, as well as an aspiration to march with the West in the cultural sphere. All through the years of our maturation its editor-in-chief was Mihály Babits, a major poet and thinker, whose humanism was staunchly opposed to every dubious idea, racist theory or class-based bias, and who was the leader of spiritual resistance during the ideological expansion of Hitler's Nazi Germany. He taught us that literature was a moral issue, a recognition our own historical experience bore out and corroborated.

When we launched our magazine in the spring of 1946 it was not fully five years after the death of Babits. The presence of his spirit I felt so closely and immediately that it was with a sense of the obvious that I wrote *After Babits* above the editorial that outlined the magazine's programme. Not merely on account of a feeling of spiritual closeness but to summarize our attitude as well.

I did not at the time understand what is now clear to me: that it was the fact of our spiritual and intellectual adherence to *Nyugat*, our inscribing Babits's name on our banner that triggered the explosion-like reaction to the magazine in the press which was to decide the fate of *Újhold* and was ultimately to lead to its winding up after two short years. A politically deeply damaging article penned immediately after our appearance by György Lukács, the most authoritative and prominent setter of communist policy towards the arts, set the tone of that public reception and of a press reaction that dogged us from issue to issue.

The western reader is familiar, if at all, with György Lukács from his philosophical and aesthetic writings. He can have no notion of what the erudite professor, recently returned from the Soviet Union and still having the terror of Stalin's purges in his nerves, was like in his capacity as a practising politician of the arts. All the less can he know about it since Lukács was fairly early demoted from this role of his by a still more one-sided and narrow-minded policy in the arts shortly after the communist take-over in Hungary. The harsh, ultradogmatic critique that eliminated Lukács from the country's intellectual life for years, has made the intellectual rigidity of his role as a commissar for the arts all too easily forgotten.

His partisan conception of art, based on Soviet precept and example, has been all but expunged from memory, a conception which, let us make no mistake, permitted the creative artist a scope barely a few degrees wider than the one that ousted it. Lukács did not set greater store by literature—nor did his aesthetic purblindness allow him to apprehend more of it—than what he could value in it as a force fighting for ideology and the movement. That the writer should be, as Babits declared, an outsider, a free and independent moral being? No, the writer, he said, was at best not a common soldier in the ranks but a more or less self-reliant "partisan."

I do not claim that Lukács himself fathered the thesis determining the art policy of more than a decade, which regarded the entire intellectul-artistic tradition of *Nyugat* as one to be disinherited and disavowed from Hungarian intellectual life as a bourgeois tradition inhibiting socialist development; however, he certainly did act in accordance with it as far as his practical policy towards the arts went. In any case, Lukács had clashed with Babits early in life and retained his attitude towards him well into his declining years. The appearance of *Újhold* gave him a pretext to demonstrate what was not to be allowed, what had to be nipped in the bud with political intimidation, if necessary, as a challenge to, or rejection of, as he put it, of the country's taking the democratic road of development.

Rejection or denial of democratic development? By me? By us? That was something we were justly perplexed at being accused of, as we were all adherents to the idea of democracy, being against oppression, violence, totalitarian dictatorship, and being anti-fascists who had most of us taken an active part in some form or other of resistance during the war. But following Lukács's article, almost as if at the push of a button, our "anti-democratism," "elitism," and "insufferable l'art pour l'art" became the burden and leitmotif of the savage criticisms levelled at us. During the two years of the precarious existence of *Újhold* our critics rang the changes on this theme ever more threateningly.

Thanks to the historical instruction we received during the war, a feeling of threat and personal risk was all too familiar to all of us. Here, however, a new element entered the picture. The threat was unleashed from the very side to which we had been sympathetic during the war and with whose policy of social transformation—it was still only 1946, mind you—we were broadly in agreement. We imagined, rather naively, that in the fast-changing world that followed the overthrow of Nazism, a more equitable social order was emerging with the smashing of the feudal bonds so typical of East-Central Europe and the gradual extension of human rights and implantation of democracy in social practice. In a word, we thought that in this new Hungary developing in the right direction it was no longer our duty, at least not as writers, to be concerned with the day-to-day issues of the practical implementation of principles. Let the specialists, the politicians, the economists and the sociologists solve the problems of finding a good arrangement for our world; in the meantime, we should produce, each according to his or her talent, a new art healing the scars of the soul and leading the way towards a more humane order of things. We were intent on realising the immanency of literature, its existence free of power factors, and its transcendent ethical integrity.

But the period in which we were striving for these noble aims was one in which the power equilibrium giving us our independence was merely apparent and illusory, a period in which dogmatic communist policy, copying the Stalinist paradigm and model, was busily engaged in implementing the Party's control of the arts. As a consequence, the state fallen into the grip of this policy ended subsidies of the paper at the beginning of 1948 and withdrew the magazine's permit soon after. Unpaid printing bills and

political stigma on myself and my fellow contributors were all that remained of the wreck of *Újhold*.

After the enforced winding up of the magazine, silence set in around us. For those of us who continued to be committed to a literature functioning free of all political interference, and for those of us who did not fall into line out of time-serving motives or a self-deceptive enthusiasm to be at the beck and call of the Party, there came a time of silence, a time of being debarred from publication, blacklisted and excluded from the public literature of the period. This was the time of writing for the desk drawer, of translating as a surrogate, of cultivating literature for children. (Witness the innumerable translations from this period by some of the best poets and writers: Sándor Weöres, Zoltán Jékely, László Kálnoky, Ágnes Nemes Nagy, György Rába, István Lakatos, and Magda Szabó and the output of children's and young people's books by Iván Mándy, Miklós Mészöly, János Pilinszky —not to mention Weöres and Nemes Nagy—and by the present writer.)

This continued up till the partial fall of Stalinism, till about the end of 1956. After '56 events speeded up. Time seemed to go by more quickly, perhaps also owing to an increased rate of work. For the possibility of appearing in print was slowly opened to us again, for each in his or her primary genre.

The silent or silenced writers were reinstated, some sooner, some later, by a process of picking and choosing, by the country's official literary life that functioned under watchful guidance. After more or less shilly-shallying, the high standard of their work was recognized, in fact, their achievements, almost without exception, were in time —though a very long time—distinguished by state awards. By the last third of the 70s the sinister "fifties" had ended for most of them. The demands made on literature, the prescribed themes and their obligatory solutions, the compulsory representation of workers, an optimistic world view, positive examples and so forth, as well as the restrictions regarding form had virtually ceased; furthermore, the list of subjects to be eschewed or made taboo had also begun to decrease. And so our aborted magazine of '46, the so many times and so emphatically stigmatized *Újhold* became a living legend in some parts of the literary public eye. And an example to be held up of the *Nyugat*'s heritage excommunicated for 30–40 years. *Sic transit miseria mundi*—provided you have been able to manage to avoid extinction and haven't perished in the meantime.

This then was what pre-dated the *Újhold Yearbook* started in 1986, this biennial, periodical-like bulky series of anthologies that have been appearing for four years now.

But is this publishing forum the same as the old *Újhold?*

Yes and no. The editors are the same by name. Ágnes Nemes Nagy, one of the present co-editors, took a very active part in the editing of the old magazine, albeit anonymously and in the background; István Lakatos, one of the other co-editors today, used to be a contributor and was one of the founding members. Identical as well is the present objective with the old one; to provide a forum, independent and with claims to the highest quality, for literary and intellectual work. Independent inasmuch as the circumstances permit. And identical are the new staff of regular contributors with the old, with the exception of those who have died over these forty years (the most grievous loss being János Pilinszky) and a few, though inconsiderable, who died morally.

Besides this almost nothing is the same. Forty years is a long, long time. The deep-sea pressure which we lived through also had its "historical lesson" for us. Forming reflexes, developing abilities and strenghtening moral fibre; inducing (and often stunting) growth under weight, engendering works that pulse like a quasar, giving rise to destructive paranoia or self-abdication or self-renunciation. The epochal lesson which the analyst of the period could draw and

amply demonstrate is that people must not be burdened with excessive responsibilities and confronted with recurrently absurd decisions. This specific trait of existence in East-Central Europe, so incomprehensible to the western world, so little experienced by the western writer, is not anthropomorphic, not meant for human beings. Thus after forty years the editors may be the same by name but their personalities, altered by time, are now in a stage of development different from that of their former selves, their perception and mental ken have changed and the aims they set themselves today are also different.

The old *Újhold* started out to be the magazine of a generation eager to have itself accepted, who thought they represented a new colour in the spectrum of Hungarian letters, a new trend and movement. Today the editors do not wish to represent one current or direction, since their personalities, work, and settled tastes are in any case determinant. Their goal is not so much standing apart as unity realised in quality. Hungarian literature today can still be divided into what are known as "directions," according to spheres of experience, methods of creation, world views or ideals. There is a crude approximation that roughly divides writers into the populists and the urbanists. There are also divisions, according to the post-Trianon territories split off from Hungary, since the geographical area in which a writer is brought up also has traditions: there are literatures in Upper Hungary in the North (today Czechoslovakia), Transylvania (today Rumania), Lower Hungary in the South (today Yugoslavia), Sub- or Cis-Carpathia (today the Soviet Union), as well as a literature that has developed in the Hungarian diaspora in the West. What they produce, however, are not to be seen as parallel beams of radiation from the point of view of merit and value and a general Hungarian culture, but as converging into a single focus as though passing through a magnifying lens. Hungarian letters have (or ought to have) one single hierarchical scale of value and I visualize it as a pyramid. Those who have ascended highest from whatever side are at or near the top and are closer to those in the same position of height than to their fellows lower down the pyramid from whom they have risen. Quality imposes greater solidarity and a cohesion transcending school, movement, trend or direction, or the community of the shared creative process. Or anyway it ought to do so.

To document this, to put into view this unity of values over ideological and political frontiers, figures high among our editorial priorities. Another of our aims is closely related: making reparations, the reinstatement of values into the position they deserve. The official literary consciousness advocated for nearly four decades a false or fictitous scale of values through its pontificating critics and officiating literary historians. It confused and disarranged values by stacking the cards as if on the basis of a nineteenth-century anecdote by pairing off "one king against one gypsy." (Time was when the ratio was adjusted to "one king to ten gypsies.") Important and worthy writers were merely tolerated—if at all—pushed to the background as secondary or minor figures, or were even completely ignored. There were names, mostly of those driven into exile, which could not even be mentioned in the Hungarian press. There is therefore much to be done: to make reparations, to make amends inside and outside the country's borders. The three volumes of the new *Újhold* (amounting to about three thousand pages) have carried a series of appreciative articles on major authors living in the West (Sándor Márai, László Cs. Szabó, Győző Határ) and published original material wherever possible (Oszkár Jászi, Zoltán Szabó). We have also endeavoured to pay tribute by evaluative portraits and essays to writers long neglected in Hungary (Béla Hamvas, Miklós Szentkuthy, Sándor Weöres, Iván Mándy, György Rónay, among others). In addition, we regularly bring out work by

Hungarian writers from Hungarian ethnic minorities outside the present frontiers of the country.

Since we were convinced that under the domination of the ideological lopsidedness of the past decades not only have Hungarian readers been informed of many things merely in a biased way but have also been deprived of hearing about whole complexes of problems in the humanities and sciences, we should now make an effort in the essay section of our volumes to bring them a more balanced and polyphonous presentation of these same issues while, at the same time, deviating from the practice of the recent past, provide variation in content including new areas of thinking (e.g., the problem of death, burial cults, metaphysical thinking, gnostic philosophy, Freudianism). One of our critics said apropos of our essay columns that each contributor to the *Újhold Yearbooks* wrote on his or her obsessions. This may well be true but it would be truer to say that his or her selected preoccupations are ranked in importance. Some of the studies that have aroused a massive and wide response in the literary consciousness were written in just this way. Mátyás Domokos's *Missing-List*, to give an example, attempted to catalogue the works that had been planned but could never materialise because of the Stalinist terror. Or György Poszler's exploratory study on the interrelations of art and the physical world view, or György Vikár's Freudian analysis of St Augustine.

Sometimes we had good fortune: this is how we were able to print as many as three hitherto unpublished pieces by Babits; and not only István Bibó's 'reader's reports', giving us some idea of his literary perceptiveness, but also a curiosity in his lifework, a historical play with a claim to literary merit, the remarkably witty and ironic *Uchronia*. Our special issue for the 1988 Book Week carried a surprise, József Lengyel's novel *Szembesítés* (Confrontation), which had been sealed from Hungarian readers for "foreign policy reasons" for a quarter of a century as it is set in Stalinist Moscow and is an account of the conflict of morals and faith between two communists, one of whom had been to Auschwitz and turned bureaucrat, the other having done nine years in a labour camp in Siberia.

All these good intentions and strokes of luck would still have been too little but for the support we have and are receiving from a sizable section of outstanding writers at home, traditionalists and innovators, old and young; from grand old men enjoying wide public respect, such as Dezső Keresztury, to up-and-coming young talent. But for the support given us by such leading writers of Hungarian fiction and prose as Miklós Mészöly, Tibor Cseres, Péter Esterházy, Péter Nádas, and Péter Lengyel, while from the side of poetry, Sándor Weöres, Győző Csorba, and Sándor Csoóri all the way through a long list of other names, including Endre Kukorelly and Balázs Györe. The last two are editors of *Mosaic*, which is open to young poets. And then there is the eminent essayist Péter Balassa, of the younger generation, who shares the burdens of producing the magazine with us as one of the senior editors.

Can such an undertaking, setting out to focus and amalgamate all values, be successful? Success lies principally with the readers; to a large extent whether they buy our Yearbooks and read them with pleasure; whether they can perceive in them the marks of authenticity. I hope we can trust they do. Our back numbers have all sold out. As far as the impact we have made on the literary consciousness, our success with the critics can be said to be almost unanimous, boastful though a statement like this might sound. We have even had some response from the world's press. The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* and *The New York Times* have both carried notices on our venture. But we do not have to cast a ring, as did Polycrates, king of Samos, as a sacrifice. Our youth, the best part of our creative years, has already been swallowed by the sea.

FIN DE SIÈCLE AND OTHER DEVIATIONS

Iván Sándor: *Századvégi történet* (Fin de Siècle Story). Szépirodalmi, 1987, 229 pp.; László Csiki: *Titkos fegyverek* (Secret Weapons). Magvető, 1988, 253 pp.; András Pályi: *Éltem. Két történet* (I Have Lived. Two Stories). Szépirodalmi, 1988, 247 pp.

Although Iván Sándor's new novel, *Fin de Siècle Story*, is set in the late eighteenth century, its problems, mood and ending can apply to two later fin-de-siècles, that of the last century and of our own; thus the reader is aware of disconcerting analogies and the question raised is whether the ending of a century must always mean bitterness, emptiness, paralysis, and emasculation for Hungary.

In European terms the end of the eighteenth century was far from being an age of rigidity and disillusion for these were the years of the French Revolution. However, the romantic movement near its close already showed signs of turning away from it, and in East Central Europe things had not come even that far; not only had there been no revolution but even the reform initiated by the nobility had soon ground to a halt before dissolving without any trace. All that happened was that police control became more rigorous. Iván Sándor's novel is set in this East Central European region, in the first half of the 1790s, the years of fast and resolute withdrawal and reactionary stiffening. Joseph II was dead, the enlightened absolutist measures introduced by him were repealed, the revolutionary process which had broken out in France and grown more and more radical put the authorities on their guard. True, Hungarian Jacobins did hatch a plot and Hungarian and Polish noblemen organized a resistance against imperial tyranny, without the slightest chance of success; they were hesitant, isolated, they were divided and an energetic liquidation of them had already started. Iván Sándor's hero is destroyed by this advance of power, by the omnipotence of the influence of the secret police, spreading like an epidemic, which gradually and methodically deprives him of his personality.

This personality originally belonged to an officer of the Imperial Guard (all noble birth) who became acquainted with the ideals of the Enlightenment in Vienna and later, in alliance with other officers with similar ideas, drafted petitions to the court demanding concessions. As a punishment they wanted to transfer him to a distant garrison but Ferdinánd Orczy preferred to resign his commission and to continue to seek out contacts with like-minded nobles in his capacity as a landowner. But he can trust his companions less and less; one turns out to be an informer, another withdraws, some are caught, and with many he cannot know how he stands. In fact all has been lost before anything can happen or even a purpose outlined.

Iván Sándor does not describe the conspiracy, nor does he represent the age, the dilemmas, the possible choices, historical standpoints and lines of force: he describes the public feeling, the reaction and disintegration of personality. The story begins when everything has been already decided, everybody has remained isolated and the individual must define his loss of hope and his lack of chances and at the same time save himself and become as unnoticeable as possible. This he is compelled to do with an awareness that almost nothing has actually happened, he has not even memories to console himself with.

The novel's validity reaches beyond the narrow Hungarian region. The mistress of this Hungarian officer of the Guards is a Polish princess living in Vienna, the wife of a high-ranking Austrian government official. The father of Clara Krakowska, a Polish

prince of Cracow, is one of the leaders of the Polish liberation movement led by Kosciusko. Her sister Wanda lives in Pest-Buda as the wife of a Hungarian Lord Chamberlain. The plot is really very simple and not free from certain romantic motifs which smuggle the spirit of the age into the story. Clara can only meet Ferdinánd Orczy rarely and secretly; to him this passion is an attempt to find an issue out of his stranded life. After one rendez-vous in Vienna the next, planned in Pest-Buda, does not come off. Before Orczy arrives, Clara who has come there under the pretext of visiting her sister, has to travel to Cracow with an urgent message for her father. Hanka, her chambermaid, "replaces" her and escorts Orczy to Cracow but by the time they arrive imperial troops, partly commanded by Hungarian officers of the Guard, have driven the Polish resistants, including the Krakowskis out of Cracow. Meanwhile Orczy's name is on the list of those to be arrested; with the help of an old companion, a captain who has reviewed his loyalty to the emperor he manages to disappear under a false name and turns up in Pest incognito. This time Wanda replaces Clara, who, with her father, is attempting to win over Catherine the Great in Petersburg to the Polish cause. Everybody knows who the real Orczy is despite his false name but, incomprehensibly (even to him) and without regard to his will, casting off his personality definitely, they integrate him into the state apparatus. Everybody disappears from his side except Wanda, with whom "it is better to bear emptiness like this, forced to pleasure."

The major virtue of *Fin de Siècle Story* is that the process of being drained and losing one's personality appears as the consequence of the impersonal pressure of power without the novel becoming entangled in the concrete historical and political conditions of the age. In this respect it is a distant relative of György Spiró's *Az Ikszek* (The X-es) whose setting is the Poland of only a few years after, and of Miklós Jancsó's early films which have created the abstract models of East-European power mechanism. Iván Sándor's book is not abstract in so far as it analyses thoroughly and suggestively the state of mind of its characters, primarily of its hero, gradually penetrated through all of their pores by the infection of the control exerted by power and by the secret interwovenness with this power. In this regard the writer seems to have been fired by truly Proustian ambitions: he tries to seize the most hidden nuances of the events in long, complicated periods, metaphorical fullness and essayistic analyses. The representation of nature and the weather to be understood as the projection of the prevailing state of mind plays a special role.

Yet *Fin de Siècle Story* is an abstract novel. It does not deal only with the end of the century which is its chosen subject but fin-de-siècles in general, including the one we are experiencing now. Although apart from the sense of this period—enervation, introversion, the loss of illusions, and a crisis of identity—any search for further parallels would be far-fetched, the reader is bound to make comparisons and the derailment of the Enlightenment may bring to mind the present derailment of socialism. Iván Sándor's book is abstract from another point of view, and this makes it difficult and sometimes tiring reading; its fabric is too much essayistic, so that the effective plot disappears in the mist behind text, description, and analysis: we seem to glimpse it only through a dense linguistic veil. In so far as this distancing gives the effect of looking through the wrong end of a telescope, it is a means of representing the uncertainty of reality and may speak of a formal invention of the novel. But sometimes we lose touch with the hero and with the material of the story, and in these cases the procedure deviates from its course. Despite this, Iván Sándor's book is a valuable and mature work, and his best novel to date.

Iván Sándor's novel is set in Vienna, Cracow and Pest-Buda, László Csíki's *Secret*

Weapons is set partly in Bucharest, partly in a Transylvanian village. The period is the end of the 1940s. The mid-century was not brighter in this region than some century-endings but its harshness was of a different nature. Of course, from the viewpoint of a child or of the man looking back, the world, even at its most adverse, a childhood even if full of sorrows and vicissitudes, does not seem as cruel as it actually was. But is this appearance not reality? Are childhood dreams and fancies, and the understanding and forgiving memories of the adult not the same parts of reality as the crude, bare facts, the events that really happened? László Csíki's novel treating his own childhood experiences tries to find answers to these among other questions.

László Csíki, now 44, was born in Transylvania and, like many fellow-writers, sought refuge in Hungary because of the suppression of Hungarian minority literature in Transylvania. As can be seen in *Secret Weapons*, in the early 1950s, then seven or eight years old, he lived with his mother in Bucharest with more or less strangers under one roof, in an ambiguous legal situation, depending on the charity of others. The child hero of the novel knocks about there among all sorts of riff-raff, drifting and stranded adults; he sleeps in the wash-house, ropes off a corner for himself in the attic, watches life around him and day-dreams. His father had been taken prisoner by the Russians in the war, and did not return, at least not to his family; on the basis of vague rumours and flashes of fantasy-memory the father has not been wounded, he is at home, lives in the mountains and sometimes sends news about himself, he has deceived his wife who does not want to hear of him, and divorces him. In the child's imaginings a powerfully built dark man lives as the leader of a guerilla band in the mountains although certain things seem to indicate that he is probably in an internment camp. According to other, later indications, he has put himself into the service of the Communists, the kolkhoz movement, perhaps to atone for his past. At any rate, he must be a wild, passionate, and headstrong man but in the novel he appears only as a ghost. It is to this ghost that the writer dedicates the book.

The mother was a teacher in a Transylvanian village which, under the Second Vienna Award of 1940, had been annexed to Hungary, and when Northern Transylvania was returned to Rumania she shared the fate of many in being vilified for her Hungarianness. She was accused of delivering little girls to the cantor with whom she had been hand in glove, she was dismissed and banned from teaching. The lonely woman, unable to earn a living, accepts the invitation of one of her admirers, a former Hungarian village notary in Transylvania, and moves with her child to his home in Bucharest; an added impulse is the fact that she wants to have the ban lifted by the authorities there.

The former notary of dwarfish stature lives with his mother, aunt, French-born step-father, and countless cats in the house in Bucharest. Uncle Jules, the French engineer, is an old man with an obscure past, it is alleged that under the reign of the king he had provided girls for the diplomatic corps. The whole tribe lives off him. Aunt Maria, his wife, married him, got a tobacco licence, brought Uncle Jenő, her son from her first marriage, and installed him in the tobacco shop, just as now Uncle Jenő invites the former teacher and her child and would like to have them accepted by his family. But she does not permit Uncle Jenő "to be at her like a worm," and she only accepts her humiliating dependence temporarily, for the sake of her son; Jenő's relatives also frown on the condemned and lonely woman so that Jenő's plan to marry her does not come off. At the end of the novel the boy and his mother return to their village hoping that the father may turn finally up so that either they can help him or he can help them.

Apart from the chaotic fates of all those assembled in the Bucharest apartment, who represent a country turned upside down and

its capital a reservoir of deposits, there are also Rumanian characters, primarily Mr Ducu, a former illegal Communist who has withdrawn to the attic, then the former maids-of-honour, the veterans of Uncle Jules's one-time élite corps now come down in the world, and in the memories and fancies of the little boy there appears the Transylvanian Székely village which they had to leave, where he longs to return to with his mother and, in the end, does—just as in a fairy-tale.

There is something of the fairy-tale about this novel, a kind of naive serenity and idyllic charm. The title, *Secret Weapons*, seems to indicate the hidden causes which divert events from their course and people from their natural paths as weapons pointed at them; everybody is compelled to follow an involuntary course and Csíki's characters are really derailed and diverted from their original paths, yet the secret reasons remain secret because the idyllic, lyrical tone dominates the story, and the voluntarily assumed childish angle does not put the protagonists into perspective. In the sections set in Bucharest, only the strange relationship between Uncle Jenő and the boy is clearly delineated, and the floating images of memory are dim and nebulous. László Csíki has mainly written lyrical poetry, and the novel shows this. The turns of phrase of his extremely rich Transylvanian Hungarian, his mode of seeing and telling things which recall many of his predecessors and colleagues, his bright and artful arrangement of words are fresh and delightful. However, in the absence of an adequately solid narrative framework and because of the exaggerated use of ironical ornaments, his material does not organize itself into a powerful panorama.

I Have Lived, the new book by the forty-six-year-old András Pályi contains two stories, both interior monologues, both told by women: one an ageing, lonely widow living in the suburbs of Budapest, the other Saint Teresa of Avila. Both burst forth from the utmost depths of the soul, of consciousness, and both say that one can survive and transcend life however agonizing and murderous it has been, and reach somewhere beyond it. Both stories are about deliverance but while the confession of Teresa of Avila is disciplined, articulated, sometimes essayistic, her problems spiritual and philosophical, the monologue of the widow, Mrs Magyar (née Veronika Maday) is rambling, fragmentary, formless, and down-to-earth, remaining on the level of bodily, physical reality. The second story is longer, more original, and defines the book.

Veronika Maday has been a widow for the last twelve years; she is a pensioner, in her sixties, living alone, abandoned and ill, in a dilapidated house with damp-streaked walls. Her vegetable garden is full of weeds, her relations with her neighbours are tense, her only companion is a cat. From time to time she suffers from a kidney complaint that sends her to bed for days on end; in her feverish dreams the present and the past, reality and imagination are mixed up. The starting-point for her interior monologue are these delirious dreams that the old woman mumbles to herself, cursing and wailing.

The monologue starts with an endless and unbearable fit: across more than thirty pages Pályi makes her heroine and the reader experience the torments of hell. Those who have never known such pains and cramps also start to suffer of them. This exposition warns the reader that he will read about the body, its torments and humiliations. In intervals between attacks Veronika Maday lingers on the borderland of decay and disintegration: she barely vegetates, remembers, falls into reveries, and relives alleged and real grievances in rare communications with her environment. But she is neither a monster nor mad, she is a simple, average woman whom the reader feels is right rather than condemns her for her distorted reactions. The reason is, of course, that we see everything through her eyes, and because of her obstinacy and prejudices we cannot really know

when and to what extent she distorts the truth.

Her marriage has certainly been a failure, primarily in the sexual aspect. Corporeality, pain, and frustration, have become a central problem in her old age because her life and marriage have not resolved them nor released her. In her monomaniac memories the humiliating emptiness of nightly intercourse and the miserable substitute of masturbation occur with alarming and embarrasing sharpness. The girl from her husband's first marriage, an adult within the narrative, appears as a perverted nymphomaniac to the frustrated, bitter step-mother; in her feverish dreams the old woman sees her in bed even with her dead husband. The girl living in Budapest does certainly neglect her stepmother but when she happens to turn up the old woman insults her, quarrels with her and offers her cold water to drink instead of food—just as her husband had once done as a punishment—and abuses her loose morals. But much of this may be mere imagination—the mother imagines how she would revenge herself on her daughter.

Two other male figures contribute to the motif of frustration. One is a longed-for lover, the other a meagre, belated but still existing possibility: the pensioned teacher whose wife has died. Alive she had been the rival of Veronika, the "good" wife. She can have her revenge and help herself into the bargain if she associates with this Mr Benkő, who hankers after her, but Veronika detests him and finds him disgusting, especially when, in another embarrassing "gerontophilian" bed-scene testing Pályi's taste and courage as a writer, Benkő proves himself unable to satisfy her. As punishment, she poisons his dog but with a dog-like devotion the teacher begs her to take him back and for this second time he manages to procure her pleasure. "I have never yet enjoyed anything so much, honest to god! I live. Now I live." Earlier she has said to the teacher: "The thing is, dear Zoltán, that my life has not happened." Now, in the shadow of pain and death she can say: "I have lived." This means that she has been liberated from her body, she reaches a place other than that where she has been chained up. "Everything is different from what I believed. The strangest thing is that my body has become superfluous, and yet I live. How is it possible that I live?"

Másutt (Elsewhere), the fictitious memoir of Saint Teresa of Avila, is also the story of a deliverance. The *madre fundadore* and mother superior of the order is tormented by doubts; not so much by religious doubts and the temptations of the flesh, although she does not entirely escape them but rather by the uncertainty of how she could be "elsewhere," nearer to the Lord as his most faithful and devoted servant in this world. The temptation of nothingness liberates her finally. Strangely the Devil does not tempt her into evil but to turn away from life, to renounce its continuation, he lures her to death. Here the opposite of celestial love is not terrestrial love but the perfect absence of "spiritual talents," the paralysis of the will. It is as if the Devil said to the saint, "You are one of those who have been granted the possibility to know fullness. You have been chosen and you have a vocation, I could also say that you are a person of rank, and this obliges you to learn everything in the end... Was it not you who preached the courage of the soul? What sort of courage is one which stops halfway? What sort of courage is one which does not wish to know anything other than the raptures of celestial love? And what if you dared be the devil's saint?" The experience of the dizzying attraction of the empty void touches Teresa. The "elsewhere" experienced as the rare gift of celestial love is replaced by a truer, final "elsewhere." "I am past all fears, I do not need to gather my strength, and I see no sense in repenting. Just like the faithless criminal preparing for the gallows... He does not demand a priest and does not hope for mercy. He has only a determined number of steps before him and does not think of anything else. What

remains is this pitiful little calculation and then emptiness." But hope does still live in man, the hope of death, of nothing. Here it is as if Teresa were a spiritual relative of the condemned man in Camus's *L'Etranger*. From then on she receives no extraordinary grace and the pains arising from uncertainty are appeased. "I do not doubt any more. I don't need it." The "elsewhere" of both Teresa and Veronika is death, resignation, open up to the world's gentle indifference.

Saint Teresa's fictitious self-confession meanders mostly in abstract spiritual spheres and her being a woman is accidental and justifiable only in part by the fact that she is a nun and a saint. From the height of the confession and that "elsewhere," the terrestrial reality of life which is not only the object and medium of the other story but makes it live as a literary work, is completely lost here in obscurity. In that story the female principle is intensely present together with an accurately drawn piece of sensuous reality evoked with detailed accuracy. Pályi knows his heroine whose monologue comes over amazingly well, he knows and understands her within and without. Compared to other writers of his generation his empathy with this old woman, her soul and fate both alien to him, is unusual. So too does he know the material medium of this life in every detail and knows how to suggest stylistically through concise and matter-of-fact prose clinging to the sensuous surface of phenomena, the earthliness and sensuality of his heroine. The flow of sensuous and material details threatens to swallow the conception, the Joycean form, the metaphysical content radiating from the other story which here does not follow truly from the organic, interior shaping of the material. The masterful rendering of the birth and functioning of ordinary and invigorating vice, and of the tormenting and distorting prison of corporal reality offers the reader the greater satisfaction.

MIKLÓS GYÖRFFY

THE TRUE LIFE OF VERSE TRANSLATION

Peter Hargitai: *Perched on Nothing's Branch. Selected Poetry of Attila József.* Apalachee Press, Tallahassee, USA, 1986, 73 pp.*

Should one insist that a translation be, as far as possible, an exact reproduction of the forms of the original? Let us take a fragment of Catullus, Carmina V and see how English poets have handled it. I am looking at lines 4 to 7.

Soles occideret et redire possunt:
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
Catullus

The Sunne may set and rise:
But we contrariwise
Sleepe after our short light
One everlasting night.
Sir Walter Raleigh

Brightest Sol that dyes today
Lives again as blith to morrow,
But if we darke sons of sorrow
Set; o then, now long a Night
Shuts the Eyes of our short light!
Richard Crawshaw

Sunnes, that set, may rise againe:
But if once we loose this light,
'Tis, with us, perpetuall night.
Ben Jonson

* The Academy of American Poets awarded the 1988 Harold Morton Landon Translation Award to Peter Hargitai for his translation of Attila József. [The Editor]

Suns may set and suns may rise:
We, when sets our twinkling light,
Sleep a long continued night.
W. S. Landor

You sun now posting to the main
Will set—but 'tis to rise again;
But we, when once our [ ] light
Is set, must sleep in endless night.
Wordsworth

In almost every respect there are crucial differences—on the simplest level Catullus does not use rhyme, but all the English poets do—yet when such richness and variety are available to us, and we can accommodate and treasure Crawshaw's "darke sons of sorrow" and Wordsworth's "sun posting to the main," we do not fear for the integrity of Catullus. Catullus is safe in Latin—those who seek him as he was, will find him there.

Recently I was involved in an argument with a friend who quoted Robert Frost's dictum that "poetry is what is lost in the translation" in the context of a review of poetry in translation. I then wrote an article for the same magazine where I suggested that Frost could be used to discount the possibility of translation altogether, and that this was a bad thing. Neither of us actually wanted to use Frost in this way of course (my friend has himself translated work from various languages), but inevitably Frost does question the validity of the whole enterprise.

Then, last week, I was leafing through an old copy of *The New Hungarian Quarterly* (Number 78) and I came across an article by another highly respected friend, Miklós Vajda, entitled "The Price of Verse Translation," an acute analysis of the problems of translators. In this he pointed out, quite correctly, that translation was, in the first place, "a major interpretative encroachment on a poem's content" and that poetry was bound to suffer in the process; that some "national" qualities resist translation since the process "entails the elimination of most such qualities"; that translations were ever in the danger of becoming "an international hybrid" and "another brick in the wall of the Tower of Babel."

What I would like to briefly argue here, on the thin pretext of a review of a volume of translations from Attila József, is that the faith that Miklós Vajda passionately clings to in his article, that translation is worth doing after all, is justified, and justified in terms slightly different from his.

Frost is quite right of course. In almost every sense a poem resides in its own language and culture, and is indivorcible from it. Translation in this sense is bound to fail, the poem-in-translation is both a poem and a translation, but, as Vajda points out, "the latter somewhat reduces its validity as a poem." Naturally, since a poem is not one set of meanings: it is ambiguities, complex references, echoes, an inexhaustible palimpsest of sound, pattern, meaning, and association. If reproduction were our aim we would never communicate even in terms of common speech. But not even the poem is a reproduction of some kerygmatic experience; it itself is an experience, wherein the world of referents, as contained in words, is conjured and transformed. We do not condemn a poem because it fails to convey an experience we recognize outside and previous to the poem, but because its internal architecture is inadequate, because the power that might have resided in it has escaped through holes in the fabric. This is a matter of purely internal consistency. A poem may, piecemeal, flatly contradict our knowledge of the physical world, but this does not make it untrue *in toto:* the concept of truth does not enter the detail of a poem, though it is vital to the overall phenomenon.

The point of departure I have mentioned above is a volume called *Perched on Nothing's Branch*, Peter Hargitai's translations of some selected poems of Attila József. It is a brief selection of about forty poems in seventy pages, with an introduction by David Kirby who commends the translations to us to being as "colloquial and emotionally charged

as the originals." If this is so, this is about all they have in common with the originals, since the forms Hargitai has chosen are often quite different from József's own: he tends to retain the stanza pattern but abandonds rhyme and metre in pursuit of his goals. He even edits József's imagery when it suits him. The first eight line of "Dew" look like this:

A raspberry bush squats,
cradles the greasy
scrap of paper on her arm.

The earth is soft, the night
delicate as a pearl.
Thick, twisting branches
braid softly. Mountain mists
tremble to my song.

As Hungarian readers will remember, the original goes,

Guggolva ringadoz
a málnatő, meleg
karján buggyos, zsíros
papiros szendereg.

Lágy a táj, gyöngy az est;
tömött, fonott falomb.
Hegyek párája rezg
a halmokon s dalom.

The first three English lines are a compaction of the first four Hungarian ones, the second five slightly extend the original. Donald Justice describes Hargitai's translations as "faithful" and "readable." He has "long thought of Attila József as one of the great poets of the century." If, as I surmise, Justice has no Hungarian (would he otherwise call the translations faithful?) he will have conceived his idea of József's greatness from previous translations. Miklós Vajda and George Steiner agree that a translation should be read as a poem. A normal poet has his constraints: so has a translator. The poet can turn these to his advantage and so can the translator. Those limits on his vocabulary, verse form and so forth, matter to the poet but most important to him and to us is his general apprehension of the nature of the experience confronting him. Having said what I have above concerning the nature of experience within and outside poems, and the lack of simple direct relationship between them we may surely grant the translator his freedom to create rather than reproduce experience. As we have seen in the cases of Raleigh, Jonson, Crawshaw and the rest the results may still be highly successful in their own terms—and these are the terms which count.

It may even be said that the reader of a translation from a language he does not understand, is in some respects more fortunate than one who does know both languages. He is less interested in the name of the author, the author's reputation or the "place" of the original poem. He reads the poem as a poem, not as a version of something else, and this innocent reading is, in the long term, more rewarding than critical comparison. What use would a fully bilingual reader have for a translation anyway? He does not really need it—the contemplation of a highly-wrought artifice or simulacrum may afford him some pleasure, but this pleasure would always remain minor in kind. Whether Hargitai's poem in English is as fine as József's is in Hungarian is highly debatable, but Hargitai's method, which will offend many traditional translators, is not in itself to be dismissed. Personally I find most of Hargitai's translations unsatisfactory as poems; a mixture of imagistic compression, unconvincing diction and uncomfortable graftings of declamatory gestures onto a slightly foreign conception of raciness. Rhythmically the poems are often gauche: "her grey hair flows into heaven, / she blues the waters of the sky" sounds awkward to me without even referring to József's "Mama."

And this is the point. József is a secondary consideration in the question of the poem's quality in English. If we do not like the poem we will not blame József but Hargitai.

In any case József is a big enough poet to shrug off a dozen so-called mistranslations. The battle for József as a poet of international stature will be won when readers in other countries no longer think of him as a foreign writer. Far better for Catullus to have entered the souls of Raleigh, Jonson, Crawshaw and many others than that he be rendered in a "correct and definitive version." Catullus has genuinely become part of the English tradition. As a poet myself I would sooner live in a hundred different little linguistic and formal corruptions, fragments and transformations into something rich and strange and alive than be stuffed in a glass case. I would sooner be misquoted at large than studied in a laboratory. The real life for a poet or poem is not so much in the specifics of text, but in the way his perceptions pass into the bloodstream of a culture.

GEORGE SZIRTES

ARTS AND ARCHITECTURE

SUGÁR ÚT: THE MAKING OF A BUDAPEST AVENUE

The three small towns, Pest, Buda and Óbuda, along the banks of the Danube, which have joined to make up the present metropolis of Budapest embarked on their development in the second half of the eighteenth century, during the reign of Maria Theresa. By the end of that century urbanization accelerated fast, with the number of inhabitants multiplying in all three settlements. Around the beginning of the last century, the medieval town walls were pulled down piecemeal, and in 1808, the Palatine Joseph of the house of Habsburg set up what was called the 'Beautifying Commission' to ensure a methodical, aesthetic development of the town. After it ceased work (in 1857), its duties devolved onto the City Council for Communal Works. The rapid development called for town-planning outside the Inner City and the Council decided on the construction of two great rows of buildings. One, the Great Boulevard, ran along what had once been a narrow branch of the Danube and was modelled on the Vienna Ring, as a pendant to the little boulevard that flanked the historical Inner City. The other undertaking was an avenue linking the City Park with the Inner City, which allowed the fresh air of the Park to flow right through to the Danube.

According to the city historian László Siklóssy, the idea for this construction came from Lajos Kossuth, who in 1841 wrote in his *Pesti Hírlap* (Pest Journal): "How fine and comfortable it will be for Budapesters to promenade and joyride in the shady alleys from the Chain Bridge up to the town wood, as if in a park..." The model was the Champs Elysées, which links the city centre with the Bois de Boulogne in Paris.

The need for the new road was concretely raised by Prime Minister Gyula Andrássy in 1868, and the idea came to realisation in 1870. (After his death, the avenue was renamed 'Andrássy út' in his memory.*) Thorough preparation went into the work: precise markings, surveys of height and full recording of everything along the road that was to be pulled down—old cellars and canals—preceded the actual construction work. The next step was to commission several architects, in particular Miklós Ybl and István Linczbauer, to draw up studies for the buildings. To this we owe the calm rhythm of the late Renaissance and early eclectic frontages along Sugár út.

"At the time it was planned and constructed", the historian Péter Hanák writes, "Sugár út's importance was mainly representative, being a wide, spacious promenade expressing the metropolitan character of

* In 1949 it was named "Sztálin út", in 1956 for a few days it was called "Magyar Ifjúság útja" (Avenue of the Hungarian Youth) and since 1957 it has been called Népköztársaság útja (Avenue of the People's Republic).

Budapest. Even its elegant shops, the 'Parisian department store' (which was built later) and the cafés, all served as marks of distinction and as a sign, typical of city planning and the reign of Neo-Renaissance in Hungary and of the history of the city itself as well." The residential blocks presented ornate, decorative fronts, but their inside arrangement left much to be desired. From a social point of view they show a hierarchical divison with gradual transitions between the first and the third to fourth floors, from the haute bourgeoisie to the lower middle-class, and from the street front to the rear, from the upper middle class to the handicraftsman down to the assistant concierge in his menial state. The stately apartment on the first floor had the largest floor space and held the highest rank on the social ladder. This was usually occupied by the proprietor—a family of wealthy bourgeoisie or high-ranking nobility. The second floor by and large resembled the first, the differences in the hierarchy were obvious more in symbolic elements: windows, more simply executed, no balconies and smaller state-rooms. The third floor was usually divided into smaller flats, and there also appeared flats looking over the court-yard side, with no servant's room or bathroom.

The architectural characteristic of the new avenue drives from its stylistic unity and spatial construction. Its beauty lies not so much in the excellence of the individual buildings as in the large-scale arrangement and felicitous harmony they radiate. The avenue, 2,320 metres in length, falls into three sections: the first developed as an unbroken row of multi-storey houses (up to the *Oktogon*, an octagonal square), the second was widened on either side by bridle paths (today used as service roads), with an airier line created by rows of trees, which led into the third section, from the *Körönd* (Circus) to the City Park, where the road is a series of town houses surrounded by gardens. Construction took fourteen years, and among the architects were some of the very best: Miklós Ybl (1814–1891), who also built, for example, the Buda Savings Bank (1862) and the Tollhouse (today the University of Economics—1870–72), Antal Skalniczky (1836–1878), the architect of the *Oktogon*, and of the younger generation, Ödön Lechner (1845–1914), a leading figure in Hungarian architecture, whose buildings opened the way for modern architecture in Hungary, and Alajos Hauszmann (1847–1926), the builder of the Supreme Court (today the Ethnographical Museum) and the Buda Castle.

*

It is worth giving a more detailed account of some of the houses on Sugár út and of their former owners.

The building at number 2 was designed by Adolf Feszty, and served as the head office of the Foncière Insurance Company. The corner front was surmounted by a cupola, but this was damaged during the war and had to be pulled down. The walls and the ceiling of the vestibule and the staircase were ornamented by murals by Károly Lotz, which have unfortunately disappeared. Number 3 was built by Győző Czigler for the Saxlehner family. Originally Saxlehner was a textile merchant, making the family fortune out of the mineral spring discovered on their land at Budaörs. The rooms on the first floor of the building with its ashlar front, and the walls below the arched ceiling of the ground-floor entrance-hall still have frescoes by Károly Lotz, who himself lived in this house. The house at number 4 was built by Gusztáv Petschacher for Baron János Harkányi, a principal shareholder in the Hungarian General Credit Bank, a business magnate and landowner. Initially there were only six apartments in the house, for the baron his family and the servants; after various transformations and subdivisions, it now has 32 apartments.

The house at number 8 was built by Adolf Feszty for the Baroness Schossberger, owner of the Selyp sugar factory. The baro-

View of the Sugár ut in 1882. On the left the Foncière Insurance Company Building, designed by Adolf Feszty.

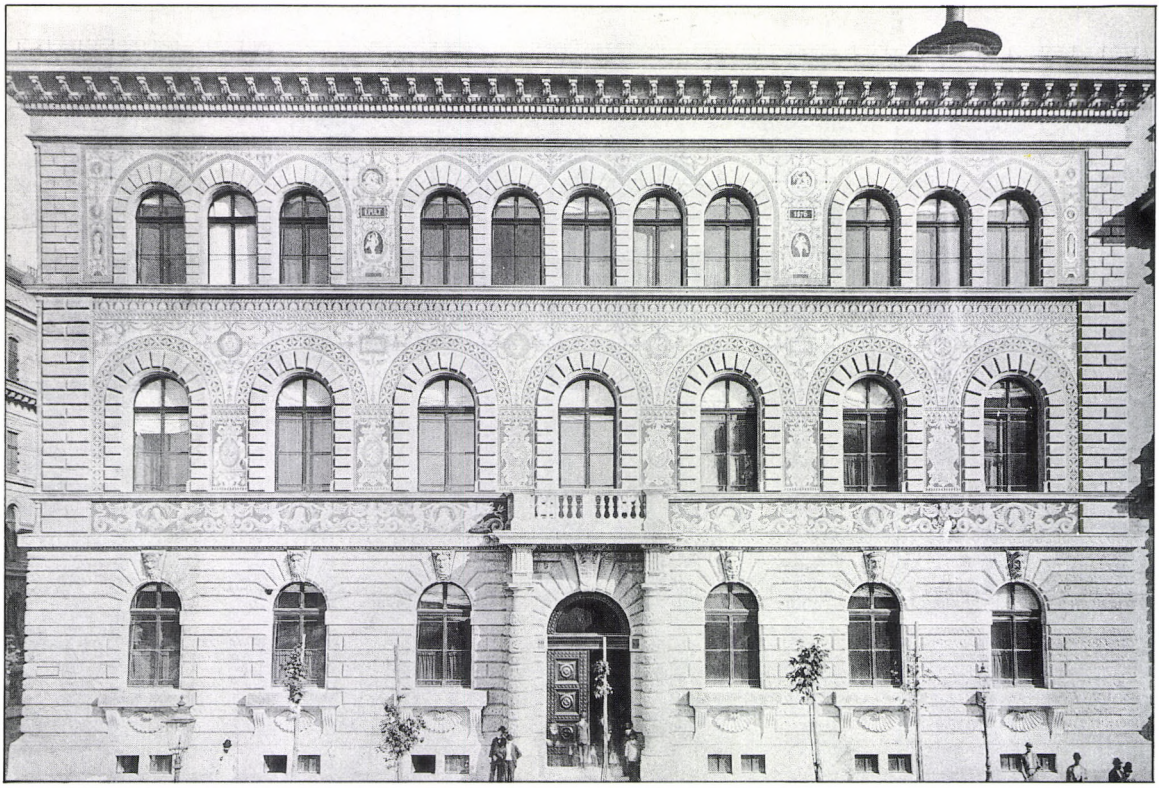
The Körönd, now named after Zoltán Kodály. On the right, the Kodály Memorial Museum is housed in No. 87–89. designed by Gusztáv Petschacher.

Octogon.
The tramline runs
along the Grand
Boulevard.

Octogon. On the left
one of the old
Underground
Stations. The first
underground
on the Continent, 1896.

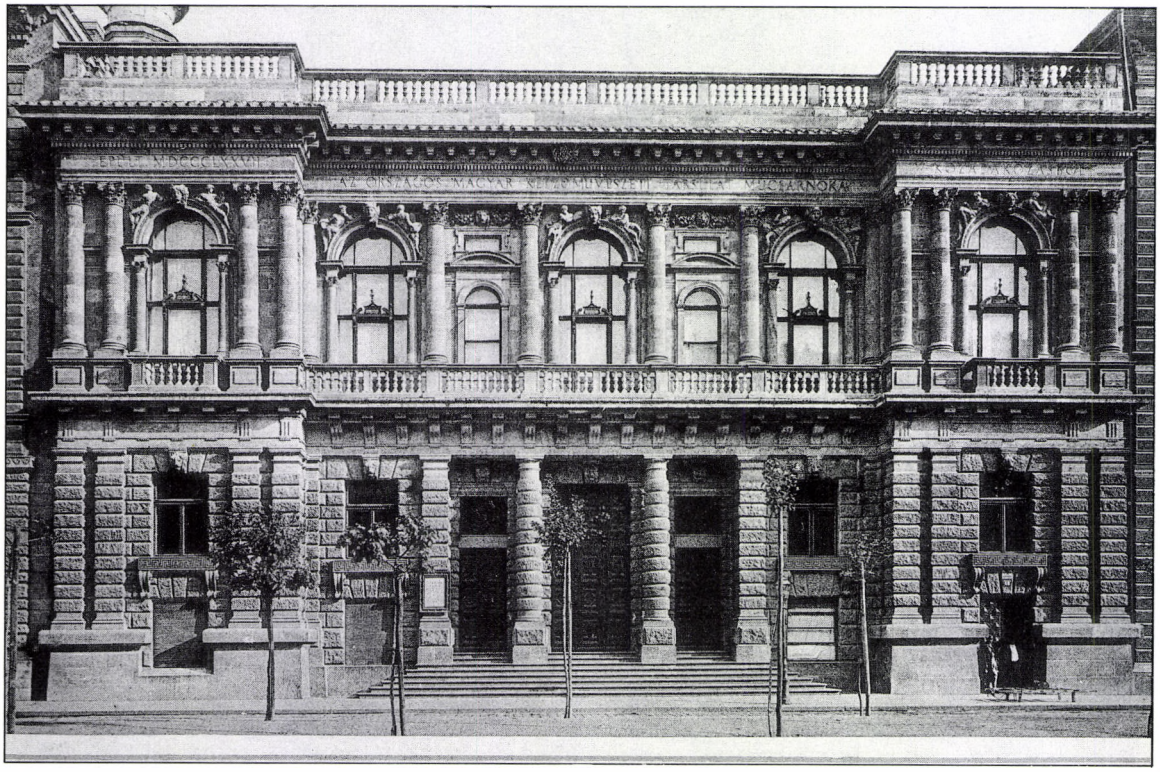
No. 25. The Drechsler House, Designed by Ödön Lechner,
Now Houses The Ballet Institute.

No. 12. Designed by Zsigmond Quittner, 1884.

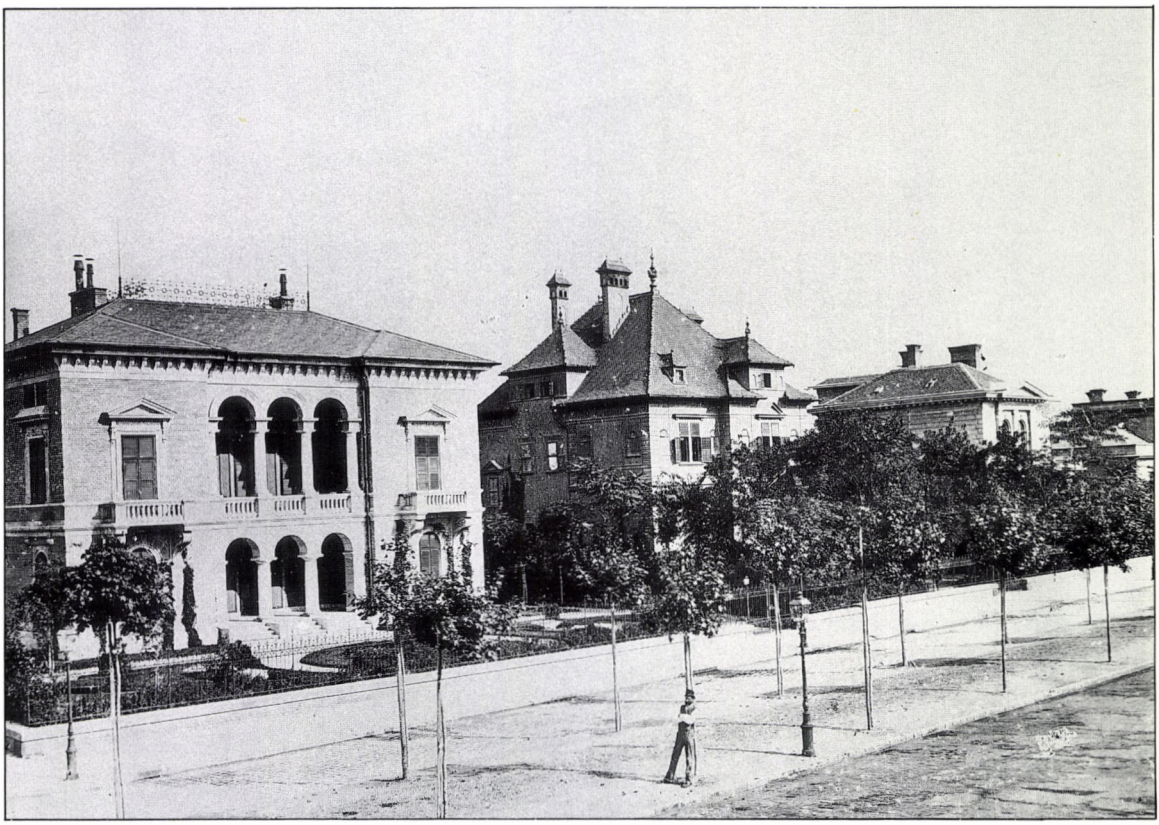


No. 67. The old Music Academy, the wall painting is not the original. Now the Liszt Memorial Museum. Designed by Adolf Lang.

No. 69. The original Műcsarnok Art Gallery. Now the Art College. Built in 1875–77.



No. 98.
The Pallavicini
House designed
by Gusztáv
Petschacher.

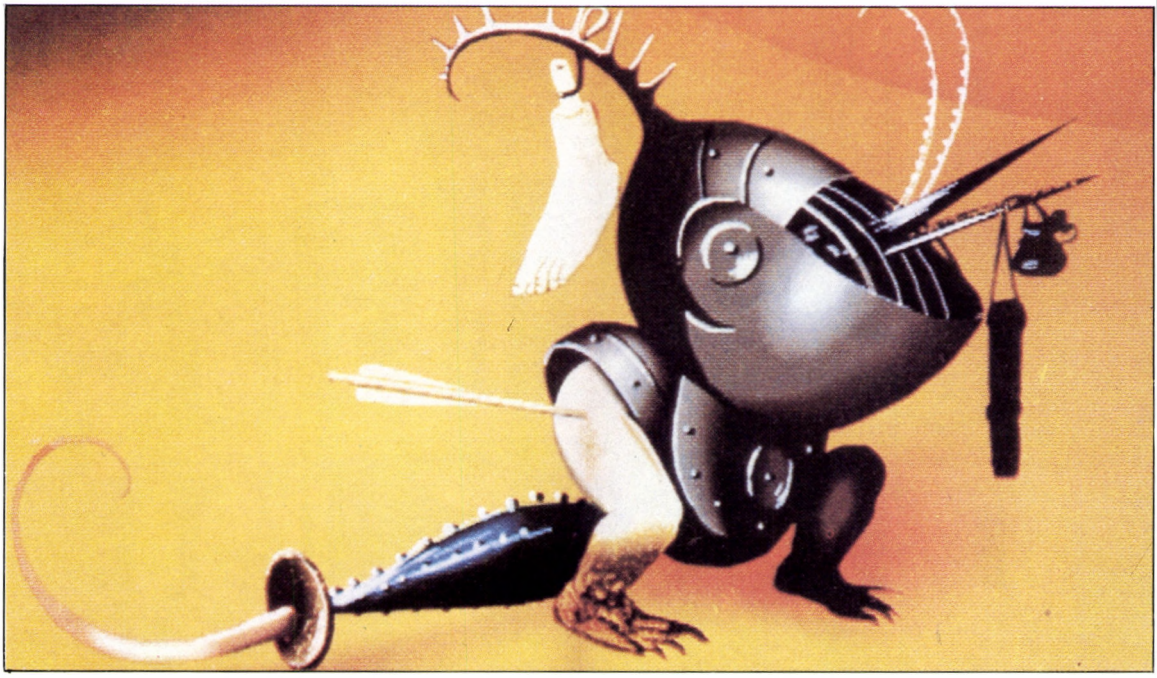


Interior in no. 94.

A fountain in the court of no. 71.

No. 130. Town House, front and garden entrance designed by Bálint and Jámbor, in 1910.

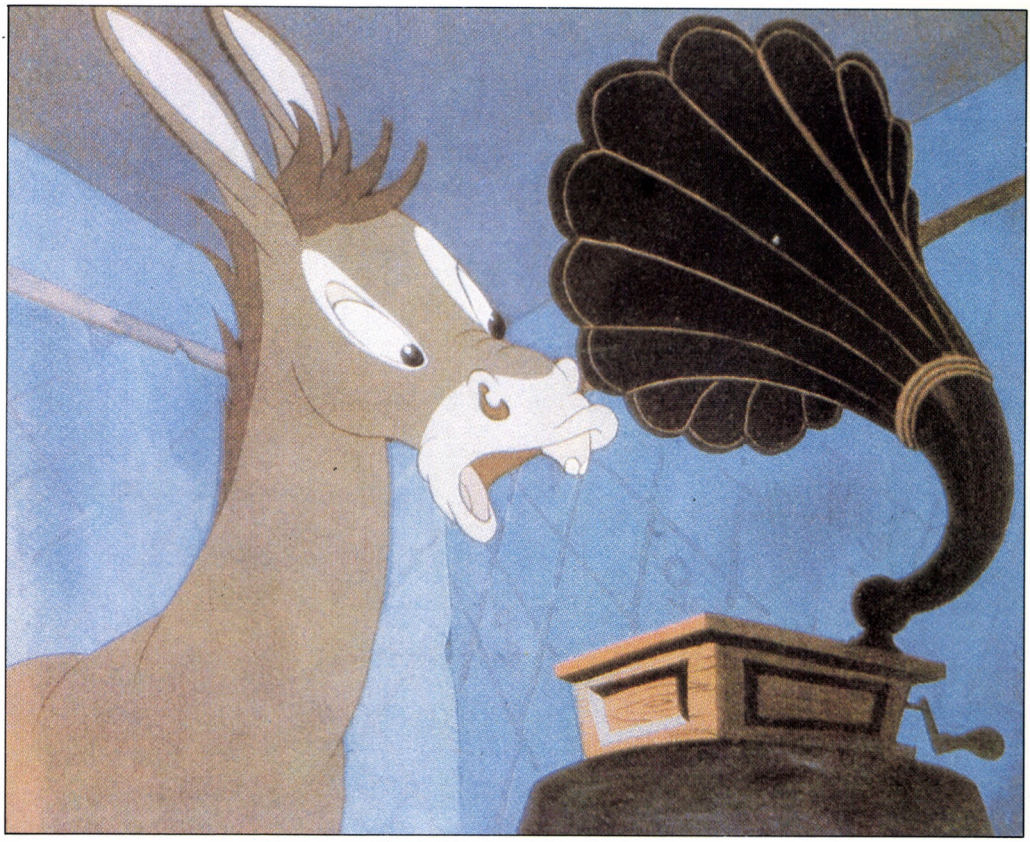
Courtesy Budapest Gallery and Collection of Ákos Vörösváry



József Rosta

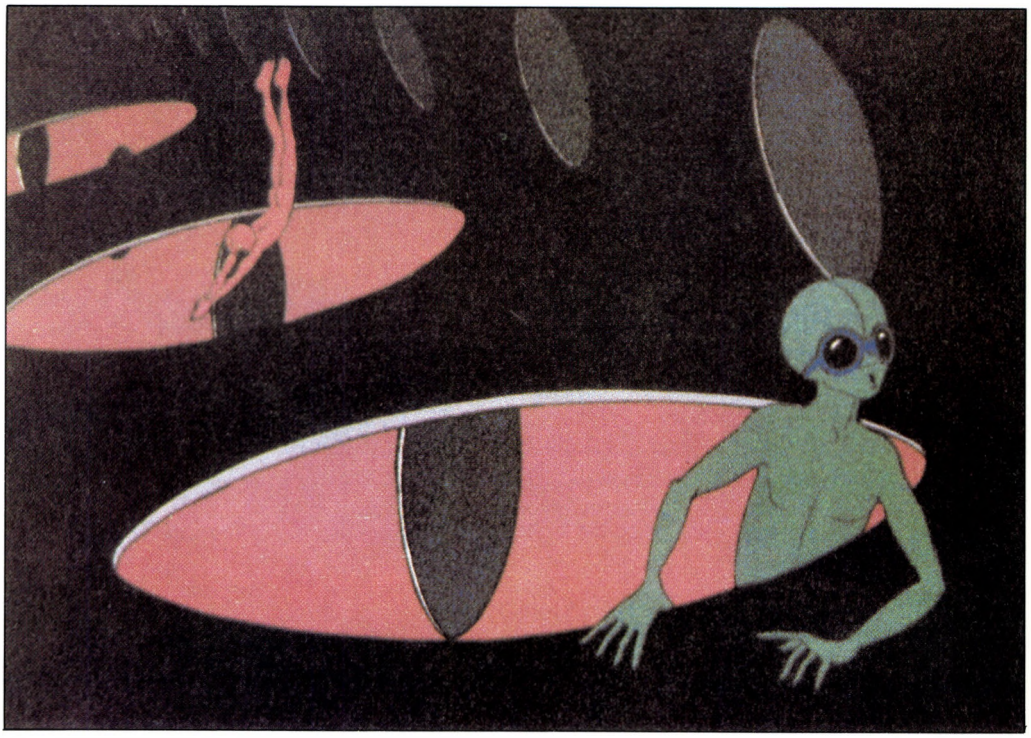
JOHN HALAS: HIERONYMUS BOSCH—FROM THE GREAT MASTER SERIES.

JOHN HALAS: HENRY TOULOUSE LAUTREC—FROM THE GREAT MASTER SERIES.

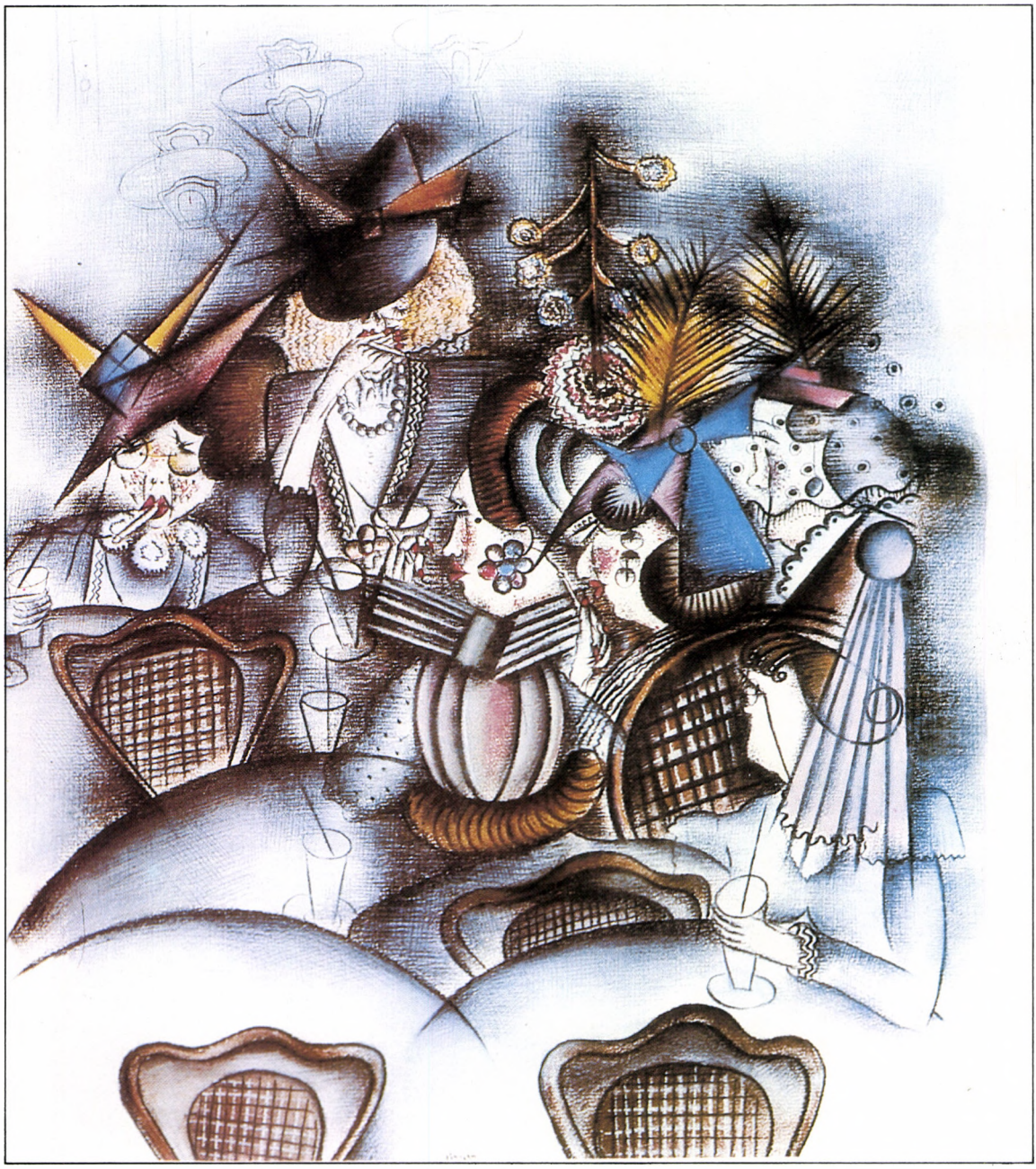


John Halas: Animal farm

John Halas: Autobahn



József Rosta

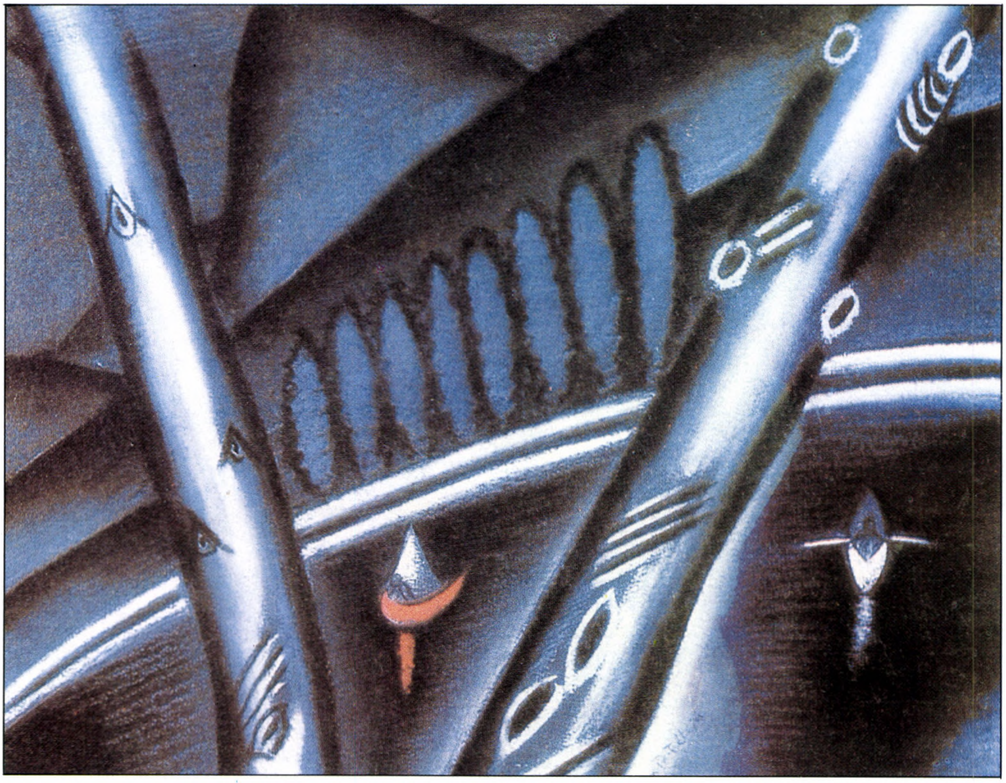


JOLÁN GROSS BETTELHEIM: LADIES' STADIUM. END OF THE 1920S.
PASTEL, PAPER, 58.5×41 CM

György Makky

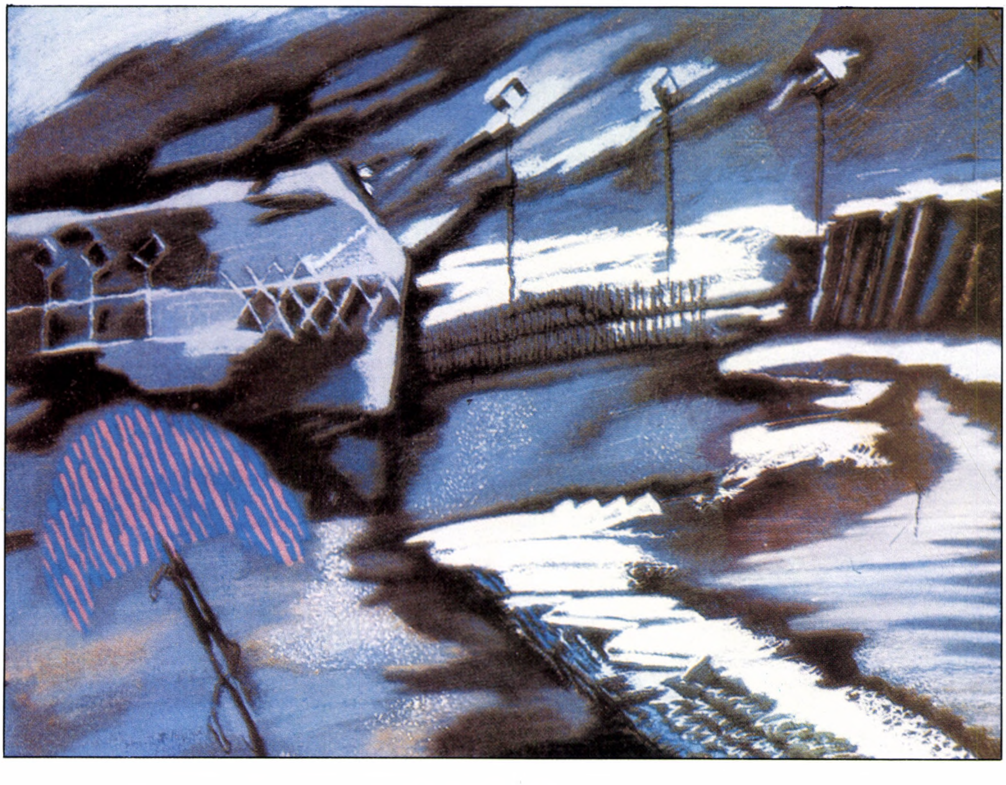
Jolán Gross–Bettelheim: Dynamic composition, cca 1920.
Pastel, paper, 66.5 × 51 cm

György Makky

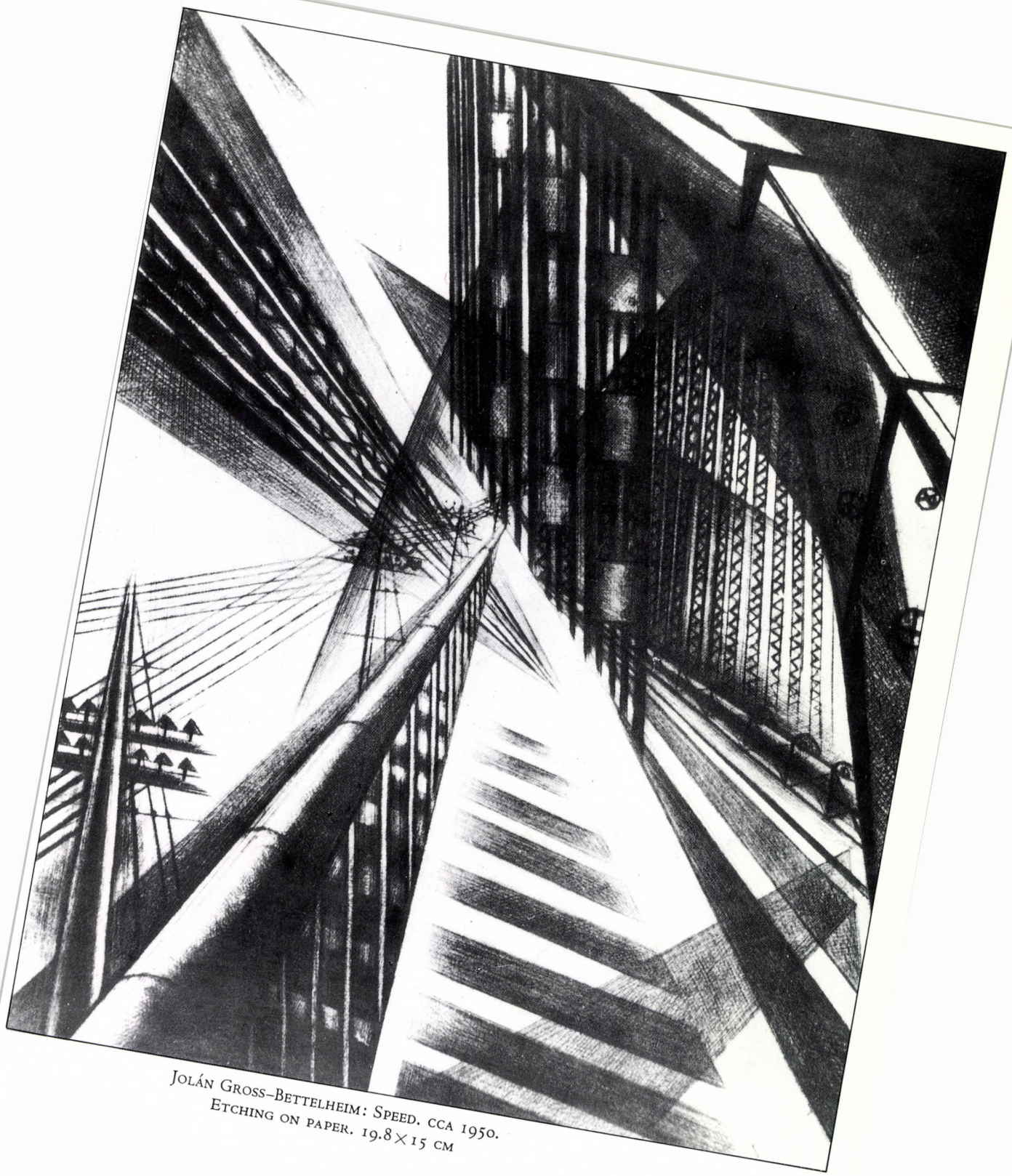


Jolán Gross-Bettelheim: Boating at night, 1920–1922.
Pastel, paper, 31.5 × 39 cm

Jolán Gross-Bettelheim: Stormy seashore, 1920–1922.
Pastel, paper, 50.8 × 66.4 cm



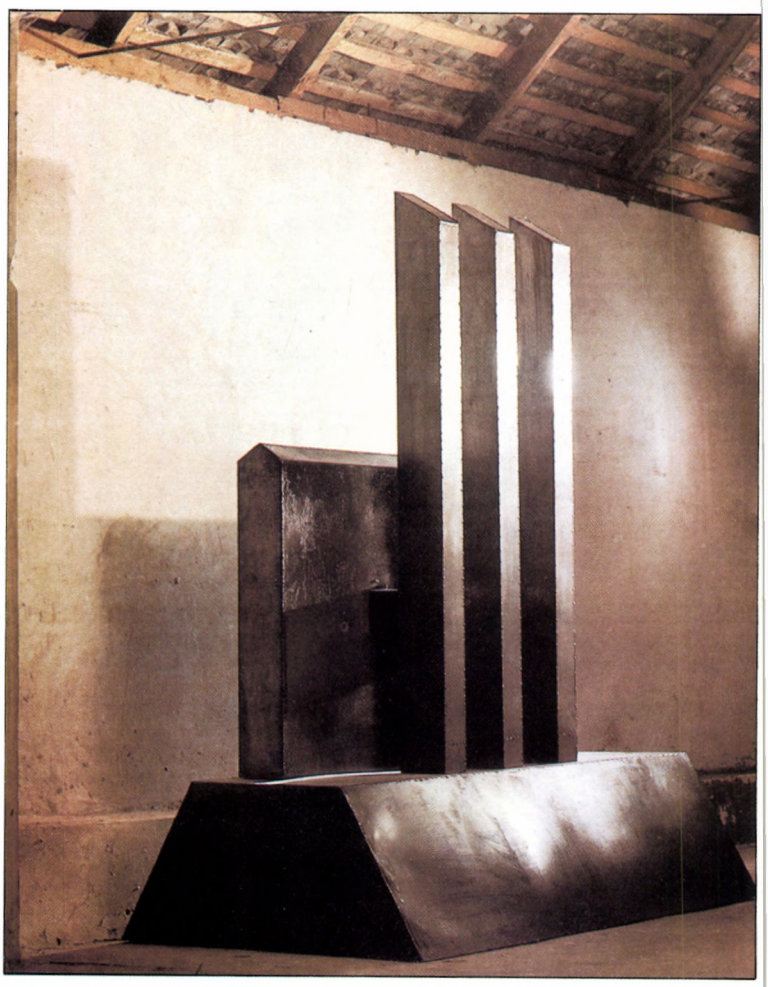
György Makky

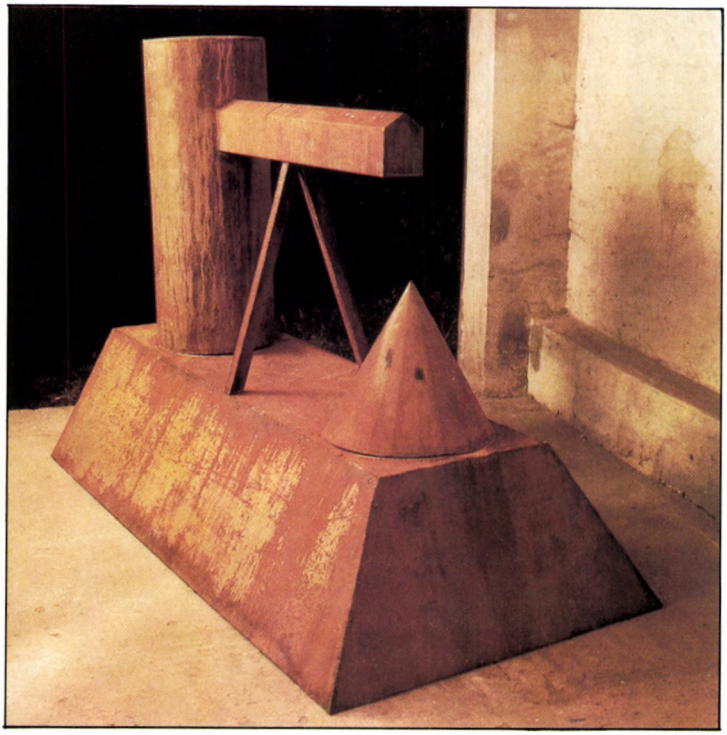


Jolán Gross–Bettelheim: Speed. cca 1950.
Etching on paper. 19.8×15 cm

György Makky

Attila Kovács: Necropolis, block I. 1987. Welded iron, 200 × 170 × 100 cm





György Makky

Attila Kovács: Necropolis, block V., 1987. Welded iron, 175 × 175 × 100 cm

Attila Kovács: Collapse, 1987.
Polished iron sheet, 200 × 100 cm

György Makky

Attila Kovács: They are coming. 1987.
Polished iron sheet
200 × 100 cm

Portrait of Elza
Kövesházi-Kalmár in 1900.

Elza Kövesházi-Kalmár:
Dancing girl, cca 1900.
Bronze, 27 cm.
Collection of Hanna Szalay

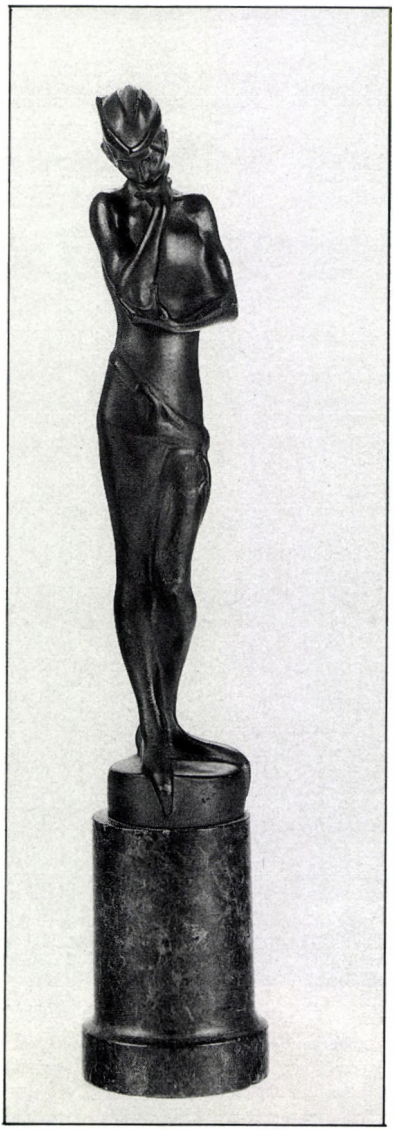
Zsuzsa Berényi

ELZA KÖVESHÁZI–KALMÁR: BREATHING DANCE, 1928. PLASTER, 28.3 CM

Hungarian National Gallery

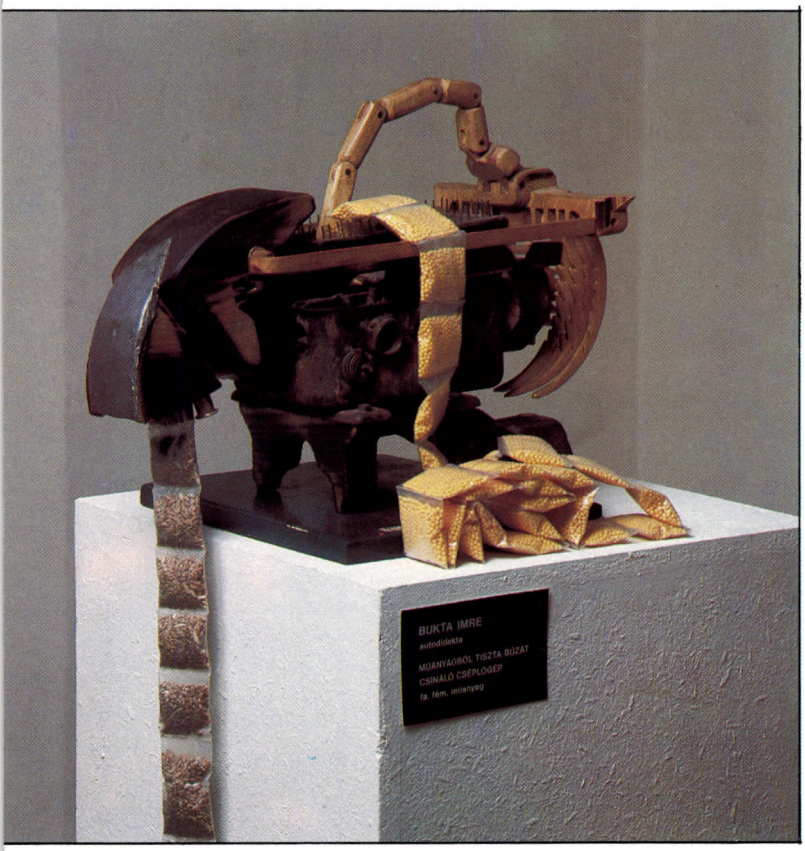
Zsuzsa Bertényi

ELZA KÖVESHÁZI-KALMÁR:
DANCER. 1910–1911. BRONZE, 18 CM
Hungarian National Gallery



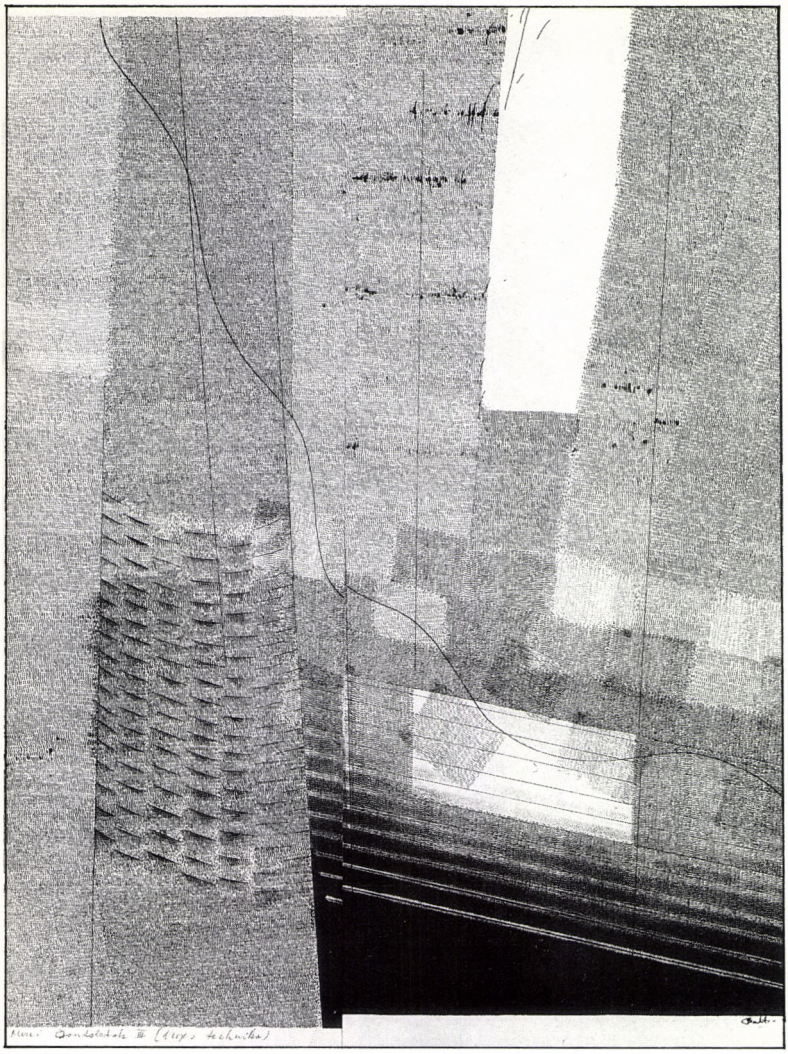
ELZA KÖVESHÁZI-KALMÁR:
MEPHISTO, 1899. BRONZE, 24 CM
Hungarian National Gallery

Imre Bukta:
Live trap, 1977.



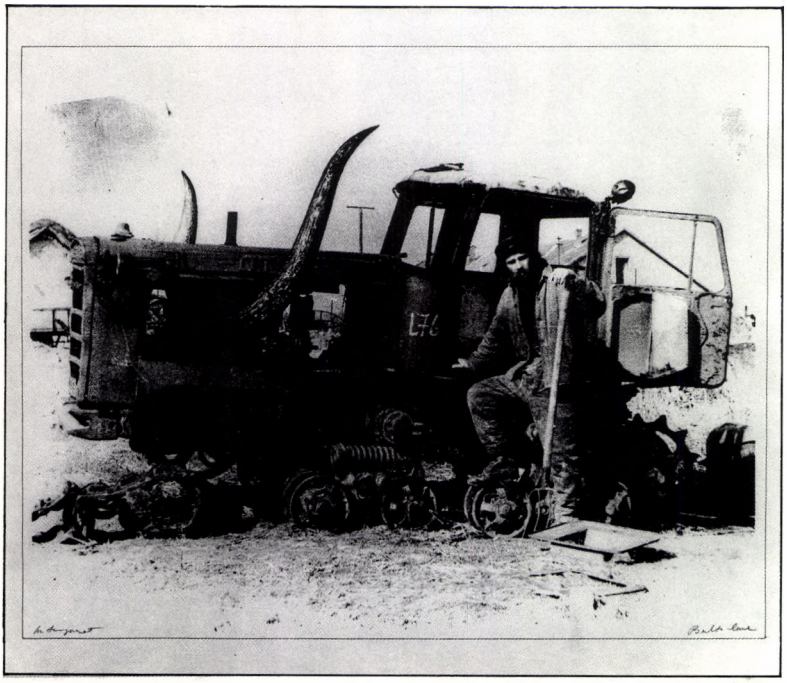
Gyula Tabin

Imre Bukta:
Thresher turning
plastic into pure
wheat, 1975.
Wood, metal, 35 cm



IMRE BUKTA:
FIELD THOUGHTS III.
1977. MIXED
TECHNIQUE,
50×39.5 CM

László Gyarmathy



IMRE BUKTA:
TAMING
THE AGRICULTURAL
MACHINE. 1978.
SILK SCREEN PRINT,
40×50 CM

ness lived here with her family and the upper floor served as offices for the factory. The frescoes on the entrance corridor were painted by Árpád Feszty. Until 1913, this also housed the Berlitz School and the first cinema in Budapest, called the *Kinoplasticon*, was on the ground-floor. Number 12 was built for Lajos Megyeri Krausz, by Zsigmond Quittner, who also designed the lavishly decorated sgraffito ornament of the court-yard front. The sculptural ornaments on the front were the work of Gyula Donáth, who also made the sculptural group entitled *Banterers*, for the fountain in the court-yard. The house at number 16 was commissioned by Baron József Wolfner, and it housed the Singer and Wolfner publishing house and the bookshop as well as the editorial office of the literary weekly *Új Idők* (New Times). A bust of József Wolfner, from 1935, can still be seen in he stairway.

The house at number 21 was built to the plans of Vilmos Freund, and its first floor street front once housed the masonic lodge. The banqueting hall is divided by marble columns with embossed stucco work, and at one end is a red marble wall fountain in a semicircular cavity enclosed by shell work. The Opera House is at number 22.* The house at Number 23 was built by Vilmos Freund and János Kauser for Mór Wahrmann. Wahrmann was a typical character of the period. Coming from a family of rabbis, he was a textile merchant with a university degree, who multiplied his father's modest fortune. He also was a major public figure: upon the encouragement of Ferenc Deák, he was among the first Jewish members to be elected to Parliament in 1869. The two sculptures of Flora were by Aladár Strobl. Number 31 has a splendid red marble fountain in its court-yard decorated by a female figure which came from the Schlick iron foundry (the name of its creator is no longer known to us). The house at number 35, the work of Donát Wojta and Adolf Feszty, was built for the Vienna stove manufacturer called Hebel. In this house was once the Andrássy Café, later the Café Helvetia. The Café Japan, a favourite haunt of writers and artists, was housed at number 45 (today the Writers' Bookshop).

The four buildings that flank November 7 Square (the former *Oktogon*) were commissioned by Hagenmacher the brewing magnate, and built by Antal Skalniczky. This is what gives the square such a uniformity of layout. The house at number 62 was built by Henrik Schmal; the balusters under the windows and on the roof railings were the work of János Bobula, and József Róna** sculptured the female figures on either side of the gateway. Number 67 housed the Academy of Music between 1881 and 1907. It was built by the Prague-born architect Adolf Lang for the Society of Fine Arts. It had a sgraffito friese running between the second and third floors, with round reliefs of Bach, Mozart, Liszt, Erkel, Haydn and Beethoven below it. The Academy of Music*** rented the building from the Society, and Ferenc Liszt, the chairman of the Academy and Ferenc Erkel, its director, also lived in the house.

The first permanent exhibition hall in Budapest, indeed in the whole country, the old *Műcsarnok*, was built on Sugár út. The Society of Fine Arts again commissioned Adolf Lang to design the building. For the façade, Lang followed the model of the Palazzo Bevilacqua in Verona. A balcony with Corinthian engaged columns and a baluster railing runs along the whole first floor of the ashlar building, and the entrance hall and the first floor corridor are decorated by frescoes by Károly Lotz. Unfortunately, the overtly articulated internal space and the uneven illumination made the building unsuitable for its original purpose, and by 1892 the construction of a new Art Gallery was already being considered. The School of

* See *NHQ* 97.

** See *NHQ* 96

*** See *NHQ* 103.

Fine Arts next to the old *Műcsarnok*—today linked with it—was built to the plans of Lajos Ranscher, with its façade decorated by Róbert Scholtz's sgraffiti. The first residential block on the *Körönd* (Circus), at numbers 88–90, was built by Gusztáv Petschacher, and its use of a *cour d'honneur* served as a model for the other three corner houses in the square, thus establishing a proper symmetry for the circular square. The sgraffiti on the house were the work of Lajos Rauscher, the figures drawn by Bertalan Székely, and the wrought-iron railing made by Gyula Jungfer. Zoltán Kodály lived in this house, and the square has been renamed after him. The Pallavicini palace at number 98 was built by Gyula Petschacher.

The town house at number 103 was designed by the architect Gyula Bukovics, for Ferenc Hopp, a noted Budapest optician. Having travelled all over the world, Hopp, with excellent taste, picked up the objects which formed the foundation of his famous collection. By 1911 this collection consisted of more the 4,000 items. Before his death in 1919, Hopp donated his collection to the Hungarian state, and the house, with the treasures in it, has functioned ever since as the East Asian Museum, bearing the name of the donor. The town house at number 114 is remembered for serving as quarters for the French Colonel Vyx in March 22, 1919. The house at number 127 was built to the designs of the architect Weber for the pharmaceutical manufacturer Gedeon Richter. The house at number 129 was built by Aladár Árkay for the building contractor Hermann Babochay in 1905; its arrangement fits smoothly into the row of gardened town houses. In fact, it consisted of two villas, one of two stories and the other a single-storey section. Later on, like so many other houses, it was rebuilt, effacing the formal characteristics that had expressed Árkay's individual taste.

Though the façades of the houses along the old Sugár út have been more or less reconstructed, most of the apartments within, the interior corridors, staircases and court-yards have deteriorated. The only exceptions are those that house a state institution or enterprise. There, however, in most cases, there has been such drastic rebuilding that a reconstruction of the original state is only possible by referring to the blue-prints.

The unity of the new avenue was broken by two buildings. One, the Drechsler palace at number 25, was designed by Ödön Lechner in a style reçalling French Renaissance, and its dynamic, restless forms clash with the calm facades of the neighbouring houses. The other is at number 29, a work by Gusztáv Petschacher. Originally it was the Teréz District Casino, but in 1909 the Sugár út wing of the building was pulled down to make room for a department store.

A real ornament of the avenue, and of Budapest, is the Opera House, which was designed by Miklós Ybl and opened in 1884. Particularly distinguished is its front with its carriage-way with triple archway, the sculptures of Erkel and Liszt, the huge balcony with its balustrade on the first floor, and the roof terrace decorated by statues.*

The linking of the splendid road with the City Park was left unsolved. After the death of Gyula Andrássy in 1890, a commemorative column was raised to honour him in the axis of the road. Later, in 1894 the government, in response to a request expressed by Hungarian artists, commissioned the architect Albert Schickedanz "to build the new Art Gallery, at the edge of the City Park, to provide room, in keeping with the requirements of the day, for exhibiting paintings, graphics, sculpture and architecture." The building was completed by the time of the millennial celebration of the Hungarian conquest: it was opened on May 2, 1896, simultaneously with the Millennial National Exhibition. After the celebrations, the question of completing Sugár út (by then already Andrássy út) and replanning the square emerged once again. The contractors, Schicke-

* *NHQ* 96

danz and Herczog, came up with the suggestion to make up for the lack of any solemn squares in Budapest of the kind of which had been planned during the Baroque and neo-classic periods in many parts of Europe, by establishing a Millennial Memorial in the square. The proposal was adopted and carried out in the form of a 30 metre high column in the central axis of the road, with a twofold, gently arched colonnade behind it, with the statues of 14 kings, the seven chiefs involved in the Magyar conquest and allegorical compositions, by György Zala, and in the centre of the square a Hungarian War Memorial. In 1906, the construction of the Museum of Fine Arts gave the square its final touch. A neo-classic complex, it has become one of the most harmonious squares in the city, providing a fitting conclusion to the splendid set of buildings along Sugár út.

SÁNDOR LÁNCZ

THREE GENRES

John Halas, Jolán Gross-Bettelheim and Attila Kovács

John Halas (born Halász, János), whose "Halas and Batchelor Studio" he established with his wife in London, is a great name among animators. In his profession he is as much a "grand old man" as other Hungarian-born artists such as Sándor Trauner in film-set design or György Kepes in visual education. These examples are not accidental; all three belong to the generation who, at the turn of the 1920s–1930s opposed themselves to official conservatism and tried to connect with the work of the best of their European contemporaries, especially to the ideas and practice of the Bauhaus. At the time, the only opportunity to do so in Hungary was within Kassák's Work Circle and the Budapest Workshop under Sándor Bortnyik. The followers of these schools and groups, many of whom later dispersed to different parts of the world, have generally preserved the original constructivist inspiration throughout their careers. This was not primarily a stylistic characteristic but the founding of their work on art and its related technical environment, and their belief in their power to shape society. This faith is the impulse behind Vasarely's compositions and Schöffer's mobiles, and the same faith drives Halas in his unwearying research into the possibilities of animation and electronics.

Logo of the John Halas, Félix Kassowitz and Gyula Macskássy Studio

When Halas learned the basics of film-making with the help of another world-famous artist, George Pal, he continued his studies in Bortnyik's Workshop and opened an advertising film studio with two young draughtsmen (Lajos Vajda, one of the great figures in Hungarian twentieth-century art, worked there as a phase drawer); under the pressure of the constrained circumstances in Hungary he moved to England in 1936. As a creator of advertising and publicity films he had the opportunity to evolve various drawing styles and techniques, so, after the

Second World War when he had finally the chance to present himself to the public with autonomous works he had mastered all the tricks of the trade. Since his first success, "Animal Farm" (1963) based on Orwell's novel, his star has been continuously on the rise and shows remarkable parallels to the current changes in animation styles. The pictorial world of his early films in a somewhat American taste that recalls Walt Disney has gradually become acerbic and ironic; in *The Hoffnung Symphony Orchestra,* lines inspired by intellectual humour which had characterized the animated cartoons of the 1960s played a dominant role; later the thematic and stylistic demands of rock, introduced in animation only in the 1970s, appeared also in his works. (*Autobahn,* 1979.)

Hence we cannot speak of a definable "Halas-style" because Mr. Animated Cartoon (the complimentary nickname he is known by) has the same intimate knowledge of all spheres of animation. His extraordinarily Protean capacity has enabled him to bring to life on celluloid the worlds of such radically different artists as Wilhelm Busch, Toulouse-Lautrec, Leonardo and Botticelli. He instantly sensed the possibilities inherent in computers: his *Dilemma* (1981) shows up the positive and negative sides of a civilization easily turning self-destructive. Halas fears for humanity but trusts art, and he is convinced that animation, combining the intelligence of the human hand and the computer, can create a visual idiom understood and "spoken" by everybody which can offer much help in solving the basic dilemmas of our age.

* * *

One of the most successful exhibitions in Budapest in the spring of 1988 presented a selection from the works of an artist whose name had been almost unknown both to the public and to the narrow circle of professionals. True, in the 1960s Jolán Gross-Bettelheim (1900–1972) had presented herself in Hungary in several individual and group exhibitions but those works were not yet her best and her earlier works had remained unknown. So it is the merit of the collector Ákos Vörösváry who discovered her legacy that he sensed the topicality of her paintings and drawings. He perceived that the world of the 1920s and 1930s known today only from tattered picture strips, their shudderingly desolate and at the same time pitifully amusing milieu can be exciting today when our attitudes to development and technical progress are so ambivalent.

Gross-Bettelheim's success and importance do not reside primarily in the quality and originality of her works. She was a good minor master but her works were effective not so much in themselves but through the epoch which they represented. They are interesting specimens of Hungarian art from another viewpoint too: we have few artists who combined European training with the particularities of American art between the two world wars.

Jolán Gross-Bettelheim commenced her studies at the Academy of Fine Arts in Budapest; after a short stay in Vienna she travelled to Berlin in 1920 and became a pupil of the cautiously expressionistic Carl Hofer. Her best paintings were made during her relatively short period in Berlin; these compositions of interiors, and hazy or stormy waterside landscapes built on powerful blue-white-black colour contrasts recall the softer trend of German expressionism hallmarked by the names of Kandinsky, Jawlensky and Werefkin. Strangely, the then unfolding *Neue Sachlichkeit* as yet had no influence her art; it would appear in her paintings and drawings only after 1925, when she settled in the United States.

Her dynamic, richly coloured paintings gradually grew colder, they became dryer and more narrative. The style of her portraits marked by the decorative-grotesque attitude of her master Róbert Berény had changed too; they became more graphic and caricaturistic. With the exhaustion of her painterly

inspiration, her interest turned more and more to graphics: its mobility seemed to suit her leftist political activity which increased in the 1930s; she made numerous agitprop and anti-fascist drawings. Moreover, she was most at home in satire: the thumbnail sketches of coffee-drinking and gossiping society ladies and other figures of American society between the two world wars occur again and again in her drawings. The heroines of these croquis were pitifully—or rather ridiculously—stupid, the drawings revealed their intellectual emptiness and their physical defects, yet we must not think of the savage social criticism of a George Grosz in her drawings, *Neue Sachlichkeit* appeared in a lighter form: her up-turning S-shaped curving lines evoke the more fashionable world of art-deco. The wry and gentle nostalgia for the years of peace between the two wars, which seem so beautiful from the distance, is also an explanation for the great success of these gently humorous waxworks.

But on the other side of this cloudless social palette, smoking furnaces, bars, pipes and steel structures between tenement houses rose to the sky. The other large group of Gross-Bettelheim's drawings reports accurately and alarmingly on this other world (as if the gallery of high-life ladies and the bleak steel world had not been drawn by the same hand). In keeping with the nature of their theme, these drawings are built on the monumental dynamics of the arc and structures that penetrate each other, the triumphant industrial landscape of the constructivists shows its less pleasant face in them. With regard to their relationship with technology, these works reflect an intermediate state: the confidence that it can help to build a cloudless and healthy future has disappeared, but technology is not yet synonymous with Evil, destroying all humanity. The bridges, fly-overs and cables in their jungle-like density occur in their bleak, matter-of-fact objectiveness as the impersonal symbols of industrial civilization as they do in the works of her American contemporary, Joseph Stella. They suggest the experience of the machine-like faceless crowds in metropolises, the ominous fascination of a world of machines without man or with humans as their slaves; the artist's compulsory left-wing optimism does not much allay these ominous forebodings. This has rendered them topical a half century after their creation in disillusioned age polluted by industrial waste.

* * *

Attila Kovács built the catafalque of this crumbling-rusting traditional industrial civilastion in his exhibition in the Óbuda Zichy Castle Gallery. Born in 1951, he studied at the Technical University of Budapest; then as a member of the Pécs Group and thus linked to the organic architectural school, he designed his first completed building.

In working on an experimental film on the Holy Grail cycle, he was haunted by the evocation of transcendency. From 1979 he has worked as a set-designer; his work for the cinema and the theatre contains a sinister element of the cultic. Thus in Pál Sándor's *Daniel Takes a Train*, he designed an oppressively monumental and tasteless hotel interior which is also a temple of absolute power; the set he made for Ferenc Kardos's *Heavenly Host* evokes both a historical castle and the sepulchre of a culture based on fear and cunning. He concerned himself with the theme earlier in his work as an architect and set-designer: the world of bleak factory chimneys, ungainly and monumental industrial crypts. Born and bred in Central Europe, he perceives the common roots of the depressing social-realist "power architecture" with its pseudo-classicistic pomp and the clumsy, filthy and drab factory buildings so much removed from Western brilliant functionalism as that despotic centralized will which, behind the slogan of "man, the supreme value" has erected menacingly majestic office buildings and health-destroying megalomaniac industrial zones.

Now, wandering among the ruins of the concept of the "country of iron and steel", one obviously associates the myth of Dracula also based in East-Central Europe, his ominous castle with its bats circling around with the sight of abandoned trucks and bent iron bars as they emerge in his grey pictures onto heavy iron plates. The other protagonist of these bleak "iron pictures" is the muscular, naked workman-figure, the lonely successor of the obligatory optimistic worker iconography of the 1950s wandering forlornly and purposelessly among the wastes of the system which created him and continues to refer to him but is in reality absolutely indifferent. The title of the exhibition shown first in Pécs, then in Budapest, is Necropolis: in addition it contains the sculptures (installations, sepulchral monuments) built of welded iron plates in basic geometrical forms. If possible, they express the sadness emanating from this failure of "progress" even more decisively and finally.

GÁBOR PATAKI

INDOMITABLE MOVEMENT

ELZA KÖVESHÁZI KALMÁR (1876–1956)

The King Stephen Museum of Székesfehérvár has again concerned itself with art that seemed doomed to slow oblivion, in this case the surprisingly manysided work of Elza Kövesházi Kalmár. The show, in March 1988, was presented in a beautifully arranged, intimate exhibition. As it has frequently done in the past, the museum urged experts and visitors alike to look back; once again a half-forgotten name has regained some of its lustre.

The first object which impressed me at the beginning of my acquaintance with the works of Elza Kövesházi Kalmár was a photograph of the artist. A beautiful head with a closed face and clever eyes reflecting determination, discipline and self-assurance. A head carved out of a single block, to express herself in her's, the sculptor's, idiom.

Elza Kövesházi Kalmár was a child of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, exalted and then crushed by our complicated century.

She was born in Vienna, spending her childhood there and in Pola and Trieste (her father was a rear-admiral in the Austro-Hungarian Navy). She spoke German, Italian, English, French and Hungarian, and studied in Vienna, Munich and Dachau. In 1900 she went to Paris, from there to Florence for six months, then to Budapest for six months. She was an incessant wanderer but from wherever she happened to be in the world she sent her works to Hungarian exhibitions; she wanted the evaluation of the Hungarian public and critics. Despite her internationalism, her Hungarianness seemed unbreakable: she participated also in the competition for the sepulchral monument of Lajos Kossuth. In 1902 she moved to Florence where she spent two years, then to Vienna where she spent another two years; after giving birth to a daughter in Munich in 1905 out of wedlock, her family disowned her. She returned with the child to Florence for another four years, and spent the next three in Vienna. Between 1912 and 1914 she lived in Paris and exhibited in the Salon d'Automne and in the Salon des Indépendants. It was in these years that she started wood-carving.

After the outbreak of the First World War she spent 28 months on the fronts as a nurse.

In 1920 she settled in Budapest and tried everything to earn a living through her works. In 1921 she exhibited a large quantity of material in the Ernst Museum and did her best to participate in exhibitions abroad; some of her works even reached the USA. Although one or two distinctions marked her presence, her situation became more and more impossible.

Her daughter, Ágnes Kövesházi, an outstanding pupil of Alice Madzsar's school of callisthenics, became in the second half of the 1920s one of the first dancers in Ödön Palasovszky's avantgarde "Substantial Theatre". Elza Kalmár, in a last attempt, attached herself to the theatre, designing sets and costumes for her daughter. But by the 1930s the economic crisis had destroyed all her artistic idealism. She learned to make orthopedic shoes, obtained a journeyman's certificate and tried to make a living through the craft.

Thus far a restless life. Coming one step nearer to her as a creative artist, one perceives immediately that restless curiosity was what characterized her with regard to genres. She had started her career as a painter, she designed posters, made photos, lithographs; although the latter could compete in quality with the supplements of the Viennese periodical *Ver Sacrum* at the turn of the century, she soon realized that for her the most authentic means of expression was modeling. "I had a taste for colours but no imagination", she wrote self-critically in an autobiographical note. Hence she started modeling, she made bronze and marble sculptures: she carved the latter herself, and chiselled her own bronze sculptures. She worked with burnt pottery, lead, carved wood, made sculptures and objects for use of brass and stone.

It seemed that the artistic age into which she had been born was favourable: the concept of total art *(Gesamtkunst)*, a feature of Art Nouveau, was integrated into her efforts in a natural manner. To a certain extent—especially after the 1910s—her sculptures were like handicrafts and her handicraft objects like sculptures. Hence her sculptures are not authoritarian; the often oppressive pompousness and declamatory attitude of the age are absent from them.

Elza Kalmár accepted this relationship with industrial art; one sees that she did not attribute greater importance to a statue than to a vase. The conditioning of many centuries makes us say that this wrong. We have learned to artistically underestimate an object which has a use-value or which does not follow the prescriptions of pure genre and cannot be classified as grand art. This value-orientation stumbles only when a name like that of Cellini emerges from the past. "Plasticity and draughtsmanship, the permanent coexistence of the duality of spatiality and decorativity give this art a particular tension in which sculptures can assume the character of objects and articles of use become sculptures", wrote Ildikó Nagy in the catalogue of the Székesfehérvár exhibition.

The display of often repugnant emotions in Art Nouveau sculpture did not attract her much. Her finest works are small bronze sculptures made in the first years of the century in which she combined the artistic, supple tracing of Art Nouveau with the expressivity of forms deriving from primary experience.

Dance—which we can regard as the equivalent of life in the symbolic sense—the ancient pantomime of movement stopped short in sculpture, a tense balancing on the extremes, seems to be the most lasting theme of Elza Kalmár and at the same time her most remarkable sculptural approach. In dance, to which she was so much attracted, she sensed both the ethereal and the grotesque. The flexibility of Art Nouveau lines and later the more static, frivolous decorativity or art deco with its penchant for the grotesque influenced her. However, her own artistic forte was her ability to fill these stylistical marks with a feminine sensitivity.

MÁRIA BERNÁTH

IMRE BUKTA, A RURAL ARTIST

Imre Bukta's 1988 exhibition was of special importance in that it was a full rehearsal for his participation in the Venice Biennial of 1988.

In the second half of the 1970s when Bukta started his career, concept and minimal art were the dominant trends in Hungarian art. The painter was aware of them and one can see some resemblance between his way of viewing things and land art in his early graphic works. This is a connection that springs more from an identity of themes —such as wheat-fields under harvesting represented from above—and form is merely a frame into which Bukta places his individual themes. His art is stimulated by the spiritual and material surroundings, way of life and the customs of rural man. This is what his objects, drawings and installations represent.

When he started in the mid-1970s, his drawings were built up of small lines imitating raindrops and grass-blades (*Rustic Thoughts*, 1977). These motifs appear again a few years later in an offset print—*Hay-Stack number 4* (1981). In what was a golden age for reproductive graphic techniques in Hungary, Bukta produced a series of prints (*Domestication of the Agricultural Machine*, 1978). *Ducks Returning to their Boxes after Feeding*, 1982) calls our attention to industrialized killing, to the conveyor-belt system of poultry production and slaughtering, to the unnatural character of food production in general. The work has also a second sphere of meaning: the picture of the defenceless ducks crowded behind bars turns into a parable of manipulated human beings deprived of freedom.

Along with his graphic works, Bukta constructed scluptures such as the machine producing wheat from synthetic material (*Pure Wheat from Synthetics*, 1985), where through one opening of the thresher-like construction, little plastic balls closed in a plastic sheath are fed into the machine and come out as wheat in a similarly careful packing.

Cornbusker (1987–88) is one of his newest objects: the crude execution of the rough and ready wooden sculpture indicates the traditions of dada and arte povera while its direct materiality is related to pop art. The object ironically recalls the real cornhusker: the feeder, the table on which the machine rests are accurately carved, indeed for the sake of fidelity the artist has even pushed a wooden corn-ear between its cogs. In this work Bukta wants to attract attention to the everyday objects of peasants; another example here is his watering-can carved out of wood fixed to the postament by wires imitating the water-jet gushing from a sprinkler so that the object floats obliquely in the air.

He started building his installations in the late 1970s. The *Electric Herdsman* (1978) consists of painted wooden objects evoking ox-horns or worms meandering on a podium surrounded by wires with hay stacked high. Since 1978 he has completed an installation every year; these include *Free Spraying at Dawn* executed in 1985 and shown also in Glasgow and *Man Feeding Guinea-Fowl*. The former represents four life-size sprayers cut out from boom plates. Drawings of Bukta's favourite motifs, the little lines recalling wheat stalks and raindrops and the horn-shaped objects of the *Electric Herdsman* decorate the figures. The lower part of the installation is covered with humus and leaf-mould, the edge of the composition is decorated with a frieze of spades with their tips turned upward.

In the other installation a guinea-hen carved of wood is sitting on top of a post-

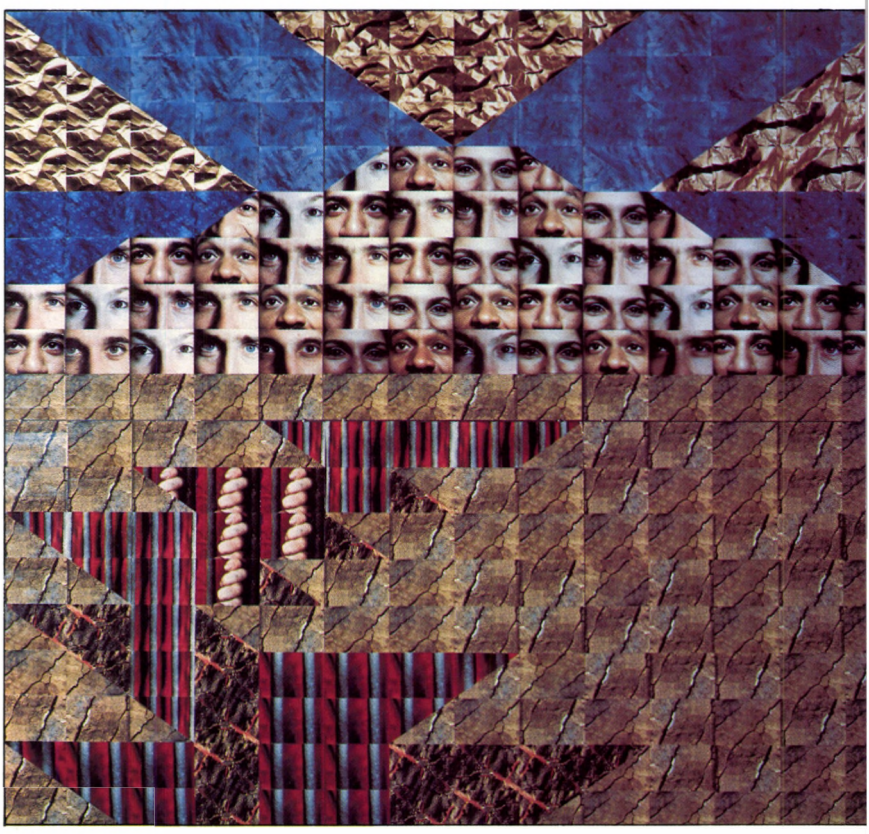
Judit Wellisch Tehel: Fragments from the Austro-Hungarian empire—inside border landscape, 1988, oil, fibre board, 125×90 cm

Imre Jubász

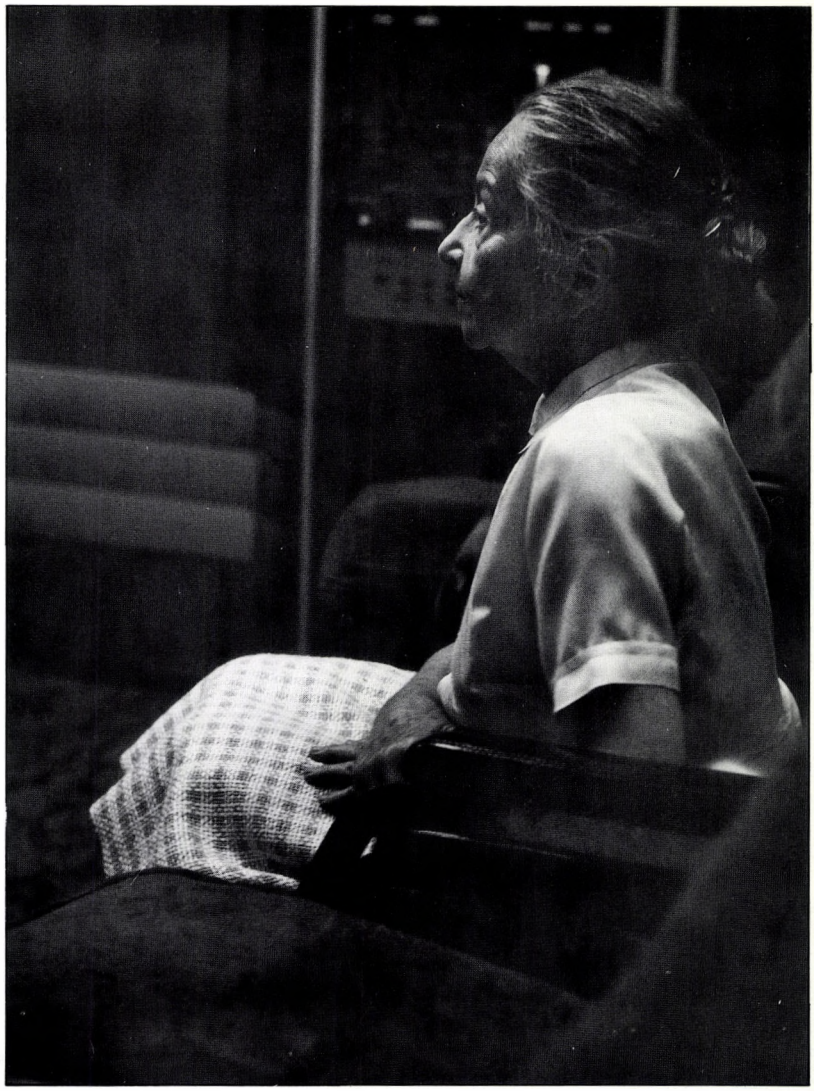
Judit Wellisch Tehel: Budapest fragments, triptich II. 1988. oil, fibre board, 90×70 cm

Imre Jubász

Andrea Kovács:
Tribal gifts,
1986.
Photo mosaic



Andrea Kovács:
Treasure Hill, 1986.
Photomosaic



Marian Reismann:
Ditta Pásztory
in 1970

Marian Reismann:
Ditta Pásztory in 1934

Marian Reismann:
Béla Bartók
with his wife
Ditta Pásztory,
1939

Marian Reismann:
Ferenc Erdei
with his son
András in 1947

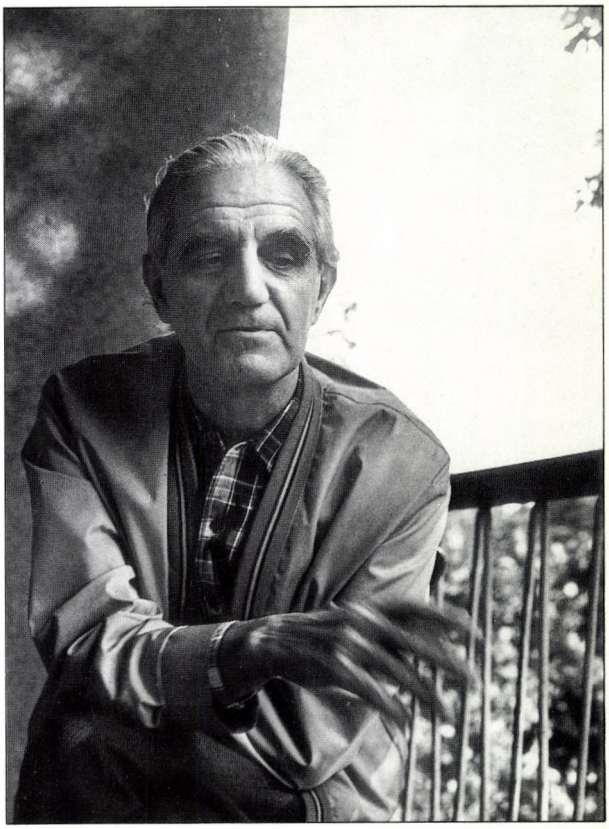
MARIAN REISMANN:
GYÖRGY LUKÁCS
ON THE 1ST OF MAY,
1947

JÁNOS REISMANN:
CARLO LEVI,
ROME, 1959

JÁNOS REISMANN: PÉTER VERES IN 1957

JÁNOS REISMANN:
LÁSZLÓ RAJK
AT A MASS MEETING
IN 1947

János Reismann: Géza Ottlik
in 1963



János Reismann: Sándor Csoóri
in 1965

Laurent Gaspar:
Desert

Laurent Gaspar:
Tunis–Djerba

ament resembling a pyramid placed on a rectangular platform on which are scattered tiny steel bells. A mechanical centaur standing on neo-Baroque table-legs faces the fowl with its tentacles looking like the lever of a straw-baler tractor, the monster prepares to feed or perhaps stab the bird. It is easy to find in this ensemble a symbol for the defenceless animal and the picking machine monster—vulnerable nature and over-mechanized civilization which is destroying it.

Bukta's sociological interest springs directly from his origins: he was born in a small village in Heves County and his works express what he has seen and experienced there.

In conclusion something should be said of his earlier exhibitions. His first important show was in the gallery of the Young Artists' Studio in 1978. An exhibition in the Helikon Gallery (1981) presented most of the drawings and objects which define his mature art. He had another exhibition in the Pataky Gallery in 1981: his dung-pictures led the cultural policy of those years to ordering its close. This present retrospective shows chiefly the drawing, installations sculptures and videos made between 1975 and 1987.

At the time of writing I have no information on his reception at the Venice Biennial. One thing is, however, sure, that the public will see the works of a typically Central-European artist treating regional themes and motifs.

LAJOS LÓSKA

HUNGARY SEEN FROM STAVANGER AND NEW YORK

Judit Wellisch-Tehel — Andrea Kovács

An exhibition in the Gallery of Újpest allowed us to greet Judit Wellisch-Tehel as a Hungarian painter living in Norway and as a former fellow art historian, museologist, critic and teacher. She had graduated with us in the 1950s as an art historian, and worked for a time as a professor's assistant at the Applied Arts School of Budapest. She studied painting in the academies of Budapest, Vienna and Oslo. She lives in Stavanger and paints Budapest on the shores of the North Sea: eclectic and Art Nouveau and turn-of-the-century streets, the fronts of tenement houses in side streets, elements, ornaments and fragments of buildings.

She also composes the so-called cuttings of pictures without feeling ashamed of the bare rows of bricks without their plaster, or or the fragments of ruins or shabby ornaments. Far from critical, this verisimilitude has a resigned sympathy: she does not seek the ugly at any price. Constantly present are the sickly gorgons and old lion-masks. Sometimes her paintings leave Budapest but they never travel far: at most to the Burgenland of Eastern Austria or to Vienna.

There is no hint of objectivity in the hyper-realism of Judit Wellisch: indeed its dominant feature is picturesqueness. Her layers of paint are thick and rustic, she rejects intense colours and prefers black, grey, green, eventually yellow, and the weary brick-red of the glaring patches that replace the missing plaster. This ambivalence of fallen and intact plaster brings to mind a spontaneous *décollage*. Beside their contextual and architectonical message these pictures have also an abstract-expressionist structural content. The intact and defective surface of the house-walls mellowed by smoke, exhaust-fumes and the dirt of decades becomes an independent factor but does not disrupt the

painting's unity. This painter of the late 20th century follows faithfully the traditional rule of foreground, centre and background, and beside linear perspective uses also the tricks of valeur-perspective—although she sometimes cheats deliberately. No atmosphere filters her colours, or to be precise, a certain *rarefied air* space is present on her pictures.

The presentation of her paintings is determined by the *collage* and *assemblage* procedures of her graphic works, which are montages. Either she changes her subject within a single picture field or—simultaneously—she arranges the apparently divergent associations in her framed pictures set beside another as tryptichs or polyptichs with frame close to frame.

Maybe those of us who came from Budapest do not recognize the streets of *Fragments—tryptich II. (1988)*, but, together with all city dwellers, they give us the feeling of *déjà vu*. In the left panel an arched gate between two columns under a flower-garlanded twice-broken cornice: the painter did only one thing with this banal sight: she shifted the gate to the right from the picture's central axis. In the central panel there is a house with a propped projection—being summer, some windows are open: they are dark, gaping squares, while the glasses of the closed ones are shining. In the third panel the painter has manipulated the different meanings of windows. While in the previous picture the open windows are meaningful, here old-fashioned pulled-down white canvas blinds are conspicuous on the first floor. *Pictures, walls and their guardians—polyptich* (1988); the gate-motif again on two sides: to the left two damaged Atlases (one has no head) guard the opening, the doorway is dark as a tunnel but one sees the light at its end —a 25 watt bulb. In the middle a montage of superannuated masks, atlas-caryatids and pedestals. On the right the semi-arched entrance of a once-elegant apartment house with a standard mask on the console but with the street number 22–24—the number of the house in which the artist used to live in Budapest.

The setting for *Fragments from the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Interior frontier zone—tryptich* (1988) is probably Burgenland, Austria. The montage, the architectonic elements, the stone vase or the perspective on the large central picture could be produced by the sight itself and the angle from which it is viewed. On the left a half-open square gate, to the right wire-fencing with wrought iron frame close the side entrance.

Judit Wellisch-Tehel's nostalgia for her native town and country are manifest despite, or because of, the fact she has spent the greater part of her life far in the North. She is the successor of all Pan-European architectural styles originating in the Greco-Roman genius.

*

The guiding principle in the art of Andrea Kovács is our childhood toy, the kaleidoscope. She makes coloured photos, cuts them into 10×10 cm squares and composes complex works out of them as out of tiles: she calls them photo-mosaics. Her method is the serial repetition and multiplication of individual pictures and picture-elements. Looking at them at her exhibition in the Gallery of Dorottya street I thought of Warhol: her sympathy for him is obvious; indeed one of her major works, unfortunately not in the exhibition, is *Portrait of Andy Warhol* (1979). Kovács does not follow the rules of series dogmatically, she likes the kaleidoscope but does not consistently keep the reflection-effect of right and left, below and above, although on the two sides of the central axis most of her pictures are symmetrical. She assembles her composition from her squares on the spot, on the basis of her original design. Most of her photo mosaics are horizontal rectangles or squares but she also has a liking for diamond-shapes, in this case the edges are step-like.

Sometimes she blows up her pictures until

they become unrecognizable, then she cuts out the quantity she wants: this micro-realism turns surrealistic, the arrangement of the squares is directed by the artist's free associations, a form of automatic writing. The simultaneousness of her pictorial scenes is a much-transcribed futurist heritage.

In fact all her works are allegories, some more open, others more enigmatic or indecipherable. All her motifs are series: her photo mosaics are related to pattern-painting, as well as to the pattern designs of our splendid Hungarian textile artists. (This genre seems to be in the air: the entries for the first *International Pattern Triennial* arrived to Budapest at the same time as the exhibition of Andrea Kovács.)

She was born in New York of Hungarian parentage, and works there as a photographer: earlier she studied sculpture. The composition of *Sea of Time* (1983) assembled of plants and red flowers or *The Compensation of Energy* (1986) with the physical formula as its chief motif are excellent but still merely decorative, the sources of her mature period with its varied and meaningful works. In the kaleidoscopic arrangement of *The Keys of the Kingdom* (1986) the half-open, beautiful mouth of a woman and the eyes of a black cat dominate the photographs which seem golden reliefs of the pre-Columbian or the migration period. In the mosaic of *Treasure Mountain* (1986) a smiling, creole male face with a mustache and a smiling female face (only the eyes) alternate with each other but the greater part of the panel is filled with dry, yellowish clayey earth. The significant allegory of *Tribal Gifts* (1986) is filled with a string of real pearls, a surface of flesh (liver or the interior of an oyster?). *War of Independence* (1986) is a real chef d'œuvre with the star-spangled banner of the United States in the leading role, surrounded by masses of decorative elements and actions: handshakes, fists striking against each other. This is a decorative and majestic work with deep philosophical meaning.

In the catalogue Andrea Kovács defines her art: "The picture sequence (the series of accents) becomes a product of both the activity and the performance of photography."

JÁNOS FRANK

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE RECENT PAST

János Reismann and Marian V. Reismann in Buda Castle

When, together with many other suspect foreigners, János Reismann was expelled from the Soviet Union in 1938, the objects he wanted to take with him were examined thoroughly and severely. János Reismann (1905–1976) was a photo-reporter who had settled in Moscow as a communist sympathiser in 1931; he had photographed many landscapes of the vast country and although film stock was difficult to come by, at the time he was leaving, he gathered together thousands of negatives of which he was permitted to keep only a few. Thus every photograph that represented him as a soldier was lost, although his coverage of an army unit had been tremendously successful when published in *AIZ*. His note-books, short stories, early drafts of essays were lost with his pictures.

The negatives, his life-work, suffered further losses every time he moved, and fate led him to many places. Born in Szombat-

hely, the stops along the way were Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Paris again, Budapest in 1945, then back to Paris, and again to Budapest, then five years in prison, Italy, until finally Budapest and the sickbed.

His sister Marian Reismann (b. 1911) has lived in Budapest all along. During the Second World War she had to give up her studio and move to a house allocated to the wearers of the yellow star; she locked her negatives away in a trunk which she hid in a safe place. When the siege of the capital was over she found the trunk in the mud, emptied of its contents. She collected her most important pictures—the Bartók portrait, the photographs of dancers and children—from other people, so as to be able to reproduce in the absence of negatives.

Such was the fate of these two important photographic œuvres; they had not much in common apart from their creators' family home in Szombathely and the twentieth-century European landscape with its tormented, incomprehensible and gruesome hairpin bends.

János Reismann was over twenty when he held a camera in his hand for the first time. The start to his career sounds like an anecdote: he was in Paris, and the parental allowance was running out. The young man had no inclination to follow his father's instructions and attend the Sorbonne; rather he frequented the Bohemian night life of Paris with a sense of vocation, saying yes to the first offer with money that came along. It came from a photographer, Peter Powel. Reismann dashed down to the café he was usually to be found in and asked what was photo-laboratory work: they told him something about developing and a fixing-bath, and he took the job.

Being of an optimistic disposition, János Reismann liked to tell the vicissitudes of his life in well-rounded stories with clear punchlines. When, years later, he met his friend, the Transylvanian-born Brassai, somewhere in Europe and told him that as a minor figure in the trial Rajk was subjected to by Rákosi he had been sentenced to life imprisonment in 1948; he added that he got off cheaply, compared to what was happening in those times ...

In the case of both of the two Reismanns we cannot speak of a career as artist-photographers; both found their profession by accident. Most likely with their sensitivity, talent, education and intensity they would have been successful in many other careers. Yet neither of them thought that what they did was art. Brassai's introduction to an album on János Reismann is pertinent: "I have always held the view that when people wish to range photography among the fine arts, they deprive it of its basically and essentially new content, namely that the photograph has no imagination and no invention of its own, but power and authenticity."

Both Reismanns were photographers: good, passionate, engaged photographers wishing to serve the cause of justice and human rationality through their work. Picture-composition was not their only concern. They had no consistent style even. They watched themselves, their friends, people in general, and arranged their observations into pictures. They were human-centred. (Although János Reismann was once captivated by the changes to the trees of Paris through the seasons, and on another occasion he was fascinated by the fantastic sight of the rocks of Sardinia.)

Just as their biographies are not related, their works have not many common features. There is no dialogue between their pictures. János Reismann followed his themes: he had no studio, he travelled, and observed particularities and differences. Marian Reismann has been and is living in Budapest. She had a few recurring themes and came always nearer to them. She introduced "natural" spontaneous children's photos without prefocusing in Hungary: in the early 1930s she had many followers.

János Reismann made his first independent reportages in the Soviet Union: he was one of the few who did not idealize socialist

construction, exterior or interior command or not. He noticed and showed poverty and also mental blindness. In addition to his reportages of Italy, Germany, and Paris, his works made in Hungary are extremely important. He recorded the restless, enthusiastic young after the Second World War, the students of the people's colleges; his portraits of outstanding writers, such as Miklós Szentkuthy, Géza Ottlik, and Iván Mándy show great empathy. Over the years he published two albums on Italy, two on the Soviet Union and five on Hungarian landscapes. Together with Robert Capa, he was a member of the famous Magnum group.

Marian V. Reismann—the V. has been received from her husband, the lawyer, botanist and nature-photographer dr. Ernő Vajda—had started her career as a professional portrait photographer. Apart from that of Bartók she made some memorable portraits of writers. Then she entered a close working relationship with Dr Emmy Pikler, the proclaimer of a new attitude to baby care and became the illustrator of her books which ran into many editions, and the permanent photographer of the Lóczy crèche. But she was also the portraitist of the communist leadership after the war, sometimes working for a news agency and sometimes as an artisan, she photographed the Hungarian nazi leaders in their prison, before the people's judgement. She also shot in villages, and although some of her pupils became socio-photographers, she herself specialized in expressive portraits, not in rousing reportages.

The Reismanns' exhibition was organized within the Budapest Spring Festival by the National Historical Photo Collection. The material was selected by Károly Kincses, and mounted by György Szegő.

ANDRÁS BÁN

LORAND GASPAR — POET AND PHOTOGRAPHER

Lorand Gaspar, born in Marosvásárhely and of Hungarian mother tongue, is known as a competent French poet. A leading French poet, in fact, as last year he won—despite living in Tunisia—the Grand Prix de Poésie de la Ville de Paris. Of the poet it is also known that he has spent a large part of his life as Chief Surgeon in various hospitals on the edge of the desert and as professor of surgery. In contrast, it is not so well known, if at all, that this poet-surgeon or surgeon-poet is also a photographer endowed with a large gift for revelation and a touching sensitivity. Following exhibitions in the Maison des Écrivains in Paris and in the City Hall of Marseilles, visitors to the Budapest Hall of exhibitions will have the opportunity to recognise this.

This photographer is truly a graphic artist of light. His images do not so much show objects lit by light as light incarnated in objects. What can be said in words of the objects and themes of his photographs is extremely simple. Like the title of one of his collections of poetry, *Egée-Judée*. This is the place that his own particular fate has given him to live in. But it is also the cradle of our civilisation. *L'endroit où nous vivons*. Earth and water. Sand and waves. Desert and sea. Things of the elements. Elemental things. Even if it is easy so to speak of these images, the words themselves can capture very little of them. For these views captured try to show what lies behind the view, and not only by the eye but—as a line of his puts it—by what there is *"derrière nos yeux"*. *"Fente ou se glisse le cristallin"* says another of his poems. It is as if each of his images was an opening

into which the light-sensitive plate has slipped.

Gaspar is a photographer who does not take photographs which are instantaneous or temporal: he photographs objects which are instantaneous or temporal: he photographs that which is beyond time and which is time itself. His images are those of a poet who feels *"derrière ses yeux le silence stupéfait de l'avant du début"* and who knows that

Ce monde visible pour nous
crée des choses que nous ne pouvons voir.

GYÖRGY SOMLYÓ

BRUSSELS, VIENNA AND THE HUNGARIAN AVANT-GARDE

"L'exposition *Bruxelles-Vienne. Reflets croisés 1890–1938 et la présente brochure devraient mettre en lumière le parallélisme des situations de Bruxelles et de Vienne au tournant du siècle, rappeler surtout les échanges privilégiés qui ont commencé à se développer alors entre les deux villes et que la Grande Guerre n'a pu interrompre tout à fait.*"

This comes from the foreword by Fabrice van de Kerckhove. From the Archives et Musée de la Littérature of Brussels, he and his colleagues have arranged the exhibition and produced its catalogue.

The exhibition was mounted at the Palais des Beaux-Arts in the centre of Brussels.

It was part of the "Europalia 87 Österreich." To give an idea of its contents, I will simply list some of them: Gustav Klimt at the Musées Royaux des Beaux-Arts of Brussels, Schiele's pictures at Charleroi, paintings by Kokoschka at Liège, Alfred Kubin at Mons. The Palais des Beaux-Arts housed three exhibitions: Austria and the Arts, Treasures of the Golden Fleece, and the above-mentioned Bruxelles–Vienne. In this latter, the first glimpse a visitor caught was of a portrait of Kassák in his youth and a photograph of his review, *MA*.

The brochure prefaced by Fabrice van de Kerckhove is not the usual catalogue. It is an important collection of essays, a concise and very excellent summary of the lessons to be drawn from the exhibition. It is richly illustrated with pictures of the exhibits. The exhibition and the catalogue are interdisciplinary and comparative. In addition to the preface are twelve essays. A few titles themselves are an indication of the richness of the volume: "Politique et culture," "La libre esthétique et la modernité viennoise de Klimt à Kokoschka," "Bruxelles–Vienne: la musique," "Musil et Maeterlinck," "De Vienne à Bruxelles: L'intransmissible psychoanalyse." The authors are Belgian, French and Austrian. The design of the volume is impressive. Pictures by Fernand Khnoppf and Gustav Klimt or by Jan Toorop and Gustav Klimt tell more about impression and impulsion than a lengthy analytic essay.

The exhibition and the catalogue are important from several points of view. The Archives et Musée de la Littérature has in the past decade become a dynamic centre for Belgian scholarship. The book series "Archives du Future" contains unpublished or inaccessible works published only in forgotten perodicals (thus Charles van Lerberghe's correspondence or Maeterlinck's essays between 1886 and 1896) as well as monographs of a pioneering character (Paul Aron, *Les écrivains belges et le socialisme, 1880–1914*, or Marc Angerot, *Le cru et le faisendé—Sexe, littérature et discours social à la belle époque*). The 1980s are a decade of the renaissance of Belgian literary history and consciousness.

In one word, the Belgians have discovered their own literature. The exploration of the past of Belgian literature has been undertaken by several publishers. Forgotten works by forgotten authors and an increasing number of monographs dealing with the history of literature are coming out. One of the products of this renaissance is the Bruxelles–Vienne exhibition and its catalogue. One of the promoters of this renaissance is Marc Quaghebeur, director of the Archives et Musée de la Littérature, an eminent poet and essayist as well as a high-ranking civil servant.

This renaissance of Belgian literary history is not merely an internal affair for Belgium. In the fifteen to twenty years preceding the First World War, Belgian poetry exerted, primarily due to poets writing in French, a suggestive influence upon the whole of European literature, including Hungarian belles-lettres. Before the emergence of the Apollinaire generation (when Paul Valéry was silent and Paul Claudel was almost entirely unknown), it seemed that great modern poetry originated from Belgium. Among the formerly celebrated Belgian poets we find only two who are mostly spoken of today, but the glamour of both has faded by now: Verhaeren, who was perhaps the best-known creator of his time, and Maeterlinck, the Nobel Prize winner of 1911. In the pre-1914 Hungarian press, however, we encounter works by dozens of writers and poets who have since become forgotten even in Belgium and are only now being rediscovered, thus poems and novelettes by Rodenbach, Van Lerberghe, Lemonnier or Des Obrieux. Three essays in the Bruxelles–Vienne catalogue, which deal either with the relationships of Hofmannsthal and Maeterlinck, Musil and Maeterlinck, or Verhaeren and Stefan Zweig, are valuable contributions to the better understanding of the turn of the century in Europe. Maeterlinck's influence has not been confined to literature. His views on art were given serious attention by Kandinsky and his friend Schoenberg. Incidentally, Hermann Bahr, the Viennese writer, noticed as early as 1895 that emanating from Khnoppf's pictures and Maeterlinck's writings are "the secret turbulences of the soul."

One of the most edifying pieces in the catalogue is the essay "Musil et Maeterlinck," by Professor Jacques le Rider of Paris. It describes the long process in the course of which Musil, who was still an admirer of Maeterlinck at the time of *Törless*, turned against him. It is worth noting here that, although Maeterlinck's works were staged in Hungary (in several translations) and the indications are that the author was very popular in this country, among Hungary's important writers it was only Béla Balázs and, for a very short time about 1912, Lajos Kassák whom Maeterlinck himself influenced. Kassák was then to become, in less than three years, the creator and apostle of the Hungarian avant-garde.

Hungarian literary history has long kept in evidence the Belgian connections of Kassák and his Viennese circle. A well documented essay entitled "*Belgique, Autriche, Hongrie: échanges dans le cadre du réseau international des annés vingt*" is produced by a team from the Archives et Musée de la Littérature. The most important facts have thus far been known. *MA* of Vienna carried an essay by Pierre Bourgeois, a poem by Marcel Lecomte and presented a work of art by Peeters and two by Servranck. *MA* gave news of the existence of Belgian avant-garde journals (*Ça Ira*, *Het Overzicht*, *7 Arts* and *Le Disque Vert*) in 1922. In the first and only issue of 2×2 (also edited by Kassák), Endre Gáspár gave an account of the first important volume of poetry by Neuhuys, one of the editors of *Ça Ira*, and translated one of his poems. The connections were reciprocal: Kassák, Moholy-Nagy, Ernő Kállai, and László Péri worked for *Het Overzicht*, Kassák for *Ça Ira*. These facts, I repeat, were known to us. What is new is that the essay quotes from unknown letters by Kassák found

in Belgian archives. In them Kassák urges avant-garde artists to join forces on an international plane. Another fresh fact is the description of the role Kassák was playing in Vienna.

When, after the First World War, Musil turned against Maeterlinck, the earlier fruitful contacts between Austrian and Belgian artists were broken. But the connection of Vienna and Brussels remained intact in the first half of the 1920s. Not because of Freud, since the influence of psycho-analysis in Belgium was negligible until 1938—even in spite of the 1924 special issue of *Le Disque Vert*. That the connection still remained was due to Kassák and the Hungarian émigrés in Vienna. Pre-world war Austro–Belgian cooperation was replaced by cooperation between young Hungarian and Belgian avant-garde artists. That is the reason why the visitor to the Palais des Beaux-Arts first saw a photograph of Lajos Kassák. The Belgian renaissance of literary history is important to us because the rediscovery of Belgian literature promotes a better understanding of Hungarian literature. The whole complex of influences, acceptance, parallels and divergences becomes visible and appreciable.

LÁSZLÓ FERENCZI

FROM OUR NEXT ISSUES

A NEW HUNGARIAN OPERA: MARIO AND THE MAGICIAN

Péter Halász

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF HUNGARIAN PHOTOGRAPHY

András Bán

IN MEMORIAM JENŐ BARCSAY

Lajos Németh

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF FAMILY TREES

Géza Galavics

RENAISSANCE AND MANIERISM: AN EXHIBITION

János Végh

MUSICAL LIFE

LÁSZLÓ SOMFAI

BARTÓK COMES HOME

The return of Bartók to Hungary, a symbolic lying in state forty-three years after his death, and his burial in native soil have once again raised the composer to a national cause. However great the expectations, the country merely found itself a guest at a strictly family ceremony. The crown of the first Hungarian king, Saint Stephen could be claimed back with the appropriate diplomacy, but Bartók's remains, however much they may mean to the country, were not made mobile by politics alone. Despite the fact that it must have been clear to the whole world that Bartók's music, his artistic philosophy, Bartók as symbol cannot be of the same significance and esteem anywhere as in his homeland. It needed a decision on the part of Béla and Péter, the composer's two sons. Of different nationalities, and the younger, Péter being past the age that was granted to their father, they realized that it called for determination on the part of both of them to make the return of Béla Bartók's remains to Europe possible. And so the two sons of Bartók have brought the composer's remains from their resting place near New York to Budapest and placed them in the family vault.

Nevertheless, the grave is surrounded by a nation, to quote Vörösmarty, including the confraternity of musicians who, with emotional assonance and heightened sensitivity, watch the reception Bartók is receiving in 1988. Is it to be hoped, for instance, that the same state which marked its attendance at the solemn commemorative act on a political level rarely granted to the arts, will, in its daily duties, indeed in its financial encouragement, react with more understanding to the danger signals coming from the world of the arts and of the teaching of music?

The burial was an honourable moment even from the point of view of the management of, and service to, Bartók's life's work as well. It has turned attention to Bartók's intellectual legacy. More exactly, not to the force and radiation of the "Bartók model" in art (here one really does not have to speak of any desideratum), but to the Bartók oeuvre as such: the availability and reputation of his compositions and ethno-musicological works, the current state of the interpretation of his works and their reception and what has been achieved and what has to be achieved in the Bartók literature—all in all, the status of the Bartók cult in Hungary in 1988.

Despite some unvoluntary detours, we have the experience of several generations coexisting with Bartók's legacy behind us. Hungarian music has survived the "Bartók the formalist" period (indeed, by reading the scores diligently, it learnt a great deal from Bartók precisely at that time), then it became familiar with the trends in the years after Bartók's death and learnt how to seek

its place in the international arena, launching forth the new generations in composition and in performance. Meanwhile, a Hungarian musician feels Bartók behind him even when he composes in what is clearly a non-Bartókean mode or embarks on utterly new paths of interpretation. Because, during the course of our musical education, we have absorbed Bartók through our capillaries and he remains active, if only in our subconscious, Bartók's works themselves have not been devalued. The classics of music have to be studied again and again, but they include one, in the person of Bartók, whom we Hungarians do understand directly without cultural, national or historical metastasis.

This means that the Hungarian musician should have Bartók's oeuvre at hand, now and in the future, in its authentic form, and complete with a subsidiary apparatus.

New horizons

What can be handed over and what is missing? The proportions are traditionally out of order: the secondary works consist of an extensive body of writing on Bartók and Bartók biographies, but the compositions themselves can still not be studied without obstacles.

For many years it was primarily the amazing diligence and ardour of private scholars that furthered the Bartók literature, which as a consequence has developed unevenly. The typical cold-war isolation of the bequest of Bartók's manuscripts, on two continents, has had an unhappy effect on research. The writings on Bartók in Hungary and those abroad diverged in their focus and depth, to the detriment of both sides. Attempts to create the basic principles and legal foundations for a complete edition of Bartók's works have been thwarted. The truly imposing yield of works in 1981 would scarcely suggest to the outsider that, by the end of the 1970s, the core of professionals engaged in Bartók research had come near to frustration. There were various reasons: one scholar reached this stage because the sources available to him for publication had been exhausted, another because without photocopies of some American materials he could not complete a volume that had been awaited for years, a third because he hoped to be able to incorporate the sources entrusted to him into a major Bartók project in the future and did not wish to exploit them for petty ends. Although we are convinced that the Bartók research has for quite some time been, to use a fashionable term, one of the traction branches of Hungarian musicology, it has been forced after the centenary to burn with a low flame and lead a double life: while continuing to prepare methodically for future scholarly editions, taking the little steps possible in the present to keep alive the demand for a renewal and expansion of Bartók research.

Sad as it may sound, it was finally the death of Mrs Béla Bartók (née Ditta Pásztory) in 1982, which provided a possible way out, since this meant the termination in the United States of the Béla Bartók Estate that had been valid for her lifetime. After the necessary and time-consuming processes, the American bequest went to his younger son Péter Bartók (who lives in Florida). It included the original manuscripts, which had been preserved in a bank safe, together with the photostat copies which had once been prepared for the Béla Bartók Archives in New York, the supplementary documents, catalogues and lists.

This simplified legal position, where the proprietary rights of the two largest groups of the primary Bartók sources and the control of publications came into the hands of the two Bartók sons (one Hungarian, the other American citizen), opens a new horizon for international Bartók research. It is already evident that a reasonable intellectual division of labour will soon become absolutely necessary.

To start with, each of the two heirs is active in his own field. Béla Bartók, Jr, it will

be remembered, prepared for the centenary year of 1981, three volumes, partly out of the documents preserved in his own management and partly by a collection of data whose precision bespeaks the engineer in him, which are indispensable for scholars investigating Bartók as a man.* He continues to work regularly.

Péter Bartók is preparing a volume of considerable documentary value on the composer's years in America; while keeping in his catalogue a brilliant series of recordings from his young years, still of interest *(Bartók Record)*, he has also embarked on a major technical undertaking. He wishes to ensure the protection and ideal availability of the Bartók manuscripts by preparing films in several copies and depositing them in various collections. Furthermore, he is encouraging and assisting in the preparation of many publications: revised volumes of *Mikrokosmos*, a new, corrected English edition of *A magyar népdal* (Hungarian Folk Music) corrected according to his own conception of the work, a revised publication of Bartók's pre-classical Italian transcriptions, and he is even ready to pave the way for the appearance of *Magyar népzene: egyetemes gyűjtemény* (Hungarian Folk Music: Universal Collection), under preparation, in several volumes, in the Budapest Bartók Archives. (This last project is the most important in the series of still unpublished Bartók collections. Although there are some missing links elsewhere too: such as Volume 3 of the Slovak folksongs, the Ruthenian material, not yet arranged into a collection, and a complete form of the Arabian collection from the Biskra region, supplemented with text and cylinders that have not yet been transcribed.)

The gradual availability of the American sources since autumn 1987 has already revived several series of publications in Hungary, which had been in hand for several years but had been brought to a halt out of necessity. One of the most important of these will be the series *Bartók Béla írásai* (Béla Bartók's Writings). The first five volumes of this "Hungarian complete edition" are to include by and large the content of *Bartók összegyűjtött írásai* (Collected Writings), which has been out of print for a long time, adding new material and taking into account the now complete material of the original drafts. The second half of the series will include the volumes of Bartók's folk music collections which have only appeared in a foreign language, or at least their introductory studies that have never so far appeared in Hungarian, and an Appendix volume will contain the interviews.

Another, eleven-volume series of scholarly reprints will present Bartók's Performing Editions *(Bartók instruktív közreadásai)* in a form so as to enable the future user to fully appreciate the value of a source, which from many points of view is also a period document (it is not primarily intended for the music stand of piano teachers), and which vividly outlines Bartók's sense of music, his sense of style, his tastes and his links with his classic predecessors.

As borne out by the number of these planned volumes, Hungarian publishing has no intention, even in these present desperate years, of renouncing publication of the basic Bartók sources which form part of our cultural heritage; in some cases the financial support will come from central funds for scholarship. Abroad there are incomparably fewer chances for this today. The times are gone when, financed by the American bequest, international firms published in eleven elegant volumes Bartók's principal ethno-musicological works in English, including *Rumanian Folk Music*, which had never before appeared in print, and the definitive form of his Turkish collections. Two of the most fertile young Bartók specialists abroad—one Australian, the other American—can only issue most of their significant vol-

* *Bartók Béla családi levelei* (Béla Bartók's Family Correspondence). *Apám életének krónikája* (The Chronicle of Father's Life), both published in 1981, and *Bartók Béla műhelyében* (In Béla Bartók's Workshp), 1982. See *NHQ* 89

umes through commercial publishers or by applying for a grant (*Bartók and Great Britain*, a *Bartók Companion* and a new, one-volume English publication of letters specially intended for musicians, by the one, and a book on Bartók's style and an annotated bibliography entitled *Guide to Research*, by the other).

Fortunately, this new generation of Bartók scholars have recognized that it is impossible to ignore Hungarian research (indeed, that they have to learn Hungarian) and that they have to come to the Budapest archives as well. Naturally we here in Hungary also see that the great projects of the future can only be realized through international collaboration. A complete edition of the compositions is one of these projects.

List of works, complete edition

The cultivation of Bartók naturally centres on the compositions, indeed, on a more complete knowledge of the whole oeuvre and on how to reinterpret the works. For this the commercial editions of scores in circulation today are not satisfactory for more than one reason: they include errors, they do not always represent the final form that Bartók intended, the text in the original language in the vocal part is missing, and indeed, the scores of several works or variants are simply out of print. All these problems cannot be solved by scores which have merely been cleared of the obvious printing errors. In fact, sometimes there is not even a single *Urtext* available (as the exhibition in the Bartók Archives "In Bartók's Workshop" documents) and the musician would have to choose from among alternative forms.*

In the autumn of 1987, Bartók's heirs assented to the initial scholarly steps being taken in the preparation of a *Béla Bartók Critical Edition* with a team of editors to elaborate principles and to prepare draft volumes for discussion by an International Advisory Board. The series of photostats of Bartók's compositions in manuscript form have come from the composer's American bequest to the Budapest Archives, deposited by Péter Bartók, in order to assist in the preparation of the principal scholarly assignments (a thematic list of the works and the complete edition). A complex analysis of the material has already started, and connected with this, work on a thematic index of Bartók's composition is already in process. It involves an analytical arrangement of the whole chain of sources, composition by composition: the primary sources, the variant forms, the variants appearing in the various publications and the corrected copies. As a first step, we have contacted some twenty colleagues who are already experienced in editing Bartók both in Hungary and abroad, or who would be willing to specialise in it—musicologists and practising musicians, noted Bartók experts and young scholars of appropriate background, who might undertake the edition of the individual volumes. We also intend to commission eminent musicians with a "composer's ear" to provide a final check on the edited version, ready for the press. The International Bartók Seminar at Szombathely has proved to be a good preliminary for mastering the synchronization of theory and practice.

The collected critical edition is planned to run to 48 volumes. From the scholarly and editorial points of view, it might be ready for launching even within three years, and, given all the other conditions, the process of publication would not have to proceed at the slow rate customary for current collected music editions of the classics. The fact that in many countries copyright on Bartók's works is to expire in 1995, provides extra opportunity for the dissemination (with a practical purpose) of the main scores, which could be taken from the various volumes subsequently, as they could be separated from the scholarly apparatus and the preliminary forms belonging to the history of the works' origin.

* *NHQ* 108.

Today all this belongs more to the wishful hopes of Bartók scholars. The clarification of the legal aspects, negotiations with publishers and the final decision as such, all come within the competence of the heirs. Naturally, this also calls for money, a great deal of money, both here and abroad, because this kind of work does not promise an immediate profit for the publishers, and when it finally begins to pay, the profits do not usually accrue to where the intellectual effort has been invested.

In any case, Bartók scholars have their hands full with the long awaited work, and after so many years of hoping, they could hardly celebrate the return of Bartók's remains to Hungary in a more suitable style.

JÁNOS BREUER

BARTÓK AND SCHOENBERG

Did Bartók and Schoenberg ever meet? Did they even once have a chance to talk to each other? There would have been many opportunities but there is no evidence for a single meeting between them—at least none that has come to light to date. Schoenberg never came to Hungary. Bartók, on the other hand, had often visited Vienna, and until late in 1932, Berlin as well, the two cities where Schoenberg was living. In August 1922, both of them attended the noted international festival of modern chamber music in Salzburg, where the most illustrious composers of the day founded the International Society for Contemporary Music (ISCM). Bartók and Schoenberg are equally in evidence as founding members of the Society, which presented several works of both composers in festivals attended by both of them. Yet, Bartók's extensive correspondence contains not a single reference to any personal contact with the other giant of twentieth-century music, and Schoenberg's carefully kept diaries have no reference to any encounter with Bartók. Rudolf Kolisch, the eminent violinist, Schoenberg's brother-in-law and one of his closest collaborators, corroborated this in a letter to the Hungarian musicologist Péter Várnai: "As far as I can remember, no meeting ever took place between Bartók and Schoenberg or Berg or Webern."[1] This has been confirmed by Alban Berg, who complained to his pupil, Theodor Wiesengrund-Adorno: "Bartók, although he has sometimes been in Vienna, has never appeared either at Schoenberg's or at any other member of the Schoenberg circle."[2] However, it does at least prompt reflection that, on November 6, 1927, Bartók performed his Piano Concerto No. 1 at the Workers' Symphony Concert in Vienna, where Anton Webern conducted the first Austrian performance of Kodály's *Psalmus Hungaricus*. Though Bartók's work was conducted by the Hungarian István Strasser and not by Webern, it would have been practically impossible for the two composers to have evaded each other in the artists' room.

Nonetheless, until new documents appear, let us suppose that the two composers never exchanged a single word. Yet there is ample proof of their interest in each other's music. The following works by Schoenberg have survived in the section of twentieth-century music in Bartók's score library:[3]

Gurre-Lieder (1900–1), piano score, purchased by Bartók

String Quartet No. 1, op. 7 (1905), purchased by Bartók
Three Piano Pieces, op. 11 (1909)
(a) duplicate copy with Schoenberg's corrections*
(b) printed copy, purchased by Bartók
(c) Piano Piece, op. 11/2, arranged by Busoni, purchased by Bartók
(d) Revised edition
Six Small Piano Pieces, op. 19 (1911), purchased by Bartók
Six Small Piano Pieces, 1913–1940, copyright edition
Pierrot Lunaire, op. 21 (1912)
Four Songs for voice and orchestra, op. 22 (1913–16), simplified study and conductor's score
Piano Piece, op. 33/b (1931), from Henry Cowell's magazine with scores, entitled *New Music*.

As is obvious from this list, Bartók had collected the scores of Schoenberg's comparatively early works. His twelve-note period is only represented by one piece, the Piano Piece op. 33/b, but this Bartók must have received *ex officio*, as he was a board member of *New Music*, founded and edited by the American composer Henry Cowell.

Where scores of Bartók's music in the possession of Schoenberg are concerned, for a long time nothing was known. The Arnold Schoenberg Institute in Los Angeles, which holds the composer's bequest, replied to my enquiries in the negative. Mrs Clara Steuermann, the director of the Institute's Archives, in her *Schoenberg's Library Catalogue*[4] based on a catalogue drawn up in the composer's own hand, includes an unidentified Bartók score.

Meanwhile, there has been further progress in work on the bequest, since Jerry McBridge, who succeeded Mrs Steuermann as director of the Archives, has sent me a fairly long list of Bartók scores in the bequest.[5] The list follows the alphabetical order of the Archives catalogue; here I present them in their chronological order:

Rhapsody for piano and orchestra, op. 1 (1905), reduction for 2 pianos (two copies)
Fourteen Bagatelles, for piano, op. 6 (1908), (two copies, one of them bound together with other scores) by Schoenberg
For Children, piano pieces (1908–9)
Sketches, op. 9, for piano (1908–10)
Four Dirges, op. 9/a, for piano (1909–10)
Bluebeard's Castle, op. 11, piano score (1911–12)
Rumanian Folk Dances for piano (1915)
Rumanian Christmas Songs for piano (1915) (two copies)
The Wooden Prince, op. 13, piano score (1914–16)
Suite, op. 14, for piano (1916)
Eight Hungarian Folksongs for voice and piano (1907–1917)
Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs for piano (1914–18)
Three Studies, op. 18, for piano (1918)
Sonata No. 2 for violin and piano (1922)
Dance Suite (1923), miniature score (two copies, one of them bound in boards made by Schoenberg)
Nine Little Piano Pieces (1926)
Out of Doors for piano (1926)
Concerto No. 1 for piano and orchestra (1926), reduction for 2 pianos
String Quartet No. 3 (1927), miniature score
Rhapsody for cello and piano (1928).

Thus, during his wanderings, Schoenberg had retained the scores of twenty compositions by Bartók. The earliest of them, Rhapsody op. 1 dates from 1905 and the latest, the Rhapsody for cello and piano, from 1928. The scores of the first five works listed here were issued by Hungarian publishers and the rest by Universal Edition, Vienna. They include a surprisingly large number of folksong arrangements bearing in mind that Schoenberg had repeatedly expressed the view that folk music was an unsuitable starting-point for composing music.[6]

After the appearance of his *Theory of*

* For its origin, see János Breuer: "Schoenberg and his Hungarian Advocates," *NHQ* 110.

Harmony, in 1911, Schoenberg, the theoretician and writer on music, essentially showed no further interest in Bartók. Indeed, he made some caustic remarks, feeling that during his years in exile after 1933, Bartók, and generally all his fellow composers, were more successful than himself. When, in 1940, the American "Jewish Club of 1933" tried to enlist him as a member, but omitted his first name both from the address and the envelope, he made the following note on the paper: "Jews have not yet taken note that my first name is Arnold. But they certainly know the first names Paul, Béla, Igor, and Jan. Probably my activity is not a credit to Jewry."[7] (The names he lists are those of Hindemith, Bartók, Stravinsky, and Sibelius.)

Bartók repeatedly returned to Schoenberg in his writings and lectures. In this respect his article "Arnold Schoenberg's Music in Hungary"[8] is of particular interest, as this is the first publication about Schoenberg written by a significant composer who did not belong to Schoenberg's circle. Even though he did not recall the event accurately, he described his first encounter with Schoenberg's music and added: "...there were several young musicians who plunged with great fervour into the study of his works. It is understandable that the new ways and means of technique and expression manifested in Schoenberg's works, because of the abolition of tonality principles, exerted a more or less great influence on some of our younger, nay, even more mature, composers who were striving towards similar trends... Contrary to the great interest of our young musicians in Schoenberg's activity, his works have remained closed to our public till now. We must shamefully confess that as yet no Schoenberg work has been performed in Budapest."*

* "With the exception of an unfortunate inclusion of the second piece from op. 11, in the programme of the concert organized by the periodical *Ma*, in December, 1917." (Bartók's footnote)

Bartók described the attempts of the Society of New Hungarian Music, which ended in failure (see the section on Imre Balabán in János Breuer's "Schoenberg and his Hungarian Advocates," *NHQ* 110), and he was pessimistic about future prospects too: "We can hardly hope for an improvement. We cannot deny that the possibility exists for performing chamber music compositions and songs, but we cannot expect to hear the far more important orchestral works in the near future ... One can thus imagine how each of our musicians is affected by this involuntary abstention, not only as concerns the reading of Schoenberg's orchestral works but even getting to know them as listeners."

Bartók wrote this study on Schoenberg in December 1919. As a correspondent to several music magazines abroad (including the *Musical Courier* of New York), he was soon to report on the first major Schoenberg performance in Hungary: "Budapest, Hungary, January 2, 1921.—At last a Schönberg performance in Budapest! The event has been long in coming and even now we must thank foreign artists for it. The noteworthy date is December 8, 1920, and the concert was a quartet evening of the famous Rosés from Vienna, who had the courage to present Schönberg's first quartet to a Budapest audience. It may be remembered, incidentally, that Rosé and his partners were the first to perform Schönberg's chamber music in Vienna, too, and they have not permitted themselves to be intimidated by the scandalous scenes made by the public there during the première of the second quartet with a vocal part.

There were no such untoward happenings here, but of course Schönberg's first quartet is much tamer than the second. Our audiences are also much more indifferent toward the musical challenge of a 'modern' than are those of Berlin or Vienna, for instance. They have had opportunity enough to endure attacks on their musical conservativism on the part of home composers, and unpleasant as it was, the public did not even raise a

finger in protest. Optimists might dub this exhibition of patience as good behaviour; pessimists set it down to indifference.

Be that as it may, the production of Schönberg's quartet passed off in peace. The audience listened patiently to this grandly designed composition, only towards the end the situation became slightly critical, when a section of the audience preferred to leave the hall before the work was finished. A minority of sensitive musicians, mostly younger people, however, were carried away by the grandeur of the composition, so excellently interpreted by the Rosés.

Although the point of departure of Schönberg's art is clearly revealed in this work (which must be regarded as representative of a transition period leading to the genuine Schönberg), one is deeply impressed by the man's power of conception and the sincere struggle for a new form of expression."[9]

The work made such a profound impression on Bartók that he even referred to it later in the same report, on a performance of Franz Schreker's Chamber Symphony: "It is astonishing how poor the work is in really novel and striking tonal effects; Schönberg's first quartet, with only four solo string instruments, for instance, offers far more and greater surprises in the way of sound effects."

Bartók also wrote for the *Musical Courier* on the next performance of a work by Schoenberg to take place (April 8, 1921) in Hungary: "The pioneer interpreters of Schönberg's works were Rosé and his magnificent colleagues, who first opened the way in December 1920, with Schönberg's second[10] quartet. Now the Waldbauer Quartet made it their task to perform the already famous sextet by the Viennese composer, the second of his works to be heard this season. The sextet proved far less interesting than the preceding quartet; there is in it nothing essentially new; it well might have been written in the pre-Schönberg period. One cannot help asking oneself how is it that twenty-six years ago this work could be termed hypermodern? The audience, which still holds its breath when the name of Schönberg is mentioned, listened to the work with sincere enjoyment and the applause it earned proved that the 'Devil' is not as black as he is commonly painted. . . .the Schönberg work [was] performed with superior interpretative power."[11]

These two critical passages tell us a great deal about Bartók's knowledge of the whole issue. He was familiar with the reception of Schoenberg's work in Vienna at the beginning of the century, and also that the second string quartet, which at the time had not yet been performed in Hungary, represented a more highly developed musical stage than the first. He obviously knew the score of Schoenberg's op. 10 which Imre Balabán had acquired, and which the regrettably short-lived Society of New Hungarian Music, under Bartók's chairmanship, intended to bill. He was also fully aware of the fact that *Verklärte Nacht*, a work deeply rooted in Romanticism, does not yet include many of the features of the real Schoenberg.

Bartók, the critic, drew some broad conclusions from individual works by Schoenberg. In his first lecture at Harvard University in February 1943, "Revolution and Evolution in Art," in which he demonstrated the links between the two concepts, namely that revolutionary innovations also include elements of evolution, he synthesized, as it were, the lessons to be drawn from Schoenberg's music: "If we turn our attention towards Schoenberg and Stravinsky, the two leading composers of the past decades, we will see that their works are decidedly the outcome of evolution. In the succession of their compositions, there is no abrupt turning away from previous devices and no abolition of almost all the means used by preceding composers. What we will see is a gradual change, leading from the patterns and means of their predecessors, to a style and means of expression of their own.

Let us first look at Schoenberg's works. Anybody who ever heard the very early

compositions of Schönberg, especially his string sextet *Verklärte Nacht*, or his great choral-orchestral work *Gurre-Lieder*, would recognize that they are a continuation, a further development, or—if I am allowed to use the word—an exaggeration of the Wagner style. As further steps come the two string quartets; the first is in one movement lasting about fifty minutes, reminding us somehow of Liszt's piano sonata (only in its lengthy structure, of course, not in its style). Stylistically the quartet is a further development of Wagner's music, very polyphonic, very chromatic, perhaps mingled with Mahler and Strauss elements. The second string quartet has in its last two movements a vocal part added to the strings. According to Schoenberg's own confession, the second quartet is the last of his tonal works. As a very consistent further development, the next step leads to the three piano pieces of Opus 11—the first Schoenberg work which is said to completely renounce tonality. [There is an indication in the notes for a demonstration here. Note by Benjamin Suchoff.]

In these piano pieces, as well as in the following nine or ten Schoenberg works, no pre-established system appears. Later, he constructed a system containing certain rules which he calls the twelve-tone system, and to which he rigorously adhered in all his later works. It would go too far to give a detailed description of his latest works. It can be said, however, that no essential stylistic changes can be discovered in them. They may be still more complicated because of the use of the system, but their style of expression is, in its main features the same with which he began in Op. 11."[12]

Bartók also referred to Schoenberg in his second Harvard Lecture, on questions of tonality and atonality: "Real or 'perfect' atonality does not exist, even in Schoenberg's works, because of that unchangeable physical law concerning the interrelation of harmonics and, in turn, the relation of the harmonics to their fundamental tone. When we hear a single tone, we will interpret it subconsciously as a fundamental tone. When we hear a following, different tone, we will—again subconsciously—project it against the first one, which has been felt as the fundamental, and interpret it according to its relations to the latter."[13]

*

The influence of the music of these two twentieth-century classics exerted on one another seems to have been one-way. Schoenberg's music shows no influence of Bartók's compositions whatever, as it has its roots in German Classical and Romantic music. Bartók, however, assimilated all contemporary influences, including Schoenberg. In his book *Bartók's String Quartets* (Corvina, 1975), János Kárpáti gives a detailed account of these influences, which can be observed from the second half of the 1910s onwards.

Bartók in fact must have got somewhat tired of the references to his being a Schoenbergian votary. On November 25, 1920, he wrote to Philip Heseltine (a noted avant-garde composer under the pseudonym Peter Warlock), who had shown an interest in his works: "of Schoenberg, I only know his 'Klavierstück' (here in Budapest none of his works have ever been performed). His music is somewhat strange to me, but he has pointed to such new possibilities in music which before him had only been surmised. I know that in England ... my music is accused of having been much too strongly influenced by Schoenberg; I myself feel my works, even the most recent ones, to be basically different from Schoenberg's works! Furthermore, it should also be taken into consideration that, up to my opus 12, I had known absolutely nothing by Schönberg."[13a]

This is Bartók defending the autonomy of his work as a composer, and not Bartók the music critic or Bartók the theoretician. This letter is dated scarcely six months after the appearance, on April 16, 1920, in the periodical *Melos*, edited by Hermann Scherchen, of Bartók's famous "The Problem of the

New Music," in which he writes, in a very similar vein to Schoenberg's position: "... the decisive turn towards atonality began only when ... the need was felt for the equality of rights of the individual twelve tones of our dodecaphonic mode: when the attempt was made to avoid arrangement of the twelve tones according to certain scalar systems or to attribute to the individual tones greater or less value in conformity with this arrangement, so that use could be made of the individual tones in an optional combination, horizontally as well as vertically, not traceable to any scalar system."[14]

In his "Arnold Schoenberg's Music in Hungary" referred to above, Bartók elucidates how he interprets the presence of musical influence: "I use the word 'influence' in its best sense; that is, it is to be understood not as a servile counterfeiting but as a process similar to that perceptible in Stravinsky's work (since about 1913, especially in *Rossignol*). Stravinsky's personality lost nothing under Schönberg's influence; on the contrary, it developed, so to speak, in a still more unrestrained way—the course pointed out by the latter led the former in a similar direction but on another path."[15]

In defending his autonomy, Bartók, in a way utterly uncharacteristic of him, somewhat misled Heseltine. At the time of his letter, he was in fact acquainted with more than Schoenberg's piano pieces (the Three Piano Pieces, op. 11). One of the two copies of Schoenberg's String Quartet No. 1 in the Budapest Bartók Archives sports a note by Kodály: "Bartók bought it in 1909 in two copies so that we should perform it on 2 pianos. We never got past the first movement."[16] As I mentioned already, by 1911 at the latest, Bartók was also acquainted with the String Quartet No. 2, op. 10. In 1916, he purchased the piano scores of the *Gurre-Lieder* and Six Little Piano Pieces, op. 19. In 1910 or 1911, Imre Balabán showed Bartók the Three Piano Pieces, op. 11. His claim that he had known nothing by Schoenberg before composing his Four Pieces for orchestra, op. 12, in 1912, does not stand up.

While adequately covering the first major Schoenberg performances in Budapest in late 1920 and early 1921, Bartók in his paper "The Relation of Folk Songs to the Development of the Art Music of Our Time" provides a detailed account of the influence of folk music on his work and that of other contemporary composers, placing the issue in the context of the history of music. He adds: "As a negative example of what I mean, the works of Schoenberg may be mentioned. He is free of all peasant influence and his complete alienation to Nature, which of course I do not regard as a blemish, is no doubt the reason why many find his work so difficult to understand."[17] This concisely expresses the fundamental difference between the two men as composers.

*

When one examines what the two composers did to popularize each other's works, the scales are clearly tipped in favour of Schoenberg. In the chair of the Society of New Hungarian Music, Bartók tried in vain to have Schoenberg's second string quartet, his songs, and the Three Piano Pieces, op. 11, performed in Budapest in 1911–12. In fact in 1912, Schoenberg also had an abortive try. On May 7 he wrote to Bartók from Vienna, asking him to help organize an "unofficial Austrian music festival"[18] they intended to hold in Vienna, with works by contemporary Austrian, Bavarian, and Hungarian composers. This festival, however, never took place.

On December 9, 1917, Piroska Hevesi, a pupil of Bartók's, performed the second movement of Schoenberg's Three Piano Pieces, op. 11, and the score she used had been given to her by her teacher. Bartók himself played works by Schoenberg on three public occasions. On April 23, 1921, he included Nos. 1 and 2 of the Three Piano Pieces in the programme of his Debussy and Stravinsky recital in Budapest

and he covered the event in an account for the *Musical Courier*. After writing about the pieces by Stravinsky, he added: "Although the actual pianistic execution at this concert was in the hands of the writer of this article, in view of the fact that most of the works were comparatively new to the Budapest public, a detailed description of the manner in which these works were received will not be out of place." Here he told of the enthusiastic reception Debussy's works received, and continued by writing: "Schönberg's dissonances, however, met with a different fate, being just greeted with the formal 'polite applause'. As a rule, the Budapest public refrains altogether from signs or demonstrations of ill-pleasure."[19]

On April 4, 1922, the musicologist Henry Prunières, editor of the Parisian *La Revue Musicale*, delivered a lecture at the Sorbonne, under the title "The Movement of Contemporary Music in Europe." Bartók was on a concert tour in Paris at the time, and he provided some of the musical illustrations to the lecture, performing piano pieces by himself and by Schoenberg. The programme[20] does not list the works he played, but he presumably opted for the same Schoenberg pieces he had performed a year before in Budapest. The third occasion was that mentioned above, in February 1943, when he illustrated one of his Harvard lectures with Schoenberg's op. 11.

All this means Bartók included Schoenberg's music relatively rarely in his programmes. From about 1922 onwards, he drew back from arranging contemporary music performances in Hungary, after his plan to have Milhaud and Poulenc brought to Budapest had failed. From then on, he performed, alongside his own compositions, mainly pieces by his friend and colleague Zoltán Kodály and, on a few occasions during the 1930s, Stravinsky.

Immediately after the Great War, Schoenberg had far more possibilities to disseminate Bartók's works, even though he never appeared in public as an instrumentalist and as a conductor only interpreted his own works. On November 23, 1918, he founded the Society for Musical Private Performances in Vienna, drawing up its statutes with Alban Berg. The society, "founded by Arnold Schoenberg in November 1918, has this purpose: to give artists and friends of art a real and precise knowledge of modern music. It is by no means the purpose of the Society to make propaganda for a certain artistic direction,"[21] as the circular issued in November 1921 put it. According to the statutes, members attending the concerts or recitals are not to give expression of their approval or disapproval, nor are the concerts to be covered by the press.

Between December 29, 1918 and December 5, 1921, the Society arranged 113 concerts. After the most frequently played composers, Reger and Debussy (with 23 and 16 works respectively), Schoenberg featured with 12 pieces, Bartók with 11 (thus being the fourth most often performed composer), Webern with 5 and Alban Berg with 4. Altogether 42 composers were given a public hearing, irrespective of the school they represented. The programmes even included the music of the profoundly conservative Hans Pfitzner, who was deeply hostile to modern music.

Looked at from another angle, taking composers outside the German and Austrian musical idiom, Bartók came after Debussy in frequency of works performed, and amongst living composers outside the German and Austrian circle, Bartók took first place.

According to the statutes of the Society: "The president [is] Arnold Schoenberg whose tenure is not limited."[22] Recalling this undertaking in 1938, Schoenberg himself acknowledged: "I was a kind of dictator, in 1920, in a musical society created by myself to my ideas and on the whole very successful."[23] He did in fact reserve the right to make all decisions, and this means that the 11 works by Bartók were performed on altogether 31 occasions according to his intentions.[24] The explanation for this lies in the statutes of the Society, according to

which the works selected for performance must be performed in the best possible rendition, and the performance must be repeated until the interpretation comes up to the desired standard. Most performers belonged to Schoenberg's close circle. The performances were prepared by master coaches—Alban Berg, Paul A. Pisk, Anton Webern, and other illustrious pupils of Schoenberg—who worked with the performers. When a piece was considered to be ready, Schoenberg listened to it, adding his finishing touches and expressing his opinion on it; then right after the first public performance, the performer and the master coach continued polishing the interpretation, to take it to the audience in a still more accomplished and refined form.

The Society also had a chamber ensemble, which presented many orchestral works with its restricted resources. The plans included a performance of Bartók's ballet, *The Wooden Prince* in a chamber ensemble transcription. One of their brochures advertised it as *The Wooden Soldier*,[25] presumably confusing it with Stravinsky's stage work, *A Soldier's Tale*. This, however, never took place, nor was the transcription completed, as by the end of 1921, growing inflation in Austria compelled the Society to wind up.

Schoenberg's second letter to Bartók relates to the Society:

"Society for Private Musical Performances
President: Arnold Schoenberg
Secretariat: Wien IX., Türkenstrasse 17
Telephone: 13193
Vienna, October 31, 1919

Dear Professor,

Last year we performed your 14 bagatelles in our Society, and this year, your Rumanian folk-songs and dances; next comes your String Quartet No. 2.[26] In early January we would like to perform your Rhapsody for piano and orchestra. We have a transcription for two pianos and could perform the work in this form, but we would prefer to replace the piano accompaniment by a chamber orchestra. The (approximate) arrangement we would use is: piano, harmonium, string quintet, flute, clarinet; all in solo. Do you happen to have a pupil or friend who could make such a transcription? If need be, we can have it made as well, but this would involve considerable delays. We could not find out which of your songs and orchestral pieces have appeared in print; do please let us know.

Sincerely yours,
Arnold Schoenberg

I was extremely pleased with your piano works. I am looking forward to the new works.

Yours,
ArnSch"[27]

Bartók's reply has not survived amongst Schoenberg's papers, although it is hardly likely that he did not answer such an important letter. Nor could he have discussed the issue personally in Vienna, as in the autumn and winter of 1919 he was not granted a passport. No chamber-orchestra transcription of his Rhapsody, op. 1. has ever been made, and the Society waited for it in vain. This obviously is why, one year after Schoenberg's letter, they performed the work in its two-piano version.

Jerry McBride, the director of the Archives of the Arnold Schoenberg Institute of Los Angeles, made the following notes to the list of Bartók's scores in Schoenberg's bequest, he sent me:

Fourteen Bagatelles, 2 copies, 1 with markings for performance
Three Studies, op. 18 contains markings for performance
For Children, with markings for performance
Four Dirges, contains markings for performance
Rumanian Christmas Songs, two copies, one with markings for performance
Suite, op. 14 contains markings for performance
Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs contains markings for performance

Eight Hungarian Folksongs for voice and piano, contains markings for performance above the vocal line.

These works with the possible exception of Eight Hungarian Folksongs, which had been prepared for performance, were all performed at the Society's concerts. The markings refer to tempo, dynamics, accents, and articulation, according to McBride.

Jerry McBride has also sent me xerox copies of No. 3 of Four Dirges, page 5 of the printed score of Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs (with the end of the fourth piece and the fifth piece), Fourteen Bagatelles and the Rumanian Christmas Songs, the last two works in full. In his letter of May 25, 1984, he wrote: "There is one matter which is not easy to answer briefly, that is, who wrote the annotations in the music. Some things can be positively identified as Schönberg's writing. However, many things are impossible to identify from the handwriting alone (e.g. breath marks, dynamics). The only way to determine in every case who wrote the markings is to research who was the *Vortragsmeister* [master coach] for each piece. This, of course, is a great deal of research."

The history of the Society has not yet been treated with the thoroughness that allows an identification of the master coach for each work performed at their concerts or recitals. This most certainly cannot be carried out from Budapest. Nevertheless, I would venture to say that both the performers and the master coaches belonged to Schoenberg's circle and thus conveyed his musical approach in their work.

As a personal feature in the two composers' relationship, several writings[28] have survived from 1916 in the Bartók bequest in which his help is sought in acquiring an exemption for Schoenberg from military call-up. (The composer's father, Samuel Schoenberg, was born in 1838 in northern Hungary, and he was married in 1872 in Pozsony. So their son, though born in Vienna, was a Hungarian citizen and was one still in 1916. Thus an exemption could only be given by the Hungarian Ministry of Defence.) Whether Bartók had any part in Schoenberg's exemption is not known.

*

Bartók's letter of July 22, 1927, in which he writes about his experiences at the Baden-Baden festival of contemporary music, relates an extremely irregular encounter between the two of them. In the morning of July 16, Bartók gave the first performance of his Piano Sonata. (The same concert also saw the first performance of Alban Berg's *Suite Lyrique*.) "And at 9 o'clock in the evening, there were 'Lichtbild' [cinema] performances, with music recorded *on film* to go with it. ... Then there appeared on the *screen*, separately, Schrecker [Schreker] (the composer), Kerr (the critic), and finally Schoenberg. Each of them spoke about this new invention: their voice, of course, most precisely concurred with the movement of their lips."[29] So the only written account by Bartók of an encounter with Schoenberg, refers to the showing of an experimental sound film.

Rudolf Kolisch, the first violinist of the Wiener Quartett, who played Bartók's String Quartet No. 3, together with Schoenberg's third quartet and Alban Berg's *Suite Lyrique*, in a series of recitals, wrote to Bartók from Monte Carlo on January 6, 1929: "We played the piece here to Schönberg, who was very enthusiastic about it."[30] On December 24, 1960, Kolisch wrote to Péter Várnai: "Schönberg asked us to play for him the [Bartók's] String Quartet No. V in his Los Angeles house, and he liked the work very much".[31] To a question by Várnai, the composer's widow wrote in a letter dated June 30, 1960: "I know that Schoenberg held Bartók in very high esteem."[32]

*

This summary makes no claim to completeness. Documents still unpublished could add many more details. But I hope even this much will demonstrate how receptive these two great composers, belonging to radically

differing traditions and with differing aesthetic principles, were to the works of their fellow composer.

NOTES

[1] P.[éter] V.[árnai]: "Adalékok Bartók és Schönberg kapcsolatához" (Additional Data on the Relationship between Bartók and Schoenberg), *Magyar Zene*, Vol. 6, No. 5, November 1965, pp. 515-16.

[2] Theodor Wiesengrund-Adorno: "Berg. Der Meister des kleinsten Übergangs." Gesammelte Schriften, Vol. 13, Suhrkamp, Frankfurt am Main, 1971. p. 359.

[3] Vera Lampert: "Zeitgenössische Musik in Bartóks Notensammlung," Ed. László Somfai, *Documenta Bartókiana* 5, Akadémiai Kiadó, Budapest, 1977 (henceforth DocB V), p. 162.

[4] *Journal of the Arnold Schönberg Institute* (henceforth: JASI), Vol. 5, No. 2, October 1979, pp. 203–18. The reference is on p. 214.

[5] The dates of these letters are March 6, 1984 and May 25, 1984. Here I take the opportunity to express my gratitude to Jerry McBride.

[6] See particularly his "Folcloristic [sic] Symphonies," *Musical America*, Vol. 3, February 1947, pp. 7, 30ff.

[7] Quoted in English by H. H. Stuckenschmidt: *Schönberg. Leben, Umwelt, Werk*, Atlantis Verlag, Zurich, 1974, pp. 406–7.

[8] *Béla Bartók Essays* (henceforth: *Essays*). Ed. Benjamin Suchoff, Faber & Faber, London, 1976, pp. 467–8. German original: *Musikblätter des Anbruch*, Vienna, Vol. 2, No. 20, December 1920, pp. 647–8.

[9] *Musical Courier*, Vol. LXXXII, No. 8, February 1921, p. 7. New edition: László Somfai: "Vierzehn Bartók-Schriften aus den Jahren 1920/21," *DocB V*, p. 70. Bartók wrote his articles for *Musical Courier* in German. The versions there published are translations from Bartók's German by the Editor of MC.

[10] In his German draft, Bartók referred—correctly—to Schoenberg's String Quartet No. 1. See Somfai, *op. cit.* p. 87.

[11] *Musical Courier*, Vol. LXXXII, No. 21, May 1921, p. 37. New edition: Somfai, *op. cit.* p. 89.

[12] *Essays*, p. 359.

[13] *Essays*, p. 365.

[13a] Ed. János Demény: *Bartók Béla levelei* (Béla Bartók's Letters), Editio Musica, Budapest, 1976, p. 262. The quotation is in French.

[14] *Essays*, p. 455 (the original is in German).

[15] *Essays*, p. 467.

[16] Denijs Dille: "Die Beziehungen zwischen Bartók und Schoenberg" (Relations between Bartók and Schönberg), Ed. D. Dille: *Documenta Bartókiana* 2, Akadémiai, Budapest, 1965, p. 60.

[17] *The Sackbut*, Vol. II, No. 1, June 1921, pp. 5–11. *Essays*, p. 326. Written in German.

[18] Dille, *op. cit.* p. 55.

[19] *Musical Courier*, Vol. LXXXIII, No. 2, July 1921, p. 37. New edition: Somfai *op. cit.* p. 112.

[20] *DocB V*, Plate 19.

[21] Judith Meibach: "The Society for Musical Private Performances," *JASI*, Vol. VIII, No. 2, November 1984, pp. 159–76. The quotation is from p. 164.

[22] *Ibid*, p. 169.

[23] Arnold Schoenberg: "A Four-Point Program for Jewry," *JASI*, Vol. III, No. 1, March 1979, pp. 49–68. Quotation from p. 55.

[24] Fourteen Bagatelles, op. 6. Piano: Cesia Dische. Four performances: February 9, 16, June 6, 1919, March 19, 1920.

Rumanian Folk Dances. Piano: Olga Novakovic. Four performances: October 12, 24, November 28, 1919, March 5, 1920.

Rumanian Christmas Songs. Piano: Olga Novakovic. Four performances (dates as for Rumanian Folk Dances).

Four Dirges, op. 9/a. Piano: Ernst Barich. Four plus one performances: December 19, 1919, January 9, May 21, November 15, 1920, and March 13, 1920, at the Society's guest performance in Prague.

String Quartet No. 1, op. 7. Feist Quartet. Two performances: April 23, November 29, 1920.

Rhapsody, op. 1, version for two pianos. Pianists: Eduard Steuermann, Ernst Barich. Two performances: October 9, December 6, 1920.

Rumanian Dance, op. 8. Piano: Erna Lamadin (the only Hungarian performer of Bartók's works). November 1, 1920.

Fifteen Hungarian Peasant Songs. Piano: Selma Stampfer. November 1, 1920.

Suite, op. 14. Piano: Ernst Barich. Three performances: November 15, 1920 (performed twice during this concert), February 14, 1921.

For Children, ten pieces from the cycle. Piano: Olga Novakovic. Three performances: September 26, October 5, November 28, 1921.

Three Studies, op. 18. Piano: Albert Lindschütz. Two performances: November 21, 28, 1921.

After Walter Szmolyak. Die Konzerte des Wiener Schoenberg-Vereins. Österreichische Musikzeitschrift. Vol. 36, No. 2, February 1981, pp. 82–104.

[25] Meibach, *op. cit.* p. 167.

[26] In fact Bartók's String Quartet No. 1. was performed.

[27] Dille, *op. cit.* pp. 55–6.

[28] Dille, *op. cit.* pp. 56–9.

[29] Demény, *op. cit.* p. 344.

[30] Dille, *op. cit.* p. 56.

[31] Várnai, *op. cit.*

[32] Várnai, *op. cit.*

SÁNDOR VÉGH TALKS

Sándor Végh, who is both one of, and a successor to the once famous Hungarian school of violinists, was born in Kolozsvár in 1912. He received the best possible training in Budapest and was also a member of Jenő Hubay's master class. He laid the foundations for his work as a soloist during his years at the Academy of Music. When still only seventeen he performed Richard Strauss' Violin Concerto, under the baton of the composer himself, in Budapest. Végh was soon specially attracted to chamber music. The New Hungarian String Quartet of which he was a member included László Halmos (some time later Péter Szervánszky), Dénes Koromzay and Vilmos Palotai. It was internationally successful from the start. He was twenty-two when they first performed Bartók's Fifth String Quartet in Barcelona and they also played it in Vienna before doing so in Budapest. In his notice, Ernst Křenek wrote: "the almost masterful interpretation of an especially difficult work can be viewed as the most outstanding accomplishment of the New Hungarian String Quartet."

The Quartet was to give the first performance of several other works as well including two quartets by Sándor Veress who, like Végh, was born in Kolozsvár and now lives in Switzerland. Sándor Végh also gave the first performance of Veress' Violin concerto in the Netherlands in 1939.

After the war he settled in Switzerland where he held a master class at the Basle Music Academy. He later taught at Freiburg (from 1955) and Düsseldorf (from 1963).

Concurrently the reputation of the Végh Quartet (Végh, Sándor Zöldy, György Janzer, Pál Szabó), founded in 1940, kept on growing. Works by Beethoven and Bartók prominently figured in their repertoire. An indication of the wide recognition they enjoy is that a Beethoven recording by the Végh Quartet was included in the selection of the works intended to represent human culture that NASA sent into space. In all interviews, Sándor Végh speaks of his acquaintance with Pablo Casals, both as an artist and a person, as one of his key experiences. From 1952 they played together at the Prades Festival for nearly ten years. In these years they also worked together on the summer music course in Zermatt of which Casals was also a patron. Végh taught the violin and chamber music there.

Besides his obligations with the string quartet, teaching and his work with Casals, he continued as a soloist. His repertoire includes works by both modern and classical composers. Végh's interpretation of Bach's solo sonatas and partitas has to this day remained something to conjure with. His sonata recitals have had partners at the piano such as Ernst von Dohnányi, Wilhelm Kempff, Rudolf Serkin, Mieczyslaw Horszowski and Annie Fischer.

In 1978, he took over the directorship of the Camerata Academica in Salzburg. As a teacher of the Mozarteum, he often appears at the head of his orchestra, on special occasions as a soloist, playing his Stradivarius.

A. B.

*

I am from Kolozsvár in Transylvania, that's where I was born. The kindergarten I went to was run by a nun. Who would have thought at the time where my life would take me? In the Calvinist boarding school some of the boys played music quite well: there was Endre Koréh[1] (he blew the trumpet after the break when we had to return to the building) and János Viski[2] who played the

[1] Endre Koréh (1906–1960): opera singer (bass). A graduate of the Budapest Academy of Music, a member of the Budapest Opera House from 1930 and of the Vienna Staatsoper from 1946.

[2] János Viski (1906–1961): composer, a pupil of Zoltán Kodály. Music teacher, head of the Kolozsvár Conservatorium, then until his death, teacher of composition, piano and instrumentation at the Budapest Academy of Music.

violin. When I was five or six, I was plucking at the strings and I found it funny how it depended on me whether the sound would be higher or lower—this follows from a child's natural playfulness and is something that must be exploited. The gramophone was not then of the high standard it is today, there was no radio or television, so playing music at home was the basis for all kinds of instrumental performance or music making. This is in great danger today. The machine makes music comfortably accessible and often also turns you away from making music because a recording is of course much more perfect. But it may also encourage young people to do better than mechanical music. Then, however, they are on the wrong path, heading towards perfectionism and not allowing the spirit of music to mature naturally.

My family were music lovers who sang or played the piano a little—in other words, there was in my home a natural musical atmosphere which was then a part of life. In the city, too, there were frequent musical get-togethers and that was what we grew up in when young. I was deeply touched when, being barely twelve, I could play in what was then Kolozsvár's best amateur quartet.

My teacher was called Paula Kouba and she had studied in Budapest. Under her I already did more advanced work and I was about twelve when I played a Viotti concerto in public. After the concert, the local bigwigs visited my mother and said that this small boy must go to Budapest to continue his studies. I remember my mother's reply "Good God, our only son and we should send him that far!" Of course I loved the idea of being able to go to a big city to study and I said I wanted to go.

The single hair one's career may hang by (why say career, indeed the way one's life continues!): In September, we walked into the Academy of Music and a teacher listened to me play. The teacher—no need to mention names—said: "What may be a talent in Kolozsvár is not one in Budapest! But if you take private lessons from me, you may apply again next year." However, another teacher, Nándor Zsolt[3] also happened to be there, he did not say a word but had me accepted. Unfortunately, the choice of a career often depends on a chance encounter like that.

So, that's how I got to the Academy (where I myself became a professor before my 29th birthday). The teachers at the Academy included Bartók, Kodály, as well as Leó Weiner[4], Jenő Hubay[5] and many others thanks to whom anyone with the necessary antennae could obtain a good general education. I became Hubay's pupil, won a few musical prizes, but my musical knowledge centered on chamber music rather than on solo performance. When Bruno Walter asked us at the State Symphony Orchestra for a certain musical phrasing during the rehearsal of a Mozart symphony and I could not do it, I had an unpleasant feeling: me, of all people, who played so much Paganini and made a game of études, could not cope with a phrase in a Mozart slow movement? And just as Saul became Paul, I changed my interest, increasingly concentrating on chamber music. How marvellous that I had the required instrumental training! But I had actually laid the foundations of my knowledge of chamber

3 Nándor Zsolt (1887–1937): violinist, composer, a pupil of Jenő Hubay. He taught the violin, chamber music and orchestral practice at the Budapest Academy of Music from 1919 until his death.

4 Leó Weiner (1885–1960): composer, like Bartók, Kodály and Dohnányi, a pupil of Hans Koessler. From 1908 taught music theory, composition and chamber music at the Budapest Academy of Music. He was an outstanding teacher, many of his former pupils who were to become famous musicians, such as Antal Doráti or János Starker, to name just two, claim that they learnt most from him.

5 Jenő Hubay (1858–1937): violinist, a pupil of Joseph Joachim, teacher, composer, director of the Budapest Academy of Music from 1919 to 1934. One of the great violinists of his age. Just a few of his Hungarian pupils of renown: Stefi Geyer, Joseph Szigeti, Emil Telmányi, Jelly Arányi, Zoltán Székely, Ede Zathureczky, Endre Gertler.

music way back in my childhood when I moved to Budapest and lived in the home of a music loving family. Old Uncle Sömjén, incidentally an attorney and honorary Mexican consul, placed his foot onto the piano pedal at eight o'clock every Sunday night and did not take it off until twelve. We played everything from Tschaikovsky to all the Beethoven trios and Brahms and as a child I learned with the help of these amateurs the entire chamber music repertoire; I had a knowledge in depth, and later, when attending the classes of Weiner and Waldbauer at the Academy of Music my musical education became much more firmly based. In addition to Hubay, Imre Waldbauer[6] and Leó Weiner had a deep influence on me, what they offered was a strong basis for the start of a career not one of a flaring meteor and disappearance, but one that, resting on firm foundations, would take someone a long way.

For a few years I played with Ilona Krausz and László Vince in the Hungarian Trio. Then we founded a quartet (Végh, Péter Szervánszky, Dénes Koromzay, Vilmos Palotai). Under the name of The New Hungarian String Quartet, we were the first to perform Bartók's Quartet No. 5. Then came the war, the others stayed in Holland and organized the Hungarian String Quartet, I returned to Hungary in 1940 and founded the Végh Quartet. We stuck together for nearly forty years: almost a world record. But with us, our burning love for music was stronger than any personal or other kind of conflict. The Hungarian String Quartet with Zoltán Székely and we did a lot to promote Hungarian chamber music throughout the world. Incidentally, after so many years, now I am going to meet Zoltán Székely in Banff, Canada, where I have been invited to hold a course. The Takács Quartet will also take part; it's not the first time they will be there.

In my time, the best Hungarian musicians were present all over the world. Conductors, violinists, pianists or string quartets, all came from this culture. I can't imagine how, for instance, violin playing would have developed without Hungary. Joachim, Leopold Auer, Hubay, Carl Flesch,[7] they all came from this small area; one might say, things sparked off in Hungary. Therefore, when I go to Budapest, I always try to connect the young with the past, and I tell them: the spark is still here somewhere, it must be here, it only needs restriking! Such an inflammatory power was there, for instance, in Hubay: radiating from him there was a verve and the vibration of spirit! Of course he represented Paris, the French-Belgian school—as Joachim did, bringing that to Hungary. We should not forget that different European nations made their own individual contributions to the world of the violin. The instrument itself comes from Italy, the Italians made the best violins; the French gave the world the bow; the Germans perhaps wrote the most beautiful music for the violin. And there was a time when the Hungarians played it best.

Hungary always proved receptive to other cultures; Bartók's genius could express this central Europen musical unity. I have been fighting for the unity of European culture all my life. With political difficulties easing up, artistic interaction is, thank God, again asserting itself. When I go to Hungary now, I can pass on to young people all that I have learned during my travels. What is important is what I represent and not me. Unfortunately, I cannot be there as much as I would like to, even though the cause is close to my heart. A man cannot tear himself out of where he came from and I feel it is my duty to pass on to future generation all that I have experienced. I have no method, yet, with a few words, perhaps only mimicry, I

[6] Imre Waldbauer (1892–1953): violinist, a pupil of Hubay, teacher at the Budapest Academy of Music, first violinist in the internationally acclaimed Waldbauer–Kerpely String Quartet which flourished starting with the 1920s.

[7] Joseph Joachim (1831–1907), Leopold Auer (1845–1930), Carl Flesch (1873–1944): violin virtuosos born in Hungary, founders of modern schools of violin playing.

pass on something that, in a talented player may start off a process. In my view, traditions form a most important part of cultural progress as a whole. I am not saying this because every old man is faithful to tradition, but because in tradition there are a great many things of universal value that it does not hurt to know.

I had a pretty bad motoring accident once. Since then I have found standing difficult, so much so that I can't even practice as much as I used to. The quartet has disbanded, but I should like to do something new, perform works that I have not played yet, therefore I began conducting. Someone may well ask how I conduct when I've never studied conducting? I don't know, it just comes to you, naturally, of itself. But where does it come from? Frequently from your handling of the bow! I just give the orchestra an aviso, the way I did in the quartet. I have not learned conducting from anyone.

I remember once in the Engadin I met poor István Kertész.[8] Klemperer also happened to be on summer holiday there and I introduced Pista to him who explained that he had studied conducting in Rome. To which Klemperer—I remember as clearly as if it were today—replied, "But is that something you can study?" And how true. The technique of movements can be learnt, but all the essential expression comes from the inside. I have had many concerts with the Camerata Academica of Salzburg and large orchestras have started engaging me as well; recently I conducted the Ensemble Orchestral de Paris. And, interestingly, my way of conducting is becoming more and more accepted, even though I only do what is in my blood. I always say I am not a conductor, I stick to my violin, but I like breaking out now and then to do something else. All I have learned in my life in music I pass on to them at rehearsals. That's also teaching, showing what to do, where and when. Once I have made that clear, I let them play at night, because by that time they have my idea, they only need their cues and reminders, and it all works. Of course you have to have more rehearsals with a weak orchestra and you often turn tail on such ensembles. Unfortunately you often find that orchestras with established names are not really good. Because schools are not good. Where there is a homogeneous school, for instance training for the strings, the whole orchestra will have a homogeneous sound. When the State Symphony Orchestra was set up, all the first violins were Hubay pupils. I remember Bruno Walter rehearsed the 3rd Leonore Overture and the big solo of the violins was ablaze in our performance. Bruno Walter laid down his baton at the end and said, "Gentlemen, I have been conducting the orchestras of the world for many decades, but I have never heard anything like that!..."

With Hubay, teaching proceeded along two tracks; first technical and, from a certain point of view, musical preparation, to be followed by a higher-level of artistic training. This was well organized. Former pupils prepared the students, so that Hubay himself could take over at a higher level.

I believe that art begins with the first sound; I produce a sound that starts somewhere and I don't even know where it will end: it flies away... This is something marvellous, a creative thing: to produce a sound. Once Casals said something to me about that: "When I start tuning my cello in the mornings, I always think of the happiness of being a cellist. The very first thing I do in the morning, the production of a sound, is creation!" How important that is and how right Casals was! When I am one of the judges of a competition, I can tell who is a good violinist and who is a bad one just listening to how people tune their instruments. You can draw your conclusions from the attention, concentration and fineness of his tuning, along with the calmness in handling the bow.

[8] István Kertész (1929–1973): conductor, a pupil of Kodály, Weiner and László Somogyi in Budapest. Worked in Hungary, Germany and later in England.

The instrumental player is like the actor who does not use the same mimicry and gestures in playing his different roles. I may not be aware of it at the time, but I will play Mozart with an entirely different technique from the one used in playing Brahms, Debussy or Bartók. The same pattern does not apply to everything, one must change one's expression, because Debussy and Beethoven require different tones. Indeed I dare say Beethoven's string quartets sound as if they were composed by three different composers. In the last string quartets, it is difficult to tell whether certain parts are meant to be humorous, tragic or both.

I have learnt and I teach all my pupils that the beauty of a musical phrase depends on the bow as well as on the vibrato. You can use the different parts of the bow to play at various levels of intensity, they offer you a wide range of possibilities. Hubay told us that Joachim, while teaching in Berlin, and hearing someone play with too much vibrato, had protested: "Kaffeehaus, Kaffeehaus!" That is not the word we should shout now, whereas in fact we have reached a stage at which violin playing is often too beautiful to be true, it is over polished. I had never felt that way back when I did not mind if Huberman—what a man, what a violinist!—sometimes scraped, the sounds still contained so much expression that the playing was beautiful none the less.

After all, what does a true violinist, a true instrumental player do? He makes music. In other words, his aim is to express music on his instrument. Now, how can I achieve that? In two ways, through mechanics and technique. Mechanics is when only the engine works, technique is when I express music. You get me, don't you? In other words, musical expression also has its technique, I might say, its hitch. There are violinists with highly developed mechanics —such as Heifetz—and much less technique in musical expression. But I have also known the opposite: in the musical phrasing of Adolf Busch, everything was marvellous, including the colours, the impulses, but as soon as a mechanical problem emerged, it soon floored him. Of course, you must be competent in both. A good example is Casals who, when he was an old man, still was a master of mechanics, including intonation, bow technique, the lot. At the same time, he had an extraordinary ability in musical expression. I learned the things related to musical expression not from Hubay, but from Leó Weiner, not a string player, but Casals made the final impact on my musical development. I played a lot with him: with his unique imagination and feeling for music, he always played differently in rehearsal and in concert. He is right—a concert is a higher stage!

When I first went to see him, a well-known violinist had sent me the message that I should learn my part by heart and look at Casals' bow all the time, otherwise I would lose him. I thanked him for the good advice and thought to myself, I would try to follow good old Casals in some other way and not with my eyes. Playing together has other components—not just bowing. It's not the way those Hollywood chorus girls lift their legs together. And my plans came off, so much so that we almost improvised at the concert: we had a beautiful conversation on our instruments. Casals also invited me to his festival in Prades for the following year and then said, "Come every year!" I said this great honour pleased me no end, but why would he invite me again and again? "Simply," he said, "because you have the courage to fight me. Artists who are great names come here, but you are the only one to add your sforzatos to mine. I like it when tension is there." And so we played together for ten years, we also recorded together. That was a great experience for me.

This very individual kind of music-making is, unfortunately, dying out. Huberman, Szigeti, Kreisler—they were all very individual. Misha Elman, Thibaud—every violinist had a different sound, different character. Today the star violinists all play in the same

way, and, how shall I put it, they display instead of giving. That I don't like.

And then a gross mistake was made. We, you see, have no Chopin or Liszt; literature for the violin is pretty meagre. What Chopin is for the pianist, is, at the most, Vieuxtemps for us. Therefore Kreisler and some others transcribed some of the better compositions, genre-pieces for violin, and they were performed so beautifully that they became art. Then some stern critics appeared and they said: "*Schmachtfetzen*, corny, how unworthy!" and they wiped out a whole form of expression. But artists have become the poorer for that, because they don't know, they could not learn those works. I heard these pretty pieces played beautifully by Kreisler and even Casals owned many such albums! A real artist plays everything beautifully. I am not saying that this is really high art, but it is also part of the whole. I had played such works and even Hubay's awful *Charda Scenes* taught me a few things as a child. For instance, the elegance that is part of violin playing, and it was there in all these pieces. If a violinist has no natural elegance which will reveal itself in his bow technique and in his way of performance, then a violinist is seen to be working hard and that I don't like.

So few people dare to expose their feelings! At the Academy ot Music, I had often wrapped myself up in my feelings, I remember, Hubay used to smile when that happened. I did not understand at the time, but I know now that he was smiling because he saw the expression of something, even if it was expressed in a childish, primitive way, and he was happy to see that. When there is plenty of something, that can always be reduced and why shouldn't a young man have a few eccentricities? Feelings, when they come from the inside, are always justified. A teacher must know that. Too bad that most of the teachers are not artists, while artists often think to themselves: I play, I don't have to teach. I believe teaching should be part of every artist's life.

Teaching is an inner longing for immortality. Inside me live artists who are long dead but had their teaching implanted into me. Through that they remain immortal, because I also pass their teaching on to the next generation—that is most important! Tartini taught, played the violin, composed and even conducted the orchestra of a prince. The same thing was done by Spohr, Joachim or Busch—like it or not, I imitate them: teaching, solo performance, chamber music, conducting. In addition, I have always wanted to compose, but I never had the time, because I have always played much and I could never escape from the musical world of the works I played. But composition has always interested me and I also studied composition under Kodály.

Being active, I believe, is attractive only as it does not overshoot the mark. Take it easy! You'll be carried away! When someone stuck a microphone under my nose and asked how many concerts I have given, I'd answer I never counted. And whenever they asked me about my activity, I always said, let's talk of passivity instead. How beautiful it is not to do anything, to go to a Greek island, how fine *dolce far niente* is! To be active all the time: that's a danger that threatens us.

How good it is that there are pauses in music! That's when music breathes, like the singer when he interprets music. It is important for the violinist that his musical ideas spring from singing. Why do we spend so much money on an Italian violin? Because that's the closest thing to *bel canto*, to singing. I, too, have an Italian instrument, a Paganini-Stradivarius. It is a beautiful instrument and since it had once been Paganini's property, I have a link with Paganini. I have been playing on it for nearly twenty-five years. I only change my bows—in that, I am a bigamist! Each new bow brings a new life: that is the soul of the whole thing! In fact, the French call violinists *maîtres de l'archet*, masters of the bow.

ANDRÁS BORGÓ

PAUL MERRICK

HUNGARIAN CHURCH MUSIC

Budapest is full of churches, many of which have music once a week, and sometimes more frequently during the main festivals of the year. The largest religious building in the city is the Dohány utca Synagogue, whose sung liturgy is available on a Hungaroton recording (SLPD 18091). Outside Budapest the largest religious building is the Abbey of Pannonhalma, set on a hill in the countryside 18 km south of Győr, where the first monks came in 996 at the invitation of Prince Géza, the father of St Stephen. Father and son were baptized Christians by St Adalbert of Prague, and Stephen was crowned the first king of Hungary in 1001 with a crown sent by Pope Silvester II. After his death in 1038 his relics were enshrined in 1083, his Hungarian title being Szent István király (Saint Stephen the King). Stephen christianised Hungary, founding the Abbey of Pannonhalma and the primatial see of Esztergom.

It so happens that Budapest, Pannonhalma, and Esztergom are the three corners of my own experience of Hungarian church music, which began with Liszt's *Hungarian Coronation* Mass in the Mátyás templom (the Coronation Church) in 1978. Like most musicians, I thought of Hungarian music as Liszt, Bartók, Kodály, and folk-music. In England I had heard Kodály's *Missa Brevis*, but it was in Hungary that I heard first his *Magyar mise* (Hungarian Mass, recorded on Hungaroton SLPD 12554), composed in 1966 to the Hungarian translation of the Ordinary, and began to realize that church music played a more prominent role in Hungarian musical life than I had thought. The list of choral works by non-Hungarian composers I have heard in Hungarian churches ranges from Gregorian chant through Palestrina to church music by modern composers like Britten and Dupré, and includes performances of the *Messiah* (in Hungarian!), Bach's *St Matthew Passion*, and the B minor Mass in the large Lutheran Church in Deák tér, Budapest. Orchestral Masses feature regularly at the ten o'clock Sunday service in the Buda Coronation Church, where I have heard Masses by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Bruckner. But what of Hungarian composers of church music? Who were they, and what are they like?

Getting back to Pannonhalma, the composer Benedek Istvánffy (1733–1788) was born there, and his music can be heard on a recent Hungaroton recording entitled Musica Sacra (SLPD 12733). The composer's father was organist at Pannonhalma, where he taught music. Benedek Istvánffy received assistance towards his musical studies from the Széchenyi family, one of whose nineteenth-century members, Count István Széchenyi, was a key figure in the Reform Era, who organized the building of the Chain Bridge across the Danube in 1848 to link Pest and Buda (with the help of Adam Clark, a Scottish engineer). Istvánffy became organist at the Széchenyi chateau at Nagycenk, then cantor and organist at Győr cathedral from 1766 until his death. The surprising thing, at least to English ears, is that his music sounds a little like Handel: lively, late Baroque–early Rococo, with an attractive use of trumpets in the orchestration. Indeed, one of the pieces on the record, an Offertorium for choir, soloists, and orchestra, *Jam virgo Jesse*, contains a duet sung by boy trebles that even recalls English music, though this is doubtless mere coincidence. The orchestra consists of strings, organ, trumpets, and timpani, the music being in a ternary form whereby the opening full *Allegro maestoso* in interspersed with the duet *Adagio* for soloists, strings, and organ, the

reprise being a repeat of the first full section. Such music is better than might be expected from a composer whose name does not even figure in the *New Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (1980). Manuscripts remain of 2 orchestral Masses, and some of his minor church works have been published in the series *Musicalia Danubiana* issued under the auspices of the Institute for Musicology of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The eight volumes published so far in the series are the result of modern Hungarian musicological research, and consist of source material from a wider region than today's Hungary. For example Volume 8 is devoted to the Magnificats and Motets of Zacharias Zarewutius (1605?–1667), a Lutheran composer who worked in the town of Bártfa. The music is polychoral and early Baroque in style, reflecting the influence of the Venetian Gabrielis. Volume 6 contains Six Quartets by Joseph Bengraf (1745–1791) who was *regens chori* at the Pest (Inner City) parish church near the modern Elizabeth Bridge from 1784 until his death. The composer is known to have composed at least 30 Masses of which 7 have survived in manuscript in the Veszprém cathedral musical archive. To judge from the quartets, which are melodically attractive in a light early Classical vein, his church music would be worth hearing. Volume 2 is the *Musikalisches Stammbüchlein* of Andreas Rauch (1592–1656). He lived in Sopron from 1628, the house where he lived in Templom utca near the main square, bears a plaque recording the fact. His *Concentus votivus* was performed on December 18th, 1634, on the occasion of the arrival of Ferdinand II to attend the Diet at Sopron. A volume under preparation is *Harmonia caelestis*, a series of church cantatas composed in 1711 by Prince Pál Esterházy, a forebear of Prince Nikolaus who built the palace at Eszterháza (between Sopron and Győr, today called Fertőd) where Haydn lived and worked from 1766 until 1791. Prince Pál Eszterházy's music is recorded by Hungaroton (on compact disc: HCD 12561), and reveals a talent more than that of just a dilettante. Volume 1 of *Musicalia Danubiana* is the *Missale Notatum Strigoniense ante 1341 in Posonio*, a complete plainsong liturgy sung at Esztergom, and Hungary's earliest musical relic.

Here we return to the beginning. A modern history of music in Hungary (László Dobszay: *Magyar zenetörténet*, 1984) describes what the author calls "Az Istváni fordulat" (literally, the Stephen turning-point). In 1028 a monk named Arnoldus came from Ratisbon to Esztergom, where he was received by Anasztáz, the Hungarian bishop. During his stay Arnoldus worked with the bishop on the preparation of new antiphons and responses in honour of the patron saint of Ratisbon, which Anasztáz taught to his monks and priests, and which were sung "in ecclesia publice." This was the beginning of Hungarian church music—during the reign of King Stephen. It led to the spread of musical notation and the rise of "art music"—a process leading eventually to the work of Bartók when he collected and notated folk-songs. By the twelfth century, solmization along the lines of Guido d'Arezzo was in use in Hungary. Among the Hungaroton recordings of Hungarian church music is a whole series entitled *Magyar Gregorianum*,* the study and performance of plainsong in Hungary forming a major part of the work of musicologists—Hungary being one of the countries to have preserved written examples of a local variety. The connection between plainsong and folk-song may come to mind at this point, and indeed the two are closely related, particularly in melodic interchange: songs with plainsong influence and vice versa. Kodály himself composed a considerable number of church works, beginning with an early Mass (before 1897), and including an *Ave Maria* (before 1900), an Offertorium *Assumpta est* (1901), a *Tantum ergo* (1928), a *Pange lingua* (1929), a *Hymn to St Stephen* (1938, a "Stephen year,"

* *NHQ* 86 and 89

when the World Eucharistic Congress was held in Budapest), Geneva Psalm 114 (1952) and the *Magyar mise*. 1988, as it happens, is also an *István év*—a Saint Stephen year—the 950th anniversary of his death. The Szent István Bazilika in Budapest was consecrated in 1905 but was under construction from 1851 onwards suffering several reversals. Geographically less prominent than the Coronation Church (perched on a hill over the Danube), it is the parish church of Lipótváros (Leopoldstadt), a district of Pest. Contemporary in style with the Opera House and the Music Academy, it is an example of eclectic architecture and in this respect is closer to the great building boom that produced the magnificent buildings of Pest that date from the latter part of the nineteenth century. From 1938 to 1957 its musical director was Artúr Harmat (1885–1962) who is described on a plaque on the cathedral wall as "*a magyar egyházi zene megújítója*" (the reformer of Hungarian church music). Harmat had lessons in composition and church music in Esztergom with Ferenc Kersch (1853–1910), cantor at Esztergom from 1897 and in the 1870s a pupil of Liszt. In 1908, he graduated from the Budapest Liszt Academy, where he was Professor of Liturgy and Gregorian chant from 1925 to 1950. In 1942 he received the Papal Order of St Gregory. A recording of his *Missa Assumpta est Maria* for choir (sopranos, altos, baritones) and organ has just been issued by Hungaroton (SLPX 12879) as well as another Mass of his: *Missa di Sancti Stephani regis* (1941), which forms part of a record devoted to the memory of St Stephen issued this year (1988, SLPX 31042). This Mass is based upon Hungarian melodies from various periods dating back to the Middle Ages which are associated with St Stephen—a kind of "church folk" Mass. One of Harmat's pupils, Lajos Bárdos (1899–1986) continued his work as a regenerator of church music, his output including 4 Masses and numerous other choral pieces, all in regular use in churches. When Harmat graduated in 1914 he was awarded the Haynald prize of 3,000 crowns —Haynald being the bishop of Kalocsa in Liszt's lifetime and one of the supporters of Liszt's idea to found a department of church music in the Music Academy. Liszt's work in this field is not neglected in Hungary, his Masses and church works being regularly performed.

The story has not yet come to an end. New discoveries await the inquiring listener from composers both dead and alive. For example, though Bartók wrote no church music, a glance through the letter B in the Hungarian musical dictionary reveals quite a crop of names, among them a certain Gregor Bajan (1721–1792), a Franciscan who taught at Vác, a cathedral town on the Danube near Budapest, and composed over 70 Masses (!), Beethoven whose C major Mass was written for another Prince Nikolaus Esterházy, and a Joseph Blahag (1779–1846) who composed 14 Masses for various Hungarian churches. The unexplored territory is clearly quite extensive. Among living composers mention might be made of Sándor Szokolay, whose *Missa Pannonia* was performed by the Tomkins vocal ensemble during the 1988 Budapest Spring Festival. The Tomkins choir are a Hungarian chamber choir named after the English composer, and who specialize in Renaissance music, though their repertoire extends to nineteenth-century and modern works as well. Another composer whose Mass I have heard is Frigyes Hidas, who composed a Latin Mass for mixed choir and organ in the sixties, and which is in use at the Cathedral: it is a well-crafted work with life and a modern colour.

Music by 15 composers was performed this Easter at the Szent István Bazilika, 5 of them Hungarian. Liszt's *Missa Choralis* and *O salutaris hostia*, Kodály's *Magyar mise* and *Pange lingua*, a *Dextera Domini*, and *Christus factus est* by Ferenc Kersch and the *Magyar mise* by István Koloss, born in 1932 and the present organist of the church. The fifth composer's piece followed Handel's *Halle-*

lujah Chorus which I heard on Easter Saturday; at the end of the Vigil Service the Hungarian National Anthem composed by Ferenc Erkel (1810–1893) was sung by the full congregation and choir. Erkel was the most important Hungarian opera composer of the nineteenth century, and not the least of his achievements is this fine piece, a true inspiration. By coincidence, the architect who completed the Cathedral, Miklós Ybl, also designed the Opera House, which was opened in 1884. But here we leave the church for territory that must wait to be explored another time.

FROM OUR NEXT ISSUES

THE NEW COMPANY LAW

Tamás Sándor

PIROSKA SZÁNTÓ'S PAINTING

György Szabó

ART POOL

Géza Perneczky

THE BAROQUE IN TRANSDANUBIA

Anna Jávor

NEW RECORDS AND SCORES

The Hungaroton recording of Salieri's *Falstaff* three years ago was a revelation, introducing the work of a composer who, jealous though he may have been of Mozart, was certainly capable of using the same *opera buffa* language with a sophistication of his own. Now the conductor of that recording, Tamás Pál, has followed it with what must surely be the first modern revival of Cimarosa's *Il pittor parigino* (SLPD 12972–4) and if the quality of this piece is very distinctly lower, it is still fascinating to have a reminder of the fecund operatic culture from which Mozart, and indeed Salieri, sprang.

Il pittor parigino was written for Rome in 1781 and conducted by Haydn at Eszterháza in 1789: his copy is the source of the present recording, though his cuts are not followed. In form the piece follows the two-act convention of the period; it is the form familiar from *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutte*, each act ending with a concerted finale, though here there are fewer other numbers and in particular fewer ensembles: the work has ten arias (one for each singer in each act) and two cavatinas, but only three duets and an introductory quartet. To some extent this different balance can be explained in terms of Cimarosa's being nearer the crude nature of operas as vocal spectacle, the first-act aria for Monsieur (the Parisian painter of the title) being of an extraordinary virtuosity. But whether bravura or not, most of the arias are curiously characterless, simply because there is so little happening in the music and the conventions are so little exceeded, the composer reaching time and again for stock phrases and cadential formulae. The essential language is exactly that of Mozart's comedies: Cimarosa was, after all, one of Mozart's most successful colleagues, and in a curious way *Il pittor parigino* represents what the composer of *Figaro* was trying to achieve. But it also represents something he left a long way behind, his imitation being so much more inventive, textually rich and structurally complex. The usual way of summarizing those qualities is, of course, to say that his characters have life, whereas those of *Il pittor parigino* are strangely insubstantial, with the possible exception of the opera singer Cintia, whose lively theatrical extravagance makes her a distant foreshadowing of Richard Strauss's Clairon, and who has an interesting accompanied recitative and aria in which she describes the business of singing while doing it. Through her determination, and through the subterfuge of the inevitable cunning servant Broccardo, the Baron is delivered into her hands, freeing Eurilla to marry Monsieur: this is the essence of a libretto which Judit Péteri's extensive and valuable essay asks us rather hopefully to see as "more life-like and true to contemporary reality than most eighteenth-century comic operas."

Nevertheless, if life here is unlikely, the recording at least presents the work with creditable skill, quickness, and enthusiasm. Among the cast, Veronika Kincses is outstanding as the urbane Cintia, singing with excellent attack and radiant tone; the more pastel-voiced Márta Szűcs provides a fine and appropriate contrast as Eurilla. There is also an effective difference between the two tenors, with Gérard Garino suave and properly French as Monsieur and Martin Klietmann as Broccardo more reedy and cynical. József Gregor offers boorish buffoonery as the Baron, and Tamás Pál, as both conductor and recitative accompanist, keeps the music moving, though the gaps between numbers suggest that the recording was made piece by piece, and rather interrupt the flow.

Interruptions of that kind are also an unwelcome feature of the recording of two Beethoven sonatas, the "Appassionata" and the "Tempest" (SLPD 31024), by Jenő Jandó, whose sense of rubato here is exceedingly free: he gallops at times in the outer movements of the former work, while the slow

passage near the end of the first movement of the "Tempest" is dragged out self-indulgently. It is therefore rather a shock to find this same pianist so much more level-headed in Liszt, in a recital including the two St Francis legends, the Scherzo and March, the rare piano version of the Fantasia and Fugue on BACH, and the even rarer transcription of the composer's *Cantico del Sol di San Francesco*, a piece never before recorded (SLPD 12769). Perhaps in Liszt, Jandó finds the opportunities for rapid shifts of character, sumptuous tone and high rhetoric that he has to invent in Beethoven: certainly he realizes with exceptional vividness, especially in the BACH fantasia, the nature of Liszt's music as declamatory soliloquy.

Among Liszt's present-day successors, Attila Bozay and József Sári are each represented by a new record, though in Bozay's case the works are all comparatively old: they are the Pilinszky cantata *Trapeze and Parallel Bars* (1966), the *Pezzo concertato no. 2* (1974–1975), and the *Pezzo sinfonico no. 2* (1975–1976), all played by the Budapest Symphony Orchestra under György Lehel (SLPX 12364). The variety, though, is greater than the closeness in date might suggest. The cantata, comprising a soprano song, a tenor song, and a choral closure, is vivid, fractured and forceful in the manner of the texts: Katalin Szőkefalvi-Nagy and János Bándi loop their voices through the solos, and the Hungarian Radio and Television Chorus are sonorous in the finale. There is a similar intensity of imagery in the *Pezzo concertato no. 2*, but within the context of a broader form, the piece being effectively a single-movement concerto for Bozay's own adaptation of a Hungarian folk zither (the first *Pezzo concertato* had been for viola). In this recording the composer plays the solo part himself, and its spikily resonant gestures are imaginatively imitated and developed by the orchestra, producing something midway between expressionist *Angst* and playfulness. By contrast the *Pezzo sinfonico no. 2* is monolithic, held throughout its nearly twenty-minute length to the same slow pulsation of percussion instruments, and with repetitions too of big clangorous moments. This is altogether an intriguing retrospective.

So in a different way is the Sári record (SLPX 12812). Though this is not stated in the notes, he is, I understand, the brother of László Sáry, and in his more recent music there is something of the same flatness, the absence of progressive motion that evokes comparison with Satie or early Cage. In *The Mill of Time* (from which we hear three of the eight pieces) and *Farewell to Glenn Gould*, Sári resorts to the automatism of canonic procedures, and the music's aloofness is emphasized by the composer's indifference as to its instrumentation: both these works of 1983 are available to any homogeneous quartet, though the trombones seem to belong to the Gould memorial (one might recall Stravinsky's dirge canons for Dylan Thomas) whereas the flutes of *The Mill of Time* sound like just one possibility among many. There is a similar feeling of detached speculation in *Verfremdete Zitate* (1982), a set of three movements for prepared piano based on pieces from *The Well-tempered Clavier:* these use the deletion technique of such Cage works as *Hymns and Variations*, whereby some notes are retained or lengthened while much else is eliminated, so that the quoted music really is rendered alien. Rather oddly, Sári's *Movimento cromatico dissimulato* for flute, piano, and percussion (1972) has an impulsiveness and even violence quite lacking in his music of a decade later: a hint at the stylistic change is provided by the String Quartet of 1975, played by the New Budapest Quartet, where episodes in the earlier manner are interleaved among static passages with the instruments locked on monotones made to judder by having the bow bounce on the string.

Finally, the Schola Hungarica's voyage through the plainsong of Central Europe continues with a volume devoted to music from Austrian sources (SLPD 12950). The first side offers troped introits and responsories for the Christmas period from Klosterneu-

burg; the second has a variety of pieces from Salzburg for the Office of St Rupert, patron of that city. In both there is a liberal variety of medium—solo voice, men's choir, women's choir, children's choir—and this, together with the open vocal production, suggests more a Kodály-inspired choral festival than anything liturgical (the performers would seem to follow Houdard's principle of giving every neume roughly the same duration). Nevertheless, there are fascinating things to be found here, along a scale from jaunty folksong-like strophic songs to gloriously embellished melodies, with the addition also of a couple of two-part pieces and some music by the Salzburg organist Paul Hofhaimer.

The present reaction against modernism seems to be having one of its oddest and most individual manifestations in Hungarian music. Where twenty years ago Zsolt Durkó (b. 1934) and Sándor Balassa (b. 1935) were among the leaders of the new avant-garde in Budapest, their most recent works exemplify just those qualities of formal clarity, harmonic simplicity and folk-style modality that they were then repudiating. Of course there are personal features that withstand the stylistic revolution: Durkó's *Octet* (1988) bristles with motivic imitation as much as his earlier music, and Balassa's *Szőlőcske és Halacska* ("Little Grape and Little Fish," 1987) is typically beautiful in its orchestration. Nevertheless, there is a marked change here, and it is perplexing.

Durkó's *Octet* is scored for the same ensemble as Mozart's *C minor Serenade:* oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns in pairs (though the second oboist doubles on *cor anglais* and there is an optional and strangely incidental part for double bass). There are three movements, with a short and lively escapade for the conjoined ensemble being interposed between two slower movements that are more varied in speed and scoring. However, the movements are tightly linked, both by particular musical details (a clarinet solo, turning in a small chromatic space, is heard in all three sections) and by a habit of working with small motifs in a variety of scales. At times the widespread chords and the similar openness suggested by the large melodic intervals bring the music near to Stravinsky (the quick metrical shifts, too, are Stravinskyan), but there is also a flavour of Bartók in the close-knit development of melodic cells and in some of the unusual scales employed: at the centre of the last movement there is a free overlapping of all eight instruments in whole-tone harmony, but the modes are normally less conventional. Altogether one has the impression of a throwback to the point where Ligeti was at the beginning of the 1950s, with all the wit, character, and artificiality which that implies.

The Balassa piece is nearer the quality of folk-music in its modes and themes, and one might well judge this to be (especially given the title) a suite for children. There are four movements—an Introduzione, a Scherzo with Trio, a Romanza and a Finale—and the scoring is for double wind with trumpets, timpani, and strings. At the start there is just a breath of avant-garde invention as the music fans out in symmetrical harmony around a tuning-note A, but soon the orchestra is sunny with scales and what sound like folk-tunes; this first movement rises quickly to a climax of heavily accented chords in triplets. Balassa's harmony is as uncluttered as Durkó's, and his ideas are similarly brief (even in the adagio Romanza there is no long melody but rather a repetition of diminutive gestures), but he shuns wide intervals in his melodic writing for the most part, which is why the folksy character here is more pronounced. Also important, of course, is the use of commoner modes: the suite ends decisively in E Dorian, capping a big finale that is brilliantly executed and playful, yet leaves one wondering why.

PAUL GRIFFITHS

THEATRE AND FILM

A TOUR OF THE PAST

István Örkény: *Pisti a vérzivatarban* (Steve in the Bloodbath); György Schwajda: *Rákóczi tér* (Rákóczi Square); János Gosztonyi: *Andrássy út 60* (60 Andrássy Street).

"Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome aboard our sightseeing tour. I hope you are enjoying yourself in Budapest and when you get to know the city, you will like it even better—this city which, as you can see, lies on both banks of the Danube." The above is from the final scene of István Örkény's grotesque play *Steve in the Bloodbath*, in which the woman guide begins her tour of Budapest for foreign tourists. If the text were to go on as guides do, the author of the scene would not be Örkény. After her opening sentences the professional guide gets her dates a little mixed up. She sees slender bridges spanning the two banks of the Danube, now she catches sight of wrecks submerged in the river. First she talks about ruins, then she corrects herself: the houses stand intact. She keeps pointing to people in a hurry to go about their business but throw themselves flat time and again when they mistake the approaching bus for an armoured car. Some people lying on the street happen to be dead, and a bomb-shelter sometimes looks like an ordinary wine-cellar. One cannot always know for certain whether the men who tear up the paving-stones are working on mains or anti-tank barriers.

Örkény's guide leads us into the past forty to fifty years of Hungarian history in which "the sights are not of a permanent character." The times were quite hectic, one might say, flexible, which is why it is not easy to say of the play's hero, Pisti or Steve, who in fact he is. We probably come closest to the truth if we regard him as a symbol. Örkény said once of him that he is the Hungarian James Bond, since he cannot be struck dead. Death has no effect on him: after each disaster he comes back to life again.

The play was written in 1969 and shelved without being staged for nearly ten years and is a series of dramatisations of the author's famous 'one-minute stories'. It is the stations of the Cross of a man embroiled in historical turmoil. From this point of view it can rightly be compared to the classic Hungarian drama, *The Tragedy of Man*. In a certain sense it reverses the latter: while Imre Madách probed the vital Hungarian problems of the second half of last century in the history of mankind, Örkény looks for the most general answers possible to human existence in a play based on the events of Hungary's recent past. A little effort is enough to link every scene to one or another notorious change of fortune or political happening—primarily of course for those who have lived through the given period in Hungary. Yet even they need a special empathy in order to understand the tragi-comic ambivalence of Örkény's grotesque observation. The most often referred to scene in the play takes place in 1944 on the Danube embankment where thousands—especially Jews—were finished off by a shot in the back of the neck. The victims in the

play choose the manner of their own death voluntarily, with the intention of being helpful. Initially it is Steve who gives the firing squad the word of command, then joins the line of those to be shot. The absurd situation is explained by the author's motto saying that the advice we have received from the era is that "we might be heroes and killers (at the same time, in the same place, and in one person) according to who turns which way."

This is how the meaning of each station of the calvary of the play becomes clear. For example, during the war Steve splits for a time: one Steve becomes two, a pro-Soviet Steve and a pro-German one, and this state of things lasts until it is clear who will win the war; he lies low and gives out tracts, and agitates, and is afraid, and is executed, and is liberated, and is born again, and is educated, and develops, and is made a model, and has a statue of him set up, and is used as a unit of measurement, and turns out not to exist at all, but this must be kept secret, and three-day mourning for him is decreed...

László Babarczy, who directed the Kaposvár Csiky Gergely Theatre's revival of the play, plainly starts from the assumption that *Steve in the Bloodbath*, departing in time from the glanced at concrete historical events or dates—the war, the nineteen-fifties, 1956, consolidation, etc., resembles less and less an historical parable and comes nearer to a philosophical grotesquerie of more general validity. Even though certain elements of events in the recent past can be discerned in particular scenes, it is fruitless to seek out direct equivalences at every minute, or to view it all as a series of caricatures of historical illustrations. Accordingly, the national colours and the red flag, as well as the slogans on posters, are all missing from the production, as is the Egmont overture, which was constantly played on Hungarian radio in October 1956, and so forth.

Let us take, for example the trial scene. The symbolism is applicable to all mock trials, although anyone with the requisite knowledge can recall the Rajk trial concretely too. The director makes use of a new element compared with Örkény's original version, when he allows an announcer to comment through a mike, in the manner of a radio broadcast, a piece of mumbo-jumbo interpreted with different emphases; thus the "dramatized" political play becomes complete. The execution of the sentence is shown by red paint spilled on plexiglass.

The set presents no natural environment, though the flooring of the stage imitates paving-stones. In the last scene, the woman guide glances over the city that has been sublimated into a symbol of the past fifty years of Hungarian history. At this point the director makes an addition to the text and concludes the play with a metaphorical picture. Örkény's play concludes with the moment following a vision of the A-bomb, when the city, reduced to ashes, is infected with rats; in the author's version there appears at this moment a typically Hungarian symbol, one typical of Pest and representing survival and a fresh start, the billboard man who announces to the world: "Mrs Varsányi will exterminate rodents—bring your own lard!" The notice-board with this advertisement hangs around the neck of the Statue of Liberation on Gellért Hill, a female figure with a palm-branch in her hands, towering over Budapest. The part of the Statue of Liberation is of course played by an actress whose dress, as on the original sculptured figure, is freely rippling in the wind.

The Statue of Liberation is the protagonist of a new Hungarian musical, which the Szigligeti Theatre of Szolnok has produced under the direction of Tibor Csizmadia and of Tamás Fodor, who stepped in to finish the job. The play revolves around the device that the woman holding the palm-branch, bored on Gellért Hill, decides to leave her pedestal and heads into town, straight to Rákóczi Square.

The playwright György Schwajda has an idea here which is doubly piquant. First is the statue itself: as a liberation memorial, it has been in place since the year 1945, but the

female figure was sculpted during the war by Zsigmond Kisfaludi Stróbl, as a monument for Regent Miklós Horthy's son István, who had met his death in an airplane crash on the Russian front. Later the accessory figures were added: one of them, a soldier on guard with a submachine-gun, according to the play, is in love with the fugitive girl and sets out after her to bring her back from Rákóczi Square. The latter brings the second piquant element. The said square is a place of ill repute in the capital city where prostitutes offer their services at all hours of the day and night. If, therefore, the symbol of liberty feels, while standing on the top of the hill, that she belongs there, a twisted social meaning is implied.

All the more so if we take into consideration that the prostitutes in the play are not even very typical. In Hungarian a synonym for them is 'women of pleasure', which scarcely befits them, since they are clearly in bad humour. The cause of their bad humour is not the slackening of their business, nor the decline of customers or any other banal circumstance. They have come to Rákóczi Square not to grow rich as a their real-life models do, but have been pushed there by society. One of them has seen her child taken away from her, another girl, a teacher, fell in love with her pupil, for which she has been outlawed by society... and so forth. Only dramatic, or rather, melodramatic fates are disclosed to us. All are decent prostitutes, just as in Sartre's *La putain respectueuse*. They are despondent and angry. They protest because they have a social conscience. Protest-prostitutes in a protest-musical.

Of course, all this is not to be taken too seriously. The play remains a sarcastic caricature to the end without losing the sharpness of its social criticism. For example, there appear in it two blind men—an idea perhaps borrowed from Dürrenmatt—whom the girls apparently know well and address both as inspector. They are incognito: they disguise themselves as newsvendors. The newspapers cost two forints, which the girl's pay for with a 100-forint note and do not ask for change. And the two inspectors, on their part, "do not see" the prostitution in the square. Indeed they cannot see for they are blind—though not so blind as not to be able to read out a relevant passage from *Das Kapital*.

The plot of the musical is not over-complicated. The neophyte innocence of the statue-girl in white—her name is Comeback, spelt as one word, for this is what the statue-soldier calls upon her to do—causes great excitement among the "regulars." Antipathy, too, since the customers are queuing up for her. Before, however, the girls gang up on her, the soldier loses his nerve and kills his reluctant lover with a burst of submachine-gun fire. The "current price" of the dead symbol soars: the professionals find a new image for themselves instead, and the bare-footed prostitute dressed in white comes into vogue.

Rákóczi Square elaborates on a clever idea based on a somewhat rough-and-ready script, and with the help of songs sounding harsh and husky in words and music alike. The emphases intended to be dramatic are clearly voiced by these songs—by Zsolt Döme—while the book seems to consist of cabaret sketches scraped together from various sources. This may have been intentional, too: who knows where the play would lead if it were to explore its basic idea?

If we do not take the theme seriously, then the play is a musical of protest against male sexual chauvinism. Aristophanes' Lysistrata and her companions did not grumble over their husbands' martial diposition as angrily as the amazons at Rákóczi Square expose the dirty habits of their customers. Conditions seem to inevitably deteriorate. To stay with the history of drama: Madách's school-boys in *The Tragedy of Man* leave the school-bench still with the exultant sense that it is glorious to *épater* the philistine, but the students of Schwajda and Döme, barely out the door of their educational institution, immediately step into some dirt. This is as if the question were nothing more than a musical lashing out at hygienic conditions.

It follows from the nature of the genre that the performance is built upon direct effects, the fundamental function being to let songs and dance claim a bigger part as soon as possible. It is not normal in this case for the cast to act in a finely chiselled individual way. Here the company are venting collective feeling and, acting with an appropriate musical background, prove to be essentially on a level with the requirements of the genre. The actors are visibly filled with passion and anger. They would like to see things go well—on Rákóczi Square.

The title of János Gosztonyi's play is an address of sinister memory. Before the war the Arrow-Cross House stood there, the headquarters of the Hungarian fascist party, the scene of torture and execution under the Arrow-Cross rule of terror in 1944. And in the early 1950s the same building housed the State Security Authority with its offices, torture-rooms and dungeons. In this latter period, in which the play is set, the street bore another name, Stalin Avenue.

We still do not know much about what really happened in the 1950s. For example, we do not know many of the details of the mechanism of show trials, or we can see only as much as Örkény has conjured up in a stylized manner in his play, in its scene of a trial conducted in gibberish. The documents of those trials have not yet been made public, we have not brought into Hungary the relevant works published abroad such as Darkness at Noon (though it is due to appear soon), or Costa Gavras's film on the Slansky trial in Prague. It may be that, indirectly, both these and others are evoked in Gosztonyi's play, which has openly made use of certain books of reference in order to re-create the authentic historical atmosphere of the building named in the title.

60 *Andrássy Street* is a remarkable and important piece. It is of documentary and moral value. The former is brought about by presenting the everyday routine of the State Security Authority, by reconstructing the preparation of a mock trial, from the moment the arrested victim, Ervin Rubányi, head of the press department of a ministry, is brought into the building and is subjected to systematic torture with a view to forcing him to make a false confession that would justify the false charges. Even on this first dramatic plane Gosztonyi is thickening the plot, contracting space and time, presenting the process of interrogations as part of some confused, larger mechanism with the scene limited to a single room, in which interrogators of various rank, turnkeys and typists "are at work"—coming and going, relieving one another, preparing their meals, playing table-football, dressing themselves, etc.—demonstrating that similar doings take place in other rooms at the same feverishly slow speed.

The aim of the Authority is clear: gradually to force the chosen victim into a state of doubt and fear by magnifying episodes of his life which—true or not—might be suitable for linking his case with the Rajk trial. This plane of the play calls for authentic, realistic details: the wife's evidence disowning her husband, confrontation with defendants or witnesses who have been drilled or tampered with earlier, testimony accepted and memorized bit by bit, or a "test-case" preliminary to the trial.

In the next phase the author continues spacing out the details, he enhances the text in blank verse and articulating even the roughest naturalism in a terse style, goes beyond the limits of political expression towards a higher literary form. The play is not an easy one to perform—far more difficult then the variety stunt introducing the play, during which Rubányi is arrested in public—but mostly it goes off well. The writer has hit upon a tone which eliminates theatrical journalese but is at the same time free from literary manners. It is not certain that the "story" placed in perspective as a sequence of events is not true in all its actual details, but it is definitely true as regards the deeper interrelations, and this is what enhances its moral value. Some dramatic dissonance is

still to be found at a few points, for example, in the dénouement involving the neophyte lieutenant-typist's conflict of conscience and suicide.

The writer is lucky to have his own company to work with. In his capacity as an actor and director, Gosztonyi does not appear on the Radnóti stage, but his presence at rehearsals could hardly have been the often annoying presence of an author tolerated as a guest. A harmonious collaboration is spoken for by the performance. The cast creates a theatrical authenticity for the historical street-number with zeal, genuine devotion and empathy. The interior of the eclectic building erected towards the end of last century is changed into an appropriate location which—fulfilling the triple function of torture-room, office and prison cell—has an effect faintly surrealistic in its crampedness. This is precisely what the director András Márton needs in order to make the events taking place here concrete in historical terms and abstract in the manner of Kafka. Márton is careful about the verifiable details, the dance music to be heard on radio, the contemporary hair-cuts and clothing, but at the same time he takes care also that the frightening confusion of the official hierarchy remains or that the spectator is infected with the insecurity created by the unpredictable system.

Most of the actors accordingly have a double role to play. The meaning of words is different from what the gestures imply. The company too are excellent in metacommunication. Where interrogators are concerned, even in the absence of badges of rank it is possible to distinguish between a refined sadist with a classical education, an empathic-companionable fellow, and a stand-offish type apparently suffering from a gastric ulcer. The others also bear the stamp of authenticity; the typists, for example, are like clippings from contemporary fashion magazines.

It follows from the construction of the play that it motivates the "fabrication" of the trial better than the drama which the victim is living through in the meantime. Ultimately, Rubányi refuses to become a subject of manipulation. Since we can be manipulated until we have seen clearly all the details of our historical antecedents, we have to take seriously the warning of the play: We can totally efface the past sung by "The Internationale" only if first we confess to it.

TAMÁS KOLTAI

IN SEARCH OF A TRILOGY

István Szabó's Hanussen at Cannes

It is a trilogy or is it not? This is a point debated by critics at the Cannes film festival, where the Hungarian cinema was represented this year by István Szabó's *Hanussen*. It should be stated that it received a more modest press reception than his *Colonel Redl* or, still more, his *Mephisto*. On the other hand, as far as distribution is concerned, since *Somewhere in Europe*—that is, for about forty years—no other Hungarian motion picture has aroused similar world-wide interest. It would be easy to arrive at the superficial conclusion that Szabó's name has become more famous and more attractive to the public since the Oscar awarded for *Mephisto*, but his recent production itself is not as outstanding as his previous two films. But we might suspect also that there has always been a discrepancy between the criteria for commercial and artistic success.

I for one, however, cannot evade the question of how my colleagues—or even I myself—would have received this film if it had not been preceded by *Redl* and, especially, by *Mephisto*. I wonder whether in this case *Hanussen* has not taken the credit (and the Oscar with it) which has gone to *Mephisto*.

Frankly, there is no simple answer to the question and I will avoid giving one until the end of this review. The fact is that Cannes is sensitive to all kinds of *déjà vu*, even if the new variant provides, in certain respects, another vision and interpretation of the old theme. It may be that East Central Europe, which has in the past few years become so fashionable, has begun to lose some of its interest. If *Hanussen* is the concluding piece of a trilogy, if therefore it is part of a larger whole, it is upgraded and if it is not, it will be underrated as a repeat performance. István Szabó has probably committed a tactical mistake by admitting that he does not consider the three productions to be a trilogy.

Nor are they to my mind. The relationship of *Mephisto* with *Redl* is that both are centred upon the analysis of the psychology of treason. But looking for this motif in *Hanussen* is a vain effort. The film is related to *Mephisto* by the fact that both deal with Nazism's coming to power, but this issue is not raised in *Redl*. It would take a great effort to discover a basic idea or motif common to all three films. What is common to them is the style, a method of representation taken from *art nouveau*, or modern style, a means that is suggestive, artistic and expressive in its atmosphere, but which is a feature —characteristic of each of Szabó's films— which has matured in his latest three works.

The possibility of a realistic comparison of *Hanussen* with *Mephisto* is given, because the focus of attention is taken up by the conflict between a man of extraordinary abilities and an extremely cruel regime, a conflict which is resolved in the first case—in the case of *Mephisto*—by compromise, by submission, and in the second case by a political assassination making it possible for the dictatorship to liquidate, practically by legal means, those who stand in its way. In the first case, the price of physical survival is the renunciation —or possibly the death—of honesty and conviction; in the second case, however, death is the reward for professional honesty. The model in both films is a real man who was widely known in his days. While in *Mephisto* the figure has come to the director and scenarist through a literary work—Klaus Mann's novel of the same title—the script-writers for both films, István Szabó and Péter Dobai, have constructed the story by themselves from elements of the life of Erik Jan Hanussen (whose real name was Klaus Schneider).

The decisive difference, however, is that in the case of *Mephisto* we can witness, in the volte-face of a famous actor and director, a sociological phenomenon typical at the time when Nazism came into power in Germany: the German intelligentsia's submission to Hitler, a mystery which many people have tried to solve; Szabó's *Mephisto* is one of those solutions. *Hanussen*, on the other hand, carries in its uniqueness and its single occurrence the typical artistic quality which, in sociological terms, can by no means be called really typical. In fact, even if hypnotists are many and can be regarded as professionals, yet mind-readers are far fewer in number, and clairvoyants are still fewer. And the dividing line between the problems posed by this social status and the problems of an actor-intellectual seeking career and security is sharper than it appears from the motion picture. Precisely because this ability always has a suspicion of swindling about it —Hanussen's first prophesy, which comes true in connection with the sinking of an ocean-going ship, may have been a clever bluff wrapped in obscure terms, the second about Hitler's election victory may have been due to a sharp insight into reality, while the third, predicting the Reichstag fire (as formulated by contemporary suppositions) may have been the mystified leakage of a piece of information acquired by chance —and if this author does not intend to un-

mask the protagonist but also believes in him, then his film must be lent a sort of symbolic-parable character, which therefore differs from that of *Mephisto*. It requires some twentieth-century variant of the Cassandra myth, the drama of seeing into the future in an age pregnant with disaster.

However, the metaphysical or metahistorical dimension is missing from the film and this is why it can be felt to be a duplicate of *Mephisto*. The foresight of our Hanussen is a special faculty of an apolitical man indifferent to the fate of mankind, a man who does not know that—even as an ignored Cassandra—he might be, with his special ability, either a benefactor of his fellow-beings or an accomplice of criminals. He predicts Hitler's election victory with the same "professional honesty"—which makes him a favourite of the Nazis—as he foretells the Reichstag fire, which induces the Nazis to do away with him. What comes to pass in him in the meantime, whether something does pass at all, we are not told. Hanussen can see into the future, but this seer does not become a prophet, because in his self this future does not mature into history, into fate and nemesis, it remains a production on the stage of a variety theatre. This is so even when his visions ought to expand the variety stage into a world theatre. Thus history impresses only through a superficial irritating effect—both Höffgen and Redl as individuals are more exciting than Hanussen—although the plot implies the possibility of becoming a specific and interesting prism of the most horrible holocaust in our century and, most probably, in history.

Of course, István Szabó is a great director of motion pictures. His suggestiveness prevails completely in this film, too. One of his masterly strokes is the way in which he leads the spectator into the hell of the First World War, towards the close of which the Austrian sergeant Klaus Schneider, having suffered a serious head injury, is taken into a field hospital, where he meets Major Dr Bettelheim, who recognizes the patient's hypnotic ability and makes him realize it. The director represents the curious world of the twenties and thirties with its insecurity, hysteria, political tensions, mysticism and occultism, as he brings before us the peculiar colours of Budapest, Vienna, Karlsbad, and Berlin—the chaotic turmoil of Central Europe—in an enduring artistic accomplishment, a mastery of visual expression in some places. But what he relates in the language of the epic holds, in my view, too fast to the superficial and sensation-mongering reports of the contemporary press without adding to them or, through psychological perception, making original occurrences out of them. What the *Mephisto* scenario has produced so masterfully from Klaus Mann's book is somewhat superior to what the plotting of events in *Hanussen* shows in contrast to the facts of reality. Even if this film rivals *Mephisto* in respect of interest—for a seer is always interesting—it does not so in depth or value.

The somewhat illustrative character of the scenario is eased by the excellent direction, the atmospheric power of the work of cameraman Lajos Koltai, the performance of an excellent team of actors. Klaus Maria Brandauer as Hanussen, after Höffgen and Redl, again testifies to his extraordinary ability to interpret human character. Here is an actor's paradox: although he himself has said he does not believe in prophetic faculties, yet he convinces us of the genuineness of this Hanussen, of his extraordinary, virtually supernatural ability. In addition to him, we feel that deserving of special mention among the members of this marvellous international cast—Hungarian, Austrian, Polish and Swedish—are Erland Josephson and Ildikó Bánsági.

In my opening paragraphs I promised to answer a question. I think I have. It is probable that the international appreciation of *Hanussen* would have been higher if it had not been preceded by *Mephisto* and *Redl*, but *Mephisto* nevertheless deservedly won its Oscar.

ERVIN GYERTYÁN

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ACZÉL, Endre (b. 1944). Journalist. Read Russian and linguistics at the University of Budapest. 1968–1985 worked for MTI, the Hungarian News Agency, since 1986 on the staff of Hungarian Television. Has been a correspondent in Peking and in London. Now in charge of Hungarian Television News.

BÁN, András (b. 1951). Art critic. Read mathematics and art history at Budapest University. Between 1974 and 1986 on the staff of *Élet és Irodalom*, a literary weekly, since 1986 on the staff of *Magyar Nemzet*, a daily.

BERNÁTH, Mária (b. 1935). Art historian. A graduate of the University of Budapest. 1959–1969 on the staff of the Art History Documentation Centre, since 1969 on that of the Research Group of Art History of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Specialises in the Hungarian art of the fin-de-siècle. Has published books on the painters Rippl-Rónai, 1976, and Pál Szinyei Merse, 1981.

BORGÓ, András (b. 1946). Musicologist. A graduate of the Liszt Ferenc Academy of Music. 1969–1970 taught music at a general school in Budapest, since 1970 in Austria. First violinist of the orchestra of the Innsbruck Theatre. Has been publishing regularly in the musical monthly *Muzsika*.

BREUER, János (b. 1932). Musicologist, critic, staff member of the Hungarian Musicians' Association, editor of the journal *Magyar Zene*. His special field is 20th-century Hungarian music and its international connections, on which he has published several books. See "Pál Kadosa—Composer, Pianist, Teacher," *NHQ* 80, "Adorno's Image of Bartók," 81, "Kodály in England," 87, "Kodály and Britten," 88, "Schoenberg and his Hungarian Advocates," 110, and "Schoenberg's Paintings," 111.

DOMOKOS, Mátyás (b. 1928). Critic. Reader at Szépirodalmi Publishing House since 1953. Has published collections of poetry reviews, a volume of interviews, essays and edited a collection of Hungarian short stories published in German by Horst Erdmann Verlag in 1975. See "Gyula Illyés, a Living Classic," *NHQ* 88, "The Poet Taking Sides, (The last TV interview with Gyula Illyés)", 91, "Eastern Roots, Western Culture," 100, "Szondi and Illyés", 104.

FERENCZI, László (b. 1937). Literary historian. A graduate of the University of Budapest. Senior Research Fellow of the Institute of Literary History of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. His field is the period of the Enlightenment, and early twentieth century Hungarian and world literature. Author of books on Voltaire, Paul Eluard, and Lajos Kassák. On the latter, see "The Triumph of Will and Conviction," *NHQ* 106.

FRANK, János (b. 1925). Art critic, one of our regular art reviewers.

GRIFFITHS, Paul (b. 1947). Music critic of *The Times* of London. Has written books on Bartók, Boulez, Cage, Maxwell Davies, Ligeti, Messiaen, and the string quartet. See his "Contemporary Music at the Budapest Music Weeks," *NHQ* 109 and his record reviews 109, 110, and 111.

GRÓSZ, Károly (b. 1930). General Secretary of the HSWP formerly Prime Minister of Hungary (1987—1988). Started his working life as a printer's apprentice. Studied at the Party Academy and at the University of Budapest. Joined the Communist Party in 1945. From 1950 on the staff of the central apparatus of the Hun-

garian Party, later a professional soldier. 1962–1988 Party Secretary at Hungarian Radio and Television. From 1979–1984 First Secretary of the Party Committee of County Borsod-Abaúj-Zemplén, from 1984 First Secretary of the Budapest Party Committee. Prime Minister since 1987 and General Secretary of the HSWP since 1988.

GYERTYÁN, Ervin (b. 1925). Our regular film critic.

GYÖRFFY, Miklós (b. 1942). Our reviewer of prose fiction.

KOLTAI, Tamás (b. 1942). Our regular theatre critic.

KONRÁD, György (b. 1933). Writer, sociologist. A graduate in literature of the University of Budapest. 1957–1965 a youth social worker, 1965–1969 a sociologist on the staff of the Town Planning Office. His first novel, *A látogató* (The Case Worker) was translated into many languages and brought him worldwide acclaim. Konrád's other works include: *A városalapító* (The City Builder), Magvető, 1977; *The Loser*, 1982, and *Az értelmiség útja az osztályhatalomhoz* (The Intellectuals on the Road to Class Power), written in 1974 in cooperation with the sociologist Iván Szelényi, who now lives in New York; this got the authors briefly in trouble at the time. A new novel, *Kerti mulatság* (The Garden Party) is about to be published by Magvető. Konrád makes his home in Budapest but also holds a teaching position at an American university.

LATOR, László (b. 1927). Poet, translator. Graduated in Hungarian and German from the University of Budapest: 1951–1956 taught in a secondary school, since then an editor at Európa, a Budapest publishing house specializing in foreign literature. Has published a number of volumes of poems as well as translations of works by Jouve, Trakl, Montale, Lermontov, Blokh, and Mandelstam. See "Can one Translate Attila József?", *NHQ* 80.

LÁNCZ, Sándor (b. 1919). Art historian and critic, a graduate of the University of Budapest, research fellow (now retired) at the Art History Research Group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, specializing in modern art with an emphasis on post-war Hungarian art. Has published several books on Hungarian artists. See "The Visionary Art of Lajos Szalay," *NHQ* 81, "The Rediscovery of Hugo Scheiber," 105.

LENGYEL, Balázs (b. 1918). Critic, our regular poetry reviewer.

LÓSKA, Lajos (b. 1951). Art critic. Read Hungarian literature and art history at the University of Budapest. From 1975 on the staff of *Művészet*, an art monthly. His main field is contemporary graphic art, with special emphasis on the sixties and seventies. See "The Classical Scribbles of Árpád Szabados," *NHQ* 103, "The Painting of Béla Veszelszky," 104, "Hungarian Graphic Art 1986," 106, "After the Transavantgarde," 107, and "From Plane Constructivism to Eclecticism," 109.

MARTIN, József (b. 1944). Journalist. A graduate of the Karl Marx University of Economics in Budapest. Since 1967 on the staff of *Magyar Nemzet*, the daily of the Patriotic People's Front. For four years was its Moscow correspondent and is now its foreign editor. Has published articles on international affairs and the world economy.

MÉSZÖLY, Miklós (b. 1921). Novelist. Studied law, after a series of casual jobs devoted himself to writing. Published his first story in 1943, but his first collection appeared only in 1957. Has published a dozen volumes of fiction, collections of essays and plays, in foreign languages as well. See his

"Report on Five Mice," *NHQ* 31, "The Falcons," 40, and "Hungarian Story," 78.

MERRICK, Paul (b. 1946). Musicologist, a graduate of Oxford University. Author of *Revolution and Religion in the Music of Liszt*, Cambridge University Press, 1987. See "A New Permanent Bartók Exhibition," *NHQ* 108.

NEMES, Gábor (b. 1948). Journalist. A graduate of the Department of International Economy at Lomonosov University of Leningrad. 1971–1978 worked for the National Planning Office, since 1978 on the staff of Hungarian Radio. His field is foreign policy. From 1982 to 1987 was its correspondent in Berlin and is now in Warsaw.

PATAKI, Gábor (b. 1955). Art critic. Read Art History, Aesthetics and History at the University of Budapest. On the staff of the Art History Research Group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. His main field of research is Hungarian art of the thirties and forties, with special emphasis on the "European School". See "101 Objects in the Óbuda Gallery," *NHQ* 100, "Two Artists Rediscovered," 101, written with Péter György, "Resigned Emancipation," 107, and "A New Generation of Sculptors," 109.

POZSGAY, Imre (b. 1933). Member of the Political Committee of the HSWP, Minister of State. Read History and Philosophy at the University of Szeged. Worked at the Bács County Committee of the HSWP, then as a Deputy Editor of *Társadalmi Szemle*, the Party's theoretical monthly; later Minister of Culture, then general secretary of the National Council of the Patriotic People's Front. Among his recent publications in *NHQ*, see "The Intention of Economics and Politics," 76, and "National Unity, Socialism, Democracy," 101.

SOMFAI, László (b. 1934). Musicologist. Heads the Bartók Archives of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Teaches history of music at the Liszt Ferenc Academy of Music. Publications include *Joseph Haydn: His Life in Contemporary Pictures*, 1977 (in English), and *Joseph Haydn zongoraszonátái* (Joseph Haydn's Piano Sonatas"), 1979. Among his recent publications in *NHQ* see "Liszt's Influence on Bartók Reconsidered," 102, and "A Facsimile Edition of a Bartók Notebook," 107.

SOMLYÓ, György (b. 1920). Poet. Has published numerous volumes of poems as well as books on poetry. Author of two novels, a book on the poet Milán Füst, and studies on contemporary poetry. Has translated many French, English, Latin and North American poets. Editor of *Arion*, a yearbook of poetry, fiction and criticism in several languages, published by Corvina Press, Budapest. See his poems in *NHQ* 23, 32, 57, 91 and his "The Wound of Philoctetes," *NHQ* 86.

SZIRTES, George (b. 1948). Poet and painter, born in Budapest. Teaches art and runs the Starwheel Press in Hitchin, near London. His latest volume of poems, *Metro*, was published by Oxford University Press in 1988. During recent visits to Budapest, he has begun to rediscover his native language and culture; his autobiographical essay, written for *NHQ* 99, as well as a number of poems and translations, are the first results of this experience. See also translations of poems by Dezső Kosztolányi, *NHQ* 98, "A Dual Heritage," 99, "Örkény in English," 102, a review of Miklós Radnóti's autobiography in English in 105, and "Moholy-Nagy," 109.

SZOKAI, Imre (b. 1950). Economist. Deputy Head of the Department of Foreign Affairs of the Central Committee of the HSWP. A graduate of the Karl Marx University of Budapest. When serving in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was *en poste* in Albania and Yugoslavia.

SZŰCS, Jenő (b. 1928). Historian, a graduate of the University of Budapest. After working in the National Archives, since 1960 has been working for the Institute of History of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, from 1975 head of its Medieval Department. Since 1986 has been teaching medieval Hungarian history at the University of Budapest. His special interest is the economy, society and ideology of medieval Hungary. Major works include *Nation und Geschichte*, Corvina, 1981, and *Les trois Europes*, L'Harmatta, 1985.

TABAJDI, Csaba (b. 1952). Economist. Deputy Head of the Department of Foreign Affairs of the Central Committee of the HSWP, a graduate of the Karl Marx University of Economics of Budapest. For a time Cultural Attaché in Moscow. Has contributed to journals on the theory of culture, Soviet and Hungarian foreign policy, European questions, and the problems of national minorities.

TURNER, Frederick (b. 1943). Poet and scholar. A graduate of Oxford University. Since 1985 has been teaching literature at the University of Texas at Dallas. Author of volumes of poetry, novels, criticism, essays, pamphlets, short stories, aphorisms. His interests include biological structuralism, literature and science, science fiction, narrative poetry. Among his works in progress is a major collection of translations of the poems of Miklós Radnóti (with Zsuzsanna Ozsváth).

ZSOLT, Róbert (b. 1924). Journalist. Sports editor of the daily *Magyar Nemzet*. Has published fourteen books, including a sociology of sport in two parts, *Labdarúgók, sportolók* (Footballers, sportsmen) and *Sportolók, sporterkölcsök* (Sportsmen and the ethics of sport).

Articles appearing in this journal are indexed in
HISTORICAL ABSTRACTS; AMERICA, HISTORY AND LIFE;
ARTS & HUMANITIES CITATIONS INDEX

FROM OUR NEXT ISSUES

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF RESTRUCTURING
Rezső Nyers

REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION
Kálmán Kulcsár

PLURALISM IN SOCIALISM
József Bayer

A HUNGARIAN POET IN RUMANIA: INTERVIEW WITH
Sándor Kányádi

TRANSYLVANIA THROUGH FRENCH EYES
Jean Guiscard

1956 — REVOLUTION OR COUNTER-REVOLUTION?
Interview with Tamás Nagy

BEING REMADE AS AN ENGLISH POET
George Szirtes

WHY WAS ADMIRAL HORTHY NOT CONSIDERED A WAR CRIMINAL?
Éva Haraszti-Taylor

INTERDISCIPLINARITY OR INTERDILLETTANTISM
Sándor Koch

THE NEW HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY

may be obtained from the following distributors:

AUSTRALIA: Globe Book Co., 702, George St. Sydney NSW 2000
AUSTRIA: Globus Vertrieb Ausländischer Zeitchriften Höchstädtplatz 3. A-1206 Wien
Libro-Disco P.F. 572. A-1010 Wien
BELGIUM: "Du Monde Entier" S.A. Rue du Midi 162. B-1000 Bruxelles
BRASIL: Livraria D. Landy Ltda. Rue 7 de Abril 252. 01044 Sao Paulo
CANADA: Hungarian Ikka and Travel Service 1208 Granville Street, Vancouver B.C. V6Z 1M4
Pannonia Books, P.O. Box 1017 Postal Station "B" Toronto, Ont. M5T 2T8
Studio Délibáb, 3717 St. Urbain Street, Montreal, Que. H2X 2P5
DENMARK: Munksgaard 35 Nørre Søgade, DK-1370 Copenhagen K
FINLAND: Akateeminen Kirjakauppa, Keskuskatu 2. SF-00100 Helsinki 10.
FRANCE: Association France—Hongrie, 8, rue de Montyon F-75009 Paris
Société Balaton, 12, rue de la Grange Batelière 12. F-75009 Paris
FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY: H. und S. Katko, Musica Hungarica Rümannstr. 4. D-8000 München 40.
Kubon und Sagner, Postfach 34 01 08 D-8000 München 34.
Kunst und Wissen, Postfach 46. D-7000 Stuttgart 1.
Otto Harrassowitz, Postfach 2929 D-6200 Wiesbaden
Ujváry–Griff, Titurelstr. 2. D-8000 München 81.
Wissenschaftliche Versandbuchhandlung Harry Münchberg, Postafach 4204 D-3394 Langesheim 2.
Zeitschriften und Fachbuchvertrieb GmbH und Co. KG;
P.O.B. 101610 D-5000 Köln 1.
GREAT BRITAIN: Collet's Holdings Ltd. Dennington Estate, Wellinborough Northants NN8 2QT
Hungarian Book Agency, 87 Sewardston Road London E2 9HN
NETHERLANDS: Faxon Europe, P.O.B. 197, 1000 AD Amsterdam
ISRAEL: Sándor Gondos, P.O.B. 44515, 31333 Haifa
Hadash, P.O.B. 26116, 62160 Tel-Aviv
Lepac Ltd. 15. Rambar Str. Tel-Aviv
NORWAY: Narvensen Info Center, Box 6125 Etterstad, N-0602 Oslo 6.
SWEDEN: Esselte Tidskrifiscentralen, P.O.B. 638, S-101 28 Stockholm
SWITZERLAND: Magda Szerday, Teichweg 16. CH-4142 Münchenstein
Schweizer Buchzentrum, Postfach, CH-4601 Olten
U.S.A.: Center of Hungarian Literature 4418 16th Avenue, Brooklyn N.Y. 11204
Ebsco Industries Inc. P.O.Box 1943, Birmingham Ala. 35201
F. W. Faxon Company, 15 Southwest Park, Westwood, Mass. 02090
Framo Publishing, 561 West Diversey Parkway Room 19. Chicago, Ill. 60614
Otto's Import Store, 2320 W. Clark Ave., Burbank Ca. 91506
Püski–Corvin, 251 E. 82 Street, New York, N.Y. 10028
YUGOSLAVIA: Forum Vojvode Misica broj 1. 21000 Novi Sad

KULTURA HUNGARIAN TRADING COMPANY FOR BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS, H-1389 Budapest P.O.B. 149