

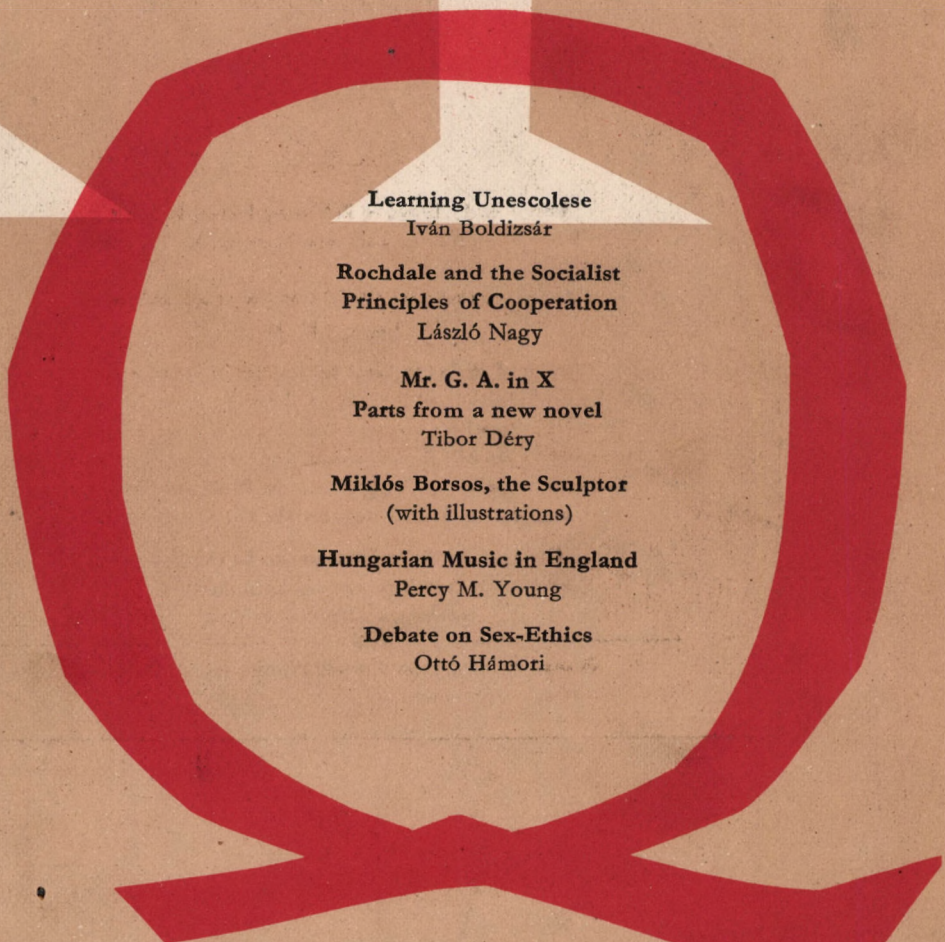
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The New

Hungarian Quarterly



Learning Unescoese
Iván Boldizsár

**Rochdale and the Socialist
Principles of Cooperation**
László Nagy

Mr. G. A. in X
Parts from a new novel
Tibor Déry

Miklós Borsos, the Sculptor
(with illustrations)

Hungarian Music in England
Percy M. Young

Debate on Sex-Ethics
Ottó Hátori

The New Hungarian Quarterly

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LEARNING UNESCOLESE

Diary of an educational, scientific and cultural exercise

by

IVÁN BOLDIZSÁR

November, 1962.

Arrival in Paris

The Hungarian plane arrives in Paris not by the main entrance of Orly, but by the back door of Le Bourget. "The stage door," amended the captain of the airliner—his name too was "Captain" (*Kapitány* in Hungarian)—as we said good-bye to each other after an impeccably smooth, unnoticeable landing. We laughed. Ten days later newspaper-readers all over the world came to know his name. Suppose that same IL-18 of MALÉV, flown by the same pilot, had been able to land at Orly, ten days later? God knows, I really did intend when I wrote the title on top of this blank piece of foolscap, to begin the text itself in "Unescolese," in a gay self-ironizing tone, with respect for the institution and rather a liking even for its peculiarities, its exaggerations and its very Unesconess. But the memory of this 1962 autumn stay in Paris has been scorched by that burning aircraft. It was the thirteenth when I boarded it in Budapest, the last to do so, for the engine of my car had stalled on the first wintry day and I had had difficulty in getting a taxi. In fact I had phoned to the Ferihegy Airport to ask them to wait for me, if they would be so kind.

At the top of the stairs I immediately complained of my ill luck to the stewardess. "Ah," she said, "you see it's the thirteenth. . ." She could not finish the sentence, for two members of the plane's crew interrupted her, and one of the blue-uniformed men actually put his hand over her mouth.

"Air passengers are always superstitious," said the man in the uniform, probably the navigator.

And on an indifferent twenty-third of the month they were all burned to cinders—the superstitious passengers and the un-superstitious blue-uniformed girls and men. It is difficult to rid oneself of the memory of the catastrophe, not only because this was the first Hungarian airliner to crash for over ten years, but also because we are a small country, young among

the flying nations, unlike the KLM-Dutch, the Sabena-Belgians and the SAS-Scandinavians. For us this is such a rare event that it sends a shudder through the whole nation. And everyone knows everyone else. The Unesco delegates thought it a strange coincidence when they came to shake our hands in sympathy and we told them that some of the victims had been friends of ours.

"It isn't a coincidence," I said.

"Really?" they asked, and went their way.

How little they understand us. Can it be that we, in our turn, show as little understanding for the new African nations? For there even fewer people all know each other.

*

Paris was bathed in sunshine. Everyone at this stage-door airport was smiling. We had brought them fine weather, for it had been pouring all week and had only cleared up an hour before. When you arrive in Paris you always feel you have been lucky at the lotteries and have just won the whole world for your prize. The sunshine adds bodily delight to this bull's eye euphoria. I looked out through the window of the car and waved to the familiar streets and the unfamiliar women. A splendid reception committee had turned out to meet me at the airport. I was a trifle perplexed. Why had the jurist Sz. and the mathematician H. come out for my arrival? The Twelfth General Conference of UNESCO had been opened a week before. Had they so little to do?

"Who are you waving to?" asked H.

I am always a little put out when I have to talk with mathematicians.

"I noticed an acquaintance."

"Female?" asked H.

This was a surprise. I had remembered H. from the Piarist School, where he had been my senior by a year, as an introverted lad with a horror of jokes. He is still somewhat boyish, and I would never have dreamt that he had an eye for women.

"Yes," I answered with relief. Our car had been halted by a red traffic light.

"Which one?" asked H.

I pointed to a very pretty one. We all three turned back. The girl was just crossing behind us. Windowglass keeps out ultraviolet rays, but male stares appear to be more powerful. She felt that we were looking at her. I waved again. She waved back and flitted up on the sidewalk.

H. and Sz. looked at me with undisguised admiration.

"Why did you come out to meet me? It's very kind of you, but you shouldn't have bothered." I had to say something.

"We thought you would bring a new Budapest joke," answered H. and pointed to the girl. "But this was worth more. Now we are really beginning to feel we are in Paris."

I did not quite understand.

"We sit at the General Conference all day. We have got as far as the plenary sessions. They're deadly dull. The committees—they'll be the real thing."

"Why don't you come away sometimes?"

"We can't," they both answered at once.

I tried to argue with them. They were certainly joking. Were they trying to pull my leg? Surely the delegation's discipline wasn't all that severe? For if it was, I might as well turn back—the plane would be starting home in an hour's time. They protested. No, it wasn't that. It was simply that you could not go away. I reassured them I would show them how. They just laughed.

The reason why I did not believe them was that I had not yet learned Unescolese. I was soon to find out that they had been right.

Approaching to Unesco

Whoever it was that chose the Hungarian delegation their hotel had chanced on a good one—though when I first read that it was called the *Hotel Splendid* I was a bit worried. The British virtue of understatement is not one on which the French can pride themselves, and I was afraid lest the name conceal the opposite extreme. It was fortunately far from being really splendid, but it was near Unesco, and that was the main thing. It was only weeks later, when I was deep in the throes of *unesconitis*, the common affliction of all the delegates, that I was able really to appreciate how much it meant to be able to pop home, to have a wash and a short nap in the lunch-hour break.

Now, on the first day, I only made use of the first half of these facilities—a quick brush-up—then off to Unesco. I had forgotten that I was in Paris and that the city-goddess insisted on her share of homage. The building of the Splendid juts like the prow of a ship into that square, shaped like a cloven star, whose truncated side is formed by the wall of the grounds of the *École Militaire* ("*Défense d'afficher, loi du* eighteenthundred and something-or-other"), while the rays of the star are the Avenues Bosquet, de la Motte-Piquet and Tourville. Which way should I go?

I took some steps towards the frontage side of the École Militaire, for I felt a sudden desire to see the spaciousness of the Champ de Mars, with proportions and dimensions that are the embodiments of French logic. Then I quickly turned back. The inner frontage of the École Militaire, that which opens on the ornamental court opposite the Unesco building, is a finer sight. I therefore set off in this direction, embarking on one of those detours that make existence in Paris so pleasant, even when one has really been sent to Unesconia. On the opposite shore of the Avenue de Tourville there was a bookshop. I had intended only to look at the window, but there I was, inside. It was a place where only powerful strokes could save one from sinking. I discovered a new paperback series, bound in glossy, white paper, each volume carrying an excellent portrait on the title page and the two cabalistic figures 10-18, in good, thick print. I did not dare ask what they meant, for why should I let them know what a green-horn I was? Which should I fancy? Saint-Beuve? Freud? A Handbook on Cibernetics? Manifesto? A selection of de Gaulle? The youthful writings of Marx? The assortment is not exactly catholic, in the non-religious sense of the word. But that is as it should be. And it was this word that guided my hand in making a choice. It was to be a volume by Teilhard de Chardin. I had read an anthropological paper of his some ten years earlier, and nothing since, but now I keep coming across his name in every French, British, Belgian and Italian periodical. He is said to have become fashionable. I felt like sitting down in the next-door café and trying to discover the reason for the fashion. In fact I opened the book in the shop and read the first sentence on the page. It was a fine thought: "*Tout ce qui monte converge.*"

At all events I purchased an anti-propelling-pencil, one where a piece of rubber emerges instead of a lead. Then, in the grocery shop next door, I bought three packets of onion soup, because on other occasions I always left it to the last day and then forgot. I went down the Avenue de la Motte-Piquet to the next bookshop, inspecting every shop window on the way, noting the prices, comparing them with my spending allowance, and feeling not at all cheerful—not that the allowance was low, but rather that the prices were high. I entered this bookshop too, browsed among further pyramids of paperbacks, but finally bought a volume that cost thirteen and a half-francs instead of two and a half. It was a new work by Jean Thomas, published by Gallimard, with a title relating to my job. "U.N.E.S.C.O." Why the full stops were put between the letters, I do not know. This time—since even a blind salesman could have seen that I was a delegate and thus officially to be regarded as a green-horn by all Parisians—I could afford, as I was paying, to ask.

"What do the figures 10-18 on that new series mean?"

"The size of the volume, monsieur."

"Really? I thought it was the publisher's telephone number." They vouchsafed me a benign smile and I quickly made off—not without a pang of conscience that this had been bad publicity for Unesco.

Moreover, I was getting further away from the Unesco building. If I was now to go straight ahead, I ought to reach the Seine, and not just anywhere, but beside the esplanade of the Invalides. I hesitated. I was attracted by Unesco and my new assignment, but also by the city. It was the middle of November, and what if the sun did not shine again in the weeks to come? (It didn't.) I entered the glass-caged terrace of a bistro and poured the oil of a glass of beaujolais on the turmoil of my conscience. Paris immediately came nearer, and Unesco seemed further off. (I did not know yet that I was to buy the best wines with a considerable price allowance in the Unesco cooperative store.)

It was lunchtime, and to accompany the second glass of beaujolais I ordered a *bifteck*, with thinly sliced fried potatoes. The flavours too belong to Paris. I leant back and opened Jean Thomas' book. The title of the first chapter seemed to have been sent as a message specially to suit my momentary frame of mind: "*L'Unesco est à Paris*"—Unesco is in Paris. If the author, one of the spiritual fathers of Unesco, had thought it important to begin his thick volume with precisely this statement, then I could in all good conscience proceed to eat a freshly baked apple tart and even to ask for the wooden cheese-dish after it. Unesco belongs to Paris, Paris to Unesco. I did not know it at the time, but I have realized that I was now beginning to learn Unescolese. (Introductory explanations before the first language lesson—see all the Berlitzes, Potapovas and other Langenscheidts.)

It was now with perfect peace of mind that I walked down to the Seine, and Paris rewarded my perseverance by showing me the newly white-washed brow of the Invalides.

Architectural Unescolese

It was two o'clock by the time I reached the Place de Fontenoy, and this is a time when it is not good to arrive anywhere in Paris. "*L'heure sacrée de bouffer*"—put nicely, it is the sacred hour of nourishment, or, if I wish, the French can also mean the damned hour—it paralyses everything. For our delegation too a week had been sufficient to make them real Parisians, and it was no use my looking for them in the annex—the Batiment Saxe.

(They were right, and from the next day I also observed the sanctity of the hour.) I went back to the main entrance and hovered about there so uncertainly that a uniformed Unesco doorman called out to me:

"Hurry please, the conducted tour is about to begin."

It seems that in this one particular Jean Thomas was wrong—Unesco is not so much in Paris as to prevent one inspecting its palace with expert guidance at two p. m. I eagerly snatched at the opportunity, by way of a preliminary course to my office of delegate, to learn a little Unescoese in the capacity of a visitor. My enthusiasm was fired still further by the person of the cicerone—a young Indian girl with two jet-black tresses that reached down to her waist, a pair of snow-white cambric drawers closed at the ankles, an embroidered waistcoat, an Oxford drawl when she spoke English, an English accent in her French, and heaven knows what colouring to her Spanish. Hovering in front of the dozen or so visitors, she appeared as the incarnate Genius of Unesco.

I knew the building and its artistic treasures from a visit two years previously, though I did not then inspect it so systematically. I consider that Henry Moore's vast reclining female figure in the space formed by one of the inflexions of the Y-shaped building, is a pinnacle of modern art, and I cheerfully contend with squeamish viewers and fastidious or jealous artists in defence of this view. Now too, I set off towards the left-hand inflexion of the Y, the great forum or piazza, for somehow I could not imagine that an official tour of Unesco could begin with anything but Moore. But the Fairy Genius was strict—everything at the right time and place, sir. So we first went out in front of the main entrance and backed away a few dozen paces, as a painter does before his new canvas, to be able to survey the whole building all at one time.

This at least was the reason given by the Fairy Genius, though she knows better than I that the whole of the Y can only be seen at one time from a helicopter or the top of the Eiffel Tower. One of the strange attractions of the Y shape is precisely that it always conceals something from the viewer, but the entire building and its proportions both suggest the presence of the secret, and also render it desirable. It is probably no more than a belated theory to fit the facts, but it does seem as though the architects had intended to convey the attainable secret of the E, the S and the C in UNESCO.

The Fairy Genius was just telling us their names, stopping at each one and asking whether we did not want to make a note of it: the American Marcel Breuer, the Italian Pier Nervi, the French Bernard Zehrfuss. I almost interrupted her after Breuer's name it was on the tip of my tongue

to correct, or rather supplement, what the Fairy Genius had said, but I kept my peace. We had hardly exchanged a couple of words, so why should I meddle in her business? In any case I was lost in adoration of the building, as one of the greatest and—a point not to be sneezed at—one of the most beautiful works of contemporary architecture. Those with a perfect command of Unescolese—the members of the Secretariat—adore it a trifle less, especially in summer. It is then almost impossible to work in the large-windowed, balconiless and unshaded rooms. Last summer in M's office the sweat was pouring down my back after five minutes. This though the three architects were also helped by a six-member international committee, including the greatest, Le Corbusier himself. What inspired and useful sun-breakers of his I had seen in Marseilles! But these are only sunspots (perhaps in both senses of the word) on the face of a building whose international character is due not merely to the pooled imagination, love of material, style, personality and diversity of these three or nine architects, but also—as indeed the Fairy Genius stressed at each step—to the palpable participation of the member states of Unesco, in terms of stone, wood, metal, leather and glass. The fair wood of the library was offered by Sweden, and a Swedish artist planned the furnishings. The panneling of the walls was sent by Italy, from Carrara—not marble but its granular relative, travertin, which is for some reason more modern than marble. Moore also carved his Reclining Female of this material, at its present site. Belgium furnished the rooms of the Director General, Britain the hall of the Executive Council, Finnland the porch, Canada and Norway the great passage with its reception desks and the amusing hexagonal conversation nooks, linked to each other in honeycomb fashion. France, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Denmark and Switzerland furnished a committee room each. In the offices of the members of the Secretariat—in Unescolese all the two thousand-strong personnel, from the Director General to those who sort the documents, are called members of the Secretariat—the doors are Dutch, the handles and locks American, the linoleum on the floors is French, while Lebanon, Afghanistan, Marocco and Tunis have embellished the building with carpets.

The Fairy Genius knew all this by heart, only occasionally glancing at a small card. This obviously bore the names of the nations—woe betide, if she left out one of them and there happened to be a Czech or an Afghan in the group who took offence. Meanwhile we had passed by Jean Arp's bronze reliefs, which resemble nothing at all, least of all reliefs. They remind you of the leaves of trees, or perhaps rather of the butterfly-winged fruit of the elm. We stopped, of course we did, in front of Picasso's

worst painting—I beg pardon, but only for the superlative—in front of Picasso's *bad* painting, which need not and indeed cannot be compared, for it is *the* bad one. Those who defend it, defend this genius of our century and not this work of his. Perhaps one reason why it is not good is that there is no single point from which you can get a view of it. A concrete corridor at the mezzanine level cuts right across it and thus kills even the capricious rhythm of the composition. During the next five weeks I passed by it or rather under it—for it is 25 feet tall—at all hours of the day, sometimes two or three times. I grew sad each time. That this of all places, one of the brain-centres of the world, this monument to the first worthy intertwining of modern art and architecture, should house the bad Picasso—the only one among his three, eight or even more thousand works.

Later I learned that this bit of sadness was also a part of advanced Unescoese. From whichever part of the Globe, with whatever artistic taste—or lack of it—a member of the Secretariat or a delegate comes to these headquarters, the new harmony of material and expression embodied in this building transforms their outlook as did the cathedrals that of the medieval city dwellers. Within a relatively short time the style of the second half of the 20th century—for which a name has still to be found—becomes their artistic mother tongue, and in this language the word Picasso is not a subject but a predicate. And it is this very predicate, the soul of the sentence, that has not found its place in the artistic syntax of Unesco. Hence the slight feeling of something amiss, in front of the Picasso wall.

Even the Fairy Genius was more hesitant before Picasso than, say, in front of the two pottery walls of Juan Miró, which bear the name and the sign of the Sun and the Moon. The red of the Sun on the one, and the blue of the Moon on the other, can only be compared to the colours of medieval stained glass. Miró's wall, like the whole of the building, carries happy evidence of the great struggle between matter and artistic force. Like the building? Like Unesco itself.

In the grounds the curious, perpetually moving, semaphore-like *mobile* of the American Calder, searching for an equilibrium, sends its signals towards the immobility of Moore's figure, and in one of the halls on the ground floor the mural of the Mexican Tamayo has used the pretext of Prometheus, the fire-bringer, to paint a dithyramb of fiery reds, while on the seventh floor, this time not *sous* but *sur les toits de Paris*, after the paintings of the Dutch Appel, the Chilean Matta and the Italian Afro, we came to a fine, huge photograph, covering the whole wall. "We have

reached the last station of our tour," said the Fairy Genius, "and with this masterpiece of the youngest of the arts, the photograph of the French Brassai, we take leave of the building." By this time each member of our group had revealed his nationality. When my turn came to touch the Genius' hand, she kindly remarked that she was very sorry she had not been able to draw attention to the works of any Hungarian artist.

This time I simply had to reply. Not without a degree of confusion, like the child that boasts: "my daddy's a fireman . . .," I pointed out that this Brassai happened to be a Hungarian and that the architect Breuer was also one.

The Fairy Genius looked at me, aghast. "Oaoh . . .," she whispered, and at the next instant she had spirited herself away. I was later often to see her in the passages of the building. I always greeted her, and she always returned a stiff smile, quivered and fled.

Basic Unescolese

The room of the permanent Hungarian delegation in the Bâtiment Saxe, which has as little to do with Saxony as the Avenue whose name it bears, indicates that in a mere five years Unesco has outgrown its headquarters. Half the delegates were sitting on the tables, and their coats were piled on top of one another. They were in high spirits—not in celebration of my arrival, as my lyrical mood first led me to believe, but because of the resolution adopted by the Credentials Committee the previous day. They thought I also knew about it, in fact H. and Sz. did not mention it to me at the airport, because they were certain I had heard it before boarding the plane. Since 1956 the United States delegation had on each occasion—just as in the parent United Nations Organization—proposed that the General Conference should not recognize the legality of the Hungarian delegation's credentials. Now, the previous day, the American delegate had got up in the Credentials Committee and declared that this time he did not wish to raise the question of the Hungarian credentials.

My joy was perhaps even greater than the others'.

"This is the Brassai—Breuer business in reverse," I remarked. They understood me faster than I had hoped. The fact that these two Unesco artists are Hungarian did not really bother anyone, but the question of the delegation's credentials was a matter that annoyed not only us—it lay across the whole progress of international developments. Now, the moderate tone of the American delegate indicated a brightening of the entire international horizon.

Actually our job was to study the forthcoming speech of the head of our delegation. Cheered by the sunshine and by that of which it was the symbol, moreover with the perkiness of the freshman, I proposed that we stop beating about the bush and that the head of the delegation should, in the part about international relations, use the word "coexistence."

They stared at me, with astonishment and a touch of pity, as though I had recommended that they include the latest Budapest joke in the text.

"It seems you've been out of this Unesco business too long," remarked U. after a slight pause. (He enjoys a double link with Unesco—not only his many years' work there, but also the first letter of his name.) He was referring to my interrupted connection with that body. The fact is that I enjoyed the privilege of representing my country at the first Unesco Conference in 1946—then only in the capacity of an observer—after which I lost touch with it for many years. I could not know what was now patiently explained to me, the way the seniors explain things to new boys at school, that the word "coexistence" is too much charged with political connotations and therefore not to be used. It is not we who consider it too political, but we nevertheless refrain from using it because we do not wish to provoke those who do. Simple, isn't it? Obvious, surely: We do not want the Cold War, but coexistence, yet we do not use the word "coexistence" because that would put wind in the sails of the cold warriors, while on the other hand, by not using it, we are fighting against the Cold War.

The expression "peaceful coexistence" is therefore taboo, but Unescolese has its own Jolly Jokers to serve in its stead: "*mutual comprehension*" and "*peaceful collaboration*." These are *basic Unescolese*.

I was now to hear this language talked all afternoon at the Plenary Session. Essentially, the heads of all the delegations produced variations, permutations, combinations and paraphrases of these few nouns and adjectives. The audience was satisfied, and rightly so, for in place of barren arguments their common intent had found a common tongue. It is a pity that in most cases this was the *basic* form of Unescolese, with few individual or national traits—*basic* in the educational, scientific or cultural style than in that of formal diplomacy. As though the spokesmen of all the delegations were repeating roughly the same general sentiments. During the space of an hour and a half I listened to five speeches, and from the third onwards I was puzzling over just one question. Towards the end of the Session—fortunately we were in the incomprehensibly tiny ground-floor bar by now—I could not forbear from inquiring what sense there was in making these speeches. They did not argue one with another,

and most of them were pre-fabricated. There could in fact be no argument, unless it was over the sum of the budget. The Director General had asked for forty-one million dollars, which the Great Powers and the rich countries thought too much, while the lesser ones, particularly the Africans and the Asians, did not openly say it was too little, but were obviously displeased at the bargaining and the proposals that had been made for reducing it. All this could be dealt with in small committees, so why have these many similar speeches?

The disapproving answers showed that I had been thinking in a completely un-Unescolese manner. Every delegation, and thus every Member State, had to be given an opportunity to express its views. But the essential point was not this—it was what I had found so boring: the similarity of the speeches. Where had I put my wits if I failed to notice how important a matter this was? East and West, North and South, were actually saying the same thing. Did I imagine that that was what had happened at the previous General Conferences?

“There is no finer music than monotony,” said F., a member of the French delegation, whose own person can hardly be accused of being monotonous. “And another thing—have you ever tried how difficult it is to strike a more personal tone, to speak in a less diplomatic idiom, in the name of a country and of a government?”

I muttered, more to myself than anyone else, that I had, and that I had broken some teeth cracking that nut, but by this time we had to go back to the chamber. Here I received some unexpected help. The delegate of the Mongolian People’s Republic was just mounting the rostrum. Mongolia had been admitted to full membership of Unesco the previous day, together with Qatar, to become the 113th Member State. (If only I knew where Qatar was? I have thought of having a look several times since, but then I always forget. Now, as I write, I still do not know, and where am I to look? We have grown out of our atlases.)

The Mongolian delegate was a young woman with shiny black hair and of tiny build. She thanked the General Conference for its confidence, promised collaboration, and that they would study the plans and the budget. Nothing but clichés, they might well have been said by any of the previous delegates. Perhaps only her voice was a little warmer, more emotional. “My fatherland,” she started her next sentence, then she looked at the audience, put her prepared speech down on the table in front of her, and began freely, without any stock phrases, to talk about the country of her birth: About the spaciousness of the Mongolian plains, the sunrise that is more beautiful than at sea, the sudden nights and the flaring fires of the

shepherds, the young teachers who go off on horseback to fetch their pupils if they fail to go to school, the galloping steeds whose power and beauty are echoed in their songs.

Now no one was nodding in the very comfortable arm chairs. The delegates whispered to one another. And there was great applause. Is this to be the neo-Unescolese?

Ideological Unescolese

The next day we elected the new Director General. I must admit that beyond any political or other considerations, I was personally very anxious to see M. René Maheu elected. It turned out that there was no need for my anxiety, since he received a majority of almost ninety per cent. When the result was announced, I felt, through a somewhat surrealistic association of ideas, that Master M. S. of Esztergom had conceptually now also entered the government of this intellectual world organization. The reason why I had been anxious for Maheu to be elected was not merely because, during a June day's excursion up the Danube, I had come to admire the duelling wit that permitted him to penetrate with equal rapidity and sharpness to the profundities of a Budapest joke or the excavations at Esztergom, but also because he fell in love with the pictures of Master M. S. at the Esztergom Christian Museum. "Why do you make a secret of your masterpieces?" he had asked, "Why do we not know about them?" Now, if we no longer make a secret of them, and if others want to know about them, then perhaps Unesco can also contribute to a renaissance of the medieval Hungarian painter.

On the third day it turned out that the cave-like obscurity in which we had so far been sitting in the great conference hall was not obligatory. The huge hall is one of the successful experiments of modern architecture. Its walls and ceiling are of "folded" concrete, and the fortunate device was adopted of not covering them with plaster. As a result they arouse the same excitement in the viewer that the structure of the bare stones of Roman and Gothic churches produces. There are no windows, so that not only the light but also the air is artificial. There is no lack of air, but the lighting is generally rather austere. Not, of course, for reasons of thrift, but because the aim is to achieve the mood of an intimate study in the large hall. To do this, the small writing table of each delegate has a lamp of its own. They may all feel that they have retired to work on their papers. But the twilight, the bare walls and the absence of windows conjure up the atmosphere not only of a workshop, but also of a

cave. During the afternoon sessions, after the ample French luncheons and the good wines, no one minds this cave-like intimacy for their post-prandial nap.

Now, however, tropical light shone from behind the folded concrete pillars, while concealed floodlights drenched everything in equatorial sunshine. The new Director General was delivering his inaugural address.

Oh, how beautiful the French language is! How French this fifty-year-old, slim young man was, how *normalien*, even—in fact most pronouncedly—when he was saying that in his person the General Conference had for the first time elected an international civil servant, *un fonctionnaire international*, an old member of the Secretariat, to this high office. In the very act of emphasizing—and how eloquently!—that this honour was accorded him not as a Frenchman, and that his election had been a triumph of the modern spirit of international cooperation, in fact while discarding his own Frenchness, he not only remained quintessentially French but even developed his internationalism into a kind of Unesco chauvinism.

This observation is not meant to imply criticism—what may sound as though it were, is actually the paradox nature of its content. I agree with René Maheu. He cannot do otherwise. For the sake of internationalism he must sacrifice something of his national feelings, but as the spirit of man abhors an emotional vacuum, he transfers his national feelings to Unesco. This is a gain for Unesco in that it thus becomes more human.

Maheu also furnished a theory to match his feelings: “Unesco is not an institution where you work, it is a vocation to which you devote yourself.” But this is not sufficiently general. The same may be said of any serious place of work. However, this was only a springboard for him to continue: “Unesco, in its idea, expresses a style of thinking, and through its aim gives life meaning. In short, Unesco is a spiritual way of life.”

Whether this was so, I did not yet know, but at any rate I felt that the new Director General had now himself given me a lesson in ideological Unescolese. It was interesting that he never used the word “humanism”—surely it was not also a Unesco taboo? But more valuable than any abstract expression were the few sentences that he spoke of his own, illiterate grandparents. He recalled that as the General Conference discussed the struggle against illiteracy, his memories had transported him back to his own home, to his paternal grandparents, in whose house he had spent his childhood. Neither of them could read or write, yet it was from them that he had learnt the things that he considers the most essential components of his character and convictions—the thirst to teach simple people, and the unquenchable desire of the people for social justice.

I was moved by this confession from another man's lips, by the unexpected firmness of its content, and I wondered what would happen if, in the course of one of my intended speeches at a session of the Program Committee, I was to demand or propose the same things in these same words to be part of the program of Unesco. How quickly a large part of the audience would turn away from me! They would regard it as political propaganda and either enter into a controversy or pretend they had not heard. Or would this really prove to be neo-Unescolese? For it contained both a personal confession and a political survey. From the theme of social justice and the ordinary people, the Director General in his next sentence turned to the "earthquake" (his expression) of the liberation of the colonial peoples, and his lyrical fervour was by no means less as he declared: "In this irresistible movement I recognized, projected onto the scale of all mankind, the longing and the impetus towards light and human dignity of those to whom I owe my blood and my heart."

(I had five weeks and four speeches at the real debates in committee sessions to put these words of the Director General—spirits of my own spirit—to the test. But I did not manage to do it. The debates were far more objective and concrete—that was one reason. The other was that, though the thirst for learning did come up for discussion, social justice did not. The new Director General has been elected for six years. Maybe at the next General Conference in 64, or the second, in 66.)

"*Tout ce qui monte converge.*" How was I to tell the Director General, without seeming to be a busybody, that this very sentence with which he concluded his speech had happened to be the one at which I had, with the book-browser's chiromancy, opened the volume of Teilhard de Chardin, who was then almost completely unfamiliar to me? And how was I to tell him that he would have to demonstrate whether he possesses enough force not only to guide the large Secretariat and to coordinate the activity—as well as passivity—of many Member States but first of all to transform his personality into politics. There are moments, I thought, when the best diplomat has to take off his mental tailcoat and not only reveal his heart, like in this speech, but act accordingly.

Colloquial Unescolese

At those morning, afternoon and, occasionally, nocturnal committee sessions you soon learn to negotiate and converse in Unescolese. The language you use limits your thoughts. They say the primitive peoples use two or three hundred words in practice, though their vocabulary is very much

greater. Within a few days our language also became limited to a narrow course, bounded by the words *resolution*, *amendment*, *recommendation*, *agenda*, *draft*, and *quorum*, with the items of the budget for our tracks and the proposed budgetary cuts for hurdles. After the first week I had the feeling that I was using no more than ten words all day, and that that was quite enough to make myself understood.

This feeling sprang from two sources. The waters of the one were dense and impenetrable, those of the other, clear and fresh. The first welled forth more plentifully, and occasionally completely flooded that which yielded the purer water. This symbolic speech is really also a kind of Unescolese, or rather its consequence, for here am I, even now, avoiding the political taboos. The opaque source was the actual subject of discussion, the "Plan of Program and Budget for 1962-64" prepared by the Secretariat, forming the frequently mentioned "Grey Book" of 270 folio pages. This was accompanied in almost the same volume over again, by the mimeographed documents marked C/6, C/12 and a number of other C-s—partly changes adopted by the Unesco Executive Committee before the General Conference and partly amendments submitted beforehand by the member States. It was only now that I learned that there was also a mathematical Unescolese. The Plan and Budget consisted of one thousand four hundred paragraphs. We discussed one thousand four hundred draft resolutions, and actually put about a half of them to the vote. The delegates became lost in the details. But that was not all. Almost every paragraph had its budgetary consequences. Sooner or later the discussion came to center on this issue. Unesco as a mode of thinking, Unesco as a pattern of intellectual life, Unesco as the embodiment of social justice and peaceful coex. . . Excuse me, please, I shall not continue the sentence. I was going to say that all these went by the board. But I shall not say it in full, for that was nevertheless not what happened. The pure source welled forth more meagerly, but if you have ever drunk of its water, you will recall the flavour for a long time to come.

I am thinking of the source which permitted one to understand and to make oneself understood with ten, or ten-dozen-words. Another thing to which colloquial Unescolese was suited was to help the delegates to avoid those arguments that separate, and to find those formulas and formulations that unite. It was very frequent in the Program Committee, where the actual work of fixing the plan and fiscal arrangements for the two years was done, for amendments to be withdrawn, if it turned out in the course of the discussion that they did not enlist the sympathies of the majority, or if they offended against the tender points or interests of any delegation

or group of delegations. The neutrality, adaptability and non-compulsory nature of Unescoese proved eminently suited for this purpose.

Serious clashes on the other hand—the “deaf men’s talk” so characteristic of international conferences in the ’fifties—were very rare. I only remember one or two really grave ones. One of them took place at a night session, after a full day’s work, when everyone was exhausted and angry. How odd and anomalous it was, that the argument between the delegates of East and West, with the quiet, but occasionally impatient assistance of the *tiers monde*, was conducted around the word peace. Not over whether Unesco wanted peace and was to work for it, but over whether the *terms* peace and disarmament should figure in the resolutions.

On another occasion the personnel of a number of delegations had just been changed, for as we sailed from one great chapter—that of the Cultural Activities—to the heading Information, new experts and new delegates arrived in Paris. They had not yet sufficiently absorbed the Unesco atmosphere, they had not drunk of the water from the pure well, and no one knows exactly why, but the Committee was all of a sudden engaged in hurling deaf men’s reproaches at one another. We were no longer using the smooth Unescoese, but rather the lumpy Uno language of ten years before.

I felt strained and horribly embarrassed. I looked round. Those delegates who had sat here together during the previous weeks, bowed down their heads or else excitedly asked to speak. I was particularly disturbed by the annoying feeling of having seen it all somewhere before. I had been through all this once, it had been just as disagreeable, so why have it again. I searched my memory to discover where I had sat like this before, with earphones on my head, listening to these same arguments, whose refutation everyone knows in advance, including the person who uses them.

The United States delegate was speaking—for the third or fourth time now. But on this occasion it was a different voice I heard. The intonation was similar, and I seemed to have seen that face before somewhere. I had heard those arguments too! Yes, eleven years ago, that was it. In Geneva, in the old League of Nations Palace, at a Special Assembly of the then youthful UN, on the freedom of information and questions of mass media. That was the first period of deaf men’s talk. The Conference had ended in a complete failure.

I caught the Chairman’s eye and recalled that common memory (for I had also recognized a member of the French and one of the Belgian delegation). I asked whether we intended to achieve the same in 1962 as we had done in 1948, at the beginning of the Cold War.

But no, that was by no means the case! Another ten or twelve people had their say, but the water of the source was clearing, and the auxiliary tongue of Unescolese, the agenda, came to our aid. We found a formula for postponing the issue, just as we had done at that nocturnal session a few days earlier. Now conversations between men of very acute hearing indeed began in the corridors and the small negotiating rooms. By the end of the Conference several common proposals were submitted, among whose sponsors socialist, capitalist and "third world" countries figured together.

Finally the Twelfth General Conference of Unesco dealt with the word "coexistence" the way healthy and bashful lovers do with the word love. They do not have to say it in order to practice it.

The plans that were adopted and the work that was done, all testify to this. Before the actual General Conference, there was a meeting at which all the member States took part and which enriched the international vocabulary with a new word, "alphabetization." Not a bad piece of retroformation. If those who cannot write are illiterates, i. e. analphabets, then are those who can "alphanabets"? Obviously not, but those who can read and write, can be taught to become literate. Unesco takes part in the fine campaign launched by UN to put an end to illiteracy throughout the world within one generation. To this end, Unesco furnishes teachers, masters, books and institutions, and trains those who teach the teachers at an annual cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A fine sum, I thought to myself, until I had read a bit more. According to the UN experts, two thousand million dollars are needed over a space of thirty years.

Had not the figures of space navigation been put here by mistake? Not even of its costs, but rather of the distances? No. Unesco is not concerned with space flights. But it is concerned with the age of space flying. And in this age there are still one thousand million illiterates. Now the two thousand million dollars no longer seemed so much—two dollars each.

On how many things did I vote during these weeks at the sessions of the Program Committee? How many hundreds of times did I raise my hand? I no longer know. We voted to set up a European Institute of Social Sciences at Vienna, to start scientific work in preparation for disarmament; we decided on the education of the young for peace; respectable sums were allotted to educational, philosophic, general cultural and other centres at Santander in Columbia, Teheran in Iran, at Bagdad, in Laos, in Libya, at Rabat, on the Isle of Malta, in Equador, Saudi Arabia, at Thonburi in Thailand, Kampala in Uganda, and at Caracas. An *école normale supérieure* was set up by Unesco in Cameroon, another at Brazzaville,

others on the Ivory Coast, in Mali, Nigeria and Senegal. . . . But where would we be, if I were now to go right through the "Grey Book." At any rate it would not hurt occasionally to include a P among UNESCO's many initials, to stand for propaganda on its own behalf. But how much more we could have voted to do during the next year, how many new projects this Twelfth General Conference could have inaugurated, if we had not had to count our pennies at each paragraph! This was what made us sacrifice planned institutions and institutes, lecture series and symposia, films and research projects, international encounters and competitions, including the proposal of the Hungarian delegation for a young people's mathematical tournament at Budapest. By the second week of the talks, even the greenhorns among the delegates had become used to adding, subtracting and drawing up balances like an accountant, before speaking or voting.

Even this figure-gymnastics belongs to Unescolese. My Hungarian fellow-delegates represented our country on an advanced scale even in this respect. I didn't cease admiring Mrs. Magda Jóboru, the director of the National Széchényi Library, as in the chairman's seat of the Program Committee she was able, among the numerous proposals, counter-proposals and amendments, to take care of the budget figures. She was elected vice-chairman of the Program Committee the day I arrived. This news was enthusiastically reported in the delegation's room. I joined in congratulating, though I didn't know what this great joy was for. Vice-chairman is vice-chairman, twelve of them make up a dozen. I perceived that in Unescolese this word is not yet devaluated, every committee has but two vice-chairmen. The fact that a Hungarian delegate was elected can be regarded, indeed, as an anti-cold-war sign, besides being a result of many years' work of the person elected, as well as of her popularity.

Two more Hungarian delegates advanced into the elected body of officials: Elemér Mosonyi became vice-chairman of the recently founded Hydrological Committee, and Imre Szabó was elected permanent member of the Juridical Committee.

The Gazelle, the Elephant and Caliban

After the closing session I was at last able to spend a free evening with Tibor Mende, who is the same in writing on international issues as is Breuer in architecture or Brassai in photography. In the presence of a number of French guests I spoke about the course of the discussions, the plans which had been adopted, the atmosphere that had developed, and I mentioned the increased role of the "third world."

"You mean in politics?" asked one of the guests.

No, not only politics. But, for instance, the fact that, as I recalled the close on five weeks I had spent on the Program Committee, I could only remember three sentences of the many words that were spoken there. The subject under discussion was colonialism, and whether this expression should be included in the resolutions. The delegate from the Mali Republic explained what this term meant to them by mentioning some episodes from his own life—in terms that were not exactly conversational Unescolese. I have forgotten the exact context, but I shall not forget what he said about polygamy. It was easy to condemn it from here, in Paris, nor did he wish to defend it. But anyone who had spent a week in a Mali village would no longer condemn it wholesale.

Or, again, when the budget of certain African cultural centres was under discussion, the Senegalese delegate quoted Shakespeare—Caliban, from *The Tempest*. "We do not want the other honourable delegations to fare as Prospero did, to whom Caliban said he had taught him to speak, and he had learned to hate him."

Or the delegate from Gabon, speaking not in the Program Committee, but at the solemn and emotional concluding plenary session—where everyone expressed their thanks and wished everyone good luck—when he quoted an African saying: "The gazelle is small, but it is not the child of the elephant." The small peoples want to give their own, less known, ancient culture, in exchange for the world at large, for the many kinds of support, guidance and experience they receive.

And so, in pleasant company, with some fine St.-Emilion wine, we argued over who was the gazelle and who the elephant. It was in this exalted mood that I happened to think of the likeness of the taboo on "coexistence" and that of "love."

"That's all very well," said my host, "but how large was this sum over whose distribution you haggled for five weeks?"

"Forty-one million dollars."

"Fine," he replied, his brows raised somewhat. "But in that case, if I were you, I would wait a little with this coexistential euphoria. In case you didn't know, that sum is one third the price of a single Polaris submarine."

I had to swallow. Fortunately, the third world came to my aid.

"Can it be," I asked, "that the Senegalese delegate knew this, and that that was why he mentioned Caliban?"

ROCHDALE AND THE SOCIALIST PRINCIPLES OF COOPERATION

by

LÁSZLÓ NAGY

I

Part of the literature on cooperation in capitalist countries generally does not regard the cooperatives of the socialist countries as real cooperatives—although it cannot refuse to acknowledge the results achieved by the latter. Beside special literature on cooperatives, the columns of the press in Western countries also often repeat the fable about the “kolkhozification” of agriculture.

Socialist society is based on other foundations and follows another pattern of development than does capitalist society; as a result the function of socialist cooperative movements is different, as are, to a certain degree, their forms. In the course of development the socialist cooperatives have committed themselves to new and unfamiliar paths. Endeavours initiated long ago as measures of self-defence by small-scale producers and consumers of commodities have in the socialist societies developed into movements of a socio-economic character embracing a whole branch of the people's economy. Socialist cooperatives, far from being at variance with the essence of the cooperative movement, have on the contrary enriched it with a number of new features. Socialist cooperatives can supply valuable and instructive experience both to the countries just emerging from a colonial status and exhibiting numerous socialist traits in their social structure and to the agrarian movement in various capitalist countries.

No comprehension of the heart of the matter is possible without a thorough investigation into the principles of cooperation. Every comparison must necessarily begin at this point, because the jurists and politicians concerned with cooperation in the capitalist countries draw a dividing line between “genuine” (viz., capitalist) and “not genuine” (viz., socialist) cooperatives. These authors are right to the extent that capitalist and socialist cooperatives are by no means identical, and their application of the term “genuine” has a false sound, to say the least. Examination of the principles reveals that

the concentration of forces initiated by common people in the past century has grown to full status not in capitalist but in socialist society, and the worthy successors of the Rochdale pioneers must be sought in socialist rather than in capitalist cooperatives. The genuine cooperatives of the 20th century are to be found under socialist and not under capitalist conditions.

The origin of the principles of cooperation is generally traced to the statutes of the Rochdale cooperative society. The Rochdale cooperative was founded in 1844 by 28 flannel weavers with a capital of 28 £ under the name of Society of Equitable Pioneers. The principles observed by the members of the Rochdale cooperative were later given shape by theoreticians, and they are therefore generally regarded as the guiding principles of the cooperative movement in capitalist society.

After debates of varying length the seven Rochdale principles were formulated by the International Union of Cooperatives as follows:

a) open membership; b) democratic management; c) reimbursement in proportion to purchase; d) limited interest on the capital; e) neutrality in politics and religion; f) sale on cash terms; g) promotion of extension training in cooperation. (These theses were drawn up for the first time by Henry May in a course of lectures held by the International Union of Cooperatives at Prague in 1932.)

The decision of the Congress of the International Union of Cooperatives held at Paris in 1937, according to which the first four of the above principles are obligatory, while the others may be regarded as optional, has been accepted also by some socialist authors (Landsberg). To complete the picture it must be remarked, however, that—particularly since the end of World War II—the International Union of Cooperatives has become a forum for proclaiming the classic principles and simultaneously an instrument for attacking the socialist cooperative movements. It is on account of the “absence” of the classic principles that the Union referred to voices certain reservations concerning the producers’ cooperatives of the socialist countries. (It should be noted in this connection that the bourgeois theoreticians on cooperation have expressed no small concern over the fact that in the meantime, the Rochdale principles have also undergone a change both in the developed capitalist and in the liberated colonial countries.)

Not only functions and organizational forms are different in the socialist cooperatives, but the so-called classic principles of cooperation (the Rochdale principles) have also been altered in the socialist countries, while an essential transformation may be seen in the relationship between the members and their cooperatives on the one hand, and between the cooperatives and the State on the other. Moreover, new principles have originated on the

soil of the socialist cooperative movement. The essential change in the cooperative principles under socialist conditions may, in our opinion, be ascribed to two circumstances: a) The principles of cooperation in capitalist society are not those of producers' cooperatives but rather of consumers', buyers' and distributors' cooperatives, and b) the relationship between capitalist cooperatives and the capitalist State is essentially different from the relationship between socialist cooperatives and the socialist State. This difference arises mainly from the fact that, whereas in capitalist countries the politicians and jurists concerned rigidly stand by the fiction of the classic principles of cooperation, the socialist cooperative movement has drawn the conclusions demanded by progress.

When investigating the so-called classic principles of cooperation and the views growing out of them, the explanations may be summed up in two groups:

a) The first paragraph of the Rochdale statutes, the "manifesto," defines the aims and tasks of cooperation. Its content is still worthy of attention. The aim and task of the cooperative is to provide for the material benefit and for the improvement of the social and economic position of the members by establishing the following institutions: 1) shops for the sale of vic-tuals, articles of clothing, etc.; 2) the building or purchase of a certain number of houses for those of the members to live in who want to help each other in improving their economic and social position; 3) the manufacture of commodities in order to give employment to those members who are out of work or who have suffered from the constant drop in wages; 4) for the further benefit and security of the members the cooperative is bound to purchase or lease one or more properties where such members as are out of work or on badly paid jobs may be employed; 5) as soon as it becomes possible, the cooperative should take in hand the production and distribution of commodities, as well as education and self-government—in other words, it has the duty to establish a self-supporting settlement (cooperative team, "harmony" settlement) or to support other cooperative societies in establishing such settlements; 6) in order to promote a sober way of life the cooperative should open in one of its buildings a non-alcoholic dining hall.

The majority of bourgeois politicians, economists and jurists concerned with cooperation have departed from the manifesto, whose social objectives are neither reflected in the so-called classic principles nor thoroughly analysed in monographs on principles of cooperation. This is easy to explain, since the objectives of the manifesto bear the marks of social reform and were denoted as the echo of Robert Owen's utopian socialism. The theories of utopian socialism did, indeed, have an influence on the Rochdale co-

operators, who may actually be regarded as Owenites. It is easy to recognize that the manifesto formed an ideological basis for a particular sphere of the cooperative movement; in other words, the relationship between the manifesto and so-called cooperative socialism is evident. This affinity is stronger in the producers' cooperatives of Lassalle and in Schultze-Delitsch's farm loan associations, somewhat less marked in the solidarism (consumers' cooperation) of Charles Gide or in the "régie coopératif" of Lavergne. Especially since World War II G. D. M. Cole (Great Britain), Paul Lambert (Belgium) and Walter Preuss (Israel) have become the outstanding representatives of this slant—with the difference that in criticizing consumption sovereignty, they also attach great importance to the various forms of cooperation (e. g. Schultze-Delitsch, Leon Walras). The essence of these and similar trends of "cooperative socialism" is that an economic and social revival of the working masses is possible also under the conditions of capitalism, without the acquisition of political power, and that cooperation is a suitable means for this purpose since it serves to divert the revolutionary movement towards utopistic evolutionism. Marx was the first to point out that cooperative socialism was naive and utopistic, socially impossible, and from certain aspects even detrimental to the development of the labour movement; while duly acknowledging the merits of cooperation he emphasized that cooperation could only form an element of the labour movement but could never play an independent role. The capitalist cooperative movement of our days confirms Lenin's analysis of the essence of capitalist cooperative societies, which led him to the conclusion that under capitalism the cooperative can never be anything but a collective capitalist enterprise.

b) The bourgeois cooperative trend also traces its origin to the Rochdale principles. Its most characteristic feature is opposition to socialist tendencies of every description. It actually restricts the principles of cooperation to the operative dispositions of the Rochdale statutes and formulates even the essence of the cooperative non-politically, e. g., "self-aid," "joint community," "socio-political factor." This view became general in the bourgeois cooperative movement and prevailed at the Congresses and courses held by the International Union of Cooperatives. It must be added, however, that the statement concerning the political neutrality of the Rochdale pioneers is false, because the manifesto was in fact a political declaration. The principle of political neutrality was not included in the Rochdale statutes; it was a later addition, a typically liberal-capitalist product of the bourgeois cooperative movement. The bourgeois politicians concerned with cooperation carefully avoided allowing cooperatives as a form to adopt any social objective that would aim at modifying capitalism. Whenever they were

forced to move in this direction, they never failed to emphasize that the cooperative has no intention of upsetting the economic order based on private property and liberty of contract, but wishes to attain its aims through the specific instruments of order—"competition" and "liberty." This does not, however, exclude the eventually progressive role of the cooperatives operating among capitalist conditions. The Italian, French and Mexican experiences prove that the cooperative can be an excellent means of fighting against monopoly capital.

II

The clarification of the problem is equivalent to answering the question whether the socialist cooperative movement is based on principles and, if so, whether these have a similar significance to the capitalistic principles of cooperation in the capitalist cooperative movement, whether we have to deal with uniform principles of cooperation or with specific principles of the farmers' cooperative movement; finally, whether there is any relationship between the Rochdale principles and the principles of the socialist cooperative movement.

The investigation of the problem must proceed on the assumption that the essence of the cooperative is different in socialist and in capitalist societies. Since the conditions against which the cooperative fulfilled a function of self-defence have disappeared, new conditions have arisen under which workers and peasants are allied through identity of interests, and the fundamental objective of socialist cooperatives has ceased to be self-defense. In socialist States cooperative societies are combinations of persons and assets that also serve social purposes, and the declared aim of the cooperative movement is to create socialist conditions of production in agriculture too, thus making modern large-scale farming possible; a further objective is to create the material basis for the integration of a homogeneous socialist farming class. This implies that in socialist society the main efforts and aims of the cooperative movement are concentrated on the villages and that the rural—particularly the farmers'—cooperative movement plays a prominent part in it also as regards volume. Consequently, in socialist society the character of the principles underlying cooperation is determined by the farmers' cooperative movement. We have no intention of denigrating the rural consumers' or the urban producers' cooperatives; the special principles that apply to these forms will be dealt with separately.

In dealing with the principles of cooperation we must emphasize their special significance in Hungary at a time when socialist agriculture is in

the making and requires consolidation. The significance of these principles is evidenced by the fact that, although the Marxist classics devoted relatively little study to the analysis of these topics, Lenin, in his cooperative plan, did indeed dwell with particular care on some important organizational principles of the cooperative movement. Marxist literature, on the other hand, has in this field shown a tendency towards "citatology," i. e., the mere quoting of principles of organization formulated by Lenin. This diffidence resulted from the dogmatism that used to prevail in the social sciences. It was not due to mere chance that in the agricultural policy of the early 1950's the application of the cooperative principles was in some cases formalistic; principles and economic voluntarism are hardly good companions. A comprehensive and consistent application of cooperative principles was pursued for the first time in the agricultural policy of the present Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party formed in November 1956; indeed, it is by an analysis of this policy that we came to the conclusion that the socialist cooperative movement too has its own principles, the observance of which has been one of the guarantees of the success so far achieved by our agricultural policy. For this very reason it is an important aspect of theoretical work to supply a many-sided analysis of the principles of cooperation.

As regards the question of whether there is some relationship between the Rochdale principles and the principles of socialist cooperation, the answer is no doubt in the affirmative, but only to the extent that there is a relationship between the cooperative form developed under capitalism and the socialist form of cooperation. Thus, in the present case, when cooperatives are established, the institutions that came into existence through the development of legal techniques, legal culture and the science of organization are utilized in regulating the newly created social conditions. Misunderstandings may arise through the fact that in many cases it is not realized that the old form serves new contents. The contents themselves, however, reveal basic differences that follow from the function of cooperatives in socialist countries.

III

The principles of socialist cooperatives may be summarized as follows:

1. The principle of free choice. The farmers' cooperative is a voluntary association based on the free decision of the working peasants; therefore it is prohibited by law to apply direct or indirect pressure in order to induce anyone to join the cooperative. This principle has been followed in the decisions of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party concerning the reorgani-

zation of Hungarian agriculture, as well as in the practical application of these decisions.

The principle of free choice was known in capitalist cooperative law as the "open membership" principle, which meant that anybody could join the cooperative (unlimited membership) but nobody could be required to become a member.

The principle of unlimited membership—in a modified form and with a different content—is accepted also by the socialist cooperatives as a manifestation of the principle of free choice, since the number of members is not fixed in advance; it undergoes changes as a result of new members joining the society and others leaving it for good or to join another cooperative. However, in line with the very essence of a cooperative, we support the principle of requiring a minimum of members and assets in order to exclude the possibility of the formation of pseudo-cooperatives based on and restricted to particular families, as happens in the capitalist world. The question of resigning from the cooperative is interpreted otherwise than in bourgeois law, because in the given case it means not only breaking away from a farming organization but abandoning a certain way of life. In socialist cooperatives a fixed maximum membership is unknown (in contrast to some bourgeois cooperative societies); nor do we exact an admission fee, and there are no special conditions hampering admission. Socialization of the means of production possessed by the applicant for admission can hardly be considered as such, since everybody joins the cooperative with the means of production he happens to possess. According to the politicians concerned with bourgeois cooperatives it does not contradict to the principle of open membership to set up moral qualification. In this respect we are more flexible, because we do not insist on any moral qualifications. In our opinion it is not contrary to the principle of open membership for a cooperative to make admission dependent on local residence, social class or position. In the socialist cooperatives only such restrictions are valid as require the admission in the first place of persons who do agricultural work as a profession or whose qualifications are useful in the cooperative farm (agronomist, accountant, veterinary surgeon, etc.). This is contrary to the capitalist interpretation of open membership, according to which nobody can be expected to become a member. The capitalist interpretation in the final analysis corresponds to the interests of the capitalist State based on spontaneous development, because the greater the progress made along the path of monopolization, the less desirable it became for the groups of capitalists controlling the State that small producers should rally. For the socialist State, on the other hand, it is by no means indifferent whether the interested stratum

can be expected to join or not, because the socialist cooperative is much more than an amalgamation of assets; it is a means of forming and elevating a class and of introducing large-scale techniques into a branch of the people's economy. In the Hungarian cooperative farms the principle of open membership is understood to mean that within the meaning of the principle of free choice, anybody can be a member who is not in opposition to the majority of the members, because the cooperative can serve only one common interest. Within the circle of those having a common interest the aim is that everybody should become a member—without compulsion or pressure—because, as mentioned before, it devolves on the cooperative to discharge general functions which affect everybody in the circle concerned.

Free choice, which is not identical with spontaneity, is not restricted to admission, transfer to another cooperative or resigning from membership, because this principle is valid and must be observed also in such stages of consolidation of socialist cooperative farming as the transformation of lower-type cooperatives into those of a higher type, the fusion of several cooperative farms, the development of production relationships between cooperative farms, etc. The principle of free choice should assert itself also in the collaboration of different cooperatives and in the relations between cooperatives and government organs concerned with farming. The principles of socialist cooperation interact among each other, and therefore any absolute interpretation of the principle of free choice is limited by observance of the interests of society.

2. The principle of gradual development. This essential principle of the socialist cooperative movement, which on account of the reasons referred to above was unknown in the capitalist cooperative movement, asserts itself in the following four ways: a) There is full possibility for the working peasantry to advance from the lower type of cooperatives, engaged in procuring and selling produce, to full-scale cooperative farms. In Hungary too, the agricultural cooperative (cooperative engaged in procuring and selling produce, consumers' cooperative) was the form from which the first associations of farmers originated in 1947–1948. b) In almost all the socialist countries the working peasantry has a free choice among cooperatives established for various types of production. In practice this implies the right to choose the level of socialization (different degrees in the socialization of assets, use of land, labour organization and distribution) as fixed by the statutes for each form of cooperation. This principle has been applied particularly since 1959, when the theses on agricultural policy were elaborated by the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party; in the fifties the application of the principle had been merely formal. Since adoption of the theses the

following forms of agricultural cooperatives have become current in the period of the socialist transformation of Hungary's agriculture: cooperative farm, farmers' cooperative group, specialized cooperative, specialized farming group, farmers' association, vine-growing community. c) In the socialist cooperative movement the principle of gradualism is, however, more multifarious and complex than is implied in the statement that the peasant, when applying for admission, may make his choice among different forms of cooperative farming. A no less important characteristic of the principle of gradualness is that private ownership, necessarily associated with the way of life and the pattern of farming pursued by peasants working on their private land, should be gradually transformed into social ownership or into institutions having a social character. The realization of this general principle—particularly as regards its rhythm—depends on socio-economic conditions. The rhythm may be slower or more rapid, according to the requirements of the economy of a given country, but it also greatly depends on the response of the masses concerned to the existing rhythm and to the positive measures growing from it—that is to say, on the degree of success in adopting the cooperative form and on the smoothness of the transition to the development of large-scale commodity farming. A classic example of gradualness in this respect is the approach to the problem of privately owned land. In preparing for the agricultural cooperative movement after the liquidation of the system of large estates, the use of land in a system of smallholdings producing for the market and based on the peasant's own work was made dominant; subsequently, in the years of further preparation, the private ownership of land was restricted in order to prevent differentiation among the peasantry, while at the same time maintaining the achievements of the agrarian reform. The landowner could not dispose of his land as before, because sale and purchase of land was made dependent on permits, a maximum for landed property was introduced and it was made obligatory for landowners to cultivate their land appropriately. As regards land united in the cooperative, the restrictions from without were followed by the blurring of private property from within. Though the form of private ownership of land was preserved in the cooperative, the detailed rights involved in ownership (use, occupancy, disposal) were largely socialized and thus a socialist type of land use materialized without offence to the members' tendency to cling to their proprietorship. This practice shows up the erroneousness of those views and theories that refused to take into account the feelings of the working peasants by urging complete socialization of proprietary rights on land used by the cooperative farm and abolition even of the registers of landed property. Impatience and intolerance in these fields can only result

in sham results. Not for nothing did the guiding principles of the 8th Congress of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party provide for maintaining both land rent and private (household) plots on behalf of the members. d) Finally, it must be stressed that the principle of gradualness did not become invalid when the agrarian transformation was concluded. This principle continues to play a prominent part in the formation of the modern farming institutions of the cooperative farms, since the individual peasant farmers, on joining up, only created the framework or basic conditions for a highly developed system of large-scale farming. As long as, for instance, the conditions for modern large-scale livestock breeding (suitable cultures, breeding stock, mechanization, labour organization technique) are lacking at collective farms, it is illusory to try to discontinue animal husbandry and commodity production on the private plots of the members.

3. Another fundamental principle of the socialist cooperative movement is State direction as opposed to the principle of political neutrality in the capitalist cooperative movement. In contemporary theory and practice the principle of neutrality becomes more and more fictitious even in the capitalist countries. A number of Western theoreticians deny the necessity of political neutralism, and cooperatives enter more and more often into relations with parties (e. g., the English Cooperative Party has become closely linked up with the English Labour Party), indeed, they are turning into affiliated firms of the latter. In line with the principles of the Hungarian Constitution, no discrimination may be applied in admission to the cooperatives on grounds of sex, race, nationality or religion. This, however, in no way involves foregoing the endeavour to win over the members of the cooperatives to the progressive Marxist point of view.

The principle of political neutrality is not acknowledged and not observed by the cooperative movement in Hungary. The socialist cooperative movement rests on the foundations of socialist construction. In a socialist State, where social evolution is promoted through the study and conscious utilization of the objective laws governing society, it is inconceivable that, in a very important sector of the economy, spontaneity should prevail in place of scientific direction that keeps the interests of the whole of society in view. Instead of the principle of political neutrality we support that of State guidance and assistance. This principle has several components, and its realization proceeds partly by indirect, partly by direct means.

State guidance should promote the development of all cooperative farms into modern large-scale agricultural concerns for commodity production. This goal necessarily includes two most decisive elements: in line with its essential character the cooperative farm must be induced to draw up an

annual production plan and a financial plan reflecting the requirements of the country's economy. Moreover it is not irrelevant for the State in what numbers the members of the cooperatives and their families participate in the fulfilment of the economic plan, what their labour discipline is, at what rate productivity increases and at what level of expenditure the fulfilment of the plan is realized. State guidance, therefore, extends to setting up in the cooperative an adequate administrative framework, providing for the increase of mechanization, choosing appropriate leaders and, linked with all this, promoting the development of intensive production. Since it is the members who fulfil the plans, State guidance should be realized by means of increasing the immediate material incentives of the members participating in the work of the cooperative and simultaneously enlarging the production base of the farm. In sum, State guidance of production and management has the task of ensuring harmony in the triple relationship of member, cooperative farm and the whole of society. This is, of course, an intricate task.

4. One of the obligatory Rochdale principles is democratic self-government. This principle is in fact the main characteristic of the inner activity and organizational functioning of a cooperative, and it is perhaps here that a similarity between the "classic" and the socialist principles of cooperation is most apparent. It need hardly be said that on the soil of socialist democracy the principle of democratic management has greatly advanced and become more manifold. Inasmuch as Hungarian cooperatives are in close contact with the State and with government organs, it is appropriate that this principle should also express the scope of the cooperative farm's autonomy. It is therefore more correct to use the term cooperative democracy, in a comprehensive sense. This principle manifests itself internally in democratic leadership and outwards in cooperative self-government. The main components of cooperative democracy may be defined as follows:

a) On the strength of the law on cooperatives—and within its limits—the Hungarian State grants the cooperative farms the right to establish general rules for the conduct of their members and to include these rules in their own statutes. As a safeguard of the rights of the members, the law lays down that in all important questions of farming, the decision is up to the members. These main spheres are placed by the law within the exclusive competence of the general assembly. In deciding such issues each member has one vote, regardless of the assets he has brought into the collective farm. On the other hand, the cooperative is bound to include in its statutes all the stipulations—mainly those guaranteeing the rights of members—that are made compulsory by the law.

b) All members benefit from the same rights of membership and perform the same duties arising from membership. This, of course, refers to the general rights of members. For instance, every member has a right to vote and to be elected; all members have an equal obligation to work; every member has the right to criticize and to make inquiries concerning the work of those who hold leading posts; each member may lodge an appeal against the decisions of the leading organs, and so forth.

c) All leading organs of the cooperative farm (both administrative and control organs) are elected and may be recalled from their posts by the members. None of the organs provided for by the statutes may operate on the basis of appointment. The leading organs of the cooperative farm are under the obligation to take decisions collectively (collective leadership), and to report on (principle of publicity) and answer for the management. Their responsibility may be of a disciplinary character or may involve compensation for damages.

d) Control over the activities of the cooperative farm is exercised by the members themselves, either directly by exercising the right of criticism and inquiry, or indirectly through a control committee elected from among the members. This, however, in no way excludes control of the activities of the cooperatives by competent government organs through the several branches of State direction with methods suited to the several branches.

5. Independence of the cooperative farms on the basis of planned development of the country's economy. According to this principle and as fixed by the statutes, each cooperative farm is an organizational unit that may enter into legal relations in its own name and has its separate property status with independent financial responsibility. Having the rights and liabilities determined by the law and by its statutes, the cooperative farm is a legal entity or subject which, as a socialist large-scale enterprise, pursues a planned and controlled economy. According to provisions of the law, the cooperative farm carries on its activities in conformity with the production plan and budget accepted by the general assembly, supervised and approved by the agricultural section of the executive committee of the competent district council.

Thus the cooperative farm is a collective enterprise in whose external relationships many features suggest an analogy to the State enterprises. In its management and inner structure resulting from cooperative property, there are also many distinctive traits. Therefore cooperative farms may also be termed collective cooperative enterprises.

In Hungary the State, after having done away with some earlier restrictions, such as compulsory prescriptions concerning production and delivery obligations, directs the planned economy of the cooperative farms through

an agricultural policy relying on the method of incentives—a method that has born fruit during the past years. The main instrument of influencing production and marketing is price policy, based upon direct material incentive, method that is supported by a system of buying contracts. All this is complemented by a purposeful credit and investment policy, as well as by the recommendation of production indices and, finally, by the supervision and confirmation of the plans.

In the accelerated phase of the socialist transformation of the country's economy a further development of the means of assuring harmony between the general economy and those of the cooperative farms became an urgent necessity. Under these conditions consultations between government organs and cooperative farms, as well as supervision and corroboration of plans, assumed enhanced significance, because these measures greatly promote the attainment of harmony between the production and the marketing plans of the economy as a whole and of the cooperative farms.

To assure this harmony, several basic objectives have to be realized. Purchasing and production plans and the contracts covering them must be based upon the well-founded production plan of the cooperative farm. Production and marketing indices of the cooperative farms must correspond to the targets of the general economy. The principle of material incentive must be brought to prevail on the cooperative farm.

6. Since the overwhelming majority of the cooperatives in Hungary are cooperative farms, the principle of obligatory work on the part of the individual and the right to a corresponding share in the profits must be particularly emphasized, for these are unknown in consumers' and similar cooperatives.

In cooperatives of commercial type this principle is known as personal collaboration—without obligation to work. However, the Hungarian law on cooperatives stresses the point that members availing themselves of the advantages offered by the division of labour in large-scale production, perform work in all branches of production collectively, the greater part of the earnings being distributed in accordance with the labour performed. So the main components of personal collaboration consist of the right and obligation to participate in the work of the cooperative farms, the duty to submit to the instructions of the management and to the work plan, in return for a share in the net revenue of the cooperative farm according to the work done. The concrete application of the principle of personal collaboration in the performance of labour necessarily excludes even the possibility of exploitation. This is in itself a requirement, because the law on cooperatives strongly emphasizes that no socialist cooperative may be formed for the purpose of

exploitation. Besides, personal collaboration also manifests itself in such things as participation in organizing the cooperative, activity in some of its organs, attendance of the general assembly.

7. Imperative harmony between common and individual interests. This principle prevails in connection with Hungarian cooperative farms in two ways. Outwardly it is manifested in the imperative harmony of interests between the State and the cooperatives. The cooperative, for instance, is bound to draw up plans of production that take into account the requirements of the whole economy, while the government organ concerned has to suggest to the cooperatives production and marketing indices for the fulfilment of which the necessary conditions are assured. This principle is followed also within the cooperative, in the harmony between the common interests of the cooperative and the individual interests of the members. The same principle is expressed by the provisions of the law requiring the development of common enterprises (e. g., the obligatory dotation of funds) and the establishment of household plots serving the member's individual interests. The establishment of household plots at the same time is in the interest of collective farming. Further incentives of this kind are the payment of land rent in proportion to the land transferred to the cooperative on admission, as is the requirement that inclination, qualification and distance from home are to be taken into consideration in assigning work.

8. Material incentive is a very important driving force under socialism. This principle is particularly important in socialist cooperative farms, since in remunerating the members the cooperative can divide only what it has produced. Material incentive asserts itself in the economy of Hungarian cooperative farms at two main points, namely, in the relationship between the member and the cooperative farm, and in that between the State and the farm. This principle should regulate the production activities of the member by stimulating him to achieve better production results. The development of the system of work-units is a good illustration, since it has enhanced the interest of members and their families in doing better and more work. The same principle should make itself felt in the relationship between the State and the cooperative, inducing the cooperative to supply the country with more commodities of higher quality.

9. Beside large-scale commodity farming, the Hungarian cooperative farms are expected to fulfil another equally basic function, that of welding the peasantry—still recently split up into different strata—into a higher unity so as to form a homogeneous class of socialist farmers. The cooperative is therefore not only a producing unit, not only a collective cooperative enterprise, but also the mass movement of the working peasantry. The ac-

tivity of the cooperative is unthinkable without exercising an instructive influence, and the socialist cooperative movement realizes the original Rochdale object more completely than does the capitalist cooperative movement, where the original principle of instruction has been narrowed down into a cooperational refresher course. Therefore the principle of social education needs emphasizing. Operation of the cooperative is inconceivable without its exercising an educational influence. Social education may be achieved directly and indirectly. The direct form follows from the very essence of the cooperative farm. The mere fact of taking part in the leading organs of the cooperatives, in the various committees, exposes the members to educational influence, because through these activities they become familiar with the rules of social coexistence. The indirect form is realized by the cooperative's taking special measures to promote the education of its members. In 1962 more than 600 cooperative-farm academies functioned on the initiative and under the supervision of the Society for Scientific Education; in most of the cooperative farms libraries have been established, etc. Similar considerations have led to the establishment of a cultural fund—2-2% of the income, both in kind and in cash—etc. (It is an interesting historical fact that, after modifying their statutes in 1853, the Rochdalers created a cultural basis of the same order of magnitude.)

Social education has assumed special importance these days, because the application of modern methods of large-scale farming calls for well-trained specialists with a progressive outlook and for masses of skilled farm labourers. Mechanization and chemization have brought about revolutionary changes in agriculture, and as a consequence there are ever fewer jobs that can be filled by unskilled labourers. Some three million Hungarian farmers have to be taught the requirements of new production methods in agriculture, the development of social consciousness and the essentials of large-scale farming.

The realization of these tasks involves the transformation of the entire adult rural population of Hungary into educated people. No modern large-scale agricultural production is conceivable without an educated peasantry. Encouraging as the fact may be that at present about 300,000 peasants attend evening school, correspondence school or other courses, it is a depressing thought that as a cumbersome inheritance from the past more than 63 per cent of Hungary's gainfully employed population has not completed even the eight grades of primary school. Under these circumstances and in the present phase of development it is one of the most important tasks of the cooperatives in Hungary to advance the technical training, knowledge and culture of the members.

MR G. A. IN X

*Parts of a Novel**

by

TIBOR DÉRY

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The travel notes of Mr. G. A., of which two excerpts are here presented, came into my possession by chance. Although both their eccentric content and their somewhat freakish style might give rise to justified objections, I believe that certain portions—indeed, possibly the whole set of notes—might on account of their authentic facts and reliability be made available to the reading public without endangering the latter's good taste and moral judgement. History testifies that it is one of mankind's favourite diversions carefully to examine its experiences in order to learn ever more from them; possibly these notes will also contribute something to this useful pastime.

This travel diary was written immediately after the First World War, when Mr. G. A.—impelled by a no doubt unjustified haughtiness—turned his back on civilization and settled down in the extensive capital of an unknown continent. If his judgement is to be trusted, the city is larger even than London or New York, though a considerable part lies in ruin, or at least did at the time of Mr. G. A.'s stay, while its likeable inhabitants devoted little attention to protecting either their houses or themselves from decay—on the contrary! But let us not forestall the narrator. The fact is that Mr. G. A. encountered many peculiar customs in the city of X and noted these in detail, with commendable objectiveness, until he himself became subject to the dangerous attraction of the city and was forced to escape lest he lose his balance. What finally became of him, I do not know. After his return to Europe—where I came across his notes—he probably once more returned to X to continue or conclude his love affair there.

The notes came my way in 1957, and I devoted three years to arranging them for publication.

T. D.

CHAPTER I

The scene continued unchanged, spreading out its unruffled, grey sheets with the same dry conscientiousness. The wind would not abate and blew even at night, uniformly rustling the small-leaved, thorny branches of the shrubs. It was impossible to lose one's way, unless of course the breeze surreptitiously varied its direction. This, however, G. A. could not check, for at dawn the densely clouded sky was lit up almost simultaneously at all the points of the compass, and the objects cast no shadows. He shaved and continued on his journey. After three days of forced marching he abandoned his heavy, calf-skin valise, transferring only a change of linen, some handkerchiefs and socks to his rucksack. His right wrist was swollen. He ate little, for he had no more than a few tins of beef with beans and two and a half tablets of chocolate left for the rest of the way.

The plain gradually came to life. First his foot became entangled in a piece of wire that had crept out among the grass from one of the bushes. The grass was sparser now, and the shrubs were also fewer. A rusty scrap of tin crunched under his boot, and at the foot of a bush he caught sight of a leaky iron saucepan. By noon the greyish-green plain had noticeably changed its colour, developing large, brownish-red blotches, at some distance from each other, but growing ever denser. Rolls of barbed fencing and hopelessly entangled wires of various diameters, intertwined in snake-like, writhing chaos lay jumbled on top of each other, and colouring the very soil with their rust-brown hues, sprawled over the mangy grass that had evidently become stunted and begun to decay in the unhealthy vicinity of the rusty iron. Since it was impossible to walk among the wires, G. A. was forced to make lengthy detours. But the extensive iron-dumps or depots—each a scrap-yard in its own right—followed with increasing frequency, and shortly the grassy zones wedged between them were no more than a few hundred paces wide. G. A., if he did not want completely to diverge from his original course, was forced before the afternoon was out, to wade across them. However carefully he trod, the wires seized him right and left, ripped up his trousers, or else unexpectedly leaped up from under his boots and slashed him in the face. His rate of progress was cut to a quarter.

The next day the going was somewhat better, for among the barbed fencing and wires there were also other kinds of scrap iron, which in places smoothed out the path and made progress easier. For an expanse many

miles long, and presumably as wide, the earth was covered with water pipes, wall tubes, tee-irons and radiator components. G. A.'s efforts to find a by-pass either right or left, and once more to reach grass-land, failed each time. Once, as he was making his way along the top of a drain conduit of large diameter, he slipped and one of his boots was wedged between the conduit and an iron beam, layed with its edge upwards. His ankle developed a bad bruise. The grey, grassy parts had almost completely disappeared, and, as far as the eye could see, the rusty iron scrap continuously covered the earth. The wind appeared to scatter finely powdered rust in the air, the leaden daylight became, if anything, even more obscure, and the bitterish smell of oxidized iron increasingly displaced the dry scent of the grass and the shrubs. By the afternoon G. A. reached a further set of wire depots, where the accumulated or dumped material was in some places knee-deep and rendered the going so hard the he could only cover three or four miles before dark. For the night he crept into a huge piece of iron tubing to protect himself against the cold wind.

He had still not met a single fellow creature. Perfect silence reigned over the scrap-dump, which was now completely continuous, stretching to the horizon in all directions. The only sound in the absolute stillness was that of G. A.'s panting, and the obstinate, metallic clanking of the wires, which occasionally curled up from under his feet and clashed one against the other. The wires were so closely interwoven that the soil was invisible, only the wind occasionally whipped up a handful of sand from among the coils of wire jumbled on top of one another, but the tiny cloud dispersed in a moment, like a whiff of steam, in the thick, grey light descending from the sky. It was evening once more before the going improved somewhat, as the scrap wire became rarer and first only an occasional kitchen utensil cropped up, later to give way to heaps of leaky saucepans, pots, frying pans and burnt-out baking trays, cracked cauldrons and bottomless kettles, in some places forming mounds the height of a man. Then came ever greater numbers of worn, broken machine parts, flywheels, axles, boilers, metal cranks of various lengths and diameters, jacks, cogwheels and rollers. The cogwheels were piled up over an area that it took a whole day to cross, and along this stretch there was no other kind of scrap iron. One morning, after a few hours' progress, G. A. thought he would soon come to the end of his tortuous journey—his field glasses appeared to show that about six miles further off the rust-brown colouring of the earth ceased, that it was replaced by light grey, indeed in some places by a dull, white glow, as though some vast surface of water, presumably a large lake, terminated the horizon. However, he was to be disappointed. What he

now found was the wreckage of chromium or nickel-plated, white-metal machine parts, tools and instruments of indistinguishable purpose, assembled over an area of immeasurable breadth and length. Beyond them, after another two days' journey, the unending flood of rusty scrap iron again continued. But this time the ground was covered with iron sheets of varying width and size, heaped on top of each other in disorderly array, and on them progress was again much easier. The sheets clanked gaily under G. A.'s studded boots, rattled and creaked as they bit into one another, and resoundingly filled the mute waste with the live beat of human steps.

It was on the tenth or eleventh day of his journey that G. A. caught sight of the first rusty gun, which with its huge barrel pointed steeply skyward gazed fixedly at the lustreless sky. For the next few days his path led among gunbarrels scattered about on the soil, the gutted wrecks of tanks and railway waggons lying on their sides or stretching their wheels skyward. He estimated that several thousand myriad mostly undamaged railway cars, the worse only for the passage of time, and no fewer aeroplane and motor-car corpses surrounded the immediate neighbourhood of the city of X in a triple belt. Weakened by insufficient nourishment, G. A. during this last stretch of his journey covered no more than four or five miles a day—he had to balance on top of gunbarrels, to squeeze himself through between tanks, to creep up the sides of railway waggons that were propped up against one another and to lower himself down the far side, for the vehicles blocked his westward progress in such long rows that to walk round the ends would have taken four or five times longer. His feet were sore and he had abrasions on both hands. Since he had abandoned his valise, and with it his gloves, at an early stage of his journey on foot, he feared that the mass of rusty iron would sooner or later cause him to contract blood-poisoning.

In the meanwhile it had started to rain, and each step on the wet iron, the steps and bumpers of the waggons, the wheels on the ground, the tubes and iron axles, required a double effort. There was still no human being in sight, nor the trace or even the droppings of any organic living creature. The first house which G. A. noticed one morning, a good distance off through the rising fog, stood alone on the plain—as far as could be seen through the misty, dense air—to the left and at right angles to his itinerary, about an hour's walk from where he was. It appeared to be a tenement block of seven or eight stories, and G. A. headed straight towards it. . . . The house was uninhabited, the roof had collapsed, one of the walls had partly toppled. It stood in the midst of the flood of scrap iron like a

dismantled, blind lighthouse in the middle of the ocean. The refuse crowded up along its walls, writhing right up to the first floor windows. Further on, at a fair distance, more houses appeared from out of the fog, this time in smaller, conglomerated groups, three or four houses beside one another, each group of houses a half hour's or an hour's walk from the next. These too were ruins, but since the rusty scrap iron round them covered the ground, their walls bore no trace of the wild and unruly flora that usually grows rampant over collapsed country houses. They must have been uninhabited for several decades on end. The walls were bare inside too, with no tapestries, the broken pipes dangled out from their grooves, and gaping cracks opened a view on the tumbled staircases and the collapsed attics. Only on the third day did G. A. notice houses in whose ruined living rooms the wreckage of old furniture, a broken bed, an upturned, crippled table or chair balanced over the depths, or an empty, lop-sided picture-frame had remained on the wall.

His progress was now easier. A high railway embankment led past the ruined houses, and the iron heaped up on either side had not yet made its way to the top. The rails of the double track had, it is true, been torn from the embankment, indeed it looked as though the very sleepers had been ripped out by machinery, but even the crooked, rusty bits of rail, piled on top of each other and bending this way and that, and the chopped-up oak sleepers made walking easier than down below, on the thick, uneven layer of scrap that covered the ground in an uninterrupted stream. The city could no longer be far off. The ruined houses followed one another with increasing frequency, in some places already forming double rows along the embankment or facing each other over it. The weather did not change—the rain sometimes stopped, then started again.

The immediate environs of X looked roughly like the outermost fringe of any large European city, with those sparsely built-up areas that first indicate to travellers by rail that the metropolis is slowly approaching, though often it may yet take another hour or two by express train before the exhausted passenger finally arrives at one of the central stations. Within the outer belt of suburbs there are again broad vacant areas which give way to factory zones. Further along living houses again line up beside the rail network, white-collar and workers' housing estates glint through the thick smoke of the engine, a long distance off an occasional skyscraper may be seen, and a few minutes later the suddenly sharpened clatter of the train indicates that it is once more running between close rows of houses. On the walls and between the houses there are huge advertisement boards, the interiors of flats may be seen through the windows, while beneath them

there are idle freight and passenger cars shunted onto spare sidings. But this is still no more than the periphery, way out beyond the actual city. X had been built on a similar pattern. It took G. A. another three days' forced marching to reach the inhabited part. The former factory buildings could, it is true, still be distinguished from the residential ones, and beyond the upset railway cars lying about on the embankment the smaller station buildings, control towers and guard houses of former times could also be made out, but even here, in the immediate vicinity of the city, G. A. met no living person. The scene was extremely dull, the general impression dismal and G. A. frequently yawned. Only the wind whistled among the ruins—no other sound could be heard. The picture of havoc was not overawing, merely boring, for it provided no variety. It made one sleepy and dejected, as in a cemetery. The irksome monotony of decay was not alleviated even by the fact that the houses had apparently not fallen into disuse at the same time, but at intervals of several years or decades. There were some among them whose vacant window panes and unhinged gateways indicated that their inhabitants had moved out not more than five or ten years before. In others all the partition walls and staircases had collapsed, in some the roofs had tumbled in, and only the main walls stood, surrounding several storeys of rubble. It was evident that the ruin had been caused not by war, deliberate force, or some natural disaster, but by human neglect. G. A. was a man of calm, speculative character, but this last phase of his journey set his nerves on edge.

After three days he finally entered the city. The streets were narrower, but where, among the tumble-down houses, there were gaps in the rubble, there were brief stretches of flagstone or cobbled paving. In some places the rusty rails of a tramway line wound their way along the crooked streets. Most of the iron lamp posts of the street lighting had toppled down, but an occasional lamp on the walls was still in its place. Every now and then G. A. came across piles of rubble from collapsed walls, forming steep barriers several storeys high across the narrow streets—if he did not wish to, or could not surmount these obstacles (and sometimes he could hardly manage even on all fours to get to the top), then he was forced to undertake lengthy detours that not infrequently led him back to his point of departure. Here and there, in front of some relatively well-preserved building, the paving had for some reason been torn up and the deep ditches revealed the thick drainage tubes and a tangle of electric cables. Progress was not without its dangers—on one occasion a wall collapsed just behind G. A.'s back, stripping up a cloud of dust several storeys high.

It must have been about noon when in the deaf silence, broken only

by the crash of an occasional falling brick or the creaking of dry sand, he heard the first live sound. His ear, which had come to resemble a thirsting man's throat, so greedily drank in this first sign of life that he involuntarily stopped and held his breath. It was the screech of the wheels of a vehicle—a tram or local railway—from one of the neighbouring streets, where it had obviously just taken a sharp turn. For a few moments the asthmatic puffing of a small steam-engine could also be heard, suddenly to die away behind a row of tall houses. Not long after, G. A. saw the first man among the ruins. He was a man in his prime, fat, well-shaven and with spectacles, wearing a cloth cap with ear-flaps. He was leaning on his elbows at the fourth-floor window of a half collapsed house, attentively looking at G. A. The latter sensed the two needle-points of his gaze on the back of his head and glanced up to the house. When their eyes met, the man gave a friendly smile and, with an apparently gay exclamation, stepped quickly back from the window. The neighbouring buildings all round lay in ruins, and this part of the street was almost impassable. The damaged but more or less habitable houses further along again appeared to be deserted.

Presuming that the man had stepped away from the window in order to come down to him, G. A. sat down on an iron beam and waited for quite some time. Since the gate did not open, he started off again.

CHAPTER V

Stepping out into the street the next morning, G. A. caught sight of a man riding on the shoulders of another, just as he was passing by the hotel. He did not seem ill, he was a stout, well-built man with a ruddy complexion and strong thighs, whose muscles firmly pressed against the neck of the man trotting beneath him. He was, moreover, better dressed than any of the people G. A. had so far seen in X—he wore a pair of perfectly sound, light brown trousers made of a strong, apparently hand-woven cloth, a jacket with small grey checks, and under it a white linen shirt which was also sound, complete with a silk necktie. He had gloves on his hands. He clutched his bearer's hair with his right hand and held a short-handled leather whip in the other.

The man who carried him appeared to be of very much smaller stature and weaker than the passenger on his shoulders. He sped down the street with a long, even gait, swinging his arms to and fro, carrying a stool in one hand. During the brief moment when they had passed by him, G. A.

had only been able to catch a dim glimpse of his face between the thick thighs that wreathed his neck. His clothing was tattered and threadbare, as with most of the local citizens. He wore sandals on his feet and their flapping could be heard over a good distance along the desolate street.

For a while G. A. followed the two men in the hope that he might find a stray child on the way, whom he could engage in conversation and ask about the horse and its rider. He did not want to ask an adult. The rain came on again, and the grey, leaden sky undulated nervously over the rooftops. The rider turned into a narrow crossroad at the corner of the hotel, from which violent gusts of wind burst forth. He could be seen bowing his head deep against the clouds of dust swirling from among the ruined buildings, reaching up with his left hand and the whip to hold his straw hat. The bearer's narrow shoulders were obviously an uncomfortable seat. In order to maintain his balance under the double stress of wind and dust, the rider leaned far forward with the upper part of his body and, thrusting his feet back, gripped his bearer's ribs with the toes of his shoes.

The strong wind swept some tiles down onto the street from the roof of a derelict house—they pattered on the pavement round G. A., as though he had landed among a shower of stones. It seemed likely that the whole house would collapse. Fifty paces further off, the storm wrenched out the frame of a window that had been creaking to and fro in another decaying building. The frame brought a heap of bricks tumbling down onto the pavement. All along the street the rubble stood high and the wind stirred up the dust, seized it, whirled it round, and sent it spraying down among the houses with a hissing, whistling noise. G. A. stopped—way ahead of him the man on the other's back had disappeared in an erupting cloud of dust.

The next, parallel sidestreet was in better condition, the houses looked unscathed, and the drawn curtains showed that they were inhabited. As soon as G. A. turned round the corner he again caught sight of the rider, who at this moment cantered forth from a gateway, jogging rhythmically on the drooping shoulders of his bearer. He overtook them in front of a shop, where they were both looking at the window. There was nothing worth looking at—a man's green umbrella, some handkerchiefs and a threadbare red plush tablecloth were gathering dust behind the glass, in the obscurity of the half closed rusty shutters. G. A. did not stop. The rider and his mount continued to look at the shop window. They were not the same men that he had seen outside the hotel. The rider's face was overshadowed by a broad-brimmed black velvet hat, a short leather coat swung on his back, thrown over his shoulders, and his bearer was barefoot.

The rain kept growing thicker. The water came pelting down on the pavement in thick jets from the eaves and the leaking gutters of the houses, splashing up on the clothes and faces of the passers by. It flooded the pavement and roadway, which had no drainage. The dull, stale smell of garbage that dominated every street in this city, penetrated even more trenchantly in the rain-drenched air, settling in one's nose as it came streaming out in a thick, invisible flow from the gateways, billowing out over the pavements and blanketing the entire atmosphere. The very wind stank of garbage, for in whatever direction it blew, it became tainted with the city's inevitable smell.

The street, which narrowed towards the end, opened into a large, barren square. It was evident from afar that an unusual number of people had assembled there. They stood round the square in serried rows, apathetically submitting to the bursts of intense rain and the drizzle between. An occasional gust of wind would rip a broad sheet of water from the shower, flick it, and spread it over the patiently shivering crowd. At the center of the square some thirty or forty men trotted round, each on the shoulders of a bearer, as though in the arena of a large riding-school. They followed close behind one another, carrying riding crops or short-handled whips in their hands. The crowd watched them in silence. There were some who spread umbrellas over their heads, others had blankets draped over their shoulders. They were well dressed, well fed men with melancholy faces, who raised their heads with dignity, looking gravely ahead and desperately clutching their bearers' hair with one hand. The latter appeared, almost without exception, to be slender men of weak physique, wearing the ragged or at least threadbare clothes that were the accustomed uniform of the city. The riders sometimes cut the air with their whips or very carefully, almost gently, applied their crops across their bearers' backs. It was obvious that they would not for the world hurt either their bodies or their sense of dignity.

The rain continued unabated. But not even the obstinate ill-will of the weather could shake either the riders or the spectators—they persevered in their places with a childishly charming resoluteness, as though they were watching exciting trial runs for the Derby in gentle spring sunshine, out on the racecourse, under the butterfly wings of a May breeze. But here there was no green turf. In the large square, whose center was fenced off with railings, a deep sea of mud squelched under the feet of the men as they trotted round, while in the part reserved for the spectators the water ran in rivulets on the pavement. The people—men, women, old people and young, all mixed up—watched, looked around, chatted, shook the

rain-water off their shoulders, walked up and down, and their mingled voices spattered, murmuring and rousing small ripples in the water that poured from the sky. This time no laughter could be heard anywhere. As though their characteristic, light-hearted gaiety had suddenly been exhausted, they conversed quietly among each other, with grave, overclouded brows, casting glances of sympathy towards the men trotting round and round.

"Those poor men!" sighed a young woman, who had covered her shoulders with a thin, crocheted shawl against the pouring rain. There was a small child at her side, clinging to her hand. "Poor men! Now what do you say to it, sir?"

"A picturesque spectacle," replied G. A. after a moment's hesitation.

She was a woman of 20 or 25, slenderly built, with soft, faline movements and an expressive, vivacious play of her charming features. Her glossy brown hair had become a wet, tangled mass. "It makes your heart bleed for them," she said.

"Yes, indeed," answered G. A.

The young woman looked up at him, and a tear glistened in her large, devout eyes. "I sometimes ask myself, sir, in faltering moments of my faith, why they do it. No one forces them to."

"I fully agree with you, madam," said G. A.

The woman wiped the rainwater from her face with her narrow, white palm. "I am a simple woman, sir," she declared, "and I have no right to nurse doubts. I'll tell you just what I think about it: it's an unbearable sight. And how humiliating. All in all, perhaps this is not really necessary."

"I too, think this is not necessary," replied G. A.

"It's humiliating even for those who watch it," said the woman. "Like all excesses. Don't you think I'm right?"

"You're perfectly right, madam," said G. A.

"Just look at those poor men, what thick, warm cloth suits and warm pullovers they wear," said the young woman.

"What did you say?" asked G. A. after some time.

"And what brand-new, thick-soled shoes!" exclaimed the woman with a painful and despondent gesture of her arms.

"Who?" asked G. A. "Who's wearing thick shoes?"

"The riders. Don't you see?" said the woman. "Look, one of them's even got a leather coat! A leather coat with a lining!"

G. A. was silent.

"And another's got leather gloves and a fine, broad-brimmed black velvet hat!" added the woman pityingly. "Don't you see, sir?"

"Yes, I do," said G. A.

"Well isn't it ghastly?"

"Horrible," said G. A.

The young woman screwed up her small snub nose, as though trying to suppress an outbreak of tears. "Not to mention that two of them have even brought umbrellas with them. They can't even get wet."

"Well that puts the lid on it," said G. A.

"The warm clothes are perhaps not so awful," said the woman. "For it would probably not be in accord with our kindly traditions if they started shivering in public. But surely no one should expect them to torment themselves with umbrellas as well. Poor, unfortunate men!"

"Unfortunate men!" said G. A.

One of the riders left the circle and ambled up to the edge of the course, by the railings. Here his bearer knelt down, carefully first bending one knee lest his rider topple off his shoulders, and set down the little stool in front of him. The rider, a ruddy, round-faced, fattish man with black side-whiskers, stepped on the stool over the bearer's head, remained standing there a moment, looked round, then clutching the railing plopped down into the mud. "Poor man, he could stand it no longer," said the young woman. "Do you see how worn his face is with suffering? He's almost on the point of bursting into tears."

"What is this, actually?" asked G. A.

The woman looked at him. "Why, what do you mean? Their morning ride, sir. Today few of them came along, but there are days when as many as a hundred gather here."

"Who?" asked G. A. "Who, madam? Who gather here?"

The young woman again looked at him, and her charming, mobile little face was a picture of amazement. "Why," she asked, "haven't you ever seen them? The martyrs of society, sir, the rich."

"I see," said G. A. "The rich mount the backs of the poor of a morning and come out for a ride. And you pity them for it. I quite understand."

"Are you a foreigner, sir?" asked the woman.

"Yes," said G. A. "And why don't the martyrs of society walk, if riding's so tiring for them?"

The young woman was in obvious confusion, indeed she pulled away a little from G. A. "They can't do that, sir," she said, casting down her eyes. "For one thing, it would be tactless towards the poor. If they were only to heed their own selfish interests, of course, they would walk, but they won't commit anything as bad as that." From the corner of her eye, the young woman sent a stealthy glance at G. A. "However painful

it is for them," she continued, "as soon as they step out into the street tact obliges them to sit on someone's shoulders. They therefore generally stay at home, at least for the greater part of the day. Not, sir, because riding tires them physically, on the contrary, it must be highly amusing to be jolted on someone's shoulders." The young woman gave an involuntary laugh. "But that's not the point. . ."

"What is the point?" asked G. A.

The young woman turned her head right and left, as though looking to see where she could escape. You could sense that her slender young legs were flexing in alarm under her skirts, bent at the knee and ready to leap. "That's not all," she said, blushing. "They have to wear smart, warm, new clothes, thick-soled shoes in perfect repair, gloves, umbrellas. . . They have a terrible life!"

"Terrible," said G. A. "It makes your heart bleed. And why do they have to wear smart, new and warm clothes?"

In the railed-off arena at the centre of the square, the mounts now suddenly started to gallop, as though wanting to race one another. The heads of the riders, bobbing this way and that, sometimes appeared high above the spectators, sometimes vanished behind the first rows standing on tiptoes to see them. Here and there a riding crop was raised high. They galloped twice round the arena. At the end of the second round, shouts suddenly rose. The galloping line unexpectedly broke up, and the riders gathered in groups. One of the bearers had fallen. He was obviously so exhausted that he could not stand the pace, but before stretching out on the ground he made one final effort and knelt down, so that his rider should be able to dismount from his back unharmed, with his clothes unsoiled.

The young woman cast a quick, indifferent glance at the body lying on the ground. "The rain's stopped," she said with a pleasant smile, as though she had completely forgotten about the question she had left unanswered. "Now they'll ride home."

G. A. cast a glance at the sky, from which only an occasional stray, ice-cold drop now landed on his neck. "Could you tell me, madam, what remuneration these bearers receive?" he asked.

The young woman cast an alarmed glance at him. "None. Why should they be paid?" she said, in obvious fright. "Isn't it enough that they can have them sit on their necks and can prance about under them for some time? . . . Good-bye sir. You'll excuse me, but I've got to take the child home."

"But I don't want to go home yet," said the boy.

The young woman chuckled. "Well then stay!" she cried in her fresh voice, and at the next moment she had disappeared among the crowd. The child looked about for some time, then suddenly sped away in her wake, its bare little feet sending the water splashing high. Although the rain had quite stopped by now and the wind had also abated, G. A. did not follow them. He waited till the riding came to an end, then, following the riders who all set out in one direction, he entered a restaurant in a nearby street. The bearers stayed outside, some of them leaning against the wall, others settling down on the edge of the pavement, while there were a few who lay down on the damp flagstones at the foot of the wall.

This was the first time in weeks that G. A. had enough to eat. Both outwardly and in its essential features, the restaurant looked for all the world like one of those familiar, good second-class restaurants at home, where the prosperous burghers enjoy the good things of life. Dreaming away, with the saliva gathering in their mouths, they make their choice of the excellently prepared courses, take great sniffs of the picturesque vapours from the dishes steaming on the tables, painstakingly chew every morsel, drink, sigh, wipe their mouths, perhaps even close their eyes for a moment and, modestly day-dreaming the while, spend some time digesting, before they pay their bills. For a moment G. A. felt as though he was at home. The waiters rushed about between the tables, laden with dishes. Bread-baskets with bread in them stood on the tables. The flooring had no holes, the windows were not bricked up. The place was heated. The food was not served in mess-tins. A menu card lay on the white tablecloth. "Lunch or dinner, sir?" asked the waiter.

There were no guests other than the riders on the premises. Each sat at a separate table, and they did not call over to each other. They ate silently, slowly and amply. They placed their orders with the waiters so quietly that the latter sometimes had to bend down and hold their ears to their guests' mouths. Although all were well-fed, strong, smooth-faced men, on whose brows no worries had so far left their furrows, they all appeared to be smitten with melancholy. They gazed motionless ahead of them, with mournful looks, occasionally slowly smoothing their temples with the palms of their hands. Their eyes failed to show so much as a spark of joy, even when the waiter set down the dish in front of them and they sank their teeth into a large piece of well roasted, juicy meat. Carefully and conscientiously they chewed every mouthful, only sticking a new one on their forks when they had swallowed the old. They took tiny, methodical sips from their glasses. From time to time they would put down their knives and forks, take out their handkerchiefs and wipe their perspiring faces.

"Is the restaurant open in the evening as well?" asked G. A. of the waiter.

"At your service," said the waiter. "I venture to say, sir, that it is always open when our guests feel that they have need of it. When there is not sufficient demand for it, the restaurant is for evident reasons closed, of course. Unfortunately, sir, this demand is never evidenced in an unequivocal fashion, as a result of which we ourselves are in a constant state of uncertain suspense."

G. A. was made to realize that he was not at home after all. "If I were this evening unequivocally to come here," he said, "because I felt a need to have supper, will it then be open?"

"In all probability, sir," said the waiter courteously. "In all probability it will be open. But if I might respectfully ask—can you determine unequivocally that you want to have supper?"

"My bill please," said G. A.

At the door he stopped once more and looked back. Not one of the riders looked after him. They sat in their places, silent and immobile, immersed in their thoughts, each in his own separate prison. Their faces expressed such final and irremediable hopelessness, as though they had just had their death sentences read to them in this respectable, middle-class restaurant. There was perfect silence in the place, not a word was spoken or a spoon moved. The waiters, who had removed the dishes from the tables, lined up against the wall and also gazed speechless and motionless at the guests. Occasionally a modest yawn could be heard in the silence.

Stepping out in the street G. A. encountered a belated rider. He was obviously making for the entrance to the restaurant. Although he was now on foot, G. A. immediately recognized him from the leather coat draped round his shoulders and his broad-brimmed black velvet hat—he had first seen him on the way here, in a sidestreet off the Avenue, in front of a shop window. He now carried a small stool in his hand, and his riding crop hung from one of his coat buttons.

"Could I have a word with you, sir?" said the rider, suddenly coming to a halt and inspecting G. A. with a quick glance.

The latter stopped.

"Are you engaged, sir?" asked the rider in a tired, dull voice.

"What do you mean?" asked G. A.

"I am inquiring, sir, whether you dispose freely of your time or have engaged yourself with someone else?"

G. A. pondered for a moment. "I am at your service."

"The pleasure's mine," said the rider, once more running his gaze up

G. A.'s ragged trousers and his worn, rust-stained jacket. "You have probably learned that my helper, who usually assists me in my morning rides, has through his well-intentioned but intemperate enthusiasm ruptured his inner parts, so that he expired during the performance of his duties. Would you do me the honour of taking the deceased's place and conveying me to my home?"

"On my back?" asked G. A.

The rider cast a reproachful, tired look at G. A. "I don't understand your question, sir," he said in measured tones. "Did you think you would lead me home by the hand?"

"So it's to be on my back," said G. A. "Most willingly, sir."

"The pleasure's mine," said the rider gravely once more. "As you know, sir, I am merely doing my duty by society in providing you with an opportunity to work. For the time being I shall engage you for a trial ride, and if you appreciate my manners and my weight and earn my benevolence through your diligence, I shall not be averse to making your appointment permanent."

G. A. quickly sized up the man standing in front of him—he must have weighed about 14 stone. "I understand, sir," he said.

The rider held out his stool to him. "In that case we've agreed," he said, casting his eyes upon the ground. "Take this stool. I shall call you Gustave like all your predecessors. Please don't forget. I repeat: Gustave. Wait for me here, near the entrance."

In the meanwhile it had again started to rain. The sky was covered by so dense a layer of bog-coloured clouds that not even a flash of lightning would have been able to find its way through. From one moment to the next, darkness descended. The bearers heaved themselves up from the ground and squeezed the water from their clothes. Those who had shoes took them off and poured the slush out. The cold and the damp made their complexions turn green, and their teeth chattered. They did not talk to one another, an occasional word was the most that could be heard, but despite their silence, which might well have been taken for moroseness, their features appeared calm and even contented, like those of people who live at peace with their consciences. Although they had obviously all heard the conversation that had taken place between the rider and G. A., not one of them spoke to their new colleague during his long wait for his rider. Their innocent, absent-minded look passed straight through him. G. A. felt like someone who has just stolen bread out of somebody's pocket.

The process of mounting went smoothly, without any difficulties. G. A. did stagger for a moment under this fourteen-stone load when he rose from

his knees, but in another second he had regained his balance, and, with his body bent slightly forward, his arms swinging to and fro, he immediately set off at a light trot. He was a hard worker, and soon he felt pleasantly warm. He did not avoid the puddles but cut boldly across them. The water squished loquaciously under their double weight. When they faced the wind, the rain came pelting into his face and he dashed the water from his eyes with his fingers. It was an honour to be guided by word of mouth, and not with reins and spurs. The only thing that troubled him was that his rider clutched his hair, sometimes with both hands at once, whereas G. A. had always been very particular about his head.

They now appeared to be in an elegant quarter of the city. Both right and left there were rows of one- and two-story villa-like houses, with little turrets, balconies, mock pillars and terrace-like flat or steep Swiss roofs. Some of the windows were covered with ornately embellished, dense iron railings, carrying wrought-iron flower holders with no flowers in them. In front of the houses there were fenced garden plots, but with no gardens; imaginary, grassless lawns, empty flower beds left to fantasy, with an occasional barren, rusty iron trellis in the corner, that was to have served as a bower. Nowhere had a single plant grown over into reality. The buildings themselves appeared to be somewhat better tended than those which G. A. had hitherto encountered during his journeys. There were fewer ruined houses, collapsing walls, leaky roofs and blotchy stains on the walls. Some of the buildings had their full complement of windows, though they were covered with a thick layer of dust. But even here there were few people in the streets. One or two of them were mounted, but they did not greet one another.

G. A. gradually began to develop a pain in the small of his back, and his neck grew stiff. If his increasing fatigue occasionally led him to slow down, the rider immediately swished his riding crop. He did not strike G. A. but merely touched him, gently, almost caressingly, the way you do with English thoroughbreds that will not stand being hit. On one occasion, when in a fit of absent-mindedness he happened to administer a stouter whack, the rider took fright and bent back to give him a consoling pat on the shoulders. The sudden movement put G. A. off his balance, and he nearly fell.

Once a rider coming the opposite way stopped them. The two gentlemen raised their hats and bowed as they politely greeted each other. The gusts of wind, sometimes the strength of a gale, beat the rain against the face of the opposite rider, so he could hardly keep his eyes open. The water poured down his neck in persistent, thick jets from the brim of his black

top hat, which acted as a waterspout. "I see you have a new assistant, my friend," he said, blinking.

"The previous one expired this morning," said G. A.'s rider, in his insipid, colourless tone.

"The third this year, if I am not mistaken," remarked the strange rider. "They are lucky, they have a good place with you."

"They were glad to help me, they remembered me with love and gratitude during their last minutes," said G. A.'s rider. "But perhaps this one will endure longer. He's a tough specimen, as far as I can see, and in relatively good condition, unless of course he has concealed diseases."

The strange rider blinked as he scrutinized G. A. "Where did you engage him?" he asked.

"Outside the *White Horse*," replied G. A.'s rider. "I didn't see you during our morning ride or at lunch, my friend."

"I was not well," said the stranger, heaving a great sigh.

G. A.'s rider jocularly admonished him with his riding crop. "You're a sly one!" he said. "Whenever you can manage, you wriggle out of your social duties. But you're right, my friend, because those who sacrifice themselves for the common good are finally punished by being pitied. Today, for instance, my ill fate led me to catch sight of an umbrella in a shop window, and of course I would have been obliged to acquire the right to its ownership, but fortunately the shopkeeper did not wish to part with it. Out on the riding course no less than three unfortunates already had umbrellas to hold over their heads."

"Poor wretches," said the strange rider, wiping the water from his face with his hand. "They can't even get drenched! Believe me, my friend, this year I haven't so much as had a cold. Even diseases avoid one. Am I then doomed to live for ever?" he suddenly and passionately cried, cracking his whip.

"Control yourself," said G. A.'s rider in his dull voice. "Let us bear with dignity the afflictions fate has bestowed on us. Some day all suffering will come to an end."

The strange rider sighed. "So they say. But as long as the suffering lasts, we do not believe that it can end. Those whom fate persecutes do not believe in experience, they only have faith in their own obsessions."

G. A.'s rider also sighed, "The old question," he said. "Do we live among facts, or among their shadows?"

"Let us not inquire," said the strange rider. "Why augment the aimless curiosity of nature with our own? Questions only have answers, not solutions. Good-bye, my friend."

Having arrived at the end of the street, the rider directed G. A. towards a broad-fronted two-storey building, decorated with several small turrets. The gate was open. They found themselves in a spacious, unpaved courtyard, with a bucket-and-chain well in the middle. A narrow path of boards, themselves covered with mud, led across the bottomless ooze that spread all over the yard, to a corner where a bare iron spiral staircase wound its way up to the gallery on the first floor. At the foot of the stairs the rider dismounted. "I engage you for tomorrow, for another trial ride, Gustave," he said wearily. "Be here by the stairs at 10 a. m. My stableman will now conduct you round the castle to satisfy your understandable curiosity, after which he will feed you. You need not accompany me upstairs."

The stableman was standing on the board behind G. A. "Please be so kind as to follow me, sir," he said with a polite smile, courteously bowing his head. He was a short, thin man, with delicate bones like a bird's and a nervous look that darted hither and thither. There could indeed have been little flesh or fat under his shrivelled, yellow skin. "Would you prefer first to view the castle and then have lunch, or the reverse order?"

"Both can wait," said G. A. "First I'd like to dry myself and get some warmth."

The small stableman lifted his sharp, narrow bird's face in surprise. "Some warmth?"

"I'm cold," said G. A. rubbing his hands. "Perhaps there's a stove somewhere, where I could dry myself."

"A stove?" repeated the stableman hesitantly.

"Well, if there isn't a stove," said G. A., "then maybe in the kitchen, by the range."

The stableman was silent, and his restlessly darting glance halted curiously for a moment on G. A.'s face. "In other words, you accept the invitation to lunch?"

"Let's get under a roof somewhere, if we can," said G. A. "We'll discuss the rest there."

"I understand, sir," said the stableman. "Please be so good as to wait a moment, I'll tell the cook to light the range. While lunch is being prepared, I shall show you round the castle."

On the ground floor, which they first viewed, there were a dozen or so spacious rooms opening one into the other. They were for the greater part unfurnished, and in some even the plaster was missing from the walls, but here and there empty picture-frames hung on the red bricks, while beneath them there were small carpets on the parquet floor, obviously to allow one more comfortably to inspect the missing pictures. The curtains were every-

where closely drawn over the windows, and they walked through the chambers by dim electric lighting. In those that were furnished, G. A. saw the same pieces of furniture that stood in the hall of the hotel—they looked just as brand new and unused as there, you could almost feel the smell of fresh upholstery rise from them. In one of the large chambers the walls were covered with brick-red silk tapestry, while the furniture was clad in spinach-green, corded velvet. In this room an empty bronze birdcage stood on a marble table. One of the windows was broken—the wind blew the curtain aside and splashed rain all over the floor of the room.

"This *salon* closes the ground-floor suite," said the stableman who had so far stalked silently behind G. A. "You will naturally also wish to view the upstairs premises?"

"Is the library upstairs?" asked G. A.

The stableman mutely shook his thin bird's head to say no.

"Then I shall not presume on you any further," said G. A. "Let's go to the kitchen."

"We've plenty of time, sir," said the stableman with an encouraging, friendly smile. "The lunch is still being prepared. Take a seat in this comfortable armchair. You have come from abroad, have you not?"

G. A. was silent for a while. "What leads you to assume so?" he asked.

"And you have only spent a short time in our city," continued the stableman, tactfully ignoring the question. "You have betrayed yourself, sir. I don't presume that you would have wished to conceal it, but you probably had no wish to reveal the fact."

"No, none at all," said G. A., somewhat put out. "How did I betray myself?"

The stableman's face relaxed. "You betrayed yourself with every word you spoke, sir," he said compassionately, casting a gentle and almost pitying glance at G. A. "If you would wish to keep your secret, you would have to be as mute as the grave. Your words at every step reveal not only your unfamiliarity with conditions here, if you will permit me to say so, but almost at every instant convey more and more interesting details of life where you come from, which makes your conversation truly enthralling. For instance, I gather from what you have said that where you live, abroad, people are in the habit of heating their homes in the winter."

"Yes, if they can," said G. A.

"And for this purpose they install stoves, or possibly radiators in their rooms," continued the stableman, with a curious, inquisitive glance at G. A.'s face. "I hope I am not too hasty in my conclusions. I have learned, moreover, that if people there receive an invitation to lunch from a member

of the wealthy class, they accept it. Most remarkable! Your every word, sir, has been a veritable textbook to me. From one of your questions, for instance, I was led to conclude that in your country people are in the habit of writing, possibly even of reading books. I venture to say that the quarter hour which I have just spent with you has been the most exciting in my life. It was exactly as though one of the long-dead witnesses of ancient centuries had come to life and stood before me in the full grandeur and authenticity of reality. Words cannot convey, sir, how grateful I am. And when I think how much I may yet expect of you, provided. . ."

"Why don't you finish the sentence?" asked G. A. after a while. "And couldn't we go out to the kitchen now?"

"Where it's warm, eh?" asked the small stableman with innocent irony. His laughter was as pleasantly naive and straight-forward as the dawn chirrup of a bird. "Do you really not want to have a look at the upstairs premises? I assure you they're in far worse taste even than these."

"Then don't let's torment ourselves," said G. A.

The stableman looked down, engrossed in thought. "How interesting," he murmured. "So we shouldn't torment ourselves, eh? Your every word's a revelation to me, sir. Unfortunately, if Mr. Ireneus upstairs finds out that you are foreign, he will discharge you from his service."

"Aren't foreigners liked here?" asked G. A. turning towards the door.

"Oh, on the contrary, sir!" exclaimed the little stableman. "True, we only rarely have visitors from abroad, perhaps once every hundred years, but if one of them does honour us, he is received with the greatest respect and hospitality. That is why, sir, that is exactly why you will be discharged."

G. A. looked the stableman in the eye. "And what if you were not to tell upstairs that I'm a foreigner?"

"Excuse me, but in that case you'll give yourself away, sir," said the stableman, with an expression of pity. "It may well be recklessness on my part, indeed I may be making myself ludicrous, hazarding so definite an opinion about you and your future. Possibly you deliberately revealed yourself to me and are able on occasion to be as inscrutable as a wall. But in that case it is I who might perhaps give you away."

"I trust you," said G. A.

"You do ill, sir," said the small stableman shaking his head. "We do not know ourselves and we can never tell what the future will bring. . . Ah, I think Mr. Ireneus is calling you. . ."

The door opposite them opened, and the rider—just as soaking wet as when he had arrived—entered the room. "I was just showing Gustave the reception room," said the stableman. "It surpasses all his expectations."

The rider remained standing at the threshold. "I am glad," he said. "How fortunate that you are still here, Gustave. Come up to my study."

The dully lit, elongated study was narrowly built—eight paces long and four across. It contained a bare table, an iron bedstead and a chair, and in the corner there was a tin washbasin on the floor, full of soapy, filthy water, with a tiny piece of dark brown soap on a cracked china plate beside it. Opposite the door a small, square window opened on the street, and under it there was a lavatory bowl with a wooden lid on it and a bucket of water in front. A thick, dense iron grid over the window protected the room from receiving too much of the outside light. "This is my favourite room," said the rider, taking a deep breath of the stale, sickly, dusty air. "Its simple and straightforward furnishings do not disturb one's thoughts. Whenever I have a minute's free time I retire to this study. As you see, the door has no handle so I cannot leave the room, even if I wished to disturb myself before time. The staff have strict instructions on these occasions never to let me out at the door."

"Interesting," remarked G. A.

Mr. Ireneus, however, did not expect approval, but looked down at the ground with a tired, indifferent gaze. He had a broad, bony face, brimming over with vitality, with a somewhat squashed nose and long-lobed, energetic ears on either side of his large, egg-shaped skull, mounted on the firm pillar of a thick, obstinate neck, over manly shoulders and a powerful chest. In this self-assured, well harmonized and able-bodied ensemble his faded look and pale, deathly voice were like a couple of dry-rot stains on a fine, ripe piece of fruit. "You need not sit down, Gustave, if you prefer to stand," said Mr. Ireneus. "I called you up because I want to have a talk with you."

G. A. remained standing, for he did not wish to arouse suspicion.

"There are moments when even a recluse like me yearns for company," said Mr. Ireneus with an unexpected emotional warmth in his tone. "Tell me your life, Gustave."

"There's nothing about it to tell," said G. A.

"Even the little lives of the most insignificant people are interesting if we have a closer look," said Mr. Ireneus. "I shall draw the curtain, I also prefer to be in the dark. And then we can talk more openly to each other, Gustave."

It suddenly became pitch dark in the shady room, which had even previously received only as much of the rubbish-coloured, overcast street light as was admitted by the wire grid over the window. G. A. slowly backed up to the wall, so that at least his rear should be safe. The splash of an

incessant stream of water landing on the pavement from the eaves could be heard from outside. In the dark you have to rely on your nose, so that your sense of smell is much better. It is also warmer, for you feel cold partly through your eyes. G. A. then, leaning his back against the wall, and with a recalcitrant nose, took a few sniffs at the air, carrying a faintly shadowy smell, and the homely scents reassured him. The blind see with their ears—G. A. traced the rider's creaky footsteps up to the table and then to the chair, which gave a complaining groan as he sat down.

"I don't like to have people pitying me," said the rider after a while, in his weak, tired tone; now in the dark—when people involuntarily lower their voices—it seemed more in proportion and did not shame the large, dignified, manly body, which having suddenly become invisible, now only addressed itself to the world through its voice. Despite the tiredness that suffused it, his speech had a calm, self-confident quality, while his words, which conveyed the superior assurance of a man of great experience who has seen much of the world, were so convincing and of such masculine simplicity that they engaged the hearer's attention from the very first sentences. "I saw in your eyes, Gustave, that you also pity me," he said quietly. "There is nothing more repugnant to me than the sympathy I arouse in people when I am obliged to appear in public. Only those can accept sympathy who know that in the course of the natural circulation of sentiments they will once themselves be able to take pity on one of their fellow humans. But where can I find a man who would accept even the least bit of charity from me without immediately coming to hate me for it? Through my birth and circumstances I have been allotted the social task of causing suffering to my fellow humans and asking in return for respect, which they will not give me, and receiving sympathy, which I don't want. Thus I am left to myself, with which I could easily put up if I could lock myself up in this room and lie down in this bed in which I was born and in which I would like as soon as possible to get to my rest. But to go out in the arena and disport my loneliness?"

G. A. discovered a chink in the curtain covering the window, through which a thin streak of fog-coloured light stole into the room. The little ray fell on the lavatory bowl which immediately began gently to shine and, incessantly renewing its tiny glimmers, managed with each to scatter an intimate, modest, yet self-conscious and friendly greeting into the darkness.

"You people don't know how lucky you are," said Mr. Ireneus bitterly. "Putting up with pain, with physical and spiritual torment?... Why, that's child's play... Not to mention the fact that every piece of suffering is like a faithful friend—it takes you by the hand and leads you one step

nearer the coveted final rest. To watch the suffering of our beloved, of our mothers, fathers or children, or the slow passing of a wife from beside us, with whom we have spent the whole of our lives and who seems suddenly to have had enough of us, all this is nothing compared to what I have to stand. I know the grief of the old man who watches his sick or unfortunate child and whose every bit of life and love is gathered in that look, in those almost extinguished, tear-dimmed old eyes, which even if they look in front of themselves see always further and note nothing but the unfortunate child, whom the old man can no longer help with anything but his gaze. I know those old, parched and hardened lips that have become ashamed to kiss, the senile nodding of the head, the trembling of the hand, the discontented grumbling, the reproachful mumbling with which they seek one more, last time to convey what they cannot express, that which has irretrievably passed, the dream of a happy life that will never be realized and that the aged father had intended his son should enjoy. Yes, I know this grief, the suffering of a love that is unable to be of help. That of the ill child who sees its parents unhappy on its account and strives to get better if only to dry up their suppressed tears and quieten their stifled sighs, which it can hear even through the partition, to halt the empty, speechless gaze with which they both stare at the door, sitting up with a shock every now and then and putting on an indifferent expression in order mutually to conceal their suffering from the other. I know the torment of the mother who carries a double burden, not only that of her unbearable anxiety for the child, but also atop of this, that of her husband's grief, and who when she is at last left alone and would cry the tears that a stranger could as little staunch as he could bid the ocean's waves to halt, even then, with an ultimate effort of her will of which only love and goodness makes her capable, stifles her sobs lest her child learn that she suffers on its account, or her husband that she trembles for the child's life. I know all this, from my own experience or from what I have heard, or from the history of mankind—it is all the same. But what is all this, compared to what I have to bear! To suffer for others is after all the best pastime that man can find on this earth. When, with the passage of time, you get tired of a particular cause of distress because you have grown so inured to its everyday presence that you no longer notice its cries, then a new grief forthwith takes its place, and immediately starts entertaining you with its unfamiliar, pretty, young contours. Because man, Gustave, is so wisely construed that he finds it hard to put up with the joys of life and does all he can to rid himself of their burden, but in suffering he is admirably persevering and patient and shows unparalleled ingenuity in seeing that

he should never run short of it. And if, perchance, he should sometimes nevertheless be forced for a short time to do without his accustomed pastime, he need do no more than visit his next door neighbour who will lay before him such a generous spread both of his personal and general woes as to be sufficient immediately to break anyone's heart with fraternal commiseration."

G. A. experienced a start. For some unknown reason the lavatory cistern suddenly flushed, the seething water came hurtling down into the bowl, swished round it, then departed with a gurgle down the drain. The valve mechanism in the cistern buzzed, then began clanking. The noise of bubbling water now came from above, first a gushing, thick whirl, then ever thinner, till finally only the quiet plonk of an occasional drop could be heard in the restored silence. However, as soon as the cistern was full, the mechanism again buzzed, flushed the bowl which hissed and spluttered, and the apparatus once more started clanking. Mr. Ireneus laughed.

"My only entertainment," he remarked with a smile. "It may now go on playing for as much as two or three hours—you marvel at its perseverance. But in the morning, when I pull the plug after doing my business, there are times when it will not yield a single drop whatever cajolery I use. Knowing its childishly charming stubbornness my stableman puts a bucket of water beside it every day. I rarely have to use the bucket because if it knows it's there, it becomes as amenable as an abstract thought and stops playing its tricks. Then all of a sudden, unexpectedly, when you least imagine it would, it will again become pig-headed. Highly amusing."

"You should have one fitted in every room," said G. A.

The rider was silent. The machinery in the cistern clanked away, gradually faded, then started it all over again. "There is much, Gustave, that the human heart can put up with," said Mr. Ireneus. "The only thing it cannot bear is to cause suffering to others. This surpasses its powers. It's easy for you, simple little people, because in your modest, everyday lives you are content to suffer yourselves, and try to alleviate your lives by ending them as soon as you can. But to cause others distress requires such an extraordinary effort of the will and the imagination, that no ordinary person would be capable of it. Occasionally, when I mingle among the masses *incognito*, I look at you people with your unharrassed, thin faces, distorted at the most by a spasm of some rough bodily pain every now and then, I listen to your innocent, heartfelt, common laughter, interrupted perhaps for varying durations in one case or another by the suffering of a fellow being, a member of the family or a friend, I sniff at the smell of mildew emanating from your clothes, and I feel bitter envy rising within me. When

shall I laugh, Gustave? Maybe on my sick-bed, if once the clemency of nature in time allows me to fall sick. For I have not the reassuring feeling that I shall not live for ever. I have no one to see to it that I should ever leave this Vale of Sorrows. I stand at the beginning of an infinite progression beyond which I can never get, and I contemplate you people, as you pass by me whistling, crying, laughing and desperate, with the little packs of your evryday griefs and joys upon your backs, waving your hats and singing as you go, in the august condition, verging on bliss, experienced by the raindrop before it reaches the ground. But who is it that drops you? . . . That's what I ask: Who drops you? I! It is I who sacrifice myself to curtail your suffering, it is due to me that you may live in innocence until you die. I have taken it upon me, in the name of nature, which has grown sick of the human species, to extirpate this cursed breed. It is my merit that you need not commit violence against yourselves, but may remain in the condition of grace. You may thank me for being guiltless victims who may enter your graves with sweet laughter, wondering, innocent eyes and a clear conscience. And what is the recompense for all this? That I am pitied. The lamb, pitying the wolf? A wolf that would sooner tear itself to bits than harm a hair of its victim if only it were not forced to it."

"I have understood every word you have said, sir, and thoroughly engraved it upon my memory," said G. A. He had managed with his hand somewhat to widen the slit in the curtain. The rain was still pouring outside, and the puddle in front of the gate, through which he had had to wade on the way here, had now grown to extend right across the street. As far as he could see through the chink in the curtain, there was not a single person in the street.

"One of the most characteristic features of man is that people feel contempt for things they obtain without effort," said Mr. Ireneus. "I am glad, Gustave, that you have nevertheless been able to appreciate the fact that I have confided in you. Possibly we shall some day continue this conversation, which has proved so fruitful and interesting for both of us. Indeed, you require all these qualities in your service. The only thing to which I take exception is that you express your thoughts in too verbose a manner, not with the terseness and precision which they no doubt deserve. I shall therefore, for the time being, have to do without your services, though I reserve the right of possibly re-engaging you after a time. Leave your address with the stableman. Before you go out, draw the curtain to, for I note that, through the wholly unselfish and therefore unavoidable ill-will of the objects around us, a small chink has developed. The threshold at the door is high, take care not to trip over it."

G. A. lost his way as he went home along the deserted streets, so that he only reached the hotel late at night. By night fall the sky had cleared, and the moon rose over the battered houses, so that after a long time G. A. now again met his shadow. It frolicked gaily around him like a well-trained dog, which is always either immediately in front of or behind its master. There were few places where there was street lighting, and G. A. walked the greater part of the distance by moonlight, in the fickle glimmer of the dead light that atomized the solid world around him. For streets on end he heard no other sound in the alien silence than the intimate tap of his own footsteps.

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MIKLÓS BORSOS, THE SCULPTOR

by

ISTVÁN GENTHON

There is hardly any other Hungarian artist in whose works the warm and spicy breeze of the Mediterranean has made itself as strongly felt as in those of Miklós Borsos. Man in his terror and forsakenness is unknown to him. And yet, his family came from Gyergyó-csomafalva, a small village in Transylvania, which is a long way from the sea, as is Nagyszeben, where he himself happened to be born in 1906. True—apart from his early childhood—he has spent his life in Transdanubia, the region of ancient Pannonia; first at Győr, on the Danube, and for a decade and a half, whenever he could do so, at Tihany, on Lake Balaton.

His family fled from Transylvania in 1916, during the First World War. In 1920 his father, who was a watchmaker, settled down at Győr. At first Miklós Borsos worked as an apprentice in his father's shop, and the time he spent there was by no means wasted. He learned how to handle the chisel and how to treat metals and, while trying to cope with definite tasks that had been set him, grew fond of precious materials. At that time he wanted to become a painter; to his great sorrow, however, his application for admission to the Academy of Fine Arts was turned down at the age of twenty-one. In 1928 he for a while studied under Oszkár Glatz in Budapest and then set out to see the wide world. He visited Florence (1928) and after a couple of months took to the road and roamed over the South of France, observing people, art monuments and scenery and, all the time, assiduously drawing what he saw. Then he settled down at Győr, where he lived till 1944. Here he worked as a painter at first, and his works were shown at numerous local exhibitions. He also experimented with modelling and, along with his paintings, exhibited four of his sculptures at Győr in March 1931. But in 1932 he cast aside the brush, feeling that painting was not his real vocation. He went in for drawing, preparing as it were for the future. Budapest artists already knew of him and kept an eye on him.

Soon, in 1932, a show of his works was opened at the National Salon in Budapest. He exhibited statues, metal reliefs and *gouaches*. But this appearance of his passed almost unnoticed. Perseveringly and diligently he kept on working, and although his home was full of his works, he did not seem intent on conquering the capital too soon. By and by reproductions of his sculptures and reliefs appeared in illustrated papers, and the press again and again dealt with his activity. In 1940 the photograph of his chased metal relief, entitled "Weeping Women," was published. These hooded figures covering their faces were rooted in the Gothic plastic art of Burgundy, but Borsos rendered them in a somewhat expressionistic, stylized manner.

His second show, held in Budapest in January 1941, finally brought him success. Forty-four of his sculptures and reliefs were displayed. They were made of granite, marble, red marble, porphyry, basalt, copper, *lignum sanctum* spindle-wood and mahogany—an abundance and variety that are characteristic of his art. His basalt "Self-Portrait," as well as a white marble "Woman's Head," a stone "Torso of a Girl" and a "Female Nude Standing" attracted attention. Nor was the success in press notices wanting. Lajos Kassák, who is very exacting with respect to artistic standards, wrote the following: "...the works he displayed are intimate and rich both in their message and in their external forms."

His metal embossments attracted particular notice. This is an ancient technique mostly used in the gold and silversmith's craft, where it is termed chased work. On a wooden base the relatively soft copper sheet is roughly embossed with a mallet, while for meticulous elaboration of minute details a harder base is used. In his early embossments Borsos, still groping, had not yet succeeded in creating harmony between material and style. However, his "Sleeping Horsemen," on which two horses, a man sitting and another one lying, appeared, in its simplicity was an approach towards the right solution. The Turanian, Mongoloid features of the recumbent man were not isolated in Hungarian art between the two world wars.

Borsos attempted to apply the technique of embossing in three-dimensional sculptures too, which resulted in mask-like heads like his "Self-Portrait" or "Figure Praying." At the back the two edges of the metal sheet did not meet, the piece remained open, which somehow created a feeling of imperfection. His stone statue, entitled Smile (1934), was exhibited at the same show. It was purchased by the Municipal Gallery of Budapest. The head of a woman, through its unearthly smile and serenity, radiates the timelessness of Buddha statues. The artist did not endeavour to give any details; he shaped the primeval forms of the human face in its calm and unchangeable oneness.



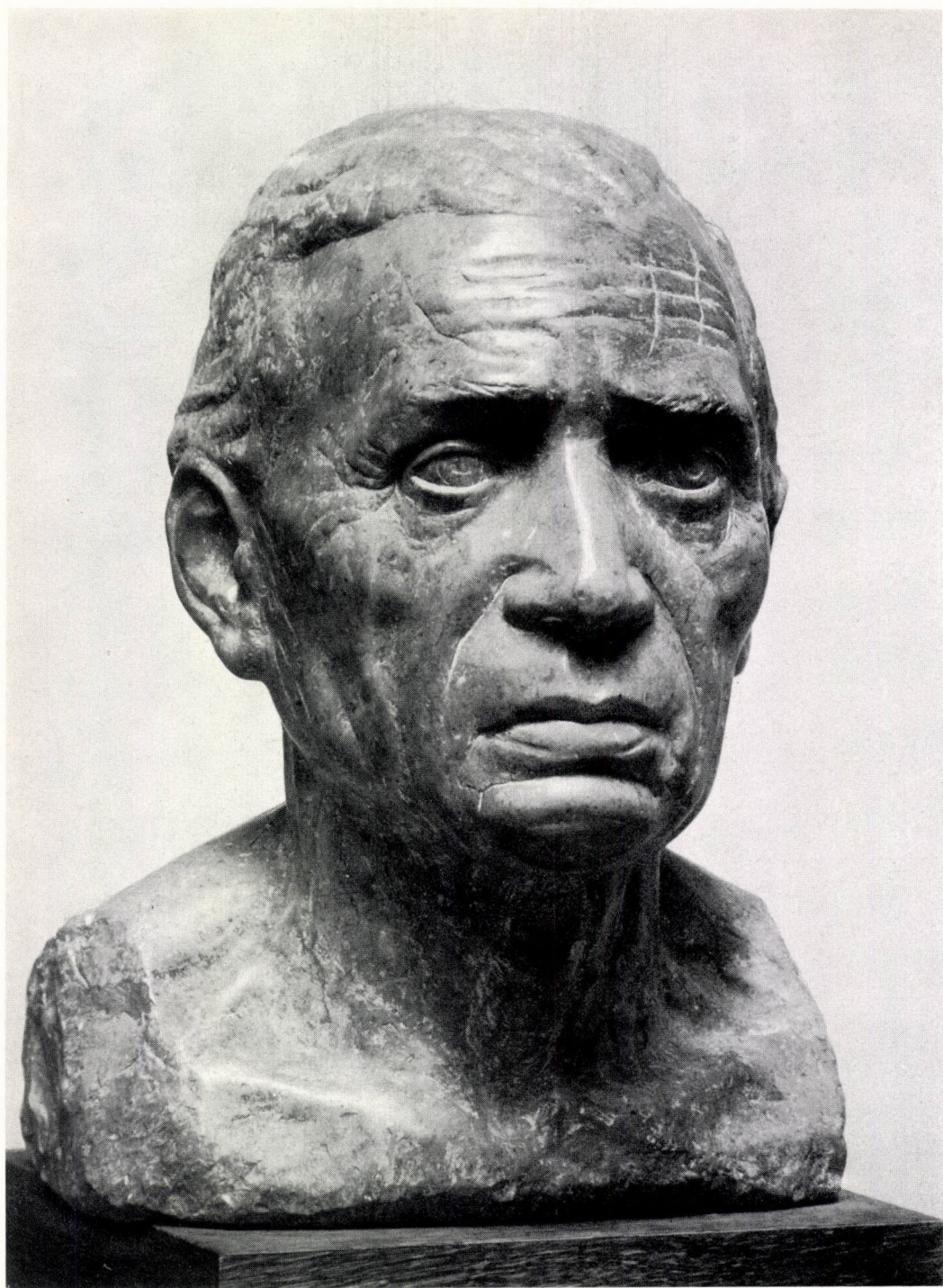
MIKLÓS BORSOS: STUDY



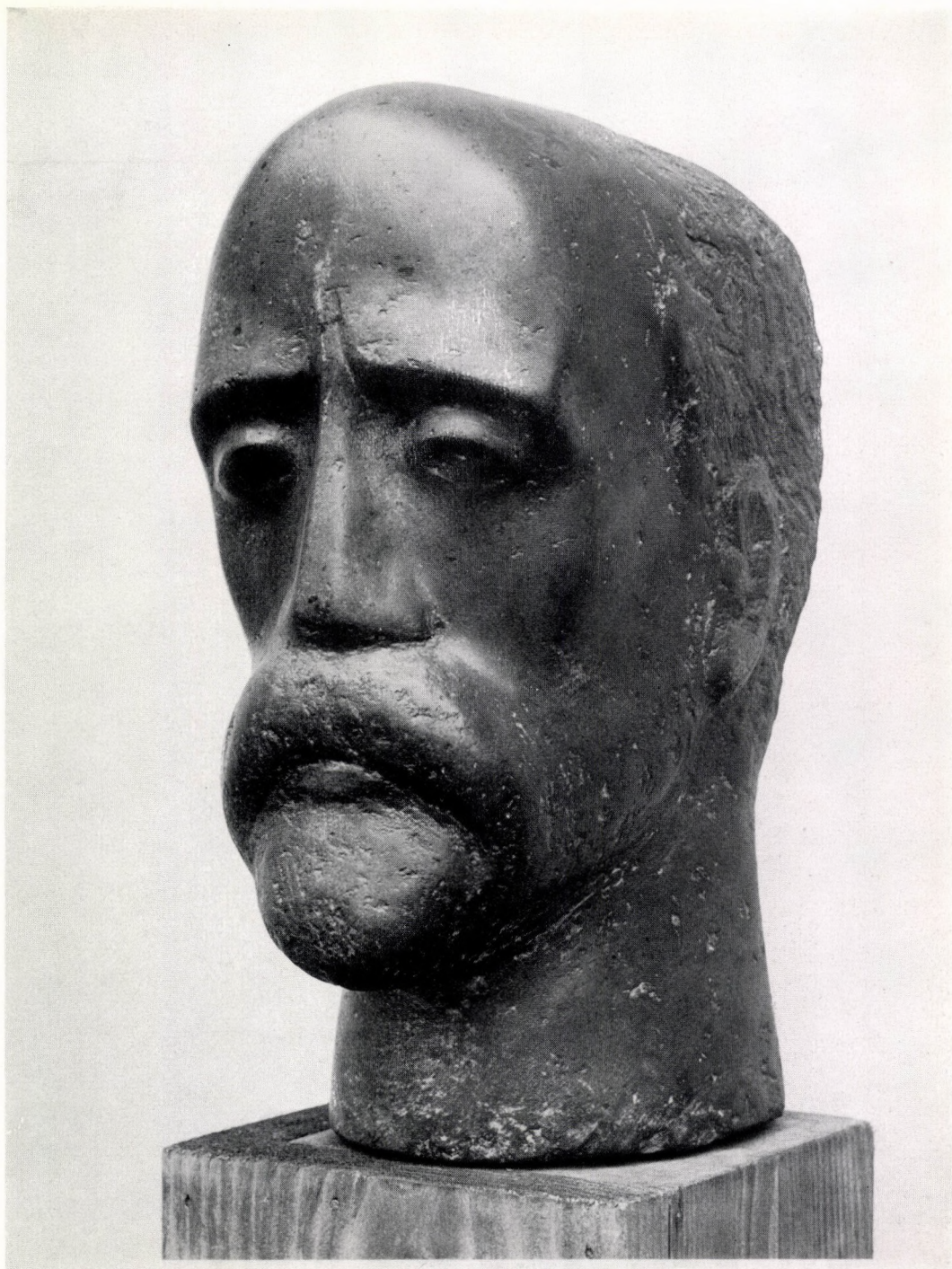
MIKLÓS BORSOS: BIRTH OF VENUS



MIKLÓS BORSOS: TORSO



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MIKLÓS BORSOS: STUDY



MIKLÓS BORSOS: PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN



MIKLÓS BORSOS: PLAQUES

By that time Borsos' artistic activity was being closely followed in Budapest. In the strange, rich and sincere essay in which Ernő Kállai expressed his anxiety about the ever deepening gap between everyday life and art, this critic, who perhaps had done the greatest service in getting Hungarian art between 1920 and 1940 recognized, put to paper the following augural words: "Genuinely holy human depths are hidden in Miklós Borsos's sculptures and reliefs."

His "Portrait" (1942) is of a somewhat later date. Large and calm forms again dominated the face which had Malayan features. An honourable mention was awarded this work by the Fine Arts Society in the same year. A chased metal "Golgotha" (1942), with a head of Christ and the figure of Mary weeping beneath, is also memorable.

Gradually his new works accumulated and he had to think again of presenting them publicly. This important exhibition was opened in May 1943 at the Ernst Museum. Twenty-four works were put on show, among them a "Nude" carved of basalt and the embossed metal pieces entitled "Servant Girl," "Woman with Fruit Basket," "Sitting Figure" and "Three Horses." Making use of a wide range of techniques Borsos vigorously strove towards the goal he had set himself. The head of the painter "Barcsay" (1943), made of basalt, is a magnificent study of character, although this material, immensely hard to carve, scarcely lends itself to the working out of details. Broad planes confine space and testify to the utilization of the achievements of Cubism. A very fine "Woman's Head" with long hair was also among the exhibits. By its well-poised composition, the "Cittern-Player," with his horse tied to a tree in the background, was outstanding among the embossed metal objects. On the other hand, the silver relief made at about the same time and entitled "Noah's Ark" (1943), with its innumerable figures and overcrowded composition, was reminiscent of the works of late Byzantine gold and silversmiths. The fewer the figures Borsos represents in this medium, the better he is, as for instance in his "Poor People" (1943, Hungarian National Gallery), in which a sitting man and woman are depicted with a cow in the background.

Not only on account of the exhibition was the year 1943 a memorable one. It was in the same year that the artist had a small house with a studio built on Tihany peninsula. Everybody is looking for a toy, and so are most of all grown-up children more than anyone else, and Miklós Borsos found a toy to satisfy him for a lifetime—pagan Pannonia with its fragrance of grapes, a world which can be discerned beyond the caves of the self-mortifying hermits from the period of the Árpád Dynasty and beyond the scintillating Baroque altars. He came to love the gentle slopes of the hills, the mysterious

dead lakes, the old trees and the descendants of the primitive herdsmen. All of them joined in giving him inspiration.

Impetuously he set to work. The garden became his real studio; he carved his statues in the open air, like the Hellene masters of yore. The artist suited to the Mediterranean countryside found his place. Besides, it is characteristic of Borsos that he never makes a model pose for him when he is sculpting. Only drawings and sketches are made after a model.

One of the first sculptures made in the new and blissful surroundings was the basalt head called "Girl of Tihany" (1943). In the broad and smiling face, around which the hair is barely indicated, existence itself is beautified like in archaic Greek sculptures. Pleasure lurks in the little eyes, and the mouth opens as though craving a kiss. Its plastic treatment, however, is as acrid as fruit in springtime.

The Second World War put an end to the idyll. In the ghastly years of inhumanity Borsos did not touch the chisel but only made expressive drawings. His house at Tihany was reduced to ruins. After the liberation he found it difficult to start work again. He prepared drawings for short stories, illustrated Gábor Devecseri's "Guide to the Zoo" (1945). At the exhibition of the Szinyei Society in November 1957 he showed the basalt "Portrait of Károly Lyka," a powerful and characteristic head.

The "Woman's Head" (1946) carved of Belgian marble captivates the spectator through its intimate charm. The "Head" (1947) of Ruskica marble, with its hatchet-like, angular profile, marks his road towards abstract art; the elongated, stylized skull reminds us of some of Modigliani's attempts at sculpting. In the same year, which was a period of experimentation, the exceedingly witty "Girl's Head with Negative Forms" (1947)—giving a complete illusion of plasticity in spite of its concavity—and the "Female Torso" were made. In the latter the artist only modelled the upper part of the trunk with the two breasts; it is not a real torso, since the surface is rounded off wherever the rest of the body is missing. This playful choice of motif proves that except for the head no other part of the body provides sufficient material for the sculptor to render it in the idiom of plastic art.

Nor did he stop dealing with problems of book illustration. Generally he did a lot of drawing in the summer of the same year, in the company of his musician friends at Pécs.

In the winter of 1947 he began experimenting with a new medium, when he was commissioned to make a medallion of the Rumanian poet Eminescu. He fully met the challenge and has since maintained a close connection with this intimate and beautiful genre.

Borsos first carves the negative mould into a plaster disk, which requires precise work and a surety of mind and hand alike, for no fault which may occur can be corrected subsequently. Since then he has made nearly a hundred medallions, and this series is worth analysing at greater length.

The art of the medallion and the plaque in Hungary has honourable traditions to look back upon. The masters of the nineteenth century were not bad at all and those of the twentieth definitely eminent. Since Fülöp Ö. Beck reformed the genre in the spirit of static plastics, the new generation has followed various paths, experimenting with classicism, with the decorativeness of applied art or with poster-like effects. Béni Ferenczy succeeded in finding the right way, and it is the more regrettable that many artists have pursued his rich style, so exalted in its spirit, in the direction of least resistance. Artists' medallions make up but a negligible part of Borsos's oeuvre (Leonardo, Hercules, Seghers, Rembrandt and Picasso), and of these it is perhaps only the one of Rembrandt that resembles in its composition Ferenczy's medallions. On the reverse there is the moving figure of Saul wiping his tears on the curtain.

On January 1, 1948, Borsos was appointed Professor at the Academy of Applied Arts. He turned out to be an excellent pedagogue, for in him the highest claims on art are united with superior craftsmanship and with a thorough knowledge of techniques. The artistic output of that year showed that he was on the point of parting with abstract art. While the Carrara marble of the "White Torso" (1948) presents a greater part of the body than the above mentioned bust, it indulges in the elementary protuberances of the breasts, the hips and the abdomen. In the embossed metal work, "Girl with Lamb" (1948), the plastic forms are outlined with contours, raised like rails, and yet the blending of these different means of expression has a most artistic effect.

Tihany followed again. By 1948 the rebuilt Tihany home was ready to receive its artist master and his wife, who stood by him virtually as a collaborator. The process of once more getting used to the old place started with a long series of drawings. At that time the first sheets dealing with fishermen's lives were completed. The following year was heavily burdened by a large-scale commission, that of the Petőfi monument for Pécs.

One of Borsos's most popular and most highly appreciated works is the red marble bust of the painter, "József Egry," made in 1951. One cannot but admire the obedience with which this Hungarian marble, so difficult to carve, yielded to the chisel. Egry, this great visionary of Lake Balaton, looks in front of himself with a bitter expression around his lips and with knit eyebrows, just as we knew him in life. The abundance of

minute details—unusual with Borsos—is not detrimental to the unity of the sweeping and vigorous sculpture. A worthy counterpart, made of the same material, is the "Shepherd of Tihany" (1951), with his stubble-covered face, the hat pulled down over his eyes, and with the meerschaum pipe, grown dark by his smoking it in pursuit of his ancient occupation. The series of drawings was also enriched with new sheets, partly depicting further variants of the theme of fishing.

Almost at random we have picked two of the series of medallions: one is that of "Hercules Seghers" (1952), the mysterious Dutch painter, whose likeness is unknown. For this very reason, Borsos on the obverse side represented the artist with his back towards the spectator, the wide-brimmed hat covering his head down to the neck. The surface is animated by loose patch effects, as though Borsos wanted to suggest that the man represented was reluctant to let go of the brush. The other medallion depicts the smiling profile of "Józsi Jenő Tersánszky" (1953), the smiling and sensitive philosopher of vagabondage. But for his smile, Italians would think the head to be Machiavelli's; and indeed not long ago they purchased a statue of him mistaking him for their compatriot. The rendering of Tersánszky's portrait is more two-dimensional, less in relief. Later on this technique led Borsos to medallions more closely related to graphic art.

It is by no means their dimension that determines the greatness of works of art. One of the highlights of Borsos's plastic oeuvre is a "Girl's Head" (1953) made of green marble the size of a coconut. Ever since I discovered it in a crowded glass case at his big exhibition in 1957, I have been unable to forget it. Its splendid shapes radiate plastic art with elementary force. Borsos does not belong to those who have taken over a great deal—or even little—from others; if, nevertheless, this improvisation bearing the marks of genius makes me think of Despiau, it is simply because the irregular geometrical figure that stands for a human head has been endowed with the same timelessness by the French and the Hungarian masters.

The most attractive feature of Borsos's plastic oeuvre is its incessantly forging ahead. Watching his course one has the impression of someone going upstairs with the greatest certainty, though calmly taking his time. But the stairs are not those of an old block of flats in Budapest, but the torrent of steps at the Piazza di Spagna in Rome or the fabulous parabola of the Farnese Castle at Caprarola. "Demeter" (1953), carved of red marble—the first among Borsos's most mature masterpieces—is a Greek goddess and a Hungarian peasant woman rolled into one; both of them have to do with mother earth. In spite of her broad face, her stub-nose and her narrow eyes, the figure is of the kind to create a myth, as if the statue had been commissioned

for the goddess' temple at Eleusis. Not only must we acquiesce in her existence, we also have to accept her sway: broad and fat, she rules us, complacent, formidable, unchanging.

The Carrara marble block of "Pannonia" (1955) is a variation of the same idea, though it is not a bust but a full figure. Proudly the young woman displays her naked torso and her full breasts to the spectator. She turns aside, her sweet smile is like grapes turned golden. She is the goddess of Transdanubia, and well may she be proud of it. Her face is triumphant, as if she knew that earthly immortality, concealed in her womb, is woman's task. In the same year the Picasso medallion was made; the obverse side shows the artist's energetic profile reminiscent of stylized countenances to be seen on Celtic or Barbarian coins.

In 1955 Borsos acquired a small yacht so as to be able to get to know even more closely the lake he adores so passionately. At this time the interesting drawings of the mysterious flora luxuriating under the surface of the water were made. They grew ever richer and the wash technique raised many of them to the rank of paintings. Statues appear in fairy-like scenery, heads and figures carved in stone, standing or recumbent, giving themselves up to blissful decay. Perhaps these melancholy and wistful sheets are the most enchanting in his graphic art.

The "Black Torso" (1957) is a basalt statue without arms and legs. Its full and heavy shapes throb with the slow rhythm of life. Light is softly reflected on the swelling forms. "Tihany's Daughter" (1957), a Carrara marble head bigger than life-size, is imbued with wistful and noble beauty.

At the exhibition staged at the National Salon in 1957 Borsos showed the output of fourteen years: thirty-nine sculptures, thirty-two embossed metal objects, forty small plastic works, all his medallions and a rich series of drawings. The artist deservedly scored a memorable success.

At the International Exhibition held at Carrara in 1959, the prize of the City of Marble was awarded to him. Not being an Italian he could not get the grand prix, which, by the way, was not awarded to anybody. Among his latest works a "Female Torso" (1959) is outstanding. With the smooth surface of the hips and the contrasting drapery, this is the most gorgeous among the detail-torsos mentioned before. A further *chef d'oeuvre* of the series of red marble heads is the likeness of "Lőrinc Szabó" (1960), with its broken and sorrowful mien; the austere and monumental "Self-Portrait" (1961) and the head of the great humanist poet, "Mihály Babits" (1962).

Borsos's art, although always fastidious and striving for very high standards, does not withdraw into an ivory tower. Generous in giving, it attracts an increasing number of devotees.

AN M. P.'S JOB

by

SÁNDOR BARCS

In the Hungarian People's Republic one parliamentary deputy is elected by each 32,000 of the population. There are 340 seats in the National Assembly, allowance being made for fractional votes. The writer of the following article represents in Parliament the 1st District of Budapest, a quarter of historical past which comprises also Buda Castle. First returned in 1947, he was re-elected on February 23, 1963. According to 1960 data the district has a population of 44,200. Their occupational distribution is the following: 46 per cent professionals, 36 per cent wage-earners, 3 per cent self-employed artisans, 12 per cent pensioners. Of the district's population 64 per cent are gainfully occupied.

I

"How many times a year does your legislative assembly meet?"

"Some five to six times."

"And how long does a session last?"

"It may last from two to seven days, according to the amount of business to be transacted."

It is at this point that the fellow parliamentarian from the West almost invariably stops in his inquiries, to declare after some reflection and calculation:

"A rather short period, indeed. So you have, as a matter of fact, no real parliamentary life at all. (Here follows a sigh.) It seems an agreeable thing to be a Member of Parliament in Hungary."

To which, with a wry smile, I reply (also almost invariably):

"And yet there is more to it than meets the eye. If you can spare me a few minutes and listen, I am sure you will envy me no longer."

Let us perhaps begin with legislature, the simpler part of our activities, with which it is easier to come to grips. As far as the mechanism of legislature itself is concerned, it does not greatly vary from Western forms. A Bill is drafted in the pertinent ministry, then passed on to a parliamentary committee for discussions, whereupon it is brought before the National Assembly. The debates in the committees are businesslike, animated, sometimes ardently passionate and fierce.

Two years ago I was showing an Iranian senator and an Indian M. P. around Hungary. Both had taken a degree in agronomics at an English university; both were not only outstanding experts on agriculture but also extremely fond of it. When in the course of the usual—and, on such occasions, inevitable—visit to Parliament they were given a detailed account of the activities of Hungarian deputies, my Indian friend also exclaimed:

“How splendid to be a parliamentarian in Hungary! Each month you receive 1,700 forints to defray your expenses, you have a free railway pass in addition—and all you have to do is to sit for 40 or 50 hours a year in the House while the Bills are passed almost automatically. . . . I mean, without practically any debate. . . .”

“Without any debate.” Have I not heard this a hundred times before, in a tone now indulgent, now cynical or even outright hostile!

Well, two days later I took my friends to a meeting of the National Assembly's agricultural committee. After no small difficulties I got hold of an interpreter well versed in agricultural matters, and we sat down modestly in a corner to listen to the debate, which went on without a break from 9 a. m. to 0.30 p. m. It could not have been more passionate, had the members of the committee belonged to different parties. Yet it was not only passionate but at the same time very expert. We could hardly cope with the translation. At the end of the meeting the Indian M. P. whispered to me:

“Would you, please, introduce me to the chairman? I want to congratulate him on the high academic standard of the debate.”

The chairman of the committee, Ferenc Z. Nagy, a peasant himself, still had a flushed face from the ardent discussion; he was undeniably pleased to hear the Indian M. P.'s opinion.

“You can tell the colleague,” he said, “that our debates here are always as thunderous as this—outsiders would think we were on the verge of a row. Well, it is no matter of indifference what kind of Bill we take to the plenary session. Besides, we shall continue the discussion tomorrow, for there are still differences of opinion. Only then shall I put the Bill to a vote.

Thus, though protracted and ardent polemics are unknown in the National Assembly's plenary meetings, where the majority of deputies has no expert knowledge of the subject-matter of each Bill under discussion, the more lively are the verbal battles that take place between the specialist deputies in the committees.

3

Intensive and thorough, sometimes passionate discussions are characteristic not only of the proceedings in parliamentary committees; wherever he goes in the country, wherever he attends a meeting, the M. P. will find the same atmosphere. It is the policy of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party to refer even party resolutions, with a bearing only on party members, to nation-wide discussion before submitting them to the party congress. This fact is also related to our subject, and the knowledge of it will facilitate an understanding of what follows.

Outside the National Assembly the Hungarian parliamentary deputy in fact serves two masters. On the one hand he is responsible to the so-called County (or Budapest) Parliamentary Group, on the other hand to the local committee of the Patriotic People's Front in his constituency.

In bourgeois parliaments the parliamentary groups of the various parties meet regularly to discuss party tactics in connection with the Bills before the House and to designate the party's speakers in the debate. The functions of the County and Budapest Parliamentary Groups are similar. Here the members discuss the experiences gained in their respective constituencies. Some of the conclusions drawn may end up before the plenary session of the National Assembly—if only in the form of an interpellation. Other topics discussed in the Parliamentary Group are the agenda of the next session, the designation of speakers and some county problems of special importance.

It is, however, in the constituency that the bulk of the deputy's work is done. Formerly the deputy would, as a rule, meet his constituents in general meetings. This was the prevalent practice still 10 to 12 years ago. He would give them a survey of the political situation and the trend in world politics; he would answer questions. This was hardly more than routine work and considerably easier than the practice pursued at present. Big meetings have by now become a rare occurrence. Instead, encounters between groups of constituents and the deputy are organized by the local committee of the Patriotic People's Front. These encounters take the form of informal talks. The deputy now invites the residents of a block of houses, now

the representatives of an occupation; he has separate conversations with teachers, tradesmen, factory workers, peasants, artisans, etc.

I have been a parliamentary deputy since 1947 without interruption, and nothing ever gave me more pleasure in the course of my work than these so-called "group talks" in the constituency. On each occasion some 15 to 30 people will turn up, who belong to the most varied occupational branches and work in different parts of Budapest. At the beginning the grievance-day character of the talks was prevalent. The visitors spoke of their imaginary or genuine grievances, of the various anomalies observed at their place of employment, and asked for my intervention. They were disinclined to discuss questions of an outright political character, and if they did so they generally only repeated, as it were in the form of an editorial, the things they had read or heard elsewhere. But with the passing years the talks began to take quite a different turn.

First of all I should perhaps emphasize that in present-day Hungary the political atmosphere definitely invites the constituents to debate things, to express their opinions without restraint, to criticize and to have no inhibitions in asking questions. Formerly there was a range of "delicate questions," such as problems of police administration and the courts, or the Albanian or Chinese questions in the field of international affairs. At report-back meetings these questions would always be in the air without anybody's daring to touch them. Such "delicate questions" no longer exist. Now everybody speaks openly and with informal frankness, and the deputy has a tough job in giving an acceptable answer to every question and criticism. Misgivings are openly voiced on the gravest questions, and views are expressed even if they are not in line with the political ideas of the deputy. On such occasions not only the deputy will voice his arguments; the controversy will go on between the constituents themselves. Frequently these discussions are extremely interesting and will last from afternoon till late in the night.

4

It is another most interesting and novel phenomenon that no longer do the constituents criticize only; they make proposals too. The era of "proposing" began in 1958; it still lasts and will, I trust, last for decades to come. It is only the character of the proposals that changes. From the start the proposals put forward were already acceptable and well-founded; their realization, however, would have required immense sums of money. Nobody reckoned with the proposals of others, nor cared much for proportions.

In the course of such a group meeting I made a list of the proposals and of the millions they required. When the last idea was finally delivered and the fellow citizen who had put it forward triumphantly took his seat again, I addressed the meeting as follows:

“My friends, these proposals and ideas are most inspiring, but they are up in the clouds. Their full realization would require a sum twice as big as the total annual budget of Budapest. So, please, descend to earth, to the world of reality, and come forward with workable proposals!”

Of course I am ignorant of the experiences of my fellow deputies. One thing, however, is certain: all of them have, in some form and on some occasion, made a similar appeal, and not without result. I think this fact may be explained on psychological grounds. The constituents are aware of the confidence placed in them and of the intention to introduce them to the intricacies of state affairs; at the same time they see their parliamentary deputy asking for their activity and help and listening to their counsel. This means, in other words, the realization of the individual's participation in the government of the country.

To enumerate all proposals of my constituents would hardly be feasible. They naturally contain many things that are impracticable for the time being on account of the heavy expenses involved; they also contain technical impossibilities and a range of simply childish ideas. The proportion of practicable and realistic ideas is thus not very high. Yet I forward some 15 to 20 proposals per year to the respective ministries or to the Council of Ministers, and these are mostly put into practice.

Here are a few examples. A teacher of mathematics and physics worked out the amount of electric energy that could be saved if summer-time were introduced. I am quite aware of the fact that this is no epoch-making nor new discovery, I only quote it for example's sake. It was following on our proposal that the Council of Ministers decreed the introduction of summer-time—and, I should add, subsequently revoked it, partly because of the considerable complications it caused in international communications and partly because the teacher's calculations did not prove quite accurate.

Another constituent came forward with the suggestion of restoring the one-time house (situated in our district) of the great Hungarian physician Ignác Semmelweis and setting it up as a museum. The young members of the Design Office of the district undertook to draw up the reconstruction plans, the Ministry of Health to cover the expenses. By now the reconstruction of the Semmelweis Museum is already in full swing.

The solution of ventilation in the tunnel under Castle Hill was also a clever idea. With the growing number of cars natural ventilation—the

"draught"—became increasingly insufficient. Following the proposals and ideas of one of my constituents, artificial ventilation was installed in the tunnel, the air of which is now perfectly clean.

In realization of a plan put forward at a group talk by a well-known musical critic, tremendously successful Sunday concerts and ballet performances are now given in summer on one of the most characteristic spots of Budapest, the terrace of the Fishermen's Bastion, with the splendid view of the city sparkling below.

Many a clever and resourceful suggestion was made for improving communications, enlarging the network of shops (a task which devolves in Hungary on the state), or easing the daily chores of housewives. Questions of this type are, however, not dealt with by the parliamentary deputy; he refers them to the Municipal Council members of the district.

I would not dream of underrating the importance of such practical—one may even say "commonplace"—questions. On the contrary, it is in putting forward, discussing and resolving problems of this kind that one of the most fundamental characteristics of a genuine socialist democracy manifests itself. But it should be borne in mind that in the course of the "dialogue" between deputy and constituents not only such minor problems are posed; it is also on political questions that opinions and ideas are voiced—and more than once also severe criticisms. Their frank and straightforward tone in calling attention to the activities of some influential State or council organ is in itself evidence of the growing democratism of our public life, of the "civic pluck" steadily gaining in strength on the firm ground of socialist legality.

Much of the deputy's time is at present taken up by administration and correspondence. According to the provisions of the law every complaint or proposal must be answered within 30 days. Given the extremely manifold character of the problems that are posed, it is usually necessary to consult ministries, law courts, institutions, industrial enterprises, the public prosecutor's office, and other organs. All this involves much work. The letters sent out and received, the time limits to be followed and observed, the many telephone calls all draw heavily on the M. P.'s time.

Yet it is the reception days that involve the greatest amount of work. Every parliamentary deputy is obliged to hold a reception day in his constituency once a month, to deal with individual complaints that by their very nature cannot be discussed before others at the group talks, but only in private. The subjects of these private talks are extraordinarily variegated. Domestic squabbles, quarrels with co-tenants, petty injuries on the part of the bureaucracy come up just as often in these conversations as demands for

a higher pension, attempts at pulling strings to obtain a better-paid position, or even complicated disciplinary proceedings.

For the most part, however, those seeking an interview with their deputy come on some matter of housing. Housing conditions in my district are extremely difficult on account of the terrible devastations of the war. When taking stock of the dwellings in 1945, we were horrified to find that only four houses in the whole district remained undamaged. And although there are housing problems all over the country, their gravity is very much above the average in our district. There are, as a consequence, more grievances, and also more claims for flats that we are unfortunately unable to meet. On every reception day 25 to 30 people will turn up; each one of them will set a task to the parliamentary deputy and expect an answer from him.

5

"It is a man-sized job to be a parliamentary deputy in Hungary," remarked a Brazilian senator after attending one of my reception days and the subsequent group meeting.

Well, if this is true—and true it is—then we deputies are leading a dual life and performing the work of two, for we all have also our "civilian" profession. There are only very few parliamentarians without any other occupation—those already on the retired list.

Patience, understanding and a readiness to make sacrifices—these are the characteristic features of a Hungarian M. P.'s life. Yet how could it be otherwise in a system of genuine popular representation. Being constantly with the people, among the people and in steady interaction with it, the deputy transmits to the people the official policies, receiving at the same time the views, opinions and sentiments radiating towards him from the people.

To be a parliamentary deputy in Hungary does not involve any personal advantage, only responsible service. The essence of this duty can be really grasped only by those who understand the democratism of our system and passionately care for the people.

THE LION'S MAW

A Short Story

by

GÁBOR THURZÓ

Do you know young man, what fear is? At first you don't bother. It's there, but you think you'll get rid of it. Then you try not to think about it, but it suddenly takes you unawares. Like a sniper. And you drive it away and believe you've escaped from it. You're almost happy. And then, as though you were in a room of mirrors, it will look you in the eye from a hundred angles. It's no use turning your head away, you always see it, always, always. . . You can never escape from it again!"

Now that I read the few lines in the paper about the death of the Guardian I suddenly recalled his voice and his strange confession. He had a sonorous, polished, arresting voice, trained in elocution and replete with the rhetoric of village sermons, yet also with the pliable subtlety of an abbé who was at home in society drawing rooms. When I came to know him he no longer wore the frock. He sat on a thick tree trunk half immersed in water near the ferry at Kisoroszi, wearing a shirt he had bought from the old-clothes man, a pair of frayed trousers and a hat whose brim he had trimmed with a pair of scissors. He was barefoot, save for a pair of sandal-soles with straps, and his hard, dry face, whose features had once been so incredibly refined, was now covered with bristles. He sat there for days on end; at least, whenever I went that way, I always found him there. He kept gazing at the water, the water alone, with its greenish slime and the trembling, violet splashes of oil left on it by passing ships. He never raised his eyes to the spot further up where the Danube spread out beyond the tip of the island, to the mist-shrouded hills on either side, or to the sky, that early autumn sky that already looked as though its light was mirrored through a sheet of opal glass. He had only his dog with him, a shaggy, irate sheepdog, that leapt, furiously growling, at the passengers when the ferry came across but would slink back humbly at a single sharp word.

One evening we happened to be there alone, and he slowly began to tell me his story. I do not know myself, why he told it all. I do not even know whether he was frank with me or not. But even now, as I recall it, a chill runs down my spine when I recollect all that he then told me. I do not think I shall ever forget it.

I shall try and reproduce what I can.

*

I was at that time, after the War, no longer in Budapest. My superiors in the Church, no doubt acting on sound considerations that would be beneficial to me, had posted me in a remote small town. Here, they thought, I would be far removed from the attentions of the world, and here I would pass the years that were still left to me, unnoticed by anyone. I was over seventy, there was not long to go, my health was not all it should be—this little town with its many chapels and twisting streets, out on a branch line, would be quite a good enough place for me to retire.

I accepted this solution. But I must tell you that I did not do so easily or without bitterness. Me, in this dusty little township! Pride is the Lord's most thorny rod. And I had never been free of pride.

I precisely remember every single second of that evening, towards the end of winter. For that was when that fear started of which I was just telling you. The last stage, when you can no longer do anything against it, but just surrender to it. It is a bitter thing to avow that there is something which is stronger than us, more powerful than our wills, and that there is something within us—or I should say someone—against whom we cannot defend ourselves, who overcomes us and robs us of all. Even of our pride.

I was just hearing some confessions at the poorhouse, when one of the brethren was sent for me to say I should hurry, there were two police officers from Budapest wanting to see me. The message did not surprise me. Ever since the Allies had extradited Imre Hanzély to the Hungarian authorities, I knew that this moment was once sure to come. I somehow managed to put an end to the confession, but I was already half way out of the confessional—quickly snatching off and kissing my stole—as I granted dispensation for an old woman's petty little sins. And I ran after the brother, along the passage smelling of cabbage soup. Some of the old inmates bowed low and reverently before me. Of course they did! For who was I to them? Now only a shabby, seedy guardian, but at one time, in the old days . . . I had been the golden-mouthed festive preacher, for many years a Christian Party deputed in the House, author of the popular prayer book, "Let us praise

God", the tutor and spiritual father of Imre Hanzély—why, of course they revered me!

I hurried, and the brother's sandals came clattering after me. I tried not to think about anything, and like most people when they are fleeing from their thoughts and trying to rid themselves of their accusing consciences, I strove only to perceive the outer world around me. This dirty courtyard, the wizened acacias, the cottages smelling of urine, the smoke of burning refuse rising from the chimneys, and—as we cut across the patches of snow that the cold March had left us, on our way to the cloisters—the dome of the minster, which kept emerging again and again. Darkness had fallen, and near the cloisters we passed a Russian military patrol going the opposite way. Then another row of charred, tumble-down houses, and there we were.

A police jeep stood in front of the door, with a uniformed policeman beside it. The brother hurried forward and rang. We hardly had to wait at all before the small, bald, melon-headed brother Jácint opened the door.

"Make haste, father guardian," he said in terror, in his wheezy, garbled way. "They're very impatient."

I knew why they wanted me, but I nevertheless stopped for a moment.

"What do they want?"

"They'll only tell you, father guardian." He pointed with a frightened gesture towards the street. "They came by car!"

I went straight to the reception room—this was where guests were always shown. I did not look round, but, wetting the tip of my finger in the holy-water stoop, turned towards the red plush set. Two police officers rose from the uncomfortable, outmoded chairs. The older introduced himself:

"Police major Hámory. The father guardian, I presume?"

"Please sit down."

With a broad gesture, and so calmly that I wonder at it to this day, I pointed to the plush set. And I beckoned to the alarmed brother to bring some home-stilled brandy and glasses.

"What can I do for you?"

The major did not sit down, nor did the other, the lieutenant.

"Excuse us, we're in a hurry." His voice was a trifle sharp and snappy, but not unpleasant. The voice of a man who had for a long, long time been accustomed to obey and had only now learned to command. I had become accustomed to this kind of self-assurance and did not find it strange. I had served as an army chaplain in the First World War, as a dean.

"We'd like to take you to Budapest, sir."

With cool self-assurance I asked:

"Are you arresting me?"

"Imre Hanzély is to be executed tomorrow morning. He would like to spend his last night with you, sir. The prosecutor has granted his request."

"Has he been refused a pardon?"

"Yes."

Almost absent-mindedly I smoothed out the crocheted table-spread, almost casually, showily, careful not to betray anything. The statements that Imre Hanzély was to be executed, that he had not been pardoned, that he had one more night left, and what a night—were all uttered in a weightless, almost chatty tone. As though I were being called to someone who was dying, someone whom I did not know, and whom I was in his last extremity to "rescue from the lion's maw," as the Requiem puts it. Yet how different this actually was! I saw before me Imre Hanzély, the minister, his black, sharp countenance, his glowing eyes, the hawk-like face, always ready for defence or attack, that had been the favourite subject of so many cartoonists. This face that was so dear to me. I had last seen him before the siege, up at the Budapest House of my Order, later only in the papers—emaciated, grey and despoiled. I remember that one of these photographs had deeply upset me—it showed him standing beside a fighter plane wearing a trench coat, bareheaded, holding out his wrists to be manacled.

"I'm ready to go," I told them.

I could see the two police officers were glad that they did not have to do any more explaining and that I was satisfied with as much as I had learned. The brother had brought the brandy and the glasses, but I waved to him that they were no longer needed. I told him to put them on the sideboard and send father Honor, who was to be my deputy, to my room. Then I requested permission to go up to my room. I felt that without a brief spell of solitude I would not survive this Budapest journey and all that was to follow.

"We shall be waiting for you downstairs," said the major.

"I shall be down straight away."

I no longer know myself how I reached my cell. All I remember is my springy stride and my outward calm. Then, upstairs between the four white walls, everything came tumbling down on me—everything that I had felt upon hearing the news and that I had been able to conceal behind the armour of a two-thousand-year-old discipline and self-discipline. I grew faint—so much so, that I had to grip something to prevent my collapsing on the rag carpet. The snowy rooftop shone outside, and the searchlight at the top of the Soviet H. Q. sent in a blinding beam. I did not switch on the light, I had not enough strength even for this. I stood, slowly regaining my equa-

nimity, in front of my writing desk. The searchlight illuminated the photo of Imre Hanzély on it. I did not have to look at it in order to see it. He faced me there, like a sinful conscience. He was wearing a sailor dress and holding a hoop. He gave it me when I first became tutor at the Hanzély mansion. On the picture the boy had inscribed with large, splodgy letters—his handwriting remained extremely ugly and blotchy even when he was a university professor, and later a minister—"With love to my tutor, Imrus." I stood in the damp, unheated cell—since I had been exiled here I did not allow it to be heated even in winter—and waited, I do not really know for what. Perhaps that all this should turn out not to be true, that it was a mistake? That Imre was not to be executed tomorrow and that the jeep was not waiting down there—it was an odd tumbrel, to be sure!—to take me too, almost as though to my execution? I only collected my wits at the sound of an almost terrified exclamation:

"What's happened, father guardian?"

My deputy, father Honor, switched on the light. And he stared at me. As he later told me, he hardly recognized me. With my large, prominent nose and parched, old mouth I looked like a shrivelled corpse down in the salt air of the crypt.

"Nothing," I said. And the stocky father Honor was right—it was the corpse that was now talking to him.

"I must go to Budapest. I shall be back by noon tomorrow. I called you to be my deputy till I return."

The two police officers were waiting for me downstairs, next to the gaudily painted, mawkish statue of the Founder of our Order, which I could never stand. I got into the jeep. The wind cut into me, I pulled my hood over my face and slipped my hands up the sleeves of my habit. And I prayed. It was only after a long while that I realized that I could not recall a single word of any prayer. There were plenty of other things for me to remember!

"He's to be executed! Executed!" That was all that came to my mind. That one word displaced the endless rote of prayers. As though it was this single word that would bring him nearer to salvation.

And I saw him, I kept seeing him!

You ask how long I had known Imre Hanzély? He was six when I joined him in their mansion at Fácános Puszta.

I arrived in the late forenoon, not much before lunch. I had been ordained the previous spring. I was awkward, inexperienced, clumsy and unfamiliar with the ways of the world—and of course full of great dreams. The family had somehow been mistakenly informed, so they did not send a buggy to meet me. I walked in alone, with a rolled umbrella and a small, black

raffia suitcase in my hands, between the thick box hedges, silver firs and olive-trees of the park. There was a fishpond in front of the mansion, with a statue of Neptune spewing water. At the shore of the pond a small boy in bathing trunks lay on his tummy, puffing away for all he was worth at a tiny sailing boat to drive it towards Neptune. That was when I first saw Imre Hanzély. I stopped beside him, watched him, then squatted down myself and competed with him in blowing the sailing boat. We had not yet spoken a word to each other, but we were contending to see who had more breath. Of course I won.

The sailing boat was swirling in the jet of water sent out by Neptune. The little boy got up and looked at me. That was when I first saw his eyes, those deep-set, sharp, suspicious black eyes.

"Are you the new tutor?" he asked.

At lunch I was shown to a place beside him. The dining hall was a veritable ballroom, with marble columns, a vast Empire-style fireplace, and Maulbertsch frescoes—mythological scenes in pale, frothy colours—on the ceiling. And under them the table, full of china, silver, flowers, and with a crowd of strange people. I gazed at my plate in alarm and pricked my ears to catch something of the conversation, so I could try and make out who the guests were. I had no trouble about the soup, I knew I was meant to use the big crested spoon to eat it. But then! A battery of forks and knives! I had no idea which to take. We had certainly learned nothing of this sort at the Seminary. Only the boy noticed my confusion and the fact that I was carefully craning my neck to see what cutlery the guests would use.

"This one," said the boy, carefully pushing a fork towards my hand.

"Thank you," I said.

And I smiled at him, blushing to the ears. Imrus smiled back. Perhaps that was the moment when we struck up the alliance which was now taking me on this nocturnal journey by jeep. I was no end embarrassed and could hardly wait for the lunch to come to an end. No one bothered about me. I was the priest, the domestic priest, not much more than the servants who waited at table.

After lunch I took the boy by the hand, and we went up to his room. He was the only boy, you can imagine what that room was like. It was a fairy-tale palace, full of toys and gym equipment. I had never so far talked with people of this kind, nor even with their children. This was when I began to feel the full weight of my future task, almost bordering on foolhardiness—how had I dared to undertake his education? Why, I hardly knew what to say to him.

But Imrus broke the silence.

"Look, sir," and he took two pencils between his fingers. "This is how to hold your knife and fork. It's much easier this way."

I reddened. What was this? Good will? Or was he trying to get the better of me? And, for the second time within a brief hour, I was saying "thank you" to him.

The jeep came to a sudden halt. I opened my eyes. We had come to the city limits at Óbuda. The sparse urban lighting was visible further on. A Hungarian and a Soviet soldier stood at the lowered toll gate. The driver called out:

"Police!"

And we went on. I had not been to Budapest since I had been sent down. But now that it was so near, I became afraid of the city. It suddenly assumed a different meaning. For what had it been so far? The scene of oratorical triumphs, of the red velvet carpets of Parliament, of the white-furred purple pomp of St. Stephen's day processions. And now? The ragged mass of battered houses, and in one of the houses, Imre Hanzély. The night all around him, and in the night—a bright spot expanding like a cat's eye—there was the next day. The night was still spread over everything, its filthy avalanche covering all, but the dawn was preparing to rise, for there is never a night that does not break and grow lighter even where the darkness is deepest. But this night was Imre Hanzély's last night.

I looked at my watch. The major had so far been smoking silently by my side. At this movement he turned politely towards me.

"Nine o'clock. He'll have been taken to the condemned cell by now."

"Do you happen to know," I asked after a while, for it was so hard to speak of it, "how he received the rejection of his application for a reprieve?"

"They say he just bowed his head."

"I imagined he would."

The major's answer was no surprise to me. He had always been like this. And I would have liked to go on and ask what he was like now. But why ask? He would not be able to tell me what I wanted to know. When he was transferred to Budapest, my first thought was to go and see him. But the episcopal authorities forbade me to do so. They said it would harm not only me. And now he himself gave away our friendship, he had me summoned.

"At what time will the execution be?"

"At six. Have you ever attended an execution, sir?"

"Never." I hesitated for a moment. "Will he be hanged?"

"No. By act of mercy he's to be shot."

Good Lord—by act of mercy, shot!

"Will he suffer long?"

"You can never tell. Every person's different."

We were across the bridge by now. We stopped in a side street, and I immediately recognized the red walls and high, narrow windows of the prison. The major jumped out.

"Please follow me."

And like a prisoner, I set out with the major in front of me and the lieutenant behind.

Inside, yellow bulbs burnt over doors with barred windows. We went along various corridors, a maze of passages, with rain beating in through the empty windows. As my eye wandered to the courtyard, I saw the wall, pock-marked by bullets. That was where Imre would stand tomorrow, and perhaps under that arc light—so as to be safe from the bullets!—that was where I would stand. Then we went up the stairs, several steps of which were missing, to the second floor. Another passage, a further row of doors—what an endless journey!—and then the last barred door and the last warder.

"Please enter."

He saluted and went out. The door was locked from the outside. I stood there, face to face with Imre.

He sat on the bunk, his back towards the high, barred window. He was wearing knee breeches and a Tyrolese jacket, and his palms lay on the rough, grey blanket. We stared at each other speechlessly. What could I have said? I was silent, just as I had been when I first met that strange little boy. This too was a stranger, this man who was preparing to die.

Then Imre smiled, got up and stretched out his hand.

"Welcome Kornél."

I took his hand, a long, claw-like, thin hand. I looked at the face which my memory had preserved in so many varieties during the decades that had passed.

"Well, haven't you anything to say? Have I changed that much?"

"You've remained the same," I finally said.

"Do you forgive me?"

"Me? Forgive you?"

"For having called you. And I'd like you to be with me tonight. And at dawn too." He stretched out on the bunk. "You don't mind if I lie down, do you?"

I sat down beside him. What was I to say to him? Was I to console him or encourage him? What was I now beside him—a friend, his priest, or in some way his accomplice? He had called me to console him, I reflected. And it was I who needed consolation.

"Are you ill?"

"My kidneys. They always hurt. You remember, even as a boy. But I never had time to trouble about them. Now I have. Sometimes the pain's so bad, I feel like yelling." And his bloodless mouth smiled, "But what's the use of yelling?"

"Have you been given something against it?"

"What for? I can put up with it till dawn."

This dawn! How grey and smoggy it would be. What would be best for him now? If he were to sleep and I to sit beside him and murmur the prayer for the dying? But this man was alive, he was not dying. The prayer would ill become him. And he would not sleep either. He had never slept more than five hours a night before. "This is how I discipline myself," he once told me.

"Do you sleep nowadays?"

He laughed, with relish.

"All day. At last I'm getting all the sleep I want. Ten hours, half a day on end. I need not discipline myself any longer. And, you know, the oddest thing is that I dream. A tremendous lot. When they captured me at Kőszeg, they woke me from a dream. Even there I was sleeping. In a shed, beside the cows, lying on straw. I had time to dream. I had not needed to before. I did what I wanted in the daytime."

This was a startling surprise.

"Did you hide?"

"Strange, isn't it? You didn't expect me to, did you?"

He suddenly sat up. He clasped his hands hard to overcome the pain.

"It was not that I was afraid. I had no reason to be. My conscience is clear. I always acted in obedience to it." And now, for the first time in almost forty years, I felt mockery in his voice. "*You know best.*"

I must have looked at him as though I had been caught in the act, for now he again smiled:

"Don't be upset Kornél, there's nothing wrong. You've sat beside dying people before now. The only difference is, in my case it isn't visible. Don't be afraid, I didn't call you to console me. My accounts with God are squared. Do you understand?" He raised his voice. "And I have no accounts to settle with the world either. I have not repented of anything. I have nothing to repent!"

He jumped up and paced up and down with his hands in his pockets.

Only the clothes were different—this ludicrous Tyrolese jacket with the horn buttons—otherwise he had paced up and down in my cell in exactly the same way when he had been appointed a Minister and had come to

see me after taking the ceremonial oath. "A Minister?" I had then asked him. "What for? You're a university professor, and no mean one. . . ." He had not let me continue and almost shouted at me: "What for? A university chair's not enough for me. What do you think, was I born to teach hydromechanics to the end of my days, to twenty, thirty or a thousand pimply youngsters? I want no more than what you do. To have what you want to have over me: Power." And a tiny, almost evil light flashed in his eyes. "Only I wish to have it not over souls, not over my soul, where you possess it Kornél. That is not enough for me. I want power over people. Over everyone. The whole country. Do you object? Was it not you who told me never to back down? Always to reach for more than what the moment offers?" And with a sudden movement he seized the Crucifix on my table. As though it were a party emblem. "This little Jew, our Lord Jesus Christ, himself wanted no more! . . ." I interrupted him indignantly: "How can you talk like that?" But he brooked no contradiction and continued, while I—I can confess it now—was afraid of him. I said no more, but gave my assent. "Say that I am not right. It was you who taught me this. You who taught me that life isn't worth anything without power." He hypnotized me with those eager, burning, greedy hawk's eyes. "Isn't that so? Look me in the eye!" This was the year before the war broke out. Only now was I first beginning to feel that the concept of *power* was slowly turning against mankind. But I could not gainsay him. He was right. It was I who had taught him this.

These were the thoughts that now came back to me, and that was why I could not answer him. And now I knew why I had been so terrified of coming here for his last night. But Imre's accusing tone pressed on.

"You always absolved me. Didn't you?"

And he challengingly waited for my answer. What sort of a dying penitent, Heavens above! But I—could I do anything else?—avoided answering him.

"Have you seen Irén?" I asked, mentioning his wife.

"No, and I don't want to."

"And your daughters?"

"Nor them, either. When I was brought here, they came along. But I would not have them allowed in."

"And why did you want to see me?"

The veins on his temples gave a nervous twitch:

"I want you to justify me."

"Me? To justify you? In what?"

And I knew that he would now have me cornered, as he always had.

Whatever I answered, he would be right. And however little truth there was in what he said, I would approve and absolve him.

"That everything I did was right, the way I did it. Because I can only die with that knowledge. And now, unfortunately, that is all I have to worry about." He sat down on the corner of the table. "You are the only person who never dissuaded me from doing anything. Who never refused anything. I always received my absolution. Now go ahead and justify me."

My throat went dry.

"It's terrible, what you're saying."

He laughed, superciliously, with a superciliousness that I had never seen before.

"You knew of my every step. I first asked you. And you approved of everything."

"It's not true." I knew that I was not telling the truth.

He pounced on me, almost gloating:

"I confessed to you every month. Every month you had an opportunity to refuse me absolution. I believe in God and the world beyond. I would have begun to doubt. Maybe I would have retired. But you, why did you not permit me, for years on end, to have any doubts over the correctness of what I was doing?"

I don't know whether it will serve as an excuse to say that he would not even let me get a word in edgewise. After all, this depended on me too. It was he who confessed, and I held his salvation in my hands. In Heaven, which was still far off, and on Earth. But at that time the latter should have been the more important. I know that it is late now, terribly late, for me to have realized this. And then—for me it is salvation in the next world that is the essential thing.

How was I to know that there were sins which might in themselves not even be sins—I could well apply the Cross of absolution to them—where I would have myself to decide that they were greater than, and different from, what the paragraphs of salvation could ever prescribe?

He became a Minister, and no mean one at that. Shortly the war broke out. Far from us, in what we felt to be an alien cause. And we? Why, of course we would stay clear of it. What was happening there was regrettable, calling for a hasty prayer for the quick and the dead—but what business of ours was it? Here the laws of peace prevailed, our regrets would be sufficient. Imre was excellent at his post, I can hardly imagine that there could have been anyone better or more suited. Then the noose tightened. We discovered that our security was highly relative, that it was sufficient for us to put out our little finger, and we would find we had given our

whole arm, our very life. And that, while we thought what we were doing was part of a game, a piece of manoeuvring, in actual fact it was enthusiastic approval and a taking of sides. What Imre did was also something of this kind. I am really far from being philosemitic. Who would reproach me for seeing in the Jews the people who failed to recognize, who denied and crucified their Saviour. I know that that is a primitive way of putting it. Unworthy of me, and indeed of anyone who surveys history with a more profound, theological approach. I know that there have been men like Cardinal Faulhaber and Bishop Gahlen, or among the laity such people as Mauriac and Claudel. I now know all this. But then it was otherwise. I cannot make this truth serve me as an excuse. Nor even that I tried here and there to alleviate the terrible things that took place.

Imre was Minister once more—he had retired for a couple of years—when the air raids began and we were forced down into the cellar. It so happened that Dezső Gárdos, a man of Jewish extraction, who had been a member of my congregation for a long time, also took refuge there. It was then, from this hairy-eared and really insignificant little man, the owner of a side-street stationary shop, that I first heard—sitting there in the depth of the shelter amid the thundering din—that the Jews were being deported and gassed. This was in the phase of the German occupation and the last assault. Ghettos had been set up in Hungary too. Gárdos had managed somehow to go into hiding—what a life he must have led! And then I was dumbfounded. For he asked me: "What good is this Christ, my own God, if he can not save me from perdition on earth? What, then, is the use of the other world, of Salvation?" But at the same time, knowing the ties between me and Imre, he asked me to do all I could for him. After all, Imre Hanzély could do a tremendous lot. He would listen to me, for I had guided him since his childhood. I was to get Gárdos a paper, an exemption—to prove that earthly perdition too could be avoided.

I managed to get a taxi and rushed off to Imre in the Palace. The news I had heard had completely upset me—how could I have lived so far without knowing all this? How could I not have seen this, when it was a matter of humanity's very existence? How could I have absolved Imre when he voted for, and in fact personally proposed, that law? I can not now express in words what I then felt, perhaps all I can say—and even this is not easy—is that I felt I had been infinitely stupid. But, of course, stupidity does not relieve me of my responsibility.

The cabinet happened to be in session. They knew who I was and called out Imre. I told him all that I had heard from that Jewish man. Imre listened without a word, there was not so much as a tremor on his face.

We stood by the window with the Danube underneath and the resplendent green pomp of summer. For a while Imre attentively gazed at a slim, white boat that drifted past. Then, pressing the palm of his hand against his kidney, he suddenly turned towards me: "I cannot do anything." He wanted to say why not but continued on a different tack. "I don't like it either, but this is how it has to be. It is necessary. I cannot show consideration for anything. This is the law of the moment." And he looked searchingly at me. Oh, it is only now, as I think back upon it, that I know he did so with irony, to excuse himself and shift the responsibility to me! "Is it a sin? A categorical sin? Don't say it is murder. Your protégé is a believer, isn't he? Of what importance is his earthly welfare to him? Surely, it is secondary, isn't it?" I might have rejoined that I had taught him differently. But this would not have been true. And pressing his hand against his always aching kidney, he bade me farewell. "Good bye. I am busy." I stood there, humiliated. And on the night of that same day the bell rang. Imre had come to confess. He always found time for this at night, since the war situation had become so delicate. He confessed and confessed, speaking continuously, without a stop. He veritably pulled himself to pieces, like the parts of a jig-saw puzzle, leaving me—for that was my duty—to assemble them. His eyes burned. He told me—I remember this very well—that he could not have regard for the fate of individual people, for their individual hurts, when it was a question of the future of a world that was after all a spiritual and a Christian one. He told me that this struggle was Europe's self-defence, that of Christ's Europe, and that this involved sacrifices and ruthlessness. "But," he continued, "a sin is different when it is not the sin of an individual person but the self-defence of an entire world."

This was what he told me. And I—I absolved him.

The key grated in the door of the cell. The warder brought supper in a small basket. Without saying a word, he set it out on the table. Covered with a napkin there was a plate of cold meat, gherkins, macedoine and some nut cake. And in a paper napkin some crested silver cutlery.

"Who sent this?" asked Imre Hanzély angrily.

"Your wife." The warder pinned his impersonal gaze on the Minister's breeches and continued: "She's been waiting down in the office since evening with two young ladies. She's received permission and wants to come up."

"I don't want to see them. Don't let them up."

"Well, they've got their permits."

"I don't care a curse," and he shoved the food away from him. The

veins bulged out on his neck and temples. But he must again have been seized with his pain, for he suddenly bent forward:

"I don't want to see them."

This time he said it less forcefully. He lay back on the bunk, clasped his hands behind his head and looked at the grey, pock-marked painting of the ceiling. Then he closed his eyes. The warder went out, and I sat there beside him. We were silent. I thought he had gone to sleep. Beyond the bars it started to rain. And like everything else on this night, I observed and remembered this too, with meticulous care. It rained thick, long drops that beat hissing and splashing against the bars and stayed there, like trembling pearls. The electric light gave the row of pearls a silver tint, and further out it traced the disconsolate path of the raindrops that fell on the tiles of the execution yard. I was relieved that he slept. But he dreamt nowadays—he said he had acquired the habit, since the day could not bring deeds but only humiliation. What could he be dreaming? Where were his thoughts now? What did he see in the depths where he was preparing to descend? Would my absolution help him? Would I dare—indeed, I might ask: could I dare—refuse him absolution? What a ghastly feeling! Could I send someone to damnation whom the world had condemned to be damned?

He unexpectedly opened his eyes.

"Give me a cigarette."

"I thought you had gone to sleep," I said as I offered him a cigarette.

"Have you got a match?" and he again closed his eyes before thrusting the cigarette between his lips. My hand trembled as I gave him a light. "Thanks," he said after some time.

We were silent for a while. Somewhere a clock chimed the hour. It was twelve. Another moment, and we would be entering the next day. The last. The last for me too. The rain streamed down outside. The warder occasionally walked down the passage. And again and again, rhythmically, he pulled aside the cover of the peep-hole and peered in.

"Listen, Imre," I said after a good while. "Can I ask you something?" And without waiting for his answer I went on: "Do you hate your wife?"

"Yes."

"You never said so."

"But you suspected it."

"Yes."

"And yet you never asked."

At this, he launched a veritable attack on me. The odd thing was that he remained lying there stiffly, but his voice attacked, accused and was

charged with excitement, in profound contrast to his corpse-like frigidity.

"You never asked me a single time. Your task should have been to ask. Mine, to answer. You were the confessor, I the penitent, according to the paragraphs. And you absolved me. Tell me," and his voice became ironic, "did you respect me very much?" What could I have answered? But there was no need to, for he continued with the attack. "All you wanted to know was what I told you. No more. Do you know why? Because you were afraid that you would not be able to absolve me. And you needed that. A false salvation. You even absolved me on the night after you had been to see me about the deportations. Yet if only you knew how badly I needed a refusal *then*. Tell me Kornél, what kind of a Christian did you make of me?" He laughed. "If I am executed tomorrow, won't the bullet hit you too? Stand far from me!"

I defended myself. But I knew it was no use. Now it was he who was the confessor. But he would not absolve me.

"I obeyed the Commandments," he said in the same way, lying stiffly at full length on the bunk, like a piece of wood, to avoid his pains recurring. "I am right, am I not Kornél? I never trespassed. I never killed and did not commit adultery. Because that was all you cared about! I was never unfaithful to my wife, though it was not easy to be faithful to her. But you watched over *that*. For a trifle like that you would have refused to absolve me. After all, that is a categorical sin! I did not steal, I honoured my father and mother, I served God. I was faithful to every letter of the Ten Commandments. That was what you required, and nothing more. Yet now I am to be executed, because, although I obeyed all the Commandments, I forgot about what those Commandments essentially contain. Do you know when you sinned? It was when you required no more than that I should obey the letter of the Commandments. And you never asked how far I obeyed them. That there was a limit, beyond which the Commandments were mere letters. And that, if I had no love within me, the Commandments were no good. Life as a whole was no good. And I had no love within me.

"You loved me," I said, overwhelmed with horror.

"Do you know why? I never knew before. Now as I was waiting for you it occurred to me. I loved you because you never wanted me to do more than what I could. You did not say that my ambition had become a sin. You did not say that to tolerate murder for higher, national or what-have-you interests is tantamount to my committing murder." I got up and tried to say something. "Don't speak now. This is part of my confession. Even if you have not put the stole on."

What else could I do? I took out the stole, kissed it and put it on. Thunder-struck and almost unconscious, I whispered the introductory Latin text to a confession. Imre had so far not been looking at me, but gazing fixedly at the light bulb. Now he turned to look at me.

"May I continue? It is not sufficient to commit, to imagine or to desire sin. The most horrible is to tolerate it. Do you understand this? And I tolerated it. I stood there with my arms folded across my chest and tolerated it. Oh, I had no sins. What I did have, I confessed. To tolerate! There is nothing more terrible! To sign a law or a decree, and to console myself by saying the community demands it—there is nothing more terrible than this. I never knew why I felt an accusing voice within me." His tone became increasingly feverish. But he lay as motionless as he had done so far. "When I fled towards Kőszeg, some enemy planes came and we had to drive into a shrubbery. The road was full of refugees. Carts, lorries, wheelbarrows and people on foot—women, men and children. The road glowed almost impertinently in the sunlight, and the blast overturned my car too. When I climbed out, the dead and the wounded lay there before me. And I looked at them, for what could I have done to help? And it was then that it first struck me that I had spent a lifetime assuring my own salvation and in the meanwhile had condemned others to death. And," at this he raised his voice accusingly, "it was you who taught me this, Kornél. Of course," he became a trifle quieter and more thoughtful, "I could have defended myself and gainsaid you. If only you knew how often I tried to wring a contradiction from you! If only you knew how often I wished I should have to slink away from you without an absolution! But you always absolved me. Because all you considered was what I confessed on my own, and those were really trifles. But you did not ask and did not force me to say more."

The words came beating down, and I looked silently at him. His yellowish, wan face was suffused with the redness of his anger, and the veins bulged on his temples. But he would not move. He went on like this for a long while. Then he suddenly stopped and sat up.

"May I smoke a cigarette while I speak?"

I took out my cigarette case. Imre again lit up, took two or three deep puffs, then stubbed out the half-smoked cigarette against the wall.

"When I asked you whether I could take that ministerial post, you said—oh, how well I remember it, how clearly I see you Kornél—what did I want it for? And when I argued, when I tried to convince you, you agreed, as though granting permission. After all, you said, I would do no harm to my soul by accepting. I wanted to ask you—I remember very well,

because it was beginning to annoy me that you trusted me so implicitly—whether it was possible in those years to win the world's support without one's soul paying the price. But why should I have asked? You always said my ambitions were justified, ever since my boyhood, and I must confess that that was what I wanted. Justification. Approval. According to the higher Commandments. I adhered to the letter as much as you did. My friend," he sat up again, leaned against the wall of the cell and smiled, "we are going to face the bullets together. I shall be hit, they'll shoot till they hit me. You will survive, my dear friend Kornél, and I don't envy you for remaining alive."

I had to rebel! I had to excuse myself, and instead I preferred to attack.

"You've a free will. You could have rebelled against me. Why did you only do so now? So late? Do you want to punish me? Are you saying that I'm responsible?"

He pulled a face.

"Isn't it better this way?"

"You're a monster!"

"But I shall still receive my saving penitence and my absolution, shan't I?"

I was silent a while. Then I started on the formula of absolution.

"I'm afraid," he said softly, interrupting me.

"You needn't be afraid" I answered quietly, "Don't *you* be afraid Imre."

"And you?"

What could I have answered?

"I feel," he said, "that you will be fettered together with me as I head down into the abyss. It's easier that way. You will survive, I shall die." He laughed. "Yours is the harder lot." And, since I was unable either to think or answer, he added: "Will you come down with me to the execution?"

"Yes. I'll come."

"And will you stand near me? Shall I be able to see you?"

"Yes, you'll see me."

"Don't close your eyes when the volley's fired. You must see me as I die. We owe that much to each other." He was quiet for a while. "I'm afraid, horribly afraid, Kornél. You, when you absolved me of my sins, promised that I would see God after my death. I shall not see Him. Ever. I could not say this to my judges." A weak whimper, a little whine escaped his lips, much like what this dog of mine does when he sees a stranger coming on the ferry. "I'm afraid."

I was frank now. I sighed. Just as he had done.

"What is your fear, compared to mine?"

The clock chimed outside, it was almost daylight. A yellowish, soupy light. A creaking noise could be heard from the tiles in the yard. I looked down—sandbags were being brought in wheelbarrows and dumped one beside the other by the wall. Imre was asleep by now. It was time for me to wake him.

"What's the time?"

"Past five."

He knelt down by his bunk, I absolved him, then took the leather satchel with the Sacrament from my habit and administered it to him.

"Is there long to go?" he asked later.

"It's a quarter to six."

"At six. . ." he began, but he did not finish the sentence.

I put my fob watch out on the table and now did nothing but pray. Oh, how the words swirled in my mind! They beat down on me like strokes on an anvil. They struck me, who could have saved both him and, a little, even the world, but had absolved him, always absolved him. And I had let the monster of conceit, ambition and destruction loose within him. Would it have been the same without me? Perhaps yes, indeed probably so. But of what use is this self-comforting if you have done nothing to stop the ruin?

The door opened, and the commander of the prison entered.

"Are you ready?"

Imre Hanzély calmly rose.

"Yes," he answered in a soldierly fashion. He straightened his Tyrolese jacket. "We may go."

We set off along the same labyrinth that had led me here. I clasped the Crucifix tight in my hands, shut my eyes, and did not wish to see anything. All I noticed was the growing murmur from which I knew that the courtyard was close at hand. And as the rain beat into my face outside, the crowd gave a howl. Near the arc light the Court sat at a table. We stopped with Imre and again listened to the sentence, then he was led to the freshly laid wall of sand, while I stayed by the arc light as I had previously imagined. For a long time I did not wish to see anything, and even here in the courtyard I stood with my eyes closed. I only looked up when the Minister had been tied to a post and the execution squad marched in.

The Tyrolese jacket was removed from him, and he stood in his shirt sleeves. When they wanted to blindfold him, he stopped them:

"Thank you."

And from then on he looked only at me.

He gazed calmly and for a long time, and I do not know to this day whether it was an accusing or an acquiescent look. He almost appeared not to care for the rifles pointed at him, not to hear the word of command. I too looked only at him, at his eyes, those deep-seated, burning eyes, in which I did not sense contentment now, as, indeed, I had never sensed it since his childhood. Then the rifles were fired, the two bound arms twitched as though he wanted to grope at his stomach, I saw the grotesque grin on his face, and his eyes stared at me even now, as though he wanted to drag me with him. When life left him, he hung like a rag on the post. I closed my eyes, and this was when I last saw him. He was no one and nothing now. My forehead was wreathed in sweat—perhaps that of his agony.

They had to nudge me to move on. The Court had left, the squad had marched away, and the corpse had been covered with a piece of sackcloth. Behind me a journalist lit a cigarette. The smell of the smoke wafted sulphurously in the misty, thin rain. I cast one last glance at that piece of sackcloth at the foot of the post, and I wondered where he now was? What kind of salvation I had prepared for him? And in the next instant it was as though the volley had once more been fired—an invisible one—to hit me. I pulled the hood over my head and asked who was to absolve me? *De ore leonis*—who was to save me from the lion's maw?

And since then I am afraid. Oh, not of the world, of wordly powers, or of God, but of myself. For do you know, young man, what fear is? At first you don't bother. It's there, but you think you'll get rid of it. Then you try not to think about it, but it suddenly takes you unawares. Like a sniper. And you drive it away and believe you've escaped from it. You're almost happy. And then, as though you were in a room of mirrors, it will look you in the eye from a hundred angles. It's no use turning your head away, you always see it, always, always. . . . You can never escape from it again.

DAYBREAK OVER EUROPE

by

BENCE SZABOLCSI

PREFACE

As the Chinese fairy tale has it, once upon a time a pious monk gazed at the wall paintings in his monastery until he himself stepped into these pictures and merged with the world of the admired masterpieces. Lovers of classical music time and again also conceive a desire to share directly in this art, to live among the people who once produced these permanent wonders of past centuries, to become the understanding partners of their whole lives.

"Daybreak over Europe" was born of such a desire, in too brief a time—not quite three years—to be formed into a complete whole. In the vicinity of Karcag the author could begin his work thanks to the good-will of his company commander, Andor Szegő. In the spring of 1945 the bulk of the manuscript was rescued by an unknown officer of the Soviet Navy. In the summer of 1947 it acquired its final form at the Hungarian Academy in Budapest, headed at the time by Professor Tibor Kardos.

Was it written as a picture book or an illustrated guide on a fictitious historical journey through the music of a rich century, or, beyond this, also as a remembrance and a reminder, an "escape," and in some measure perhaps also a voyage of discovery? For in the last analysis it was nourished by naive curiosity, the desire to see and grasp how and whence an art arose that reflected the entire wealth of life, the glittering intellectual diadem of a whole epoch. Now that for the first time since the 1948 edition the book reaches the reader in a revised form, it asks above all for leniency and understanding, since today what once counted as a doubtful and adventurous undertaking, the first, timid look outwards from amidst the smoking ruins of the World War and of a whole era, is no more than an entertaining excursion.

I

ARRIVAL IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY VENICE

*But look at these gondoliers,
do they not sing ceaselessly?*

(Voltaire: *Candide*, 1759)

*In streets, squares, canals, everywhere loud singing.
The merchant offers his wares, singing; the workman
leaves his workshop, singing; the gondolier looks out
for passengers, singing...*

(Goldoni: *Memorie*)

The traveller may pick and choose among the boats as he arrives, for lines of elaborately decorated specimens are lined up at the quay. If he arrives as the guest of a distinguished family, he finds a richly decorated gondola waiting for him, or he may at least admire the swan-like course of these light craft as they glide along the dark waters, sped by the rhythmic strokes of oars. There are the peota and the ballottina, the bissona and margerota, the cofano and the gobbo, the scoazzera and the fisolarà, the burcinello and the capariola—all the barques that form a gorgeous procession along the Canale Grande at the feasts of Venice, at regattas and frescos, at sensas and andatas, in the dazzling hours of the Sea's Betrothal or at the proud appearance of the Golden Galley.

As soon as the new arrival has stepped into one of them and sat down protected by the felza, the gondola sets off to take him along the Canale Grande, towards the Rialto. Palaces and churches are left behind, including those that are the new pride of the city and have been finished quite recently by Baldassare Longhena and his group of builders: San Canciano, Della Misericordia, the Santa Maria in Nazareth; then the Palazzo Battaglia and Palazzo Pesaro become visible, with Santa Maria della Salute and its triumphant dome to the right, said to have been built on a million and a half piles by the immortal architect of the past century... It was, however, not only Longhena who had created here, but also others; along the Canale generations have feasted their eyes on the Palazzo Contarini and the Rezzonico, the Palazzo Grimani, the latest additions being the Palazzo Corner della Regina and the Vendramin, while San Vitale, the Jesuits' church dedicated to Mary, Santa Maria del Rosario, and many others can be seen in the background. No wonder Padre Coronelli drew up a list of them so proudly in his recently published work, *Singularità di Venezia*. That is how the traveller reaches Piazza San Marco, the pavement of which is just being made.

On his way he has, however, in the meantime been encompassed by the Maritime Republic's opulent and unquenchable music, as by the final essence of an all-pervading scent produced in the press-house of centuries and crushed from the life of a declining aristocratic society, to which nothing could be compared in that age. A declining city, a declining society; yet, as if seeking to find compensation for its political defeats, forfeited maritime power, weakening trade and waning self-assurance, its whole life is haughtily, nay, purposefully concentrated on luxury. Luxury, pageant and music! In these years Venice is the town where everybody sings, from the beggar to the senator, where every tune is developed into a duet or a chorus, since every passer-by in the street insists on joining in.

"Crowds of people throng to the Grand Canal to hear music, with such enthusiasm that one would think it was for the first time, though there is hardly any evening without a concert..." wrote Brosses, the French wanderer of rococo Italy in 1793. Three decades later Guiseppe Baretti could think of no greater pleasure than "...to listen on a summer night from a gondola to the thousands of lovely concerts in the town holding the population spellbound," while a noisy multitude of the most colourful and versatile idlers, "lawyers and charlatans, masked ladies and senators, citizens and gondoliers" filled Piazza San Marco, as observed by a curious English physician in 1775. Art music flourished, inspiring in these decades a more feverish cult than ever before. Theatre and concert life experienced an equal upswing: for the carnival of 1769 seven opera houses were opened simultaneously, including three for the performance of serious operas and four for comic operas, and all of them were packed with audiences every night.

In six decades this city had heard the *première* of three hundred operas.

The training of musicians devolved on four girls' orphanages with permanent female choruses and orchestras. In the years when Burney, the widely travelled English musician and writer, found that four conservatoire and a few private concerts could be heard at Venice of an evening, several times a week, if not daily, the musicians of the conservatoire Pietà were conducted by Furlanetto, those of the Medicanti by Bertoni, of the Incurabile by Galuppi, and those of the Ospedaletto by Sacchi. At the churches sometimes music from two choirs and two orchestras was accompanied by the sound of double organs, and on one occasion Galuppi conducted at San Marco's a mass where the singing voices were supported by six orchestras and two minor organs.

And the music in the street! When the traveller had the good fortune to arrive at carnival time, there was a more abundant wealth of gay fes-

tivities than he could hope to attend. This city was continuously celebrating but now wanted to do so still more. The vain, showy carnival of the lagoons thus became proverbial on the continent, and presumptuous Venice was duly rebuked by the contemporary Italian satirical verse which had biting words for every town: "The people of Venice are a snobbish crowd, the Paduans are only quacks; the inhabitants of Vicenza feed on cats, the people of Verona are cracked..." All Europe gave itself airs and was bent on pleasure, but here the hunt was pursued most feverishly. The anonymous bards of the city had for a long time recognized this traditional Venetian vice: "Those who wish to have pleasure in the evening should saunter along the Piazza; they will behold luxurious delights and gay splendour, for this is the scene of the revelries held by great lords and ladies," went a song in 1748. In fact, carnival here lasted six months every year.

"From 1740 to 1796, most likely Venice was the happiest city of the world," wrote Stendhal in his *Italian Journal*, a statement that may be said to apply to several preceding decades as well. This is evidenced by the often extravagant, even foolish *festa lagunare*, where all the pomp and every caprice of the old patricians of the town were freely displayed. For instance, at the festival arranged in the honour of Frederick, Duke of Saxony, in 1716, the winners of the boat-race were given their prizes on a platform built over the water between the Foscari and Balbi palaces, the platform representing Neptune's realm, with golden statues and silver fountains; or the feast arranged in 1740 to celebrate the visit of Frederick Augustus III, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, where the aristocracy of Venice performed a series of symbolic scenes and living pictures in honour of the illustrious guest, presenting the Adriatic, Hercules, Venus and Cybele, Neptune and Apollo, Flora and Cupido, with their triumphal chariots, Diana and Endymion, Parnassus and a pageant of the free arts. A figure symbolizing Poland receiving the crown of the Electorate of Saxony, furthermore allegorical living pictures of the united Muscovite and Polish realms...

Such festivities were in every instance associated with countless shows and spectacular features. A trapeze artiste would let himself down on a rope from the Campanile tower to the balcony of the Doge Palace, to greet the ruler of the city with a poem and a bunch of flowers on the last day of carnival; crowds of people would gather on the Piazzetta for a barbecue; and all these showy items were every time set off by a background of illumination, pageant, fireworks and chiefly music. Music, played not only to intensify the whirling, the humming and the ecstasy, but also to illuminate them through some deeper radiation.

As if, indeed, music had been the ancient element from which the whole life of the city had emerged, flaring up like a singular glamorous mirage. Water and melody, the sea and music: had they not stood together at the cradle of every human civilization? Venice itself knew it well: it alluded to music as does a child to its mother, looking up to her and taking refuge in her lap. At its zenith the republic had almost from the beginning left its spiritual representation to both its painters and musicians; and from the 16th century it became clear that the musicians' voice was a national voice reaching to the remotest points and that the cause of music was the most international national cause. Without any official commission the Venetian composer was always empowered to speak for the whole city, and when he stood up to celebrate or to lament, he was conscious of being the mouthpiece of everybody, visibly backed by the republic's population, power and glitter.

In 1736 it was the city's prince of musicians, Antonio Lotti himself, who hailed the launching of the golden state galley, *Bucintoro*, with a special madrigal composed for the occasion; on its triumphant course the golden galley was escorted not only by hundreds of gondolas, but also the roar of cannon, the booming of bells and the blare of trumpets. The music of the people, however, provided a profounder sound than did art music, coming from depths where it may have been born together with the elements and have absorbed also the ancient element that nurtured Venice, the spirit and atmosphere of the sea. Every night the *Canale Grande* resounded with the song of the gondoliers, with the famous and wonderful airs that had come down to them from the days of Tasso, or perhaps still earlier periods, and that these adventurous, sonorous-voiced boatmen sent out to one another like so many messages over the surface of the sea, into the distance.

At the middle of the century, when Tartini, the eminent violonist and musician-thinker of the age, put down—most likely for the first time—that winding melody, the "Aria del Tasso," in the manner of a true violonist, he was no doubt unaware that it had been developed from the Venetian gondoliers' tune into a recurrent motif and motto by one of his senior contemporaries; nor was this known to Jean Jacques Rousseau, who had included two different versions in his posthumous volume entitled "Consolations for the Miseries of My Life." A melody of oriental, dialogue-like pattern in two parts, it would seem to incorporate deep down an ancient, rather elusive musical notion stemming from the Mediterranean or from Asia Minor, perhaps from Saracen times, the days of the liberation of Jerusalem.

What is this song, in fact? A verse from Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which the gondoliers of Venice have been singing for centuries in a popularized form, in the Venetian vernacular; Byron, Wagner and Liszt too were to hear it from them. On an autumn day of 1786 Goethe made the following entry in his Italian diary: "Tonight I have listened to the famous songs of the boatmen who sing Tasso and Ariosto to their own original tunes. I got into a gondola by moonlight; one of the singers rowed in front, the other behind me, and they sang their song alternately, each taking every other verse. The tune itself is known from Rousseau's records: a kind of transition between a choral and a recitative; the line of the melody has been retained, but there is no rhythm; modulation always follows the same pattern, while the singer modifies his tones and measure by his declamation, in accordance with the contents of the words. The spirit of the whole is something like this. Without investigating how the song arose, it will suffice to say that it is perfectly suitable for a man loitering about idly, who hums a tune and suits the words he knows by heart to this tune. There he sits on an island, on the shore of a canal or in a boat, and sings his song in a singing voice that it should carry to a distance (people appreciate chiefly the strength of a voice). The smooth surface of the water carries its sound very far. In the distance it is heard by somebody who knows the tune and understands the words, and replies by singing the next verse; then it is the turn of the first to sing his answer, so that one singer is always the echo of the other; in this way singing is continued the whole night, amusing the singers without fatiguing them. The farther away they are from each other, the more beautiful the song grows; for the listener it is best to stand in the middle between the two. That I might hear them to the best advantage, my boatmen got out at the Giudecca embankment and separated along the canal; I kept walking from one to the other, moving away from the one who began to sing and approaching the one who had stopped singing. Then I grasped the true sense of their song. This faraway singing sounds extremely strange, like a dirge that expresses no mourning and is nevertheless incredibly touching, liable to provoke tears. This effect I first ascribed to my own mood, but on the way home my old companion very appositely remarked: '... e singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto piu quando e più ben cantato' it is strange how deeply one is affected by this tune, especially when it is well sung. He also said that I should listen to the singing of the Lido women, particularly those living on the Malamocco and Pellestrina shores, who also sing Tasso's words to the same and similar tunes. When their husbands are out at sea fishing, they sit down on the shore in the evening and sing these songs with

their full sonorous voices until they hear their men's reply from the distance; that is how they converse. Is it not beautiful? I do not think the near listener can derive much pleasure from these sounds that struggle with the waves. But this way, how deeply human and true is the sense of the tune. How animated the melody becomes for me, compared to their lifeless scores over which I have so often broken my head. A lonely soul sings so in the distance, that somewhere a kindred spirit may hear it and reply."

Which is then the tune that Goethe heard? And what did the women of Malamocco sing? We do not know for certain. (See in the latest literature: P. Nettl, *Bemerkungen zu den Tasso-Melodien des 18. Jahrhunderts. Die Musikforschung*, 1957, vol. X. pp. 265-71.) For not only Tartini and Rousseau's tunes have been preserved, there are a multitude of others too. The eccentric, mystic French story-writer, Cazotte, for instance, recorded a completely different air at Venice in the middle of the century, contemporaneously with Voltaire's *Candide*, to insert it later as a fashionable barcarole (with new French words) into his famous story "Amorous Devil." The second half of the tune he obviously treated after the model of a French arietta, but at the beginning it still exhales a breath of genuine Venetian popular poetry. The whole tune may have been only a composition of strongly local character produced for a special occasion, a forerunner of Lamberti's famous "La Biondetta," introduced into romantic literature about the middle of the 19th century by Liszt's "Années de Pèlerinage."

As usually happens in golden ages, not only did the people's voice flow upward, but also that of the educated classes downward. Not only was the gondolier's song transformed into a sonata movement, but sonata music was turned into gondoliers' songs. The boatmen, whose number was fixed at approximately four thousand by old Venetian statistics and of whom Voltaire's *Candide* noted with mild irony and admiration that they sang continuously, had free access to Venetian opera houses and, according to English and French travellers, decided the success of a new opera; "...and that is why the people can sing more beautifully here than elsewhere," added an eyewitness. It may have been so, let us leave it at that. At all events the women of Malamocco actually sang to an infinite audience in the night at the seaside, as if they had been singing on the stage of an opera.

All this was also symbolical: these sensuous and yet transfigured, warm and clear female voices introduced and aroused the music of the eighteenth century in Europe, like a stimulating southern message, the prelude of a great musical dawn. It was the beckoning, summoning song of the Mediterranean and the South, which have cherished every western civilization. The new music of Europe was brought to life with and through this song

also by a mysterious Venetian composer, the "red-haired priest," Antonio Vivaldi, whose romantic and bizarre figure would seem to have stood invisibly on the shore conducting the chorus of the Malamocco women.

II

BAROQUE FEAST, ROCOCO MAY-DAY

*... And there are many whom the season
Stimulates to the raptures of the sweetest dreams...*

*(From the program sonnet of
Vivaldi's „L'autunno" about 1720.)*

*Come, gentle joys
Celebrate here this happy day
And arrange the finest feast!*

(Le Clerc de La Bruère, Dardanus, 1739)

The invocation is too strong to have come from a single shore. Not only Venice sang here, but also Naples, Bologna, Rome, and the whole of Italy with them. All of the Latin West responded to this music, sworn on with equal enthusiasm by Paris, London and Berlin, and duly accepted by German residences and small provincial towns as far as the eastern borders. That is how 18th-century music awoke, acquired brilliance and spread all over Europe. Vienna was the last to respond from the banks of the Danube, but this response was perfect, superior to that of the other regions of Europe, producing the peak of musical classicism, Haydn and Mozart.

It is not difficult to distinguish the voice of the Italian towns in the chorus. Like a genius with a torch, the *seicento* set the music of these ancient towns aflame, and when the whole chandelier was blazing, the lights of Venice and Naples were kindled last, towards 1700. This was, moreover, the third and belated flowering of Venice; the first had started with Willaert and the Gabriellis in the middle of the 16th century, the second was brought about by Cavalli, Cesti and Legrenzi's art towards 1660; the third and last blossoming came in the 18th century with Lotti, Albioni and Vivaldi, in the era of Marcello and Caldara, while their young contemporary, Baldassare Galuppi, a composer of comic opera, brought up the rear about 1760. In the meanwhile, the musical life of the town at times assumed exceptional brilliance (as under Monteverdi), to wane again about 1700; other towns sometimes advanced ahead of Venice, sometimes they were content to follow her. For all these fluctuations the Maritime Republic undoubtedly retained its leading musical position and steadily maintained

it also in the decades of political decline. The spirit it radiated was unequivocal and individualistic, the ideas it expressed were eloquent and harmoniously coincided with the great moments and desires of Europe.

What could these desires have been about 1700? Venice was the city of celebrations; at the end of the 17th-century Europe—gentry Europe—the members of good society, enjoying life in high positions, celebrated loudly, holding up their heads, dressed up in sumptuous clothes and proceeding in dance rhythm, or were constantly engaged in preparations for revelries. True, these festivities were but partly Italian in colour, they had not yet been given the name of “*fête vénitienne*,” for they were inspired predominantly by Spanish and French rhythms. On the other hand, in Italy itself there were barriers and aversions to foreign ideas and fashions. Allonge-wigs were accepted by Venice from 1665 amidst protests and remonstrances; in the same way Italy admitted foreign music slowly and with reluctance. Giambattista Vitali, who was reported to have composed the first Italian minuet, seriously boasted of his innovation, and Legrenzi ostentatiously insisted on clearly differentiating the tone of the sonata from that of the suite, while their French contemporaries and Italian masters staying abroad, like Steffani, greedily saturated the sonata with dance elements. German musicians, however, such as Kapsberger and Rosenmüller, all the time found it hard to elicit appreciation for their own innovations in Italy. Apart from such obstacles and divergencies, the various musical cultures of Europe nevertheless showed a lively curiosity and thirst for one another; they spied upon each other from behind artificial screens, like children playing some parlour-game. The dream-world of Venice had grown so transparent, so irresistible that it had to become a place of pilgrimage for more distrustful Northern Europeans as well.

All this was mostly studio art, the music of closed rooms, stately halls, gala evenings, large buildings lit up with torches or chandeliers. It lacked the magic of open-air freedom and therefore incited the generation of 1700 to rebellion.

For the great change came about 1700. The blue and golden lights of the chandeliers paled, the balcony doors were flung open, and the sobering yet intoxicating free light of the dawn streamed into the halls with the violins and flutes bringing daybreak from the groves. This music was of the open-air, *plein air*, not of the indoors, shut-in world of baroque rooms and halls. Baroque music required illumination, rococo music thrived on sunshine. Rococo feasts were the “*fête champêtre*” and the “*fête vénitienne*,” celebrating the meadows and the sea, feasts of free nature, of air and of a scenery where the play and magic of the sun, the moon, the stars, the

wind, the water, the elements were permanent, deep and irresistible, where the four seasons were real, ever-present natural powers. Fire music and water music—or, if you prefer it, “The Four Seasons.” These are the works that may be said to have symbolized the new air that encompassed the great turns marking the life of the period. The symbolical overture of the 18th century was the young Domenico Scarlatti’s vocal Venetian Serenade about “The Four Seasons”—the theme that was to be taken up a few decades later in Vivaldi’s series of concertos, in Telemann’s day-time oratorio and Werner’s calendar suite, conceived in a spirit that satisfied the novel taste of the middle of the century, completed by Haendel’s open-air music and closing, several decades later, the 18th century with Haydn’s great oratorio. (B. Marcello, in 1731, also composed an oratorio entitled “The Lament and Joy of the Four Seasons over the Death and Apotheosis of the Virgin Mary.”)

It was play, and at the same time the reality of nature; a great awakening, even inebriation, a feasting that differed from that of the baroque age. It would be difficult to name explicitly the source of the new spirit, of the playfulness and transparent light permeating the scene, the atmosphere and conduct that gave birth to the clear, ringing, profane music in major key of the new age. At some point the weight, the gravitation, the importance of life suddenly yielded, without losing any of the glamour of its festive light. Its contours no longer seemed blurred, it did not appear frigid, infinite and remote any more but had been brought nearer. Life assumed a more human face, ceased to call for tragic solutions, and even began to smile. From that time one could approach life not only with a stiff formal demeanour and tense nerves, but also with an easier, more informal attitude, occasionally verging on the slightly disrespectful. Its strict forms were not the result of rules and compulsion, but flowed from instinct and education, to be discarded now and again.

In his work entitled “Von der musikalischen Poesie” (1752) the German aesthete, J. Chr. G. Krause, remarked: “Formerly people used to like paintings before which they had to sit for half an hour before they could discover their beauty, even then only from a certain angle and distance. At present greater preference is shown for the pleasant, the beautiful, for quickly and attractively striking colours.” Such lighter sunshine had been regarded as incongruous with a festive atmosphere; from the time of the *régence* it became identical with it. Festivity came to imply not *grandezza* but rather *intimità* and *Geselligkeit*.

A feast, however, implied also much more; it meant the unexpected growth and blossoming of man in the colourful light of a few grand moments.

At a feast man became handsome and solemn, grew out of himself into the figure of his dreams and wishes, rising to the supreme moments of his life. He might wear a mask, a black *bauta*, a white *volto*, a red or blue *tabarro*, perhaps a mauve domino, or only a gaily coloured silk suit, powdered wig, a bayonet and an embroidered waistcoat with the usual dark cloak and tricolor hat—the apparel favoured in aristocratic and bourgeois life—but with intensified emphasis, celebrating an unwritten and unspoken mass as the priest and votary of the liturgy observed by Society. Whether he danced, made music or only spent his time in company, moving about and chatting, he complied with obligatory ceremonies, because he conformed to the fundamental rules of high life, bowed before light and serenity, before ringing, superior loftiness and noble deportment, evoking them as an elemental law within the framework of his own accustomed every-day world.

The mask and the fancy-dress ball were indubitably the symbols of a false and stylized life—yet, in some sense, were they not true and profound allegories of human, of social life? All this demanded not only elemental beauty of movement and superior self-assurance, but also an artistic frame and background, a resplendent theatre, appropriate perspective, ceaseless opportunities for watching, for display, for putting on show; always in the full light of a shop window, a stage—even an opera stage—in a permanent limelight. What could man's life-work be in such a world? A colourful scene from the great play, a famous love, a happy day, a wry idea, a tune or a gesture—depending on the illumination it received from the permanent limelight. This light enveloped the whole music, the whole musical culture of the century—not even such intricate and confused, romantic and wild personalities, such outlaws as Antonio Vivaldi could escape it. The defoliating alleys of the scenic fresco in his concerto phantasy on "Autumn" ended with a minuet associated with great social occasions under the heading "The Hunt" (*La caccia*); instead of solitary peace with declining nature, a proud, merry, devil-may-care revelry in autumn, in the grand fading, before haughty balustrades in Italian parks, under Venetian torches.

As will be seen, according to the interpretation of the age, the concerto form itself was no more than a religious-profane gorgeous musical parade marked by glitter, competition, and social graces. In both of its senses—as a piece of music and a piece for competition—the concerto was a sort of elementary and social masterpiece, the feast of society and of the elements, *ludus solemnus*. Idle 18th-century society abhorred, persecuted and denied weekdays (Monday is said to have been born with the 19th century); it took refuge in revelry and music, thereby belying duty, order, boredom and work. It would have liked to write on its banner the prologue written

by Campra in 1710 to his ballet-opera "Fêtes vénétiennes": "The Carnival Triumph of Folly over Reason." Also in nature it looked for festivity, for dreams and miracles, the stage instead of vegetal order and repetition. ("Music is theatrical by nature," declared Mattheson, the German aesthete, in 1728, "for the world itself is not unlike a magnificent theatre." As early as 1686 Fontenelle explained that "the whole of nature is like a grandiose play, resembling an opera.")

The new generation were the pupils of Calderon, Descartes and Campa-nella in proclaiming the dreamlike and theatrical quality of life and the world.

Their music was a parade of scintillating light and forms, while the concerto was in fact individual art released for a festive occasion, the glorius, luxurious introduction of the solo instrument in its own realm. This realm had only just been born—it was the unique achievement of the 17th century, legitimately that of 17th-century Italy. The tendency toward concerto-soloist activity had developed gradually, to attain dominance about 1660, chiefly in the music of Venice and Bologna, and to come to a triumphal flowering with the violin concertos of Torelli, Bononcini, Albioni and Vivaldi.

The man of the new century dreamed not only of revelry but also of freedom from care—of "Sans Souci" and "Buen Retiro," the antique Tus-culum, even of the Isle of the Phayacs, of Eden itself, of Cythera. A new syncretism arose, uniting and reducing to a common denominator the golden-age creeds of various religions. In Theocritus and Ovid they found descriptions of the Golden Age with its permanent spring, zephyrs, peace and fertility—what a dream! At the first critical point of urban civilization the ancient counterpart of the town, the Garden of Eden, loomed up on the horizon.

"I don't know why," sighed Daquin at Paris in 1752, "but everyone now has a penchant for pastoral life. . . . One has good reason for grieving over not being the inhabitant of a world where there is nothing to do but to please, to love and be happy!" Yes, if one could sail to the Isle of Happiness, the island of the Golden Age—but who would provide a vessel? And since the writer and the painter here fell silent, because Urfé, Danchet and Fuzelier, Watteau and Lancret could get only as far as the shore, to the point of embarkation and no farther, the musician stepped in and took over, saying: "Here is my ship, come with me; my island, the isle of the Golden Age, music, is waiting for us." As if from the very beginning the dream of Cythera had been bound up with a definite musical symbol in the mind of the age.

This is how Couperin heard the carillon of Cythera about 1720:

Agréablement, sans lenteur



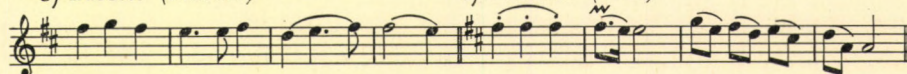
The most glamorous dance tunes of the century started with the same proud and swaying sound of the major third, under the hands of Haendel and Rameau, Lacoste and Grétry, Boccherini and Galuppi, Gluck, Mozart and Haydn, between the thirties and the nineties of the 18th century, almost invariably in the same key, the festive key of the period:

a) Haendel (*Water Music*)



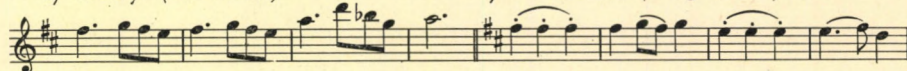
b) Lacoste (*Philomèle*)

c) Rameau (*Platée*)



d) Grétry: (*Barbe bleue*)

e) Boccherini: (*String Quartet*)

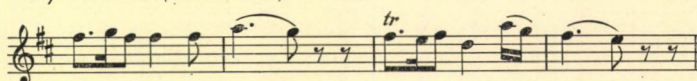


f) Galuppi (*Finti amori*)

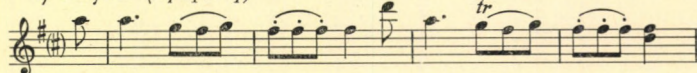
g) Gluck (*Alceste*)



h) Mozart (*Divertimento*)



i) Haydn (*Symphony*)



As if by some secret agreement, this generation had found a common colour and tune for their own fairy island and golden-age dream, for Cythera. Somewhere in the distance there had to be a rose-tinted golden island with eternal sunshine, where the music of youth never died away.

HUNGARIAN MUSIC AND ENGLAND

by

PERCY M. YOUNG

An Exhibition such as this Liszt—Bartók Exhibition serves, as I see it, a three-fold purpose. In the first place we are able to appreciate the lives and works of two great creative artists in relation to their own heritage and environment. Next, and inevitably, we are prompted to see to what extent, and at which points, our own tradition is touched. Finally we are again made aware of the indivisibility of music; for what is laid out in this Exhibition may be heard, and understood, and in some cases performed by us.

It is frequently said that music is international; but before it can become meaningfully so it must be national. Here we take the point from Zoltán Kodály and observe that nationalism is not chauvinism. The truly national composer is one who—like Johann Sebastian Bach—adds to the general stock of experience from his own intimate contact with the musical speech (and, therefore, the general character) of his own community. In this College we remember also the words of Ralph Vaughan Williams, whose work so closely resembles that of Kodály, and who visited us for the performance of his opera *Riders to the sea* some ten years ago. “The composer,” he said, “must not shut himself up and think about art; he must live with his fellows and make his art an expression of the whole life of the community.” This is the significance of this Exhibition, for neither Liszt nor Bartók shut themselves up to think about art, both preferring to see how it could serve the wider purpose.

Liszt and Bartók may only be appreciated in the light of the historical background, and a convenient starting-point is that at which a particularly valid form of Hungarian music was first noticed by an Englishman. Sir

¹ An address delivered on October 15, 1962, on the occasion of the opening of the *Liszt—Bartók* Exhibition, arranged by a group of Hungarian musicologists under the auspices of the Budapest Institut of Cultural Relations at the Wolverhampton and Staffordshire College of Technology.

Philip Sidney, who was educated only thirty miles from here, was a poet, a soldier and a diplomat. In the latter capacity he was sent by Queen Elizabeth I on an embassy to Hungary, where he heard the bardic music of Sebestyén Tinódi (whose *Cronica* of 1554 was a part of the Hungarian resistance to the Turkish rule imposed after the Battle of Mohács in 1526). Of this music he wrote as follows in *An Apologie for Poetrie* (1583):

"In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all Feasts, and other such meetings, to have songs of their Ancestors' valour; which that right Soldier-like Nation think the chiefest kindlers of brave courage."

Insofar as Tinódi used folk-song elements in his art, this statement may be seen to have some aptness in the present, Liszt-Bartók, context. We could add to it that not dissimilar music, bardically inspired and looking towards a national independence, could have been heard in the sixteenth century not far from here, across the Welsh border.

During the next two hundred years, during the long struggle for national integrity, Hungarian music was forced into subjection, becoming for practical purposes a province of German music. For other reasons, but no less implacably, English music was also being subdued so that, eventually, the condition of our respective musical traditions was much the same. In 1743 a Collegium Musicum was instituted at the College of Debrecen, and this, also a non-conformist protest, was the corner-stone of the now flourishing Hungarian cult of amateur choral music. We are reminded that as from that time English choral societies, rooted in the music of Haendel and frequently meeting in public-houses in provincial towns, began to play an active part in national musical life. These societies, of middle-class origin, rapidly caught the enthusiasm of the working-classes and came to be associated with the virile protestantism of the Methodist movement.

From time to time expatriate Hungarian musicians arrived on the British scene during the eighteenth century. Such a one was Johann Kusser, who was born in Pozsony in 1660 and died in Dublin in 1727, where, for more than a decade, he had been director of the (British) royal music in Ireland. It may fairly be said that but for Kusser's efficient work it would not have been quite so likely that Haendel's music would have had its particular opportunities in Dublin from 1736 onwards.²

More particularly, however, one gratefully recalls the visits to England of Josef Haydn, noting that George III, the music-loving monarch who

² In 1741 (when Haendel was in Ireland) another Hungarian musician, described as "Mr. Charles, Master of the French Horn," was giving "grand concerts" in Dublin that were generally approved on account of their exotic qualities.

received him, was acquainted with the Esterházy family. Haydn loved England, and was loved by the English, and his symphonies (the "London" symphonies and the oratorios being a direct result of his English experiences) played a similar, emancipating, role in the English as in the Hungarian orchestral tradition.³ Through Haydn English musicians—if at first unconsciously—became aware of the colour and rhythm implicit in the *verbunkos* music. This, stemming from enforced military recruitment, reminds us that in England the press-gang methods which produced unwilling members of the armed forces in Napoleonic times were also annotated in folk-song, as in the later ballad-opera of Vaughan Williams, *Hugh the Drover*.

English Romanticism and a Liberal attitude in politics on the one hand and the fruitful Era of Reform in Hungary, which, by way of Széchenyi, Petőfi, Arany, the new theatres, the Kisfaludy Society, the Academy of Sciences and so on, led to the heroic Kossuth and the War of Liberation, came together during the nineteenth century in many ways. Liszt was a symbol of this closer affiliation. He was in England as a boy, when he was received by King George IV, in middle life, and in old age. On the last occasion, in 1880, when his reception was overwhelming, he attended the London début of his Scottish pupil Frederic Lamond who, until his death in 1948, faithfully maintained Lisztian standards of execution in Britain. Many British students worked with Liszt, but the best and most memorable record of the great man is in the description of the fictional musician Klesmer in George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* or, more directly, in George Eliot's account of her meeting with Liszt, in Weimar, in 1854.

"I sat next to Liszt," she wrote in her Diary, "and my great delight was to watch him and observe the sweetness of his expression. Genius, benevolence, and tenderness beam from his whole countenance... There was nothing petty or egoistic to mar the picture."

This was the Liszt whose sense of responsibility to his own people, awakened by the Floods in Pest in 1838, led to an increasing absorption of Hungarian values in his music, and the more Hungarian his music became the more it was respected and the more influential it became in England. The music of Liszt, on account of its emancipatory quality, was,

³ If one reads Rev. Thomas Twining, or William Shield (both friends of Haydn), one recognizes that what Kodály wrote of Haydn's music in Hungary also, *mutatis mutandis*, applied to England: "... in small Hungarian towns, wherever there were schoolboys, civil servants or others who could play the fiddle, they sat down and played the string quartets of Haydn. For these people, more often than not, this was the only road leading towards the higher spheres of classical music. But whoever as a young boy caught a glimpse of the wonderful realm of music never rested until gaining access to it. It is in this way that Haydn's œuvre became one of the corner-stones of Hungarian musical culture." (*Haydn Compositions in the Collection of the National Széchenyi Library*, 1960, p. VII.)

for example, a boyhood inspiration to Edward Elgar. (On March 14, 1882, we read of Elgar conducting the "Hungarian National War March *Rákóczi*, arr. Liszt," at an Instrumental Music Society concert in Worcester.)

If we stay for a moment with Elgar (who was well-known in Wolverhampton), we discover by analogy how Liszt gave a new self-respect to Hungarian music, by mastering the current international style and by infusing it with a Hungarian spirit which he perceived intuitively. This too is what Elgar, who did not directly quote folk-music but was none the less moved by his ingrained memories of the national musical ethos, did for English music. And if in this case we refer to a new vigour and sense of musical colour we recall that Elgar was not only a Liszt enthusiast but also the violin pupil of another Hungarian teacher living in London—Adolphe Pollitzer. Pollitzer's influence on a composer with such genius for instrumental music should not be underrated. There was a third Hungarian influence on Elgar; that of Hans Richter (the English mistook him for a German), who was the first to see the true genius of Elgar and to conduct his major works.

At this point we remember that Bartók's "Kossuth" Symphony—a welcome reminder to English radicals of Gladstone's championing of Hungarian rights⁴—was also introduced to England by Richter, who conducted it in Manchester in 1904. Bartók, together with Kodály, increasingly came to represent the latest phase in Hungarian music, that which is based on indigenous folk-music *pur sang*. This, the authentic folk-music, was finely summarized by von Adalbert, in his reply to Liszt in 1859 on the subject of *The Gipsies and their Music*. as "coming from the womb of the nation and from the suppressed national consciousness." What Bartók and Kodály were doing was paralleled here by the work of Holst and Vaughan Williams. From the time when Bartók's *Suite for Orchestra* was first performed at a Promenade Concert in London in 1914 until the arrival of the *Psalmus Hungaricus* at a Three Choirs Festival in 1928 the work of the new Hungarian school was followed with close interest in England. After that Bartók with his string quartets, concertos and, above all, his *Mikrokosmos* (that peerless *vade mecum* for the teacher) became accepted as one of the great composers simply because he was a great composer. At the same time Kodály, by

⁴ Thus in *The Visit of the Eighty Club (to Hungary)* in 1906, London 1907, it was written: "It seemed fitting that descendants of the English liberals who had befriended the illustrious exile (Kossuth) should now visit his grave and country," while George Toulmin M. P. thus addressed a Conference on Labour Legislation in Budapest on September 24, 1906: "I have a specific message of peace from the workers of England to this and every land. I attribute this holy spirit which animates the workers of England largely to the spirit of Gladstone, the friend of Greece and Italy, of Bulgaria and of Hungary."

other means, has become embedded in our musical experience, and it is therefore clear that at the present time there is a special appreciation, in this country, of Hungarian music in general.

The qualities that are especially regarded may briefly be summarized. There is, and this applies to all Hungarian music, life and fire, which, remarkable to our more stolid intelligence, stem from the "dancing Hungarians" of long ago. There is a close association with a powerful literary tradition, and this, since our literature is the strongest part of our culture, has a particular appeal. Then there is the ever present sense of tragedy—marked in Bartók as in Bornemissza—which, arising from the urges of national consciousness, is always seen to strengthen the highest forms of art. The sense of tragedy was once put into words by Liszt:

"Like them (the gipsies) I am a stranger to the people of every country. I became a wandering virtuoso as they were in our fatherland."

Implicit in the English feeling for Hungarian music is the wish that, although in many ways we have been beneficiaries, Hungarian composers will not again have to become wandering virtuosi. The last of them, perhaps, was Bartók.

DEBATE ON SEX ETHICS

by

OTTÓ HÁMORI

In Budapest we are engaged in debate. We are debating on everything, arguing with passion about modern art, with responsibility about the problems of economic life, with expectant excitement about science. Liveliest of all is the debate on the new morality, which is carried on with such ardent zeal as sometimes to make people smile. Not only outside observers but participants as well. For in this debate a new name is given to everything, if possible even to love. One of the parties to a debate on love defined the latter as an alliance of two people for a beautiful and rich life. We told him he was right, only he had failed to mention in this precise definition the sex of the two people allied for a finer life.

Such slips may happen. Just the same, this debate touches on questions of vital importance, from whatever angle we may look at it. Under prevailing conditions, the primary problems of existence having been solved, people are increasingly engrossed by the apparently banal question whether we are living the right way or, to put it more accurately, whether we are arranging our own private world judiciously and sensibly and giving it beauty. It is a strange phenomenon—though we have a pretty rational explanation for it by now—that ever since the means of subsistence have improved there are more divorces and more solitary people who can hardly find a partner. It stands to reason, for economic necessity has on the whole ceased to play a role as a compelling cohesive factor. No girl has to marry simply to get hold of someone who will provide for her. Nobody has to choose a partner in love with an eye to the other's purse. And when economic pressure has ended, emotional motifs become predominant. After all, it is not just the affair of two people, and the issue is not just love. Personal happiness—at least in its effects—is a matter of public concern. For the community, for society, personal happiness represents a creative force, while unhappiness entails a loss for the community.

Hungarian public opinion is well aware of this, and it may safely be said that the debate is concerned with a truly significant question; the issue is not only love but human relationships in general and the correlations between the individual and society—in sum, morality itself. In the past few months this wide debate has been given a forum where the viewpoints of the debating parties can publicly be summarized. The debate, of which I shall here attempt to give an unbiassed description, is being carried on in the columns of the literary journal *Új Írás* (New Writing). Yes, I shall try to approach the matter with an open mind and without prejudice, although it is an extremely difficult undertaking, since it involves a sphere in which everybody has his own experiences and wishes, as well as his opinions derived from them. It is easy to write an objective report on such topics as a scientific conference when one is ignorant about science. But who will admit to ignorance where love and decency are concerned?

Let me first introduce to my readers the parties who are carrying on the debate.

The author of the article entitled "Morals and Dogmas," which raised the first violent storm, is László Gyurkó, who would long ago have certainly been dubbed an "enfant terrible of intellectual life" were he living in Paris. This young writer and translator has several excellent short stories and a noteworthy short novel to his credit and is appreciated both as a ranking interpreter of new German and English literature and as a passionate translator of philosophical works. He began his career as a critic, most likely because he likes fierce battles and plain speech.

In his article launching the debate—to be dealt with later—he touched not only on general principles. His sharp, ironical words were directed also against individuals, particularly László Dezséry, whom he denoted as the most significant representative of the dogmatic moral attitude. Not so long ago, Dezséry, then a bishop, was the head of the Hungarian Protestant Church. At the time he wrote as a publicist, selecting his themes mainly from the domains of moral life. Later he exchanged the ministry for journalism and unfrocked himself; at present he is working at the Hungarian radio, and his topical notes read every Sunday noon are extremely popular features. In the past few years he has written several books, partly for parents, partly for young readers, on the moral duties of youth and on sexual morality in general.

The debate has been joined by Tibor Huszár, one of the most talented young Marxist philosophers, who was under thirty when he was promoted to a superior academic degree for his work on the subject of the debate, discussing on a broad sociographic basis the ethical and moral problems

arising in the lives of the young generation living under socialism. Though a profound thinker, the young scholar, far from confining himself to the world of theory, takes an active part in propaganda addressed to the wide masses and appears regularly on radio and television broadcasts.

The other young scholar participating in the debate is Ágnes Heller, a pupil of György Lukács's and a well-grounded scholar, who studies literature principally from its ethical aspects. Her interesting contribution is that of an enlightened woman who thinks in terms of the 20th century and has an ideological approach to the theme.

The historian, József S. Nyírő has also contributed to the debate, as has Mihály Varró who, being a secondary-school master, is well versed in the practical problems presented by the theme. The articles of the debators listed also express the views voiced by numerous others actively participating in the discussion.

The two camps can be clearly distinguished. On the one side stand the young author, the young philosopher, the literary scholar and the school-master, on the other the publicist and the historian with a rich store of experiences. On the one side, apparently, "feverish youth," on the other "wise moderation." But these are mere appearances. This is not a debate between generations, but the rise of a public spirit striving towards general spiritual renewal, where both points of view search for a sensible and expedient ratio of rights, possibilities and duties. The objects of rejection or approval are: how to define the new moral laws called for by the age and what are the traditions that should be retained.

The subjective element of the debate flows from the attitude of those young people who are personally living in a "state of search," who are still evolving and shaping their emotional lives, and who are therefore making every effort to validate the concept of greatest freedom. The representatives of the other camp, on the contrary, rely on a moral conception developed in the past; in judging sexual morality and emotional life in general they prefer to follow accepted norms, and their attitude betrays more parental apprehension than direct personal interest.

Notwithstanding its fairly circumscribed sphere, this debate thus provides confirmation of the Marxist tenet that consciousness is determined by existence.

In his opening article, László Gyurkó quoted the philosophical antecedent of this theorem, the words of Spinoza, almost as a motto: "We do not strive for something, want something or long for something, because we think it to be good; on the contrary, we judge it to be good, we strive for it, because we long for it and desire it."

Through this citation Gyurkó raises the potentially subjective debate to a philosophical level and declares that in his above-mentioned serial books László Dezséry does not speak about morals in general, and in particular, about sexual morality, in a modern spirit and on the basis of materialist philosophy, but rather attempts to dress up old idealistic, religious moral concepts in socialist clothes. In doing so, he holds back progress and hampers the victory of principles that may have favourable practical consequences and render the life of the present generation not only more pleasant but also more straightforward.

The following quotation from László Gyurkó's statement is perhaps somewhat lengthy, but, since it touches on the most essential points of the debate, it is worth while to follow its train of thought.

Though the ethics of idealism are transcendental, its theories are not mere baseless fabrications but rest on exceedingly realistic ground. The true aim of man, that of finding happiness, is hindered for most people by generally insurmountable difficulties in every society where the majority is oppressed by a minority. Idealistic ethics endeavours to eliminate this contradiction by dethroning happiness—i. e. man's interest—and putting duty in its place.

This is in harmony with its basic concept; if the fundamental norm is not man but the abstract ideal of Virtue, our objective is not happiness but conformity to the ideal. This leads to the absurd theorem that the most moral person may be the most unhappy one, because he sacrifices happiness to the demands of virtue. Dezséry too advocates this view, and his ethics may thus be denoted as fundamentally idealistic. "The realization of moral demands," he writes, "has always called for discipline and strong will. Therefore morality ennobles, for it tests our strength. . . A moral person remains moral even when society is unable to ensure the simplest path and the most favourable conditions required for a moral life." In other words, one should be moral for the sake of morality.

This concept is the terrible burden of thousands of years of conditioning. No wonder that as a result of such teachings, for many people the notion of morality still means only bitter renunciation and asceticism—a compulsory evil that has to be complied with for more or less plausible or entirely incomprehensible reasons and commands. Moral maxims unconnected with life and to be followed for their own sake create an inhuman morality of hypocrisy and dissimulation. Every kind of ethics that does not have interest as its starting-point, and in which morality is identified with some sort of asceticism, willy-nilly and understandably provokes an anti-moral attitude.

We are far from wishing to deny the important role of duty in ethics but merely wish to emphasize the priority of interest. ("The idea always becomes ridiculous when it is dissociated from interest," wrote Marx.) There can be no doubt that the grave contradictions between happiness and duty can be resolved only on the basis of Marxist philosophy, in practical life by a socialist or communist society. In a philosophical sense—as formulated by Lenin—the individual incorporates the general, and the general the individual; in the same way society is composed of individuals, and individuals constitute society. This shows that primarily the contradiction is not between the individual and society, but between the individual and a society based on oppression. In a society where oppression is abolished, the conflict between individual and social interests, between happiness and duty, is gradually eliminated.

This may still create the impression—and there have, indeed, been such vulgarized theories—that communist morality is a sort of duty, a morality that promises the reward of a distant, unattainable future, the age of communism, just as religion holds out the promise of heaven. However, when the general tenets are translated into the language of practical life, it soon becomes evident how wrong such an assumption is, for public and individual interests have by now largely merged, not only in theory but also in practice.

Undoubtedly, the foremost interest of society is work of as great a value as possible. On the other hand, when we try to find out what it is that is most likely to give man lasting happiness, the answer is again work. Naturally, not any kind of work, but exclusively some meaningful occupation that is in fact a source of joy and satisfaction. The most important reason for this is that the more superior the work we do, the greater is the freedom it brings, the easier it becomes to recognize and to apply the inevitable processes of nature and society. The concept of work must, of course, not be confined to the process of work alone; all the benefits closely connected with it—community life at the place of work, the appreciation and recognition gained by good work, the fulfilment of healthy ambition, etc.—belong here. As the most important target and means work may therefore be regarded as the fundamental category of the ethics of our days.

This naturally by no means implies that work is the only aim, that work alone can bring happiness. Every vulgarization of this kind, any denigration of the riches that man derives from nature and society would only result in preventing the full development of the individual and the advancement of humanity. When we assert that work is the

only road to happiness, we only define the moral compass, a general precept that applies to every field of ethics. A moral system should thus be developed that will best help man to do the most sensible and valuable work possible. And since we have shown the absurdity and harmfulness of idealist ethics mainly on the basis of Dezséry's views on sexual ethics, let me attempt to offer a few essential points in this highly important and much debated field in line with Marxist ethics.

First and foremost we have to break away conclusively from the stubbornly surviving notion that sexuality is a sin. This precept is the consequence of a characteristic line of social development, the reasons for which are well known, e. g., private property, the development of the patriarchal family, feudal and bourgeois distribution of wealth, laws of inheritance. This basis was fortified by the teachings of the most ascetic, dominant religion of the world, Christianity.

Since there is no such thing as permanent moral laws, it logically follows that sexuality is no sin in itself, but becomes so only when it is the source of abuse, of harm. It is therefore certainly reprehensible—or immoral—to attach to sexual relationships such overwhelming importance as to let them direct life as the sole decisive force.

So far we have spoken of sexuality and not of love. A boundary line has to be drawn between the two. Love is a complex notion, one component of which—undoubtedly a very essential one—is sexuality, whose effect and might are immeasurable, since it is very likely the most significant biological and psychic factor of happiness. Love's happiness rarely degenerates to a pathological level; as a rule it helps to enrich existence, increasing the zest for life and strengthening the good qualities of those partaking of its blessings. To let this mighty force go unused or even to curtail it, to reduce it by silly and senseless barriers is an obvious crime, which not only threatens individual happiness but thereby adversely affects its social usefulness.

The article that started the debate furthermore emphasizes that László Dezséry in maintaining that sexual life may be regarded as moral in marriage alone, expresses a reactionary dogma. Such a demand is impracticable and unnatural, for either it expects people to live in a way contrary to their natural impulses until they can create adequate conditions for marriage (learning a trade, finishing one's studies, etc.), or it drives them into premature marriage. The unreasonableness of the latter solution is confirmed by reference to widely known statistical evidence. Thus one third of the marriages contracted in youthful years soon end in divorce. The author also has some biting words to say as regards the hypocritical asceticism demanded

by the first solution. In this connection he mentions a name that is familiar to the present adult generation, that of Tihamér Tóth, a Jesuit priest, who, in his books published during the 'twenties and 'thirties, proclaimed the most intransigent views on sexual indulgence and its devastating effects.

The writer of the introductory article does not see the fault of Dezséry and of moral dogmatists in general as lying in any "Tihamér Tóth-ism," but in their seeking for unnatural and hypocritical moral principles, in the same way as the Church; while the latter assigns this role to God, the dogmatists pretend that asceticism serves the interests of society.

At this stage—through pointing out that the dogmatists employ the concept of social interest as does religion the concept of God—the debate assumes a more general character. In the Stalin era this practice furnished illustrative examples of what may result from an attempt to serve the cause of socialism by such "religious" methods.

This thread of the debate is further pursued by Tibor Huszár in his contribution. Relying on sounder philosophical grounding, he corrects several of Gyurkó's statements that lack full scientific validity and summarizes his own attitude in the following terms:

In the past, numerous codices and catechisms tried to circumscribe human conduct from every aspect, indicating what is "good" and "wicked," what is moral and what is immoral, in various situations of life. The prohibitions and law tablets immensely oversimplified the forms of human contact, reducing human autonomy to a minimum.

I am convinced that the time of the law tablets has gone by and those who spread the codex of communist morality as the new ten commandments have taken the wrong track. In modern societies human relationships have grown exceedingly intricate, life has disrupted the narrow bounds of the "commandments." Instead of catechisms it is necessary clearly to circumscribe the chief maxims of human behaviour and mutual contacts by which the individual—and the community judging the conduct of the individual—can decide whether it is right or wrong to act in such and such a manner under existing conditions and circumstances. The future will therefore lead to increased individual autonomy and responsibility.

In this sphere too, communism will bring a turn in the history of mankind. In the society of "recognized necessity" the most elemental norms of human relationships become conditioned and customary, while in the higher spheres of human contact consciousness assumes a definitive role, judging, deciding and choosing independently,

with due knowledge of all the circumstances. Hence the moral freedom of the individual is not diminished but, on the contrary, for the first time grows complete, in the full knowledge of necessities. Communism will produce a society of moral freedom and not of moral automatism. All this has naturally nothing to do with the moral relativism propagated by the subjective idealists; for fundamental principles cannot be arbitrary, expressing only the fluctuations of individual instincts and selfish greed, but faithfully reflect the essence of communist socio-moral conditions—recognized necessity and not the arbitrary denial of external determinants.

Increased individual responsibility and complete moral autonomy have to be emphasized also because in the period marked by the personality cult the contrary tendency prevailed, and individual freedom of action was consequently confined to extraordinarily narrow limits. In essence, this cult is alien to communism, and it is no coincidence that it led to grave distortions in the formation and development of communist morality. This circumstance largely explains the paralysis of Marxist ethics over a period of nearly two decades. It is not accidental that ethical research has lately gathered new strength.

There is much to be done, and there are many unsolved problems. Our tasks can be carried out only with the collaboration of philosophers, teachers and psychologists. Fruitful debates are also indispensable. It is to the credit of László Gyurkó that he has accepted the unpopular role of initiating the debate.

Then József S. Nyíró, a historian who reads and criticizes manuscripts from a Marxist point of view for the Kossuth Publishers, took up the cudgels for Dezséry. His starting-point was not that of the others who had joined in the debate, namely, that the social circumstances necessarily call for a reassessment of certain moral norms; he criticized Gyurkó's viewpoint from the angle of potential consequences. In his opinion Gyurkó's view would lead towards complete emotional and moral anarchy, because he fails to consider where relaxation of strict morality would lead to and what alarming situations it would produce. Then he continued:

Of course Gyurkó may reply that he is not thinking in terms of "alarming situations" but of a sexual life nourished by "true love," on a monogamous basis; and we are willing to accept this as a sort of restriction or limitation. However, he himself speaks about "teenagers' love," thus confirming the existence of such a thing; at what point does "true love" begin? Where is the boundary? And, above all, from what signs would an inexperienced youth (inexperienced in the sense

that he is only a beginner, since everybody has to make a beginning) be able to tell that he has stepped across the boundary? And if he has passed beyond that boundary and feels entitled to start a sexual relationship, does that imply the right to beget children? Or is he entitled only to sexual intercourse involving contraception? How often may a boy or a girl exchange the object of such "monogamous" affections? Whose duty will it be to look after and provide for a child or children born of such a union? The boy's parents or the girl's? Or the State? And what about pregnant girls? Up to which month of pregnancy should they be obliged to go to school? How long will be their "leave of absence for childbirth"? Will they be allowed to run home in the long break to suckle their baby? And will nursing student-mothers—being extremely busy—be exempt from learning the differential and integral calculus?

Innumerable absurd questions, which Gyurkó does not even raise, since for him the most important point is to discard "reactionary dogma." Next let us quote a few passages from Ágnes Heller's article previously mentioned:

If we examine what was meant by "sexual ethics" in certain epochs, we find ourselves in an intricate tangle of ephemeral customs. From having to marry one's own sister, through the bride's having to be a virgin, to the view that adultery was a sin for a woman but an act of bravado for a man, customs have never ceased to change, and from the beginning their constant kernel was provided by private property. In the course of thousands of years, two lasting results were achieved in the field of "sexual ethics." The first was the prohibition of incest, representing the racial-social interest of mankind; and secondly the demand that living together should be based on love, representing the moral-social interest of mankind. In the extremely complicated "sexual ethics" of various ages, these are the two factors that form part of the substance of man's moral development. This naturally does not mean that these moral values, belonging to the substance, could not find expression within the ephemeral systems of custom. Even today, everybody still blames Faust for seducing Margaret. Not because it is regarded as a sin that the girl lost her virginity or gave birth to a child, but because Faust deceived her, drove her to despair and murder, and made a victim of her, thus offending against a norm of truly lasting value.

In my opinion there will be and there can be no separate sexual morality in communist society. And if we take up the problem today we can study it only with this perspective in mind. We can already hear the cries of consternation at our advocating "immorality in sexual

relationships." Far from it. We simply believe that the same—and only the same—ethical norms apply to sexual relationships as to any other field of social action. Do acts of violence, the conscious breaking of another's will, seduction, or the purchase of good-will for money and gifts, count as dishonourable in the domain of "sexual morality" alone, and not in every sphere of life?

Nyíró takes issue with Gyurkó's opinion that there is no fundamental difference between sexuality and the other primitive human instincts. Yet, Gyurkó is perfectly right. How can the "sexual instinct" be differentiated from the "instinct of self-preservation," for example? There are no biological, psychological or social grounds for doing so. Nyíró's differentiation has the same root as Dezséry's, namely, that, as opposed to the other "non-sinful" instincts, the sexual instinct is "sinful." This, however, is a purely ideological and religious concept. And what conclusion does it lead to in practice? Should a man who for fear of death betrays his companions be condemned less harshly than a boy who—*horribile dictu*—spends a night with his sweetheart?

For Nyíró the alternative is monogamous marriage or "bestial" sexual intercourse. Reality, however, does not present such alternatives. In denying the sinfulness of sexual love, Gyurkó, in his opinion, as good as advises adolescent youth "to go ahead and make love." He assumes as a matter of course that the youth of our era can be approached only through lies, will listen only to lies. Last year, in two classes, numbering forty pupils each, I asked the 16-year-olds whether they knew any case of harmonious marriage. I added that despite daily quarrels a marriage may be harmonious in the absence of lasting disagreement on essential issues. In one form there were six, in the other four young girls who had seen such a marriage. Should I preach chastity to these girls on the basis that only monogamy can guarantee "absolute harmony?" They would laugh at me, and with justification. Have I, then, nothing to say? Could I not tell them the truth? Might I not, for example, say to girls of fourteen, in connection with sexual life, that it is not healthy, that it would be too absorbing, would divert attention from self-education at an age when it could never be made good, that it was likely to cause unnecessary mental conflicts, and that it was not to be recommended from the aspect of sexual pleasure, since it was liable to spoil subsequent greater joy, and so forth? Would I not have better success? Is it inevitable to go on preaching, always preaching—according to the ancient recipe? Here we are again confronted with a general question that is highly topical even beyond the sphere of this debate. The ethics of love life constitute

only one sector of the battlefield on which the struggle for candid speech is being fought. Analysis of the clashing views clearly reveals the debators' views on other essential questions. In most cases moral dogmatism reflects dogmatic thinking with regard to social questions in general. This is the theme of Mihály Varró's article. László Dezséry's answer, containing a refurbishing of his views through quotations from Lenin and other great figures of the workers' movement, also confirms this fact. He admits that social change causes a change in general moral conceptions, but he excludes sexual morality on the plea that to modify it would involve anarchy. Incidentally, he emphasizes his conviction that he is voicing the demands of socialist society.

This appropriation of the right to speak in the name of society induced Gyurkó to reply, and he now even christened the opposing camp as the "new conservatives," implying that though conservative, they nevertheless speak in the name of socialism. There is much exaggeration in this—and also much truth. The fact is that in Hungary these days no one can step into the arena of debate with any hope of victory unless he feels his way towards conclusions acceptable to socialist society. It is not the State that imposes this demand, but ethics also has progress inscribed on its banners. This compulsion in itself provides ample evidence of the significant change that has taken place in the public's thinking.

The debate I have attempted to describe and that is bound to continue tends to prove the same. At last we speak openly about delicate problems. Both camps may be equally glad of this development. Although young people will continue to refrain from consulting philosophers on their own love life, such discussions are by no means futile. They are part of the gigantic struggle fought in our days for the reform of human thinking.

THE IMPACT OF CINEMA ON LITERATURE

by

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI

Historians of the development of the cinema measure success on the screen by more than the expansion of its immediate appeal; the motion picture has taught us not only to see but also to read and maybe even to write. To see, yes—for no doubt, since the advent of the cinema our very approach to light-and-shade effects has changed and we react more sensitively to the emotional aspect of things. Even while reading, as we search for images to inspire the enthusiasm of others in what we are reading, our memory sometimes returns to some motion picture seen long ago. But to write? That's a somewhat startling proposition. The cinema used to be regarded as merely one of the many subdivisions of literature, a picture-storybook of a kind, and if the idea of any reciprocity of effect between literature and the cinema was brought up at all, it was in a tone of indulgent bantering. "His writing has a certain cinematographic quality"—sentences like that used to carry a tongue-in-cheek overtone hinting at something discreditable. Now I won't say there isn't something in that. Films have the name of the scriptwriter, but books do not display the name of the particular director or of the founder of the particular school of film-making whose stamp they might bear. In other words, whereas literary ancestries of films can be safely traced and pointed out with genealogical pride, the opposite is treated, at best, as an illegitimate child.

It may be claimed, however, that the cinema has now passed the stage where it used to walk behind literature, humbly begging for artistic advice. It is still ready to receive such influences, of course, but it is now an art in its own right. With its apprenticeship over, the cinema has entered its career as an independent art and is now finding itself in what might be called the second bout of its wrestling-match with literature—an invisible one, for it proceeds by stages that are barely perceptible. There exists, therefore, no

history of the impact of the cinema on literature, although its influence has in effect produced some early offshoots—witness the school of the *nouveau roman* or aspects of the American school of “expressive” naturalism.

Such influence does therefore exist, although it cannot be pin-pointed. It is latent, and can therefore be surmised rather than described. It could be formulated in interrogative, rather than affirmative, sentences. Somehow the operation of this reciprocal influence reminds one of the fate of things lost and found again after a long while: they once belonged to us, but if they happen to drift our way again after being thrown about a great deal, they seem quite strange. To put the matter more concretely: some literary devices, having passed into the media of the cinema, have been transformed, put into a new garb appropriate to the new art, and then have returned to their native province of literature—as a new form of representation. Take the long discarded fashion of naturalism. That school, so far as literature is concerned, is dead and forgotten. Yet the witchcraft of the screen has returned to us the naturalist zombie, for that is the style, essentially, which the neo-realist movement of the cinema has assimilated and built into its own media. In the process, however, naturalism has of necessity been transformed in so revolutionary a manner as to become liable to be rediscovered by literature as something that could usefully be adopted. That is the constant reciprocity of effect we are witnessing nowadays; and if we inquire what it is that literature has received from this youngest of muses, our question, to be precise, must be formulated like this: “What is it that literature has got back from, though never lent to, the cinema?”

I propose to deal here with a few aspects of this constant back-and-forth. I do so with no claim to exclusiveness or discovery; rather, the inquiry that follows is marked by groping and supposition.

Stratum One: the “Eye” of the Street

Part of the first great discovery made by the cinema was the “street,” the modern romance of big-city life. It was the forerunner of the great movement of conquest which, after the heroic period of protest against the metropolis, accepted this fine and at the same time cruel way of life and tried to criticize from within. The early artistic peaks of American silent films, such as Chaplin’s *Modern Times* and Walter Ruttmann’s *Berlin, Symphonie einer Grossstadt*, still fascinate, just as do the great pictures of the Russian school—Dshiga Vertov’s *Man with the Camera*, Eisenstein’s urban panoramas—that capture the excitement, the stir and throb, as well as the cruel inhumanity, of a hectic way of life. With these to go on, the expres-

sionist cinema subsequently evolved its great visions, such as Fritz Lang's *Metropol*. They were voices of protest and of romance. Needless to say, this particular way of looking at things, which attempted to create poetry out of the dizzy race through an "enumeration"—or possible combination—of oddly characteristic objects and people, has literary parents. Its devices are borrowed from Joyce, the pioneer of the modern novel. We must remember, however, that our literary scholarship would be one-sided if we were to discover in this merely a one-way influence. For movement in the opposite direction is there too and is quite manifest: those films, with their provocative sequences, live in American literature from Dreiser to Sinclair Lewis. I have in mind not only the Joyce-disciple Dos Passos' novels, but books like *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, where the new phase of the American way of life is portrayed in a kind of expressionist pictorialism. Here the influence of the street-pictures is often discernible. In these writings, details of man's environment almost gleam; parts of the material shell of the way of life—street and café scenes and office premises—print themselves so sharply on the mind that at times they threaten to eclipse even the human interest of the characters. Thus, in the portrayal of the outside world, suggestive delineation of visible minute details is emphasized not only in a naturalist way (by means of simple description) but also in terms of acute perceptibility and empathy. We shall see how this early stratum has persisted as an accessory of American literature of a later period—the same increased expressiveness and objective directness are typical traits of Faulkner's and Tennessee Williams' writing.

The secret password of this style, of course, is the ambition to deliver man from the spell of things that threaten to engulf all, to warn him against the dangers of being reduced to the status of a mere object. Nevertheless it fell to the cinema to make people conscious of this spell; it was the increased expressiveness of the screen that first made the contemporary world of the arts realize the menace inherent in being reduced to mere objects. Chaplin's Little Man (in *Modern Times*), who is reduced to a small screw in a vast mechanism, was to be the symbol as well as the basic phenomenon of an era.

And what about montage? Though its life as a cinematographic device was not a very long one, it was extremely effective, and present-day filmmaking owes a great deal even to its extravagances. It would be difficult to say after the lapse of so many years whether it originated in the cinema and from there passed on into the theatre or *vice versa*. Although the fundamental principles of montage technique were laid down by Eisenstein and his colleagues, I am inclined to think the influence was reciprocal. The basic

experience which supplied the idea for both literary and screen montage was the ever-changing, protean street scene. (Cf. Mumford's intriguing essay, "Art and Technics"; also H. Glaser, *Kleine Kulturgeschichte der Gegenwart*, Francfort, 1959, p. 129 ff.) In the end, all these different images and contending details tumbling on top of each other contrive to suggest an atmosphere with some meaning: they have something to say about the world, through this new metaphor. Today, in Sillitoe as in Koeppen, this technique is taken for granted (though the cinema has thrown it overboard long since), and this kaleidoscopic film style inspired by big-city life can be traced, through numerous transpositions, in Arnold Wesker's sociological naturalism or in Clifford Odets' lyrical stories. It was not mere chance that Odets' most successful work, the *Country Girl*, showed up best on the screen. It looks as though it was in this medium that he was best able to advance.

It is only natural that the influence of the heroic age of the cinema should have become apparent in the literary spectrum of Hungary too. I will point out only a few possible instances here. In his novels, Mihály Babits, one of the great names in Hungarian letters between the wars, displays a marked devotion to the concentrated montage style. Nowhere is this devotion more marked than in his novel *Kártyavár* ("House of Cards"), which is an attempt to portray big-city ways of life. This is a contradiction-ridden work, but in it the author looks at the world through the eye of the movie camera, then still a novelty. Another case in point might be *Angyalföld* ("Angel's Land"), a novel by Lajos Kassák, the noteworthy exponent of Hungarian modernistic and anarchistic art on the left. This novel is related by many invisible ties to problems of depicting working-class types in present-day Hungarian socialist writing and is likewise animated by the restless activity of the motion picture. Obviously enough, present-day Hungarian literature, portraying a surrounding world that is assuming an increasingly humane look, must throw out this—in many respects—prison-like city-image and thus abandon the kaleidoscopic device. (In turn, a film—reviewed in this issue—has recently been made from this novel.) The use of tension-filled, accusing montages is dropped. Yet we can see a reappearance of this style, on a higher plane and filled with a different content. Enterprising young authors in this country are still making experiments—for instance, László Gyurkó's much disputed style in his novel *Bűnösök* ("Sinners") or the slightly manneristic short stories of György Moldova, who has a less settled vision of society—to see if these film-like techniques of portrayal still yield some possibility for expression. These experiments, needless to say, are not always successful.

It was Sartre who first drew attention to the importance of the "view" in the life of man and society. By looking back at us, other people guide our actions, confirm us in our existence, influence us morally, and so on. The motion picture has, in turn, discovered that objects also look back at you. In fact, your whole environment—and not only the human eye—is watching you. It was in the motion picture that the material world first appeared as a living character. I believe this discovery too has found its way into literature. The endeavour to recreate, like magic, situations and events around the reader in a palpable way was started by Kafka. All of a sudden we have the impression of being watched by the world, yet we are only reading. The illusion of the object's entry is strongest in modern Kafkaesque literature: we are present in the thick of the action, and the objects cast a powerful spell on us. From now on, one trend of modern literature will deliberately aim at this kind of magic effect: the various experiments of Buzzati and Frisch, as well as Beckett's morbid visions, both fascinate and repel by means of this device. Therefore, the treatment of the outer world as a character on a par with others is another reciprocal effect towards which the cinema and literature have contributed in equal measure and which has stimulated further literary discovery.

Stratum Two: Illusion and Reality

The literature of fantasy about reality is boundlessly rich—it was not the cinema that discovered dreaming. And yet it has brought something new, the illusion of reality, in a double sense: as a visible story, it has far greater power than the novel of investing its contents with an illusion of actual reality; it can bridge the gap between fiction and everyday reality far more easily than literature. One of the secrets of its magic effect lies in just that. Its characters are photographically true-to-life people, and for this reason fantastic things that happen to them are nearer reality than they are in the world of the novel. (It is this kind of "realism" that we have enjoyed in the long succession of fantasy-fairy-tale pictures from *The Wizard of Oz* to René Clair's *Les Belles de la nuit*.)

Of course, the first substratum of cinematographic illusion is a slight intoxication. The film-wrought illusion enables people to realize their desires; for a couple of hours, they can virtually feel happy. The fantastic bloating of the film industry was due to the very circumstance that it mass-produced this intoxicating article. Stories and sentimental archetypes were created that infused the viewer with confidence and happiness and depicted life as a sunny adventure (think of such Hollywood stereotypes as the tooth-

paste smile or the brawny he-man). The cinema is an extremely powerful illusion-creating force by virtue of the technical peculiarities that give, in the darkened auditorium, the possibility of identification, of entry into the world of the picture. Thus, the spectator can easily be made to fancy that, like his chosen hero, he too is capable of conquering his foes and he too finds happiness in the arms of a seductively glamorous girl. As is common knowledge, cinematic trash does just this: it makes the very things happen to the hero that the average picture-goer wishes would happen to himself. It fulfils his dreams for him—if only for a couple of hours.

But it too has been exercising its influence on literature. The distorting film-illusion was not the least of the factors that sparked a new phase of development of literary "corn" and best-seller literature. The new best-seller literature (from Bromfield to Leon Uris with *Exodus*) works with devices of almost film-like representation. After all, the literary mass products are read by the same eyes that watch these films. It might be of some interest to compare, say, Bromfield's juvenilia (not insignificant) with his big film-hit best-seller novels; examination might show the shift in the author's style towards the screen. The film-trained eye makes its own requirements on literature as to representation, rapid succession of incidents, lightness of approach, and even attitude toward life.

Of course, what we are really interested in is the transformation of the writer's pen. Is there such a thing? Has modern realism become more illusion-like? I should answer, in brief, that it disillusion with the aid of the devices of illusion. The struggle against false illusions is a long-established tradition in European literature, ever since, one might say, Ibsen and Shaw. But in an earlier day, in the time of these great masters, the illusions were largely dogmatic and theoretical. Today they are like the narcotic visions that the weary or the aberrant indulge in for comfort and escape. It is the cinema that has drawn attention to this new type of illusionary quality, and its diffusion and popularity have pointed to the socio-psychological role of everyday dreaming in modern life. Hence the striving of realist artists to depict even the process of dreams arising, thus exposing more sharply the make-believe world. Just think of the important role assigned in American literature to day-dreaming characters. They are there in almost every one of O'Neill's plays (for instance, James Tyrone Jr. in *Moon for the Misbegotten*, Cornelius Melody in *Touch of a Poet*). No less quixotic are Tennessee Williams' characters (Val in *Orpheus Descending*). These types of "dreamy American" are obviously artistic portraits of a social phenomenon, but the exact description of how day-dreaming takes place owes a great deal to the cinema—to the point where Arthur Miller makes

Looman's visions (*Death of a Salesman*) run in practically film-like sequences side by side with the succession of "real-life" incidents on his unconventional stage. By now, this trick is quite commonly practised (cf. Jacques Audiberti, *L'effet Glapion*).

The Deeper Strata

So far our inquiry has been exploring the surface of the phenomenon. Let us now search deeper into more important strata. A change has also taken place as regards the use of fantasy and illusion to express reality. Today it is realized that fantasy as a device helps to express certain problems in a more exciting manner than would otherwise be possible. But we realize this largely under the influence of the cinema. What I mainly have in mind is the changed role of astonishment. Classic authors of fantasy fiction (such as E. T. A. Hoffmann, Chamisso) drew their fantastic characters so that they would astonish or even positively antagonize the heroes of their novels. Peter Schlemihl loses his shadow but scandalizes the whole village. Here the fantastic element still contradicts everyday life. However, the cinema has introduced it among ordinary phenomena, and again and again we are given to see how, at various levels of artistic creation, wondrous moments are fitted into the portrayed world as natural reality. The public has come to accept this as a matter of course. This is by no means fortuitous, for in our times contemporary social conditions (wartime adventures, lives full of vicissitudes, the momentous role of mere chance) suggest the naturalness of the fantastic—life is replete with the weirdest situations. In this way the wondrous has become a matter of fact and is one of the innovations of modern literature—by now, no one is puzzled at reading of extraordinary things happening. One recalls the arduous efforts which the young man in Dürrenmatt's *Tunnel* is constrained to make in order to get people to raise their eyebrows at the horror that is about to happen to them. Naturally, this manner of representation is rooted in a specific view of the world (pessimism, skeptic negation of the laws of life, etc.), but in regard to its technique, this style has been borrowing wholesale from the cinema's way of looking at things, from its psychology. For the dominant attitude toward life in the cinema is that on the screen—and in the life that is projected on to it—everything and anything may happen. Wonders are out. The wonder is if something happens in the normal way.

The marks of this style can be traced also in recent Hungarian literary experiments. The extreme case, the out-of-the-ordinary story, the eccentric type are always exciting. Some of the young story-tellers try to represent

the extraordinary by writing of its naturalness in an indifferent, even tone, hoping thereby to elicit in the reader's mind a sensation of the extraordinary, to be able the more strongly to impress his consciousness, his readiness to act, so that he will protest more vehemently against the monstrous horrors of life. So far this is a positive tendency and may be added as an attractive hue to the emergent stylistic spectrum of socialist realism. (Mention should be made here of such authors as were presented in an earlier issue, No. 7, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*: Endre Gerelyes, László Kamondy and Mihály Várkonyi. A trait common to the short stories of these authors is monotony of tone, verging on drabness, through which shines, with almost startling force, the horror or the extraordinariness, the inhumanity or the novel charm and joviality, of the action. Perhaps the most sympathetic characteristic of this generation of writers is their adaptation to realism of the new devices of representation, a striving to liberate astonishment—though they are not always successful and, at times, seem merely to be imitating western trends of decadent art.)

Realist literature, however, seeks to emancipate astonishment while opposing the absurd. It rejects this technique of representation. It will not permit the spectators to project themselves into so unnatural a world. Brecht and his followers (such as Frisch or, more recently, Bernard Kops with *Hamlet of Stepney Green*) fight the illusoriness of stage effect; they deplore attempts to get the spectator to put himself into the spectacle, to stop him from thinking and protesting at what he is shown. They aim to awaken their audiences, and their success partly depends on astonishment. This is the point in Brecht's "alienation" effect: the spectator must not be allowed to project himself into the events on the stage but must be made to view them from without, coolly weighing his judgement. But this theory and theatrical practice originated not least in reaction against the excessive make-believe of the cinema and the literary trend which tries to compete with the former's dream-like quality. It aims at reinstating in its rights astonishment at the sight of the fantastic—of shock, which the screen has almost eroded from the psychology of modern man.

The first achievements of the dramatic movement for creating an up-to-date Hungarian theatre point in the same direction—from Lajos Mesterházi's topical plays ("Budapest Types," "The Eleventh Commandment") all the way to the experimental productions of plays by young dramatists ("What Does a Man Die for?" by the poet and essayist György Somlyó; János Gosztonyi's debatable stage experiments). In all these trends, one can discern an impassioned argument against the make-believe of the screen, a vehement plea for vindicating astonishment.

The Role of Intermediary

The cinema owes its popularity to its agility; often it is first to recognize and get hold of new formulas of life. It thereby discharges—if involuntarily—another function. It is first to elaborate, often in a ridiculously pedestrian treatment, emerging new phenomena, but having done so it hands to literature raw material already “processed” to some degree. Of course, real authors will not turn to pictures for their themes. Yet these phenomena, which have been discovered and exploited by the cinema, are too universal, too typical of the time to be passed up. It is there that the compelling and obligatory model of the first processing comes into play. It often works in a “trifling” manner but provides both author and spectator with a particular way of looking at things, by paving the way for a definite approach to the theme, an approach which is bound to be used—as either an arterial or a secondary road—by literature. One is tempted to say that the screen, even in its simplifying and naive rashness, sometimes and to a certain degree fashions the world, interpreting it in a formula whose live quality virtually has the effect of a proverb. From now on, such and such a phenomenon, such and such a type of humanity, will have to be viewed from this angle. One is reminded of American films made during the Second World War, which were intended to depict the awakening of the average Yankee’s conscience. A type of American who was at first aloof and who then awakened to a sense of responsibility was drawn in numerous variations. (Michael Curtiz’ *Casablanca* and its sister-movie *Martinique*.) The pictures of this class were shallow, unartistic; yet it is from their angle that such a character is viewed in the literature that treats of the same period—even though that literary treatment is more full-blooded and of a higher quality. Eric Knight may be one of the few exceptions; H. E. Bates, on the other hand, does here and there fall into the trap of that stereotype. Even more, such thrilling accounts as Norman Mailer’s *The Naked and the Dead* seem to have been conceived and written for the screen. The same model still haunts the post-war literary image of the American; only Graham Greene’s celebrated figure of *The Silent American* breaks with this pattern, thereby destroying a long-lived myth.

To take a more recent example, what we might call the “preparatory function” can be seen fairly clearly in the relationship between the *nouvelle vague* cinema and one of the new literary schools (Butor, Robbe-Grillet). Here too the cinema pre-forms reality, and its version is sometimes adopted by literature. Some phenomena (the yearning after purity suddenly gleaming forth in the burnt-out soul; the independent life of memories)

are first sketched out roughly on the screen (*Les Tricheurs*, for the yearning after purity; *Hiroshima, mon amour*, for memory). As for the British cinema, before the war it had mostly restricted itself to a simple representation of the middle class, and now it is with just these social types that the new generation of dramatists—Osborne, Wesker, Kops—are at cynical-ironical issue.

In this way does the cinema sometimes serve as an intermediary between life and literature. The main thing, I think, is that the cinema is more agile than literature, that it puts its ear closer to the ground than the latter does.

The Runway

Many a good literary work remains obscure for a long time until, one day, it supplies the basis for a film-script; then it is "discovered" and achieves popularity overnight. This phenomenon I would call "the runway." It is not simply that this or that scriptwriter makes a name, but rather that a particular novel or drama, designed to meet literary demands, is more at home on the screen and can develop its good qualities there better than in its original version. Thus it becomes a successful work, not so much because of the larger cinema audience, pictorial quality of the screen adaptation, and so forth, but because the film is better suited to the theme and content of the novel in question. Drouen's *Wages of Fear*, for instance, is a mediocre novel, but its screen version is an excellent work. No doubt it owes part of its "boost" to the cast, Yves Montand above all, and to the great director, Clouzot. Still, I have a hunch that a film-like structure was hidden in the novel itself but could not be unfolded within the limits of the novel. That is to say, the theme and the subject were cut out for a movie from the start, and as soon as the opportunity was granted it immediately asserted its good qualities. The same thing can be said about Alan Sillitoe's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. The novel is an excellent work and did in fact achieve a measure of success; still, the screen version turned out to be lighter and, in terms of the theme, gained in verve. Tennessee Williams' *Baby Doll* is also better suited for the screen than for the stage. Hungarian examples are numerous. The script of the first really grand-style socialist realist picture *Talpalatnyi föld* ("An Inch of Soil") came from Pál Szabó, an eminent member of the older generation of writers. It must be added that the story actually found its feet on the screen. A recent case in point was supplied by the controversy about one of the most exciting Hungarian screen ventures of recent years, *Megszállottak* ("The Possessed"). In this case, the literary material—the work of the young story writer Lajos Galambos—

was but an insignificant sketch, and the theme was really unfolded on the screen, where the characters came to life.

Of course, there are also many examples to the contrary, instances of novels and plays losing their edge and becoming flat, when transferred to the screen. In my opinion, such instances are in fact more numerous. The genre laws of the novel cannot be violated with impunity; in most cases, the adaptation kills the original vitality of the work. All I have wanted to do here is to point out that there are novels and plays which are saturated with the influence of the cinematographic way of looking at things. Themes meant for the screen from the very first are badly fit by literary dress. When they get a chance to shed it and don that of the screen, they are able to soar. As a matter of fact, this phenomenon too testifies to the latent influence of the cinema; like an underground river, it undermines conventional literary forms and carries the themes in the direction of the screen, where they are offered the chance of more perfect realization. But a good novel or play can still say more about the world, and say it in more delicate nuances of meaning, than a film. They possess possibilities of more profound representation. Such influence, therefore, is conducive to no improvement, no alteration in the scale of established values. It is simply one among many facets.

The Eloquent Gesture

Cinematographic art has one specific device of representation whose adoption by literature has been far more significant than the others discussed so far. This device is the gesture. In terms of film aesthetics this means that characters, situations, turns of the plot are primarily suggested not through dialogue, still less through interpretative-descriptive texts (as is often the case in literature), but through silent—or laconic—*acting*, an eloquent gesture, the overtones of words spoken or dropped, in other words, through the dialogue of gestures. For instance, Andrzej Wajda's world-famous *Kanal* ends on the note of an unforgettable gesture. After their long subterranean ramblings the commander of the resistance-fighters and his deputy can at last emerge into the sunshine once more. But it turns out that a price has had to be payed: they have lost their people somewhere on the way. Under the shock of realization, the commander opts for continued wandering in the dark and creeps back into the nightmarish sewer. That gesture carries several meanings that can be realized in a flash. It expresses self-criticism, compassion, solidarity, an inward breakdown, the closing of a tragedy. Therefore, it is not just a simple movement but

the active answer to a given situation, an eloquent—though laconic—action. Or take Rossellini's masterly *General Della Rovere*, and think of the transformation, partly grotesque and partly tragic, which the one-time crook undergoes under the influence of his experience in prison. When the little barber is choosing to die rather than to betray the "general," a process is set off in his mind that is suggested only by the hesitant gestures he makes. Yet we are aware that he has lost the assurance that marked his conduct so far and that his thoughts and actions are now guided by a new morality. In the end, he accepts death along with his prison-mates. Never, through all these sequences, is a single explanatory sentence spoken; only the succession of gestures speaks.

This is, of course, a well-known phenomenon in everyday life. The style of a handclasp, a tell-tale wince, spontaneous behaviour in given situations (embarrassment, uneasiness, or "he could hardly conceal his malicious joy")—the eloquent language of gestures reveals to us the frame of mind or, often, the disguised intentions of our fellows. What we are dealing with here is not a technique of rendering moods such as has long been known in, say, symbolist literature, but rather the conscious artistic application of a time-honoured system of signals. It is this everyday phenomenon that the newer and newer revolutions of film-likeness are probing to ever greater depths.

The extraordinary force of expression that the gesture possesses has long been a familiar concept in literature. Eisenstein, in a remarkable study (*Dickens, Griffith und wir. Ausgewählte Aufsätze*, Berlin, 1960), gives a searching analysis of the expressive capacities of gesture on the screen and traces character drawing by means of behaviour back to its flowering in Dickens. In Dickens' style, he claims, the genial tone and ironical-humorous note can be understood not least from a shrewd observation and flash-like portrayal of behaviour reactions. In a comparison of 18th- and 19th-century novels with those of the 20th century, one can see how this device of portrayal by means of gestures loses colour and force. Authors more and more tend to confine themselves to describing their heroes, to enumerating their qualities. Or they give an essay-like analysis of their heroes' character and their position, never permitting the reader to recognize the human and social peculiarities from the heroes' gestures.

Thanks to its natural endowments, the cinema is capable of rediscovering the gesture. We have seen how influences received by literature from the screen are for the most part only rediscovered literary achievements. So too with this phenomenon. Under the latest of the cinema's influences on literature (*avantgarde* literature in contrast to, say, the Gide period),

representation by gestures comes into prominence and essay-like character-drawing and mere description are pushed into the background. For example, in the relation, in *L'Étranger*, of the murder committed by Merseult, Camus forbears from interpreting or explaining the motives, confining himself to drawing the gesture itself, and does so with such a high degree of pictorialism it might as well be a sequence in a movie, so that that gesture speaks for and explains itself. The sun beats down fiercely. Merseult tries to resist the dazing, irritating glare, the gun in his hand gets sticky with burning coercion. When the hot tension becomes more than he can bear he relieves the strain by pulling the trigger. In earlier times, an author would have gone into a lengthy discussion of motives; Camus cuts all that, contenting himself with drawing a self-explanatory scene of action, which shows up the entire moral hollowness of the character. Merseult is a moral cipher who is capable of homicide as a new type of *action gratuite* or one committed under a sort of "atmospheric" obsession. The gesture exposes the man. Is it film-like? Very much so.

The self-explanatory style has become an extremely important, though not the sole, manner of portrayal nowadays. Sometimes, as a matter of fact, it appears rather one-sided. With Osborne (*Look Back in Anger*), the rebellion against the philistine is no deliberate offensive but a hysterical sawing of the air, an attempt to get rid of some uneasy feelings, mostly by a succession of shrewdly observed gestures. This is the rebellion of marking time, characterized by demeanour rather than action that would find a way out. It is still more evident in *The Entertainer*, which is entirely built on the gestures of the principal. The same is true of the youngest generation of American lyricists, the beatnik poets who sing with film-like vividness almost every variant of a gesture of protest. Here, portrayal by gesture slips into extravagance, and what we miss is consciousness of calling a spade a spade, that is, the intellectual aspect of the characters. (The cinema also omits this, and so, in this literary phenomenon, again we see the influence of the screen at work.) Humanity is viewed as a collection of unconscious flotsam and jetsam, hence the futility of any attempt to find motives for their actions; it will do if they characterize themselves.

That, however, is only one extreme of this new method of character portrayal. Of far greater importance is the realist development of this screen-rediscovered means. In the novels of Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe and Faulkner, one is struck by the degree of these authors' reliance on the various gestures of the man of action rather than on mere description of character. Consider the poetically conceived contrast between father and son in Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*. They each carry in themselves a

poetic restlessness of a sort, yet how different from the father's rustically simple, vagrant way of life is the son's frailty heralding a new era. The behaviours of both men have a common basis, they both have an artistic disposition, yet the great divergences—the differences between generations—we can recognize in the antithetical realization of these common traits of character. Often the same words and the same habits acquire different meanings, a different atmosphere. In these scenes we are aware of a quite film-like palpability of portraiture.

It would be one-sided not to point out that evidence of this realist manner of representation by gestures can be found in the best works of socialist realist literature. In Sholokhov's deservedly celebrated short story "Destiny of a Man," the principal character, Sokolov, is mostly characterized by his actions, by the way he distributes among his comrades the loaf of bread he has received as a gift, or the way he looks death in the face with his plain and mischievous Russian temperament—the way, in fact, he bears up unassumingly and at once heroically in every situation. It was not by chance that a splendid film was made on the basis of this short story; the author has captured his type in a manner that made him extremely cinematogenic.

Evidence of the application of this method of portrayal can also be found in the Hungarian literary scene, mainly in the writings of authors whose attention is, or was at one time, focused on the humanity of the Hungarian countryside—in particular, Péter Veres, Pál Szabó, Ernő Urbán and, most recently, László Németh. It is a peculiarity of the peasant, of the Hungarian peasant anyway, that he is chary of speech and tends to convey his real meaning in gestures and emphasis; he has a way of uttering indifferent words with such stress that his interlocutor will get his meaning even though it is never stated explicitly. In his latest play, *Az utazás* ("The Journey"), László Németh fashions a whole character out of such gestures. Although the hero is an intellectual, a retired schoolmaster, a man of thought and theses, we get to know him better from his gestures than from his discourses and self-justifying explanations.

It is a curious fact that this method of film-like portrayal has influenced the literature of Europe to a much lesser extent than it has that of America; its effect on the former is far more superficial.

The Visual Experience and the Depths of the Soul

There may be truth in the claim that modern man's emotional and intellectual world has been enriched (or spoilt?) by the visual experience—the individual way of looking at things—of the cinema. The same event,

the same face or movement, the same bicycle, church interior, dim lamp-light, is seen in a different way by each person. The outside world appears in a different light according to how you look at it through the emotional spectacles of suffering or of joy. What the happy man sees, and what the sufferer sees, are quite different things. Gesture, therefore, is not the only means of expressing something about man and the world. Of importance, also, is the way you look at life: in what light you see it, what atmosphere you consider it to have. The discovery of this particular way of looking at things is due to the cinema. Or rather, more precisely, it is the cinema that has popularized it. We are indebted, at least in part, to the cinema for our present ability to identify our joys and sorrows with things, the material world, and the behaviour of our fellow-beings. At the same time, the cinema is also to blame for having corrupted this new ability of perception that enables us to see ourselves mirrored in objects. It has bridled man's vision with clichés like the "speeding train," which runs the same way in every picture and which is always supposed to symbolize the "mysterious future," or the "weeping windowpanes," designed to convey a mood of mourning and grief. These symbols are uppermost in our minds as we peer at the world, and we tend to observe in the world nothing but these. It is through such prefabricated elements that we see our surroundings and in them ourselves. This enrichment leads to an impoverishing of vision.

This is also the source of the wide diffusion of the technique of inner monologue. In earlier periods, and even as recently as the period of naturalism, one stumbled about in the solid material world of reality. At most there would be the author as intermediary between the inner and the outer worlds. The milieu and the events would have their own independent existence and form the framework which the characters would be fitted into, set against, or destroyed because of. In recent literary experiments, with a tendency by no means always realist, the characters no longer move on such a given map. The outer world is represented as it is seen by the characters of the story and in the way they describe it in their inner monologues. We see no more of the objects and landscapes than the principal characters see of them, and only in the way they see them. The visual experience (what is seen, and in what light, by the hero) is equally characteristic of the world as of the hero himself. The objective background has vanished; the world lives in our memories. The visual experience characterizes what is seen, as in Fellini's and Antonioni's pictures. Here too the reciprocal influence between cinema and literature can be felt.

The same thing is marked in such experimental fiction as the *nouveau*

roman—Robbe-Grillet, Nathalie Sarraute and Butor. Butor's *Modification* is almost like a script. Almost, for it is a novel after all and it might never be used as the basis of an enjoyable film. For all that, its episodes—events and short scenes long past and present—come to life with an almost film-like vividness, but seen in a certain frame of mind. They do so, by and large, in a psychological reinterpretation, the way the prostitute in Fellini's *Le Notti di Cabiria* attends the church ceremony: in her eye, as well as in ours, everything acquires a different complexion, for her own destiny, present condition and hopes colour the very spectacle. What we see is a world painted in the colour she gives it. The same technique can be observed in Robbe-Grillet's *Jalousie*, where the author draws the character of his hidden hero by giving a detailed description of how he sees his wife and her *cicisbeo* and the whole ugly story. The film's means of suggesting atmosphere has spread over into literature; the emotions and moods of the heroes imbue reality with their own colour, and it is this touched-up reality that we are given to see. The characters move among shadows of their own creation, and the real surroundings can only be guessed at. In this way one comes to probe and represent the depths of the soul. Nor can it be incidental that so close a reciprocal influence can be discerned between the new screen trend of psychological realism and the psychological problems treated by the new fiction.

In Defence of Literature

The novel and the play, needless to say, can never really be replaced by the mere shadows of the screen—they have a more teeming world, their art is more intricate and varied. Despite what has been said in the preceding pages, the impact of the cinema on the development of literature as a whole should not be exaggerated. It manifests itself only in certain elements, certain effects. The mainstream of literature—the grand art of it—has perhaps not been affected at all. Besides, in being enriched by the achievements of its rival, the screen, it is really largely reviving its own past. But then, at the present phase of development of this world, such interpenetrating influences must be taken for granted. On the whole, they may be a healthy trend too.

THE MEDIEVAL ROYAL CHAPEL OF ESZTERGOM

by

LÁSZLÓ ZOLNAY

In 1934 a bastion of Esztergom* Castle, the famous stronghold on the Hungarian section of the Danube, threatened to collapse. Canon Antal Lepold, the learned curator of the primatial residence, promptly informed the most eminent Hungarian architects and historians of art—the since departed professors Tibor Gerevich, Kálmán Lux and István Möller—about the menace to the nine-centuries-old castle walls.

Archeological excavations were duly initiated, and after four years' work, by 1938, the nine hundredth anniversary of the death of Saint István (Stephen), the founder of the Hungarian kingdom, they produced highly significant historical results.

It was revealed that some medieval remnants of the lower parts of Esztergom Castle had remained almost completely intact during the Turkish rule of a century and a half—1543 to 1653—as well as during the following decades of ruinous bombardment and subsequent demolition. By their discovery and moderate restoration, the history of architecture has been enriched with one of the finest groups of Hungarian Romanesque relics. The Romanesque parts of the royal palace, particularly of the royal chapel, are monuments of international value, their significance reaching far beyond Hungary's borders.

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The site of excavation, Esztergom, was the capital of Hungary from the middle of the tenth century to the Mongol invasion of 1241–1242. It was here that Saint Adalbert, the Bishop of Prague, baptized the son of the reigning prince Géza—who showed equal reverence to the pagan deities and the Christians' God—István I, the first King of Hungary, who was later canonized. The cathedral was built by King István (1000–1038) on Eszter-

The medieval Latin name of the town was Strigonium, the German name Gran.

gom Castle Hill in honour of Saint Adalbert, as the principal church of the archbishops of Esztergom.

The archiepiscopal castle and the adjoining Royal Town of Esztergom did not forfeit their importance later, although the king and the court had removed to Buda after the Mongol invasion. As the seat of the primate archbishop of the Hungarian Church until the beginning of the Turkish conquest (1543), Esztergom remained a worthy competitor of the Royal Court of Buda, both in education and in wealth.

The castle and the town were the scene of the—occasionally bloody—conversion of the pagan Magyars to Christianity at the beginning of the 11th century. The quartered body of Koppány, the leader of the pagan revolt, was nailed on the gate of the city of Esztergom when King István's German knights and monks commenced the feudal reorganization of that nomad society living in tribal communities. By the opening of the 11th century, the establishment of feudalism became a crucial issue for the Hungarian people: Europe had by then armed itself against the predatory wars waged by the Hungarians in the 10th century, from Byzantium to Spain, from Italy to Switzerland.

In the Romanesque cathedral of Esztergom, destroyed during the Turkish rule, organ music and the booming of bells sometimes gave place to the sound of Christian chanting when the shamans and minstrels of the pagan Hungarians were made to serve the knights of Saint Lazarus in the outskirts of the town of Esztergom. On this 11th-century battlefield of the ancient and new gods, Bishop Saint Adalbert set aflame the wood-carved idol of the deity of the old religion on Esztergom Castle Hill.

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In the course of three centuries, the archiepiscopal castle and the royal city were built up into a metropolis of Eastern Europe. In the late Middle Ages its population is estimated to have reached ten thousand heads. Foreign merchants from Byzantium, Kiev, Venice, and from Frankish territory beyond the Rhine—Troyes, Gand, Maastricht—met at the market of the town. In 1147 one of the retinue escorting Louis VII, King of France, Odo de Deogilo, wrote that the treasures and wealth of numerous countries were brought on the Danube to the famous town of Esztergom.

A district of Armenian and Jewish merchants could also be found here. The establishment of international commercial and cultural relations was promoted by the settlement of various religious orders in the town—Benedictine, Cistercian, then Dominican and Franciscan monks, furthermore

several orders of knighthood, as the Knights Templar, Saint Lazarists and Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem. They were likewise advanced by the hosts of crusaders that passed through the country and through the city of Esztergom. These armies, headed by Godefroy de Bouillon,* Gautier Sansavoir** (1095), then King Louis VII of France, later Frederick Barbarossa, all passed through the Hungarian capital. There were, moreover, direct ties of relationship which formed still closer bonds between the dynasty of the House of Árpád and foreign dynasties. Princes of the House of Árpád began to contract political marriages as early as the opening of the 11th century. (The daughter of István I, Agatha, married to the son of the British King Edmund Ironside, Edward, who had found refuge in Hungary, has been identified by several of our scholars as the mother of Saint Margaret of Scotland.)

According to historians of Hungarian towns, in the 11th and 12th centuries Hungarian kings resided not on Esztergom Castle Hill but in the Royal City of Esztergom on the Danube, in Zenia Palace. In this period only the archbishops' old manor house stood on Esztergom Castle Hill, fortified with battlemented ramparts, in the vicinity of the above-mentioned cathedral of Saint Adalbert.

At the close of the 12th century, one of the most eminent sovereigns of medieval Hungary ascended the throne as Béla III (1172—1196) of the House of Árpád. The prospective son-in-law of the emperor Manuel Komnenos, he had been educated as heir to the crown of Byzantium under the name of Alexios. When these plans finally came to naught, he returned to Hungary, where he was crowned in 1172. Both the foreign policy and the economic situation of the country were consolidated within a short time. He contracted two marriages. His first wife was Anna Chatillon, after whose death in 1186 he wedded the sister of Philip Augustus, King of France, Margaret, the daughter of Louis VII and widow of Henry, heir apparent to the British throne. A record of King Béla's revenues and incomes was drawn up and taken to England by the ambassador who acted as proxy in making the formal proposal of marriage; as revealed by this document, after the treasuries of the emperors of Byzantium and of Rome, the kings of France and England, that of the Hungarian king was the richest.***

The archeological findings brought to light by excavations at Esztergom Castle have furnished conclusive evidence that the royal palace on the hill

* Godefroy de Bouillon (1058—1100)

** Gautier Sansavoir († 1097)

*** Income of Richard III, King of France (1154—1159), calculated in silver: 144,703 pounds. Income of Richard I (Coeur-de-Lion) King of England, (1189—1199), calculated in silver: 108, 512 pounds. Income of Béla III, King of Hungary, calculated in silver: 99,202 pounds.

was constructed by King Béla III between 1180 and 1190. As building-site he had selected the ledge south of Saint Adalbert's cathedral. This area, covered with ramparts and watch-towers, was acquired from the Archbishop of Esztergom at the price of considerable concessions.

By the end of the 1180s the King's residence and the seat of the head of the Church thus lay in close propinquity.

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The excavations started in 1934 at Esztergom have exposed the basement and several ground-floor halls of a line of palaces built continuously during the Middle Ages. A residential tower from the later 12th century, enlarged in the same period, and an adjoining chapel resting on a crypt of one nave form the core of this pile of edifices. The walls of both buildings were found to be covered with ample plastic architectural ornamentation and frescos. It could not be doubted for a moment that the excavations had stripped the Romanesque palace of the kings of the House of Árpád of its four-centuries-old dust-coat.

In conformity with the geological structure of the hill, both the dwelling-tower and the chapel rest on basement buildings, the latter on a crypt. The remnants of a minor, early Romanesque stone building, presumably a watch-tower or a dwelling-house, have been brought to light underneath the residential tower, in its buried cellar. The residential tower itself, originally of regular ground-plan and several floors high—called the White Tower in the 15th century—was badly damaged in the Turkish wars of the 16th and 17th centuries; the south-eastern walls were rebuilt in the Turkish period.

Beginning with the 14th century the new owners of the palace, the archbishops of Esztergom, added an extensive Gothic, then a Renaissance wing to the 12th century dwelling-tower, built as a residence for the king, and to the adjoining royal house chapel. After 1249, the king having chosen Buda as his permanent residence, the palace of Béla III was handed over to the archbishops, who had new frescos painted on the walls of both the palace and the chapel. The Gothic, pointed arches of the Romanesque chapel were in all probability built in the first half of the 13th century.

Today a visitor can reach the one-time royal palace of Esztergom and its relatively more intact house chapel from the south-western side of the present cathedral, erected in classicist style in the 19th century. The best approach to the palace is provided by stairs built to take the visitor to one of the Gothic halls. The stairs lead to a spacious trapezoidal terrace covering the area of the ruined halls that formed part of the former royal, later ar-



ESZTERGOM: ENTRANCE OF THE ROYAL CHAPEL (XIITH CENTURY)



ESZTERGOM: TWIN NICHES IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL



ESZTERGOM: MURAL PAINTINGS BY NICCOLÓ DI TOMMASO (XIVTH CENTURY)



ESZTERGOM: SELF-PORTRAIT OF A HUNGARIAN SCULPTOR (XIITH CENTURY)

chiepiscopal, residence. The medieval palace shuts in the triangle of a small double court.

From the terrace, stairs protected by a balustrade lead to the double main entrance of the palace from the close of the 12th century and the royal house chapel.

Opposite the stairs, the visitor finds the semi-circular palace gate of plain workmanship ornamented with a pair of columns, east of it the more abundantly decorated entrance of the house chapel. The copper lining of the chapel gate is decorated by pairs of pillars with foliated capitals ornamented with acanthus leaves and is surmounted by a semicircular tympanum. On the tympanum, presumably designed to carry a relief, the fragmentary remains of a 15th-century fresco may be seen. Most probably it was the work of Metterzia and referred to the altar of Saint Anne in the house chapel. Over the door there is a large rose window.

From the central part with trefoil design—carved in red Hungarian marble—columns run in all directions; these too have capitals decorated with acanthus leaves. The multicoloured painted frame of the rose window is ornamented with profusely streaming palmetto scrolls. Besides predominantly French forms of style, these patterns point to the traditions of Lombardian-Venetian sculpture. The rose window constitutes the chief source of light in the chapel; the western sun pours in generously through the richly elaborated carving, illuminating the altar table as the centre of this building, which makes a monumental impression notwithstanding its intimacy and small dimensions.

On entering the chapel the visitors actually finds himself in a very small inner space (the nave being 21 by 17 ft the chancel 22 by 20 ft). The short chapel nave with its two side doors is closed in by a semi-circular choir conceived with extreme architectural skill.

In the axis of the powerfully formed triumphal arch, the choir is raised a step higher than the nave. As demonstrated by the analytical studies of the art historian, Dezső Dercsényi, the dimensions of the building hardly surpass the proportions of contemporary village churches in Hungary. Its architects, men who lived at the close of the 12th century, nevertheless contrived, by resort to a few technical masterstrokes in the composition of space, to increase the optical effect of the interior space of the house chapel so as to achieve monumentality.

The oblong nave was given additional room by pairs of niche seats sunk into the walls. They were obviously intended to create an optical effect, since, lacking adequate depth, they were useless as seats.

The illusion of space is enhanced by the shape of the chancel itself.

The space of the chancel was broken up by a double row of pillars. The vaulting, divided into nine fields, rests on a double line of columns as in so-called perambulation chancels. Here, however, the twin columns that carry the vaulting have no static justification, nor do they provide for so-called perambulation. Their purpose is merely a make-believe of spatial depth. The smallness of the nave and the chancel are counterbalanced also by the Gothic vaulting. The Romanesque nave and chancel with their Gothic vaulting are vertically increased to gain height. The chancel acquires further depth through the simple throne carved into its eastern wall for the sovereign, facing the priest celebrating mass and the royal family seated in the nave.

On the capitals of the chapel the ornamental acanthus leaves are complemented by early Gothic floral decoration known to have been cultivated at the time in the southern regions of France. Of the figural sculptured ornaments the most remarkable are the two heads surmounting the two capitals enclosing the northern double sedilia. Some scholars have endeavoured to identify the two heads as the portraits of the French and the Hungarian sculptors of the chapel; they are more likely to have been of liturgical significance. The capital on the western side of the passage leading from the chapel to the residential tower is also of liturgical significance, symbolizing the fight of good and evil personified in the struggle of two warriors. The figured capital forming an architectural part is decorated with an eagle holding a sword and the figure of Samson triumphing over the lion.

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Hungarian history of art attributes the building of the chapel to French—more exactly, to Burgundian—masters. Dezső Várnai who conducted excavations on the spot has investigated fragments of the buildings; apart from a few marks showing a likeness to Greek characters, he discovered chiefly stone-cutters' marks of pentagon type, pointing to lodges of western masons. The assumption of a relationship between the small architectural masterpiece of the royal chapel of Esztergom and French architecture is supported by the close connection maintained by both King Géza II and his son, Béla III, with the Cistercians, the most eminent builders among the holy orders. The family ties that bound Béla III to France furnish further support.

The early Gothic capitals with floral patterns, which decorate the house chapel, were the first fruits of early Gothic architecture in Hungary, and so was the chapel vaulting, the first Gothic vaulting in Hungary.

The analogies of our research worker, Dezső Dercsényi, trace the prototypes of Esztergom chapel, decorated with royal luxury, and the sources of its style to 12th-century Ile-de-France architecture. In the artistic forms of Esztergom Chapel he has recognized reflections of Notre-Dame of Paris, Saint-Germain des Près and Noyon. The festive appearance of late Romanesque French art, developing into early Gothic art around 1190 on Hungarian soil, is what lends peculiar value to the chapel of Esztergom Castle in the history of architectural style.

The late Romanesque—early Gothic style represented by the chapel of Esztergom Castle, the art of the royal stone-cutters' workshop, virtually remained the rule and model of Hungarian church-building over a long period of time.

The painted relics of the chapel are indeed almost more important than its sculptural ones. The walls of the royal chapel are covered by remnants of frescos in several layers. In the lowest, earliest layer on the circular wall of the chancel the figures of seven lions have been discovered in a frame of palmetto, with the tree of life in the background. Some scholars have assigned heraldic significance to the lions, which display a likeness to the prototype of Byzantine tapestries, and regard them as symbols of the might of Hungarian rulers; a liturgical interpretation of their presence would, however, seem to be more probable. (The appearance of the *arbor vitae* also supports this assumption.) The nave of the chapel was refrescoed in the first half of the 14th century.

Esztergom Castle sustained heavy damage in the first decade of the 14th century. The Castle had been spared during the Mongol invasion of 1241–1242; in fact, until the end of the century enemies had gained access to it only as guests or prisoners of war. However, in the period between 1301 and 1308 it was ravaged on several occasions by interior and foreign enemies. In the years between 1330 and 1340 both Saint Adalbert's cathedral and the formerly royal, then archiepiscopal house chapel and palace were reconstructed by order of Archbishop Csanád Telegdi.

In the chapel nave niches with seats and, on the inner wall, at the entrance, half length frescos of haloed men and women have been revealed in four-fold semicircular frames. These patron saints were apparently believed to be sybils and prophets at the time of the Renaissance. In the late Middle Ages the chapel was referred to as the Sybils' church.

Tibor Gerevich believed that Niccolò di Tommaso, the court painter of the Neapolitan Anjous, who painted the Sybils, the frescos covering the ceiling of the nave with a star-spangled blue sky, as well as the mostly demolished scenes from the Passion on the upper part of the side-walls.

The architectural forms of the chapel show several individual traits. One of them is the niche in the closing wall of the chancel with its system of twin columns creating an optical delusion; it was obviously destined to seat the sovereign. The pseudo-sedilia in the nave have been mentioned before.

From the chapel two semicircular Norman doors, adorned with zig-zag design, led to two miniature side-chapels. The southern side-chapel which held the finest 14th century fresco figures of the whole edifice, led to the residential tower. The northern side-chapel of equally square groundplan, with its recess in the wall, built for the *ciborium*, its red marble sedilia bearing traces of a *prie-dieu*, was probably built as a private chapel for the king.

*

The chapel and the castle flourished until the middle of the 16th century, up to the Turkish conquest in 1543. As early as the 'thirties of the 16th century the residential tower connected with the chapel was used as a gun-emplacement. The pile of buildings collapsed at the turn of the 16th century; most of the remaining parts became buried at this time. The work of reconstruction following excavation—still recognized as exemplary by the committee for the protection of historic monuments—has been greatly facilitated by the circumstance that the rising walls, parts of the vaulting, the plastic ornaments of the building—all fell inside the walls of the edifice. Authentic reconstruction of the chapel and the ground floor of the residential tower, the work of Tibor Gerevich, Kálmán Lux, Géza Lux and Dezső Várnai, was thus possible.

Having bade farewell to the eight-centuries-old royal chapel of Esztergom, let us those those who were the first to tread its red marble floor.

The age of Béla III was one of the—unfortunately few—periods of old Hungarian history when Hungary stood in the van of the era's civilization. The court was pervaded by the atmosphere of the proto-Renaissance. The practice of Hungarian chancellery, the systematic use of written records, was established by the Esztergom court of Béla III. The clerks and scribes of the King, including Master Peter, the writer of the *Gesta Hungarorum*, visited the universities of Rome, Paris and Oxford. The education of the King's sons—born of his union with Anna Chatillon—was entrusted to one of the most erudite humanists of the age, Bernard of Perugia.

Besides the products of the workshop of the king's stone-cutters, masterpieces were created by the craftsmen employed at the royal workshops of goldsmiths and scribes. The castle on the hill was visited in 1189 by Barbarossa, then on his way to the Holy Land. The abbot Arnoldus Lubicensis wrote with highest appreciation about the brilliant court of King Béla III.

DOCUMENTS

KEIR HARDIE IN HUNGARY

The purpose of this article is to complement Keir Hardie's historical portrait with two documents.

From world politics to social policy, from education to old-age pensions, from the defence of peace to the housing problem, Keir Hardie voiced his views in many questions affecting humanity, and in all these the program of this once ridiculed politician has been vindicated by posterity. True, it is not individuals, not even single political movements that have reshaped the face of the world; still the figure of the deeply humanitarian Keir Hardie can claim a significant role in this mighty transformation which also includes the reshaping of public opinion.

The two documents which we are publishing here and which we believe to have been both unknown and inaccessible to non-Hungarian readers, offer a glimpse of his unselfish and extraordinarily far-reaching struggle. Keir Hardie saw clearly that the improvement of the living conditions of the working people is a universal cause and that the partisans of progress have to be linked by a universal attachment and solidarity. To truly appreciate this sentiment, we have to know that the British and the Hungarian labour movements of that era belonged to the furthest removed relations of the one family, not only on account of their geographical distance but

also because of the difference in political and social conditions.

Keir Hardie began his account written specially for *Népszava* with the statement that the workers of the two countries knew very little of each other and could not expect to learn the truth in this regard from the bourgeois press. And if this statement appears to be perhaps a bit too strong, it is unquestionable that problems of peculiar interest to workers were really truthfully discussed only in the workers' press, especially in those days, when the proletariat still fought for its emancipation everywhere and in every walk of life and was not yet the recognized factor of political life that it became a few decades later or in our time.

The purpose of the first document here published was to acquaint the Hungarian workers with the struggle of the British proletariat and with its particular features. Perhaps the article will make interesting reading if approached not in the expectation of new, surprising revelations but with the intention of examining what Keir Hardie considered worth-while to tell the workers' paper of a distant country within the narrow confines of newspaper space.

And although we do not wish to enter into analyses here—it will be the task of a future article to show how contemporary progressive Hungarian public opinion saw

the Britain of the Great Unrest—we have to touch on the “international outlook” of the Hungarian Social Democratic Party of the day, the party which Keir Hardie twice directly addressed. But before explaining this outlook and especially the opinion it had formed of the British labour movement, we have to say a few general words on the Hungarian working class and its Social Democratic Party.

Hungarian society was rapidly striding along the path of bourgeois development. Between the dates of the two documents (1895 and 1913) the number of factories increased by 184 per cent from 2,700 to 5,000, the value of industrial output by 226 per cent. Bank capital increased in a similar proportion. Nevertheless, the country kept its agrarian character (in 1910, 62 per cent of the population were engaged in agriculture), feudal large estates remained the dominant feature of land tenure (at the turn of the century dwarf holdings under 7 acres—53.6 per cent of the agricultural population—owned 5.8 per cent of all agricultural land, whereas large estates over 1400 acres—0.16 per cent of the landowners—owned 32.3 per cent. Some of the big landowners entered into relations with the stratum of industrial and commercial capitalists, but a good part of the landed gentry were unable to renovate their estates, became impoverished and served to swell the bureaucracy. Two national motives also had an influence on the development of Hungarian society. On the one hand, Hungary, after the collapse of the national revolution of 1848—49, developed as part of the dualistic Hapsburg Monarchy and felt the preponderance of the stronger Austrian partner; on the other hand, within the borders of the country, in 1910 eleven million Magyars opposed nine million inhabitants of other nationalities. Opposition is the correct word, as in the territories inhabited by a majority of other nationalities the economic, political, military and spiritual domination of the Magyar land-

owners, officials, gendarmes and teachers made itself felt.

In a Hungary weighed down by social and national differences, civil rights were applied in an antagonistic, primitive way. Universal suffrage was introduced in Hungary only after the 1918 revolution by the Károlyi Government and put into effect by the 1919 Council Republic. There was censorship of the press even in peacetime, and at workers' meetings there was always a police officer on duty who had the right to disband the meeting at any time. Nevertheless, the workers established their first political organizations in the 1860's; the leaders of the *Általános Munkás-egylet* (General Workers' Association) sought contact with the First International, created a workers' press and friendly societies. The organization gained greater momentum at the beginning of the 1870's when Leo Frankel, the erudite Hungarian-born Minister for Labour of the Paris Commune, returned home. Soon the Hungarian feudal regime imprisoned Leo Frankel and then forced him into exile. The workers' organization then suffered a short lapse, but in 1890, assisted by the Second International, the Social Democratic Party was formed in Hungary too, where it followed the German-Austrian ideological lead. (The reader will find further material on this subject in G. D. H. Cole's "The Second International," London, 1956.)

This general picture has to be completed with data in regard to the proportions, labour relations and organization of the working class then existing. The total number of workers was 718,000 at the turn of the century. By 1910 this number increased to about 1,000,000. Of this number, 44 per cent worked in big industry in 1900 and 52 per cent in 1910. (The total population was then 20 million.) It is not possible accurately to measure the numerical strength of the Party in the first period, because of the terroristic atmosphere of the 1890's, the ups and downs of organ-

izational activity, and the inaccurate party and union reports. According to police reports 30 to 40,000 people took part in some party activities. Union membership is estimated by some sources at 23,000, by others at only 9,000. *Népszava* then had 5,000 subscribers, but even according to police reports circulation reached 13,000 at the time of the persecutions. From the time of the second Keir Hardie document we already have exact figures. According to these the Party had 31,000 members in the Capital and 28,000 dues-paying (41,000 inscribed) members in the provinces. In the same year, the Unions had 107,000 members, of whom 59,000 (55.2 per cent) were in Budapest.

The real wages of workers—according to approximate estimates—barely exceeded 35 per cent of English wages. At the turn of the century, working hours were hardly limited by law. The maximum working time was sixteen hours per day for adults and ten hours for minors under 14. In 1901, in more than 70 per cent of the factories the working hours were over ten, and by 1910 a long struggle succeeded in having the working hours reduced under ten in four per cent of the factories only. The low wages of female and child labour, the total absence of safety measures and almost total absence of workers' insurance, rent-usury, high prices and primitive industrial hygiene all contributed to the desperately backward working conditions and explain the terrible fact that in the 1910's the average life expectancy of male workers was 36 and of female workers 29 years.

To these appalling social conditions has to be added the workers' deprivation of their civil rights. The feudalistic political conditions were aggravated by the rejection of the land-reform movements of the peasantry and of the attempts at redressing national grievances. In this situation the Hungarian working class conducted struggles and formed organizations such as earned the appreciation of the parties of

the Second International. As the editor of the first two selected Marx-Engels volumes in the Hungarian language in the first decade of the century, Ervin Szabó (who wrote for both *Die Neue Zeit* and *Le Mouvement Socialiste* and who observed the problems and activities of the international labour movement attentively) concluded, the Hungarian movement had "the toughness of the British, the enthusiasm of the French and the generosity of the German."

In its struggles the Hungarian working class naturally followed the example of the stronger parties of the larger countries, which could look back on a longer past. It is obvious that in this respect the Austrian and the German party served as the Hungarian Social Democrats' model. This was not only because the Hungarians lived within the framework of the same state as the Austrians—a fact the significance of which should not be underestimated—but also because here similar struggles had to be fought in roughly identical politico-social conditions. In these countries the Western type bourgeois democracy had not been victorious; it was necessary to fight persistently against a militarism that continued to stagnate in the soil of feudal vestiges, against a reactionary state bureaucracy alienated from the economy, and against the monarchy—for civil rights, including universal, equal suffrage and labour-safety measures.

The similarity of conditions raised the German party high in the eyes of the Hungarian workers, again not only because it was outstanding both in the organizational and ideological spheres, but because it had achieved the greatest successes against the reactionaries with lightning speed. Nevertheless, in this German-Austrian hegemony some other historical elements played a perhaps even greater part. The bulk of skilled workers in Hungary were of German origin, and the Hungarian labour leaders acquired experience in their trade and in the labour movement in Germany and in

Austria. These factors explain why until 1914 the Hungarian Social Democratic Party followed in the footsteps of the German-Austrian party in all questions. The syndicalism of French-Italian origin struck roots among the oppositional and intellectual members only.

In Hungary, in the 1890's, the British Labour movement was considered—not quite without foundation—characteristically trade-unionist, and therefore non-continental and foreign to the Central and East European countries overburdened with political problems. There was, however, another viewpoint beside the feeling of foreignness: the recognition of the long struggles of the British workers and the expectation of what the highly organized British working class, living in more advanced social conditions, would do, how it was going to trace out the future. It should be noted that the Hungarian Social Democratic leaders and thinkers did not expect something entirely extraordinary from the British proletariat, but were waiting for them to arrive at their "Hic Rhodus, hic salta" decision, when they would not only assist the movement on the Continent but would also come closer to the views held by the German party.

In the Hungarian party, this was the universal estimation of the present and future of the British working class, and its outstanding leader, Ernő Garami, who was most loyal to the Austrian trend, put it into these words: "Sooner or later the political struggle is forced on the workers of every country, because even in the most democratic country the time arrives when reactionary capital attacks civil rights!" Here Garami referred to the Taff-Vale incident and stated: "...and therefore a labour movement which, whether in democratic or non-democratic countries, restricts its organization and struggle to economic demands, whether based on the bourgeois ideology of the British Trades Unions or on the 'revolutionary' phraseology of the

French 'radical' syndicalists, is not entitled to call itself Socialist." (*Szocializmus*, 1910, Vol. XI. No. 9, p. 408.)

That we quote Garami's estimation does not mean that we entirely agree with it. We consider his judgement of both trade unionism and syndicalism too simplifying, not to say erroneous. But it expressed the dominant opinion within the contemporary Hungarian Social Democratic Party. For this reason, the Hungarian party always sympathized with the experiments of those British labour leaders who pressed for and organized the Socialist political movement at the expense of trade unionism. Keir Hardie was one of these and was held in great esteem.

The great difference between the British and the Hungarian movements appears considerably reduced when we read the first Keir Hardie document here published, the letter written in 1898. It turns out that the workers of the two countries struggled with very similar problems: the establishment of political representation and the improvement of working conditions. To explain the circumstances of the letter, we have to add that the years 1896-99 are known in Hungary as the "Bánffy Era", when Premier Dezső Bánffy applied police measures reminiscent of Bismarck's emergency law—deportation from the Capital, seizure of the press, arrests—against the growing workers' and peasants' movements. Keir Hardie's letter arrived during these persecutions, and the Hungarian workers could understand from his words that their fate was nothing singular and that the British working class, even though in better circumstances, was also having to struggle for the improvement of its lot.

The second document originated in an entirely different era. In the fifteen years that had lapsed both the British and the Hungarian labour movements had made great progress. While in the 1890's they took their first steps and had to fight for their political recognition, they had a con-

siderable parliamentary representation and fought for reforms in the 1910's. These were blocked by the Conservative camp in Britain as well. In the years preceding the First World War, a deadly struggle between progress and reaction began in all countries of Europe. In this struggle, of which Jaurès in 1913 still believed that it would determine the fate of Europe in the coming period, British political life took on a continental character in many respects. The great strikes, political storms, the Irish question and the suffragettes, the social political debates and the reform of the House of Lords transformed England into a seething country. All this was recognized and followed with interest by the Hungarian proletariat, who saw their hopes vindicated. This period, in contrast to the difficult years of the 1890's, was

marked by an optimism that was reflected in Keir Hardie's address. He expressed faith in the persuasive power of truth and again emphasized the universal character of the workers' struggle. Perhaps this optimism could not be considered naive. Perhaps the progressive forces of the period could really have won significant results soon, if a factor neglected in the peaceful year of 1913,—that of war—had not destroyed these hopes. Destruction, political reaction and hate among peoples replaced creative work, progress and international cooperation, and put an end to the previous optimism. The hated war, against which he had fought so hard, drove one of the most humanitarian, most optimistic men of the era, the author of these documents, first to lethargy and then to death.

JÁNOS JEMNITZ

KEIR HARDIE:

LETTER FROM ENGLAND¹

If the picture the Hungarian press presents of the English socialist movement is no more distorted than the one given of the Hungarian movement by the press here, your readers are bound to welcome an occasional truthful account of events in the English socialist movement. It is in compliance with a kind invitation received from the Editors of *Népszava* that I am sending in the present article as the first in a series of reports of the character indicated.

The beginnings of a socialist movement organized in a definite shape may be set at around 1884, when the Social Democratic Federation was formed. The Independent Labour Party came into being in 1893. The Independent Labour Party was from the beginning a definitely socialist organization, which hoped to win the votes of the big trade unions at election time. Its endeavours towards this end were fairly successful. Though it could hardly be expected that old prejudices and obsolete superstitions might be destroyed within one year, it has already become obvious that the struggles of the Party have not been in vain, for whenever elections take place the Socialists win the upper hand in almost every Trade Union Council, and many of our biggest Trade Unions are partly or wholly directed by Socialists. The Trade Union Councils are made up of the representatives of all local Unions in a particular area.

A campaign was recently launched with the aim of bringing about an alliance or a *de facto* fusion of the Social Democratic Federation and the Independent Labour Party. Both of them are socialist organizations and realize that their forces must not be spent in fighting each other, since all our strength is needed in the struggle against the common enemy.

¹ The letter was published in the Budapest daily *Népszava* on March 5, 1895. The present text is a retranslation of the contemporary Hungarian version, since the original English was not available.

Last year's most outstanding event was the strike in the engineering works. At the time of the trade depression, workers in the engineering industry, together with their fellow workers in other branches, had consented to a wage reduction. When at the beginning of 1896 trade conditions showed an improvement, engineering workers all over the country—except the London area—started a campaign for the restoration of the former wage level. London engineering workers, on the other hand, decided to claim a reduction of the working day to eight hours, instead of an increase in wages. There are about 10,000 organized engineering workers in London, about 4,500 of whom were granted the eight-hour working day by their employers and accordingly resumed work. The employers of some 2,500 workers, however, refused to introduce the eight-hour working day, and the recently founded employers' association dismissed some 40,000 workers in the whole country.

The lock-out lasted seven months, and the workers were finally compelled to renounce their claim for the eight-hour working day and resume work under the old conditions. These events have greatly contributed to the popularization of the notion of parliamentary activity. The outcome of the strike has made it clear to many a formerly indifferent worker that only Socialism affords a final answer to the labour problem. It has become obvious to them that the employers are able to join their forces just as well as the workers and that when it comes to a fight between the two organized bodies the workers will inevitably be the losers.

Two facts served to bring Socialism to the fore during the struggle: first, that the general secretary of the Engineering Workers' Trade Union was a member of the Independent Labour Party and one of its candidates in the 1895 parliamentary elections; second, that both the employers and the press did all they could to arouse prejudice and hostility against the engineering workers by professing that the latter were in fact fighting not for the eight-hour working day but for Socialism. This was repeatedly declared by the leader of the employers himself, and Socialism was thus brought into the limelight.

There are ten working-class members of the House of Commons, mostly trade union officials. Yet none of them had stood for the Independent Labour Party in the elections; they were all candidates of one of the two big national parties. The fact that not one of them has ever brought up the matter of the lock-out of engineering workers in the House has been widely discussed. It is bound to weaken the confidence of many people in working-class Members of Parliament pledged to bourgeois party programs.

It may be stated in conclusion that the movement is making slow but satisfactory progress and that the big trade unions can be expected not only to sympathize with the idea of independent working-class representation but also to take an active part in its realization.

In my next letter I intend to deal with the situation and the working conditions of the peasantry.²

KEIR HARDIE
Editor of the Labour Leader

II

Excerpt from a speech delivered by Keir Hardie at a meeting of women workers in the Budapest Building Workers' Home, on June 19, 1913.³

² No sequel to this letter has ever appeared.

³ Neither the full text nor the English original of the speech are available. The present publication is based on an abridged report in the June 20, 1913 issue of *Népszava*.

He very much regrets his ignorance of the language which all those present understand. It is a great pleasure to have the opportunity of addressing this meeting. The fight of the labour parties is equally intense everywhere, though tactics will vary from country to country. Different tactics will be employed in the countries where men already have the vote and in those where they are not yet enfranchised. Yet whatever tactics they may employ they have but one common aim: the political and economic liberation of the working classes. We spend a lot of time in abusing the bourgeoisie, the press and the Church. And yet the greatest enemies are neither the bourgeoisie nor the press or the Church; the greatest enemy of Socialism is the indifference and ignorance of the working classes. As soon as the workers become class-conscious, they will also become free and the triumph of Socialism will not be far away. Every true democrat will claim equal rights for all men, for they are all human beings, and will claim the same rights for women on the same account. Equal rights and equal wages for equal work.

He has brought the greetings of English socialists and workers organized in trades unions who are fighting the same battle and struggling for the same aims. National and racial differences must be removed in order to be able to overthrow the capitalist system and to create a society where happiness reigns supreme and where there will no longer be excessive wealth on the one side and hopeless misery on the other. It is up to the socialists and the trade unions to teach the working class to remember the words of Karl Marx: "Proletarians of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains but you may gain a world instead." He professed himself a socialist; the socialists of Great Britain too are fighting the battle of the proletariat, they are all warriors in the same struggle. Let us therefore unite, that the day may come when all racial and national differences will cease to exist and humane laws be created by mankind.⁴

A HUNGARIAN GENERAL IN LINCOLN'S SERVICE

A recent communication in the Hungarian newspapers reported on the finding of a document signed by Abraham Lincoln and addressed to a Hungarian-born Julius H. Stahel, General of The Federal Army. Perhaps it would be of some interest to give a short account of the man who had won the friendship of Hungary's greatest poet, Sándor Petőfi, and gained the favour of Abraham Lincoln.

Julius H. Stahel, whose real name was Julius Számwald, was born in Hungary on September 25, 1825, in Alsóváros, a part of Szeged. His father was a late descendant of the German immigrants who had settled in depopulated Szeged after a century and

a half of Turkish occupation of Hungary, and who, having taken roots there, had become completely Magyarized. In 1846 Julius Számwald came to Budapest and was promptly engaged as a salesman in the bookshop of Gusztáv Emich, then publisher of Sándor Petőfi, poet and freedom-fighter. It was at that time that Számwald made the acquaintance of the poet on one of the latter's frequent visits to the bookshop. And it was then that a friendship was formed between the two young men, similar in age and inspired by the same ardent ideas about democracy and freedom. In January 1848 Petőfi was overjoyed to hear about the outbreak of the Sicilian revolution, in which,

⁴ According to *Népszava* the speech was received with great applause by the audience.

with a peculiar prescience, he sensed the first manifestations of "the rejuvenescence of the peoples." From these days dates his poem, "Lines Written in the Album of a Bookseller," composed for his friend Számwald, who had by that time become Emich's business partner.

Together with his friend Petőfi, Számwald took part in the events of the March Revolution in 1848 and joined the "Committee for Public Peace," which served to protect its achievements. And together they took up arms to fight for their country and defend it against the Austrian troops. Számwald fought as a second-lieutenant in the division of Richard Guyon, famed general of the Hungarian War of Independence. He took part in the heroic break-through of February 5, 1849, on Mount Branyiszkö in the direction of Sáros, and was seriously wounded when the "Danube division" under the leadership of General Görgey, the commander in chief, had just managed to escape from enemy encirclement. In reward he was decorated with the War Order of the Kossuth Government.

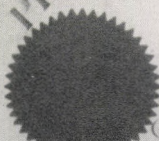
In 1849, after the defeat of the Hungarian War of Independence, Számwald emigrated to Germany and made his living there as a journalist in Leipzig. Some time later, owing to the efforts of Emich, the authorities granted him safe return to Hungary, where he took over the management of their firm and concentrated his efforts on the popularization of Hungarian authors. However, the years of Austrian oppression did not propitiate this aim. The firm got into increasing financial difficulties, and when his wife died in childbirth, he left the country as an embittered man in 1855 and settled down in London, where he took up journalism and contributed to the local German-language papers. Later he began to write in English. And with it Julius Számwald disappeared for ever, to re-appear as Julius H. Stahel. However, he did not forget Petőfi's exhortation to remain loyal to his country, and in his adopted name the letter

"H" was intended to signify that he declared himself a Hungarian. A year later he crossed the Atlantic, since the U. S. A. promised greater success to him in his journalistic career. He became a member of the editorial staff of the "Illustrated News."

His life continued peacefully until 1861, when the Civil War broke out. Virtually the whole of the military forces of the Union had been in the hands of the slaveholding Southerners. The Northern States were practically compelled to reorganize their armed forces. For the former hero of Branyiszkö and his fellow immigrants, who had once followed a military career, an unhopd opportunity now presented itself of offering their services on behalf of a noble cause. From this worthy group of immigrants the veteran heroes of the defeated German revolution stand out particularly, under the leadership of Karl Schurz and Franz Sigel, but some of the credit also goes to Hungarians. All in all, about eight hundred Hungarians fought under the colours of the Northern States, among them two lieutenant generals, five brigadier generals, fifteen colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, thirteen majors and one hundred and twelve combat troop officers. It should be noted here, however, that the majority of the Hungarian soldiers did not belong to the group of immigrants who came to America after 1849; they had come over much earlier among the mass of those who fled the feudalistic oppression and political reaction of the Metternich era. Many of them already belonged to the second generation.

Stahel's first action was to organize in New York the 8th Regiment of Volunteers, which he commanded in the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In November 1861 he was advanced to the rank of brigadier-general, taking command over a brigade consisting mostly of German troops. In January 1863, he was made commander of an army corps which later was taken over by Karl Schurz, while Franz Sigel first fought at the head of the German volunteer legion. (The latter

THE
 PRESIDENT of the United States of AMERICA,



(To all who shall see these presents greeting:)

Know Ye That relying upon trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities of *Julius Staehl* I have nominated, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate do appoint him *Brigadier General of Volunteers* in the service of the United States: to rank as such from the *1st day of July* in the eighth hundred and *eighty and no*. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of *Brigadier General* by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging: And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States, or the General, or other superior Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War. This Commission to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the United States for the time being.

GIVEN under my hand at the City of Washington on this *1st* day of *July* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *no* and in the *eight* year of the Independence of the United States.

Abraham Lincoln

By the President,

(*Edwin M. Stanton*)



DOCUMENT SIGNED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN COMMISSIONING JULIUS STAHEL
 A BRIGADIER GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS



was made major-general after the victory at Pea Ridge, where the attack led by the Hungarian Sándor Asbóth decided the battle.)

After the Battle of Gettysburg, fought between July 1 and 3, 1863, the Eastern States still remained the principal theatre of war operations, and Robert E. Lee, commanding the Southern Army, made preparations for the siege of Washington. In June 1864, he came closest to attaining this aim. In May, owing to the heroic onslaught of the young officers of the Military Academy, the Southern forces had wiped out the West-Virginian troops under the command of Major General Sigel at Newmarket, keeping the Shenandoah Valley under Southern control. Grant was forced to dismiss Sigel and replace him by General Hunter. Sheridan hurried reinforcements to Hunter's aid, but it was of little avail. Lee's rear was protected, enabling him to press forwards towards Washington. It was then that at Lincoln's personal request Stahel took over as commander of the cavalry in the forces defending Washington. Meanwhile General Hunter, in his adverse position, decided to launch an offensive on the fifth of June against the Southern forces of General Jones opposing the Northern troops at Piedmont. The offensive failed, and the infantry of the Northern States was forced to retreat. It was at this juncture that Stahel intervened, starting a counter-offensive and driving back the enemy troops with his cavalrymen. At the same time Hunter again went into action with his infantrymen. But Stahel's left arm was badly smashed by a bullet. Hunter met him at the dressing-station and expressed his regret at Stahel's being compelled to withdraw from the battle, because, as he said, he was convinced that with a cavalry charge the Southern forces could be completely destroyed. There was no need to say more. Stahel managed to get into the saddle, and, drawing his sword,

he sallied forth, leading his cavalrymen against the enemy field fortifications. The Southern forces were annihilated by this assault. Stahel's cavalrymen captured some 1,500 prisoners and three guns. Even General Jones was killed in action. Lee's main offensive was thwarted and Washington saved. The wounded Stahel was decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor while still in hospital, but he had to withdraw from active military service. His legendary cavalry charge, however, had made his name famous and even the Hungarian romantic novelist Mór Jókai found enough inspiration from his figure to take him as model for an episode in one of his most popular novels *A szerelem bolondjai* ("The Love-Crazed").

The end of the Civil War found Stahel in the rank of Judge Advocate General. He was only forty when he was assigned to important tasks by the Government. Between 1865 and 1869 he acted as Consul General in still little-known Japan. Upon his return to the United States he became actively engaged in discovering the great natural resources of the Wild West, taking advantage of the newly opened railway lines. But the colourful world of the Far East still attracted his imagination. In 1877 he became Consul General in Shanghai and from there sent his warnings to the State Department calling attention to the aggressive aspirations of the Japanese military circles, at that time still aimed at the islands belonging to China.

Stahel died on December 4, 1912, as a senior clerk of an Insurance Company, a position he had held since 1885.

Facing Washington, the city saved by Stahel, on the opposite bank of the river Potomac lies Arlington. In its cemetery, where the greatest of the nation lie buried, Számwald-Stahel, friend of Petőfi's and Lincoln's famed general, found his last repose after an adventurous career that led him over three continents.

FERENC AGÁRDI

ARTS

HUNGARIAN ARCHITECTURE THROUGH THE AGES

The problem of writing the history of Hungarian architecture has dragged on for a very long time, and it was not until ten years ago that more definite outlines of this task began to take shape, both in comprehensive works and in several studies dealing with details. Comprehensive books published over the past 25-30 years discuss art mostly as a whole, while architecture is only dealt with in summary fashion, and the Hungarian reading public, increasingly interested nowadays in questions of architecture, has found no answer in these publications to a number of pertinent questions.

It is perhaps the serious war damages suffered by existing historical monuments in this country that have now drawn greater attention to historic buildings and building complexes, to the determination of their age, to their classification and to research into the development of settlements. On the other hand, a certain role may also be attributed in this respect to archaeology, for this science has extended its activities to relics of the Middle Ages, in addition to the Roman era and remains of buildings that got buried in the course of hard times are now being revealed by excavations.

The public's attention has been captured by large-scale excavation work, such as has been started at Visegrád, Buda, Nagyvázsöny or Sümeg, and it is probably due to the unabating interest thus aroused that an

unusually large number of writings on the development of Hungary's historical architecture have been published since 1950.

It is characteristic of the devastation of Hungarian architectural remains that numerous relics, parts of Gothic buildings, canopied Renaissance walls, all of which can be traced on the basis of preserved written records, have to be revealed here by means of archaeological excavation, while there is no need for this kind of work in other European countries where more favourable circumstances prevail.

Existing Hungarian architectural remains are by no means as rich as those of many other European countries, either historically or in their formation. Even of medieval Hungarian settlements and a once splendid Romanesque architecture but fragments are left—and that in a country which was among the first to adopt, several decades before other European countries, the architectural style of the Renaissance, born under Italian skies (*e. g.*, the pastophorium, 1507, at the City Parish Church, Budapest; the Szathmáry altar, about 1500, at Pécs Cathedral; the Bakócz Chapel, turn of the 15th and 16th centuries, at Esztergom). Deplorably few examples survived the hundred and fifty years of Turkish rule and, when the Turkish occupation had come to an end, the struggle for independence this country fought against the Austrian imperial dynasty.

Notwithstanding styles and masters of foreign origin, there is something specific about Hungarian architecture, some characteristic feature emanating from the sober modesty, composure and massiveness of the relics, framed by a thousand years' historical development.

It was not an intact wilderness the conquering Magyars found in the Carpathian basin. Everywhere they must have seen large numbers of ruins—remnants of edifices from the time of Pannonia, a Roman province that thrived in the Transdanubian region during the first four centuries of our era. Archaeological excavations going on for over a hundred years now have acquainted us with the rich and highly varied military constructions of the Romans, their variously fortified camps, their watch-towers and outposts that served as defences for the *limes* of the Empire along the Danube, with Aquincum, headquarters of the 2nd auxiliary Roman legion, with the military amphitheatres and the so called "Etzelsburg" of the Nibelungenlied. In the course of these excavations, there have also been unearthed large numbers of Roman civic settlements in many densely populated spots of Transdanubia, such as Sopianae (Pécs), Savaria Colonia Claudia (Szombathely) and Scarabantia (Sopron). Public utilities and other equipment in these towns corresponded to the advanced social structure of the Romans, and beautiful details of various establishments—amphitheatres, governors' palaces, villas, *etc.*—have come down to us (Óbuda, Szombathely, Balácapusza, Tác). They include many a "villa rusticana" with their sophisticated installations for floor and wall heating to meet the extremes of the climate here, with their tessellated, multicoloured flooring and painted walls, as well as rural settlements fortified against the "Barbarians," such as the Roman camp with the founda-

tion walls of two early Christian basilicas, excavated at Fenékpusza near Lake Balaton. Peoples of the migration period too lived within the bastioned walls of this camp. Carved broad stones, excellent burnt bricks and tiles of the Romans were in use all over the country, and Roman roadside tombs provided motifs for sculpture that were quite novel compared to those usually to be found on the Scythian reliefs of nomadic equestrian peoples.

North of the Mediterranean, at the banks of the Danube, there appeared the characteristic Roman arcaded construction of piers with arched vaulting as well as the tunnel and Roman cross vaults. Besides earthworks from earlier periods, it is the Roman aqueducts, dams and the still surviving stone roads that constitute the oldest public utility works to be found in Hungary. The first relics of early Christianity come from Roman times too: painted burial vaults (Pécs), trefoil cemetery chapels and even a septfoil one (Óbuda, Pécs, Szombathely) are probably of Aquileian origin.

Several peoples and tribes of the migration period settled in turn on the territory of present-day Hungary. Goths, Longobards and Gepids lived here until 270 A. D., Avar tribes can be traced up to 800, and Franks, Slavs and Bulgarians to 890. The Slav prince Pribina also erected sundry public buildings, and about 850 he possessed three churches and a castle at Zalavár.

In 896 Prince Árpád led the Magyars across the Carpathians. Their raids in the West (913-926) and their German and Italian campaigns induced the Germans to protect their Eastern borders.

The best summary available on Hungarian Romanesque architecture is to be found in a chapter by Dezső Dercsényi in *A magyarországi művészet a bonfoglalástól a XIX. századig* ("Art in Hungary from the Conquest to the 19th Century") (3) in which the author draws special attention to a number of subjects of decisive importance (such as the Pécs workshop, the art of Esztergom,

The figures indicate the works referred to in the Bibliography on pp. 174—175.

the clan monasteries), thus affording a study of details that throw light on general development as well.

King St. István (St. Stephen), the first monarch of Hungary, extended his economic organization over the whole country, thereby providing the foundation for the gradual development of architecture in Hungary. The first architectural relics date from this period; they consist of the creations of the building workshops of royal and monasterial schools and churches erected by village communities.

The era of the Árpád dynasty (1000-1301) was characterized by intensive building activity. Székesfehérvár, Pécs, *etc.*, were built in the early Romanesque basilica style of St. István's time, and monasteries based on the various clans were established in the same period. A more opulent architectural style was propagated by the Benedictine monks, whose abbey at Pannonhalma dates back to 1002. The towerless architectural style, modest in comparison with the two-steeped Benedictine churches, had its beginnings in Hungary with the settlement of the Cistercian order in 1141. The Premonstratensian monks, settling in Hungary at the same time, built in a mixed style.

The buildings of this period have massive walls, overpowering because of their compactness. At first only the eastern chancel and the western vestibule were vaulted and the rest was covered with flat roofing. Later on, vaulting was extended to the aisles and finally to the nave itself. The windows were narrow, with funnel-shaped jambs, and the revetments of the portals were often richly decorated with columns. The Benedictine churches had two towers with steep spires of the tent type. During the reign of St. István (1000-1038) it was mostly the Italo-Dalmatian influence that predominated, but, in addition to foreign masters, there were also Hungarian stone-carvers, whose works show a certain departure from the established methods of the workshops. It is due to this

circumstance that, along with the splendid creations of the royal builders' workshop, local peculiarities in Hungarian Romanesque architecture began to emerge, *e. g.*, in the royal chapel at Esztergom.

Dercsényi places special emphasis on the almost central role of the Pécs workshop in the twelfth century. Although it was the royal workshop at Esztergom that had a dominant influence early in that century, the author is right in not giving too much significance to this, for art patronage became increasingly extensive in the course of the century. A large number of clan monasteries—Ják, Lébény, Ócsa, Zsámbék, to mention but a few—and even small village churches were built. At the time of the Esztergom royal and the French Cistercian trends, a number of essential constructional elements in clan monasteries (such as two façade steeples, patrons' choirs on the western side) assume a particular form in Hungary.

The structure of the feudal state became consolidated in the period between 1100 and 1180. The Hungarians made use of several hundred early earthworks found here, many of which had astonishingly large dimensions (Tihany, Szabolcs), and, at the same time, built their first fortresses along their western frontier to protect their country from retaliatory German attacks. Esztergom and Székesfehérvár, which served as alternating royal residences at the time, were founded in the same period, and keeps of the Norman type were frequently built. Two monumental towers of this period have survived: a quadratic one at Sárospatak, covering an area of 440 sq yards, and a hexagonal tower at Visegrád with a basic area of 400 sq yards.

Of what construction and layout the dwelling-houses of this period may have been is still an unsolved problem. The typical home was most likely a one-room, nearly quadratic construction of small dimensions, with a cross-beam placed on two dug-in forked poles, a thatched roof and a chimneyless open hearth. The early type of

settlement may have been a somewhat scattered central group surrounded with a belt of farmyards for stock-raising.

French influence upon Hungarian architecture increased towards the close of the twelfth century and is manifest in the works of the royal workshop of Esztergom. The type of portal emerging from this school became widely applied even beyond Hungary and, judging from characteristics of style, it may have been the craftsmen of the Ják workshop, dispersed by the invading Tartars, who carved the portal of the Stefanskirche in Vienna.

The early robustness of thirteenth-century Romanesque architecture gradually gave way to more refined constructions. Elevated spaces were vaulted without exception and, in addition to royal and ecclesiastical builders, an increasing number of private builders appeared. Following the Tartar invasion of 1241, King Béla IV settled scores of German and Italian masons in Hungary in order to have them construct for him; he was obliged to permit the aristocracy to build castles of their own, and he even promoted their building activity himself. The ruling feudal class, rising in power through extensive land grants, increasingly participated in the building activity of the period, and a number of remarkable family monasteries came into being at that time (Ákos, Boldva, Lébény, Ják, Zsámbék).

The clans, however, did not limit themselves to building churches, since their aspiration to power, often entailing acts of violence against each other or even against the king, required the construction of an ever greater number of stronger and larger castles; thus the dimensions of these constructions increased considerably in the course of subsequent centuries. Many of the several hundred castles of this period have remained well-known to date, and although in ruins, they still represent picturesque gems of the countryside, whether around Lake Balaton (Szigliget, Csobánc, Tátika, Rezi, Sümeg), on the peaks of

Transdanubian hills (Csesznek, Somlyó, Csókakő, Vitány, Gesztes), or in the northern region of the country (Buják, Hollókő, Füzér, Boldogkő, Regéc, etc.). Visitors are often surprised at how perfectly most of these Romanesque castles were adapted to the surrounding landscape.

In the course of the thirteenth century, a number of new art centres were established, and after the Tartar invasion the Gothic style gained marked ground in Hungarian architecture. This period is treated in the above mentioned book in a separate chapter by László Gerevich (3), who was in charge of the archaeological opening-up of the royal castle in Buda (reviewed in *THE NEW HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY*, Vol. II, No. 3). It is not surprising that of the sections describing Gothic art the most fascinating are those that deal with Buda and Kassa (Košice) as well as with King Sigismund of Luxembourg's role as a Maecenas. The origin of Our Lady's Church (commonly known as Matthias' Church) in Buda is a much debated point in Hungarian architectural history; some authors hold the view that it was founded by mendicant orders (Dominicans, Franciscans), many others think it to be connected with the early Gothic art of Burgundy (Csemege, Entz). Gerevich deserves special credit for discussing the settlements, the structure and structural elements of villages and towns, for most of our authors still neglect these subjects.

With the Árpád dynasty extinct, the successor, Róbert Károly (Robert Charles) of the House of Anjou, had to engage in long and hard struggles to crush the resistance of the despotic feudal lords and to restore the organization of the royal estates. It was in this period that the tradesmen's and artisans' settlements in the precincts of the castles were encircled with walls and that the settlement founded by King Béla IV at the Castle Hill of Buda grew into one of European dimensions. The development of towns of ancient foundation was promoted by the granting of privileges. Both in

Buda and at Sopron the interior layout of the houses, the number and varied lavishness of the Gothic niches, are evidence of a rapid and vigorous development.

The settling in Hungary of orders of mendicant friars (Franciscans, Dominicans) resulted in the establishment of new workshops and in the extension of new building methods. At that time Hungary, under the reign of Louis I of the House of Anjou (1342-1382), was a great power, and the influence of the royal court's art spread far and wide. Under the reign of Sigismund of Luxemburg, who was King of Hungary and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire at the same time, the class of burghers continued to strengthen their position. The king extended his palace in Buda on a large scale and invited professors from the Sorbonne to the university he had founded.

During the Gothic period, the constructions and forms became more and more refined. Walls grew thinner, window surfaces larger, but western open-work tracery appeared here in simpler versions only. The Unfinished Tower of Zsigmond's Buda Castle was constructed with a view to flanking the walls from the protruding tower and repelling attacks, which became ever more powerful because of improvements in artillery. The great military leader, János Hunyadi, fortified his castle in Vajdahunyad (Hunedoara) with such round external towers, which were provided with shooting-chambers. From the middle of the fifteenth century, the earlier type of castle with inner towers was gradually replaced by the new system, and the castles were fortified with external towers up to the middle of the sixteenth century, when the defence system based on Italian bastions was introduced. A large circular bulwark, the so-called *rondella*, was constructed for the artillery at the southern end of Buda Castle. (On periods of castle-building cf. *Magyarországi várépítéset* (7) "Construction of Hungarian Castles" — by the author.)

☛ In Hungarian towns, rows of houses of

the southern type—running lengthwise to the streets—were already being built mostly of stone. The organization of the building trade developed simultaneously with the rather slow general development of the guilds in Hungary.

The Renaissance style was introduced in Hungary as early as under the reign of *Mátyás Hunyadi* (1458-1490). The life at the court of this ruler of real Renaissance stature, who assumed the name of Matthias Corvinus, was noted for its splendour, both in Buda and at Visegrád. King Matthias was a sophisticated builder and employed large numbers of Italian artists steeped in the Greco-Roman traditions that had survived in their country. Coming straight from Florence, the birthplace of Italian Renaissance, they were instrumental in making the Buda workshop famous, so that its influence was felt on monuments not only in this country (Esztergom, Vác, Visegrád) but abroad as well (Prague, Cracow). The Gothic character of architecture prevailed for a while in the beginning of this period, especially among the burghers of Northern Hungary and Transylvania, but soon Renaissance details, such as elaborately decorated walls, arcades and balustrades with stone figures, began to appear. They were mostly made of Hungarian red marble, which was to become a fashionable material greatly sought for even abroad for architectural sculptures in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The most comprehensive description of the Renaissance period in Hungary is given by Jolán Balogh (3). The author discloses, from the points of view of history and art-history, the local antecedents of the Renaissance in Hungary, the first country to adopt this style from Italy. Unfortunately, she fails to explain why it was in feudal Hungary, of all countries, and not in Western Europe, with its rising bourgeoisie, that Italian Renaissance, with its definitely bourgeois character, struck its first roots. Was it because of those undoubtedly strong dynastic, personal and cultural ties,

or was a similarity of popular taste involved?—Géza Entz asks in his review of the book *Művészettörténeti Értesítő* (Communications on the History of Art, Budapest, No. 5, 1958). Miss Balogh treats the king's building activity in Buda as a subject of central importance; she describes how this activity soon spread its influence over the whole country and penetrated to each stratum of society, and stresses the active role of local masters and the individual taste of the Hungarian people in the propagation of the new art.

The period following the occupation of Buda by the Turks in 1541, and the process which, in spite of the fairly intensive activity of Italian masters, led to the creation of works of local character, are dealt with in their relation to three geographic regions (Transdanubia, Northern Hungary and Transylvania). Here too, however, the author should, in our opinion, have given an account of the growth of settlements and a description of the burghers' dwelling-houses, which appeared, even if at a somewhat later period, in considerable numbers, especially in Transdanubia (Győr, Sopron, etc.).

The Renaissance style is represented in its maturity by Sárospatak and several castles with symmetrical groundplans, as well as by manor-houses with arcaded colonnades. This architectural style has survived in the arcaded courtyards of the houses at Sopron and Győr. From these towns it spread, in a somewhat heavier form, to the villages and evolved into those Hungarian arcaded and porched peasant houses of unique beauty that still may be admired throughout the country.

After the disastrous defeat in 1526 of the aristocracy's army and the surrender of Buda Castle, the greater part of Hungary fell under Turkish sway. In the large plain stretching between the Danube and the Tisza hundreds of flourishing villages with a great number of relics from the Middle Ages were destroyed, and entire counties

became completely depopulated. Buildings that had not been gutted by fire or wholly devastated could only be repaired with the greatest difficulty, after repeated petitioning and at the cost of bribery. Though in Hungary the Turks tended rather to reconstruct existing edifices than to build new ones, some fine examples of their oriental spatial construction, of their highly developed technique in stone-carving, and of elements of the Arab style have been preserved, e. g., stalactite vaults, ogee-arches, horseshoe-arches and Arab ornamentation. Some Turkish baths in Buda (the Király, Rudas and Rác Baths), three mosques (two in Pécs and one at Szigetvár), a few minarets (at Pécs, Eger and Érd) and two *turbes*—funeral monuments—Gül Baba's in Buda and Idrisi Baba's in Pécs) remained alien to and without influence on Hungarian architecture.

To stem the onslaught of the enormous Turkish armies (often numbering 150,000—200,000 men) the Hofkriegsrath, which was founded to defend the imperial cities of Vienna and Prague, invited a hundred and fifty Italian military engineers. Because of the eternal muddle obtaining in the Hapsburgs' financial affairs, construction work went on with considerable procrastination; but, at long last, the castles, fitted out with Italian bastions large enough to hold a great number of defenders and strong enough to withstand prolonged sieges, were completed (Győr, Komárom, Érsekújvár). Ultimately it was these castles that broke Ottoman military power, which had terrified the whole of Europe.

The recapture of Buda (1686) and the driving out of the Turks did not restore freedom to Hungary, and after the defeat of Ferenc Rákóczi's national war of independence (1703-1711) the country remained at the mercy of the Hapsburgs' absolutist rule. Renaissance style was replaced by Baroque, the architectural style that was in conformity with absolutism all over Europe. In Hungary it appeared some 150

years later than in the neighbouring countries. The towns had been practically destroyed; the bourgeoisie was small in number and powerless. Since the involuntary standstill in Hungary's cultural life, there had been a change in the situation of European arts, and it was France and Germany that had taken over the lead from Italy in the first half of the seventeenth century.

The Baroque style of Northern Italy and France was introduced in Hungarian architecture through Austria. The architects of the first churches of this period were Italian. Building activity culminated in the palaces of those aristocrats who maintained close ties with the imperial court. It began with the rebuilding of Kismarton Castle (1663-1672). The first towns to be built were, of course, outside the military area (Pozsony, now Bratislava; Nagyszombat, now Trnava). The churches, monasteries and convents of the Jesuits, Carmelites, the Servants of Mary, the Minorites, Trinitarians, Clarissa nuns, etc., religious orders settling in Hungary at that time, formed Baroque units in country towns and remain characteristic of many a Hungarian townscape to this day. Harmony with the landscape was becoming an important factor again, as may be seen in the picturesque arrangement of Baroque buildings at Eger, Vác and Szentendre.

The House of the Invalids in Pest, the Baroque nucleus of the city and now the seat of the Municipal Council of Budapest, was built on the model of the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris and the Palace of the Invalids in Prague.

It was András Mayerhoffer who initiated the Hungarian type of Baroque architecture with Gödöllő Castle and then with the castles at Pécel and Hatvan. The country seats of the aristocracy displayed an increasing luxury in the second half of the eighteenth century, and Esterházy Palace at Fertőd, the largest of all, was called the "Hungarian Versailles."

The Baroque period in Hungarian architecture is summed up in another chapter,

written by Klára Garas, in *A magyarországi művészet a bonfoglalástól a XIX. századig* (Art in Hungary from the Conquest to the 19th Century). Notwithstanding the considerable difficulties the author had to face because of the lack of preparatory work on the accumulated material from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, a fine picture of Hungarian Baroque architecture, influenced by sundry trends, unfolds in her work. A description of our numerous Baroque townscapes is, however, wanting, and we cannot agree with the author's opinion that the late Baroque ("Zopf") style should be considered Baroque art in decline. On the contrary, comparing it with the flexible, elegant, but perhaps somewhat too playful Austrian Baroque, we may consider "Zopf" to be an approach to the French style, which was represented in Hungary on a very high level in the architectural creations of Jakab Fellner. Even massive bourgeois houses in Buda and Székesfehérvár belong to this school, which we do not regard as an early appearance of classicism but rather as a striving for a vigorous rhythm of architectural elements, for good proportions, for definite shadows and lines in harmony with specific Hungarian tastes. All these characteristics have shifted Baroque art in Hungary towards a forceful simplicity, perspicuity and balance, as we sought to demonstrate by the example of a Baroque building in the town of Eger, which we compared with a house in Vienna designed by the same architect (cf. *Eger*, a monograph by the author, published by the Fine Arts Fund, Budapest, 1953).

The Baroque period in architecture is summed up and late Baroque interpreted in agreement with our views in *Magyar építészettörténet* (The History of Architecture in Hungary) by Jenő Rados (6).

A complete and thoroughly elucidated description of the period of eclectic classicism, which followed the Baroque, is to be found in a chapter written by Anna Zádor in *Magyar művészet* (Hungarian Art) (4). Ac-

According to this study, the first half of the nineteenth century was the period of national reform endeavours which sought to put an end to dependence on the House of Hapsburg. The Hungarian National Museum (1803) and the Hungarian Academy of Sciences (1825) were founded at this time. A town development plan for the City of Pest was prepared, and building activity was regulated by the "Verschönerungs Commission" of Pest (1808-1857). Counties and municipalities were asserting their power against the court and state administration of public construction, and more and more private builders appeared among the gentry and the bourgeoisie. In Hungarian eclectic classicism the Italian influence was decisive. The dwelling-houses of the bourgeoisie acquired the dimensions of blocks of flats, sometimes three storeys high, and the scope of architecture was enriched with novel tasks by the building of county and city halls, clubs, libraries, museums, high schools, baths, cafés, hospitals, hotels, shooting-galleries. Moreover, the first major technical constructions, such as the Chain Bridge, the Tunnel and the Danube Embankment, were undertaken. The designer of the first permanent bridge, the Chain Bridge between the cities of Pest and Buda, William Tierney Clark, was an Englishman, as was Adam Clark, the designer of the Tunnel under Castle Hill. Of the many architects who came to Hungary from abroad, mainly from Austria, Mihály Pollack, the architect of the National Museum, and József Hild, the architect of Esztergom Cathedral, deserve particular mention. Both of them settled in Hungary and became Hungarian citizens. They have to their credit several hundred buildings. Among the architects of Hungarian origin, attention should be drawn to Mihály Péchy, the architect of the Great Reformed Church and College at Debrecen.

In Hungary National Romanticism in architecture, which had its antecedents in literature, flourished between 1845 and

1865. The most outstanding representative of this period was Frigyes Feszl, whose Concert Hall in Pest is remarkable for its highly individual character and would hold its own among similar structures abroad. It is most unfortunate that the exceptionally rich interior was destroyed by fire during the Second World War.

Magyar művészet (Hungarian Art) (4) barely deals with the architecture of the romantic and later eclectic periods. Such rejection of the historicizing architectural styles of the second half of the nineteenth century is not unusual in Europe; in the course of artistic evolution, it is a common phenomenon in judging successive trends. What strikes us as strange and what we object to is that architecture, of all the arts of the period, should be treated so negatively.

Jenő Rados's above mentioned book is an attempt at remedying this shortcoming, as is *Építészettörténet* (Architectural History) by Máté Major (5), where the discussion of Hungarian architectural material embraces all periods and, where all the architectural styles of the world are described and their connections with Hungarian architecture explained. As his work consists of three volumes only, it is understandable that the treatment of Hungarian architecture is limited to the most important subjects. Nevertheless, Mr. Major has made the most substantial effort so far to realize the principal aim of recent architectural historiography in Hungary, *i. e.*, to study architectural development from the angle of the societies of given periods. Since any work of art is a result of historical processes, its nature being determined by the person giving the commission, who provides, as it were, the preconditions of its coming into existence, the realizations too will be confined to the limits thus set. And a work of art created in this manner will exert an influence, beyond time and space, on the subsequent life of society and art.

In discussing the evolution of the arts,

the economic and cultural sectors of the societies in question have been neglected so far. Máté Major introduces each period he deals with by describing the corresponding social evolution, by presenting the outstanding figures and main stages of science, inventions, industry, production, means of production and the arts, thus giving in outline a many-side characterization of the pertinent period.

The early, eclectic period of Historicism (1865-1885), which replaced Romanticism and went back to historical styles, created an architecture of tranquil rhythm. The outstanding Hungarian architect of the time was Miklós Ybl, the designer of the Opera House, of the former Customs House (at present the University of Economics), of the Buda Castle Garden Bazaar, of the Buda Kiosk and of several hundred blocks of flats and manor-houses.

It was in this atmosphere of vigorous building that the new radial Avenue was completed by 1896, when the millenary celebration of Hungary's foundation as a state took place. The new Avenue (later called *Andrássy út*, today *Népköztársaság útja*), the Avenue of the People's Republic, with spacious rows of trees and bridle-roads, with the first electric underground on the Continent and the Millenary Memorial at the City Park end of the Avenue—flanked by the Museum of Fine Arts and the Arts Hall (*Műcsarnok*)—was a worthy counterpart to the Champs Elysées in Paris or Unter den Linden in Berlin.

This tranquillity of style disappeared at the turn of the century. Reckless economic competition left its mark on architecture too; but there were some heartening exceptions where the artist was able to create works of inherent aesthetic value. Among them was Frigyes Schulek, who reconstructed Matthias' Church and in this connection designed an architectonic frame for the uninteresting castle walls and the flight of steps leading up from the Danube. The general impression is further improved by the

pinnacles of Fishermen's Bastion on the eastern slope of Castle Hill. Imre Steindl placed the Parliament Building, a magnificent architectural unit, on the Danube Embankment and thus created a balancing counterpart to the Castle on the Buda side.

It may be mentioned by way of conclusion that the most important among those who rejected architectural Historicism was Ödön Lechner. A seeker after new ways like Mackintosh and the Morrises in their "Arts and Crafts" movement—already in the 'nineties he rejected the ornamentation of Art Nouveau and antique elements of style alike, believing that he had found a new Hungarian style in folk art and in Indian architecture (Museum of Applied Arts, Budapest)—the latter because of India's belonging to Asia whence the Magyars originated. Béla Lajta went entirely new ways with his buildings of compact blocks (Parisiana night club, now Jókai Theatre), with his emphasis on horizontal effect, his first floors standing on columns, his horizontal windows, glazed brick covering, pyrogranite stripes and receding top storeys (5 Martinnelli Square, Budapest V, built in 1912)—features that were introduced with a claim to general validity by Le Corbusier later on. And finally, there were some architects who, following the neo-baroque taste of the 'twenties, sought to revive historical styles.

From among the pioneers of modern trends between the two world wars mention should be made of Béla Málnai (office building, 12 Nádor Street, Budapest V), Lajos Kozma (block of flats and cinema on Mártfrok Street, Budapest II), László Lauber and István Nyiri (Ministry of Metallurgy and Machine Industry on Szabadság Square, also Nyiri's bus terminal on Engels Square) and Gyula Rimanóczy (Ministry of Posts in Csengery Street).

Máté Major's book (5) covers Hungarian architecture up to the period preceding the Second World War. Examples are shown of links with the Bauhaus and with the

CIRPAC (CIAM) group of architects, and the buildings of Farkas Molnár and József Fischer are described. Rados, on the other hand, extends his survey of architecture to our time and presents, in addition to dwelling-houses, a few novel Hungarian hall constructions of reinforced concrete, as well as some industrial buildings. The rather small number of illustrations may account for the fact that some characteristic buildings are missing from this selection.

As for the make-up of these books, it is fair to say that architectural publications are taking the lead in quality; still, somewhat larger illustrations and narrower margins would be desirable and a few novel kinds of type-face should be acquired, since the ones available here are somewhat obsolete. At any rate, credit should be given to the publishing houses for presenting Hungary's architectural monuments in a worthy form. It is only to be hoped that no future wars will ever threaten their survival.

LÁSZLÓ GERŐ

LITERATURE

The first comprehensive manual on Hungarian monuments was Genthon's register of monuments in 1951, published under the sponsorship of the Publishing House of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The register was named Little Dehio after the well-known German register of historical monuments, which had proved its utility in practice.

This register contains only brief descriptions of the buildings. A summary of architectural history and a bibliography of Hungarian architectural history are to be found in the author's *Magyar építészet a XIX. század végéig* (Hungarian Architecture to the End of the 19th Century), a large-size, richly illustrated volume.

Together with the associated arts, but on a broader basis than in the author's book,

architecture is discussed in the two volumes of *A magyarországi művészet története* (The History of the Arts in Hungary). This work utilizes and summarizes the results of research work carried on so far, discusses separately each of the architectural schools of the Romanesque period, has a number of novel things to say on the evolution of Gothic art too, and describes the Italian connections of Hungarian Renaissance and its survival under the Turkish occupation. At the present writer's suggestion, the illustrations here for the first time employ a reduction of ground-plans on an identical scale, making possible a most instructive comparison between the order of magnitude of various kinds of buildings, such as churches, castles, etc. It thus becomes evident, for instance, how small Romanesque village churches were in comparison with clan churches, let alone cathedrals founded by royalty. The evolution of Hungarian architecture is given brief treatment within the framework of world architectural styles in Máté Major's *Építészettörténet* (Architectural History), a work of three volumes. In his richly illustrated book, *Magyar Építészettörténet* (Hungarian Architectural History), Jenő Rados discusses only Hungarian architecture and presents a number of the outstanding works created by Hungarian architects up to our time.

The special field of castle building is dealt with in the author's *Magyar várépítészet* (Construction of Hungarian Castles); the characteristic periods of Hungarian castles are introduced through a survey of the evolution of castle construction in Europe, and defence constructions are divided according to characteristic periods, a departure from customary practice.

In addition to monographs on particular buildings, "Műemlékeink" (Our Monuments), a series of 1 to 3-folio booklets of about 16 to 48 pages each—of which about 50 have been published so far—deal mainly with the results of recent research work. This series is an important means of disseminating

information among the public; the most recent volumes contain brief résumés and lists of illustrations in German. The number of copies printed is over 8,000, a fairly large figure considering local conditions and the subjects treated.

Publishers are competing in the publication of books on historical monuments in Hungarian towns. Along with brief historical reviews of the towns dealt with these books contain many illustrations of their monuments, and a series of the Technical Publishing House gives information on town-layouts and townscapes, providing a picture of each town as an entity.

Regional treatment of the country's historical monuments is presented in the successive publications of the Publishing House of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences; these have recently been reviewed by Anna Zádor (Books on Hungarian Monuments and Works of Art, *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, No. 6, 1962).

Since the public is increasingly interested in the history of architecture, the thorough opening up of this field of research and the publication of the findings are increasingly urgent — the more so as they are both indispensable conditions of scientific work. With improving transport services and a rapidly growing number of excursionists, the above mentioned publications on architecture will help to satisfy a growing thirst for knowledge.

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TWO EXHIBITIONS IN BUDAPEST

Among the works of arts exhibited at various shows in the last months, those of two artists merit attention: Ferenc Martyn, some of whose works were to be seen at the 1962 Biennale at Venice, and János Perez, who has been represented at several exhibitions in Stockholm, Oslo, Turin, Moscow and Prague. Except for the remarkable success of their shows during the past season there is no kinship between the works of the two artists.

FERENC MARTYN

In the premises of the Budapest Book Club the illustrations of three books were simultaneously displayed, representing an evocation, in terms of graphic art, of Cervantes, Petőfi and Flaubert. They are the work of Ferenc Martyn, painter, sculptor and graphic artist.

Martyn lives at Pécs, one of the oldest Hungarian cities. He was born in 1900, at neighbouring Kaposvár, Somogy County, in South-West Hungary, which is still an organic part of the Mediterranean countryside. The gentle slopes of the landscape, the colourful harmonies of the local peasant art, with its vivid tints and its tectonic perception based on geometric elements, and, last but not least, Lake Balaton, with its clear-cut outlines that nevertheless give an impression of infinitude—all have left their mark upon Martyn's art. At Kaposvár, for over twenty years, he lived in the same house as Rippl-Rónai, who had been a member of the French *Nabis* group at the beginning of the century. These years meant more for Martyn than the links of blood-relationship or of artistic example. Already there, at Kaposvár, Martyn recognized his vocation and has faithfully adhered to it ever since.

Thanks to Rippl-Rónai's formative influence, Martyn returned to Hungary after a fifteen-year stay in Paris (1925-1940), without having succumbed to experimentation but possessing a mature and accomplished *Weltanschauung*. His name had become almost inseparable from that of the Paris group known as *Abstraction-Création*, his studies at the *École des Beaux Arts*—or, in a wider sense, the *École de Paris*—and the *Club Hispanista*. The artistic and scholarly societies to which Martyn belonged were no more than flags hoisted to indicate the creative harbours he had visited in England, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain and Belgium; or to indicate friends who appreciated him, like Maillol, who, by the way, had been a close friend of Rippl-Rónai's too. Martyn's joining the Spanish Club was the fulfilment of a childhood experience—the first book he was given by his father had been *Don Quixote*. Now, for its heroes' sake, he learned Spanish, wandered all over the Pyrenees, the table-lands of Castile and over Catalonia—the native region of Maillol and Picasso. For after getting acquainted with the peoples of the French Mediterranean coast he wanted to meet with the everyday life of Spain too.

With seeing eyes Ferenc Martyn roamed the world. What he wrote about Rippl-Rónai—that the latter had built a bridge between Paris and Kaposvár—was even truer about Martyn himself. He was never concerned with illusions but with the artistic comprehension of the visible world, with unknown masters of folk art no less than with Cézanne and Picasso. For Martyn Europe was the experience of visuality. After his return home it was evidently not to academism or other reflections of backward Hungarian society that he found himself related, but partly to those who had broken out of this world and partly to Hungarian folk art.

"A picture should be made with as much care as a pair of shoes," he likes to say. "Life is worth living as long as there is

meaning in work," is another principle of his. Work means free, creative activity of a high level. No wonder that the essence of his art is constructivity, which requires an architect's productive thoroughness. Martyn knows no expressionistic exaggeration and has no use for slipshod work; he makes no allowances when facing reality. "He who does not make nature the foundation of painting and sculpture will never be able to create living art," is another saying of Martyn's, and since he takes reality most seriously there is no such thing as neutral for him, only essentials and non-essentials. Everything is essential that contributes to making man better and to achieving the balance found in nature and in the material world. In each work of his he is seeking for harmony; however, when it comes to a moral decision he is merciless against evil, be it in the question of racial discrimination, of lust for power or the injustice of war. "Possibly the meaning of every artistic aim is to get people to know and appreciate one another," he wrote in 1941. Life is movement and time is fleeting. "Every minute must be filled with content," to quote Goethe. Every minute involves change—in colours, forms and moods; for everything that exists is a struggle of opposites that try to overcome each other. That is why a balance must be created in opposites, a balance of visual relations; therefore, construction is called for.

Constructivity is the root of Martyn's art, an inner moral necessity. For this reason, his art is more than and different from the strongly formalistic endeavours of constructivist trends. Martyn does not separate art from everyday life but seeks to imbue our whole life with an artistically purified vision. That is why he admires the artistic mental climate that pervades French workaday life; that is why he appreciates folk art. For him art is not a decorative game (yet, how richly decorative his art is!) but is a means—filled with strict moral discipline and responsibility—of recognizing reality, a kind of

artistic interference with a view to arranging things. However, this arranging is the same as the scaffolding of a building. Martyn, the constructive artist, on one hand observes this scaffolding of reality and on the other tries to build it himself. And, since he is not interested in the surface, it is first the outlines of this scaffolding that he perceives—not more than music can render of the world by setting into rhythm and melody the big, shapeless whole.

Martyn is a social artist; he is deeply ethical and respects balance, order and values. First and foremost he respects traditions and those who transmit them—the people. Whenever he has to illustrate he turns to the great rebels of the past. "I for one am fond of people who will sacrifice everything for an idea," is how he sums up one of his essays. And the heroes of the three books he has illustrated are people of this kind: the Apostle, who dies for liberty from terror, despotism and stupidity in the poem of Petöfi*, the revolutionary poet of the 1848 Hungarian War of Independence; Mme. Bovary, who revolts against everyday dullness; and Don Quixote, who fights for his ideals. In his drawings Martyn finds the forms suited to his subject and in harmony with the atmosphere of the books he illustrates. For the "Apostle" he has chosen the restless and entangled lines of Chinese ink wash; for "Mme Bovary" tones of black-lead, appropriate in their softness to emotions and to the overlapping moods of reality and dream-land; for "Don Quixote" he has produced the abundance of ideas and different solutions that characterize the novel itself.

This artist imbued with European culture has succeeded in endowing the forms and colours of painting with Hungarian peasant traditions, and that without affectation. He does not repaint what has been done by nature or by folk taste in a more perfect

* Petöfi's narrative poem has been published in English too: "The Apostle," translated by Victor Clement (Corvina Press, Budapest, 1962).

way, but—taking reality as his starting point—renders it in different terms. He does not analyse but creates a synthesis by expressing nature, earth, man and his emotions together. A thistle taken from the outskirts of the village is used as a motif in one drawing, but in the next it has grown to huge dimensions and has turned into a horse, a knight, into Don Quixote himself. The wind-blown thistle is a horse, a vision and a knight at one and the same time, swept away in the same manner as the Spanish knight is swept away by his own helplessness.

Martyn always speaks about the various faces of the one and indivisible world. Just as in his personality, extremes meet also in his art—whether in the medium of painting, graphic art, sculpture, wrought iron or ceramics, whether he presents landscapes or human behaviour. But it is always from the angle of structure that he approaches his problems, though for him structure is not tantamount to dead abstraction. However abstract he is, he calls attention to some concrete content, and however concrete he is, he reminds the spectator of the essential simplicity of structure. He abhors violence, and his tenderness is captivating. He never allows himself to become sentimental and does not embark upon reckless ventures. Every picture of his is a new stage in his development. Always receptive to the beauties of life and the world, he, at the same time, turns modestly inwards.

While Martyn's art is not easy of access, a rich world is revealed to our eyes once we possess the key to it. There is a picture of his entitled "The Blue Bog" that is centered on a wading bird, whose shape illuminates the picture like a glowing filament. Its figure, consisting of acute angles, is softly embraced by a dark mass of colour, as a tract of reeds would surround its inhabitants, a nest the young birds or a cradle an infant. This dark block again is embedded in even darker ones to lend the sketchy, almost one-dimensional bird, space, depth and perspective. In the back-

ground there are the endless blue skies, and in the lower part of the picture, like as many runways, segments of planes cross and re-cross one another, counterbalancing forcefully and disharmoniously the harmony that surrounds the bird. In the upper part of the picture we find the blue plane of the hot sky and below cool ochre brightened by white. Though the painting is full of contrasts and extremes it is suffused with an impalpable calmness, warmth and security in which movement and stillness, depth and height, proximity and distance, open and closed forms are contrasted. All this is built around a single living being whose forms suggest a wading bird, majestic in its stature. This picture contains everything, from Martyn's constructivist pictorial attitude, his serenity and security, his emotional and intellectual purity, to his striving for balance and his success in creating perspective. All this is realized unostentatiously but with utmost care.

JÁNOS PERCZ

The career of the artist now to be considered began hardly five years ago. János Percz, after having been a painter, a sculptor, a potter and a teacher of woodcuts, has become a master of metal craft. Various attempts at innovation in our days seem to have met in his work, representing an endeavour to create great art from a child-like, primitive, folk-art viewpoint. His work is not merely decorative art, for it reveals a world of which metal, stone and wood are only subordinate media.

Among his earlier works commissioned by the state there had been the metal applications for the drink bar of the Gellért Hotel in Budapest, with figures, set upon a lattice and conveying serenity, movement; the embossed work indicating the spread atlas of the world—witty in detail and animated in its sweeping whole, prepared for the waiting room of the new railway

station at Debrecen; metal decorations made for the Miskolc headquarters of the Central Council of Hungarian Trade Unions; the embossed copper panorama of the Danube embankments of Buda and Pest adorning the reddish wall of an espresso in the capital, *etc.* At the recent show, staged in the House of Hungarian Architects, János Percz displayed his new works representing human and animal figures, thereby revealing the hitherto unused possibilities of metal craft. No wonder it was just the architects who undertook to organize an exhibition of his creations.

Already as a painter János Percz had discovered in himself abilities essentially relevant to sculpture and metal craft. His paintings were as though conceived in iron and stone. Solid and with few colours, they were built upon the hard framework of construction. Tradition did not restrain Percz, however, but served to free him. Peopling his home with living beings modelled from copper, brass or iron, Percz conjured up nature to surround him: a colt of copper and a bull of iron, a raven and a bird picking food, a ram and a cow, dancers, the sun, young people embracing each other, a mother fondling her baby. His "Flute Player" and "Viola Player" express—with simple means—the beauty of music. When he felt sad he bent a piece of brass, as long as his little finger, into a kneeling figure—the very image of despair. That is how he became an artist in metal. Encouraged by his friends he sent his works to exhibitions. His works have been on show in Stockholm, Oslo, Turin, Moscow and Prague.

When he is interested only in movement, feeling and rhythm, he uses nothing but wire as thick as a finger, and these wire arms and breasts shaped like rings convey feelings, translated into the idiom of motion and shape. The copper wire suggests the rhythm of the body even when it serves to decorate his iron birds. Never does Percz infringe the laws of the metal he uses; it is enough for him to bend the material at



FERENC MARTYN: ILLUSTRATION
TO A HUNGARIAN EDITION OF DON QUIJOTE



FERENC MARTYN: SEASIDE REMEMBRANCE



JÁNOS PERCZ: BIRDS



JÁNOS PERCZ: VASES

the right spot and the lifeless substance adopts the rhythm of life and the symbolic forms of gestures. But as soon as he turns to decorative elements, Percz's playful inventiveness gushes forth, twisting the wire into a knot of hair or curving it into a moustache. At other times he makes incisions on a copper dial and frizzling it into tousled hair sets it on a girl's head. The softly embossed curves of the eyebrows or of the mouth give the very feel of hair or flesh. The artist is remarkable in expressing power and gentleness at the same time. He will bend a sheet of iron into the shapes of a ram, robust and massive, the epitome of brutal force.

But then, with a cold chisel, he makes the surface shaggy, twists and turns the ram's horns and stealthily imbues the tousled iron, the curved horn with the warm rhythm of rounded forms, thus mitigating the hardness of metal without impairing its materiality.

Percz has now been successfully experimenting for a time with wood, stone or glass inserted into the metal. Nature's rhythm is quick in this artist and so is the unconsciously created and consciously re-created unity of nature, man, metal, wood, stone and glass, revealed by numerous works of his shown at the Budapest exhibition.

ÁKOS KOZOGH

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

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MUSICAL LIFE

PROLEGOMENON TO HUNGARIAN MUSICAL AESTHETICS

JÓZSEF UJFALUSSY: *A valóság zenei képe. A zene művészi jelentésének logikája.* (The Musical Image of Reality. On the Logic of the Artistic Meaning of Music.) Zeneműkiadó Publishing House), Budapest, 1962.

The appearance of József Ujfalussy's monograph affords a good opportunity for meditation on the position and trend of Hungarian research into musical aesthetics. It is easy to register the negative factors, the symptoms of backwardness inherited from the past. While Hungarian 20th-century music has acquired international recognition and the renewal of our national musical culture was closely followed by the development of Hungarian musical pedagogy, which also quickly gained world-wide appreciation, the creation of musical criticism and musicology, battering at the walls of provincial isolation and fighting for new music of European dimensions—*i. e.* a similar flowering of musical aesthetic research—has on the whole failed to materialize.

There has, it is true, been no lack in talent or ingenious initiative. Aesthetics, however, is a philosophical science, and in musical aesthetics the character of the ideological foundations determines the scientific value and social validity in a more direct manner than it does in the specialized branches of musical science. The question how far Hungarian musical aesthetics has pro-

gressed promptly raises the further question of how far general aesthetics has advanced and what Hungarian philosophy has produced. The answer is well known. The adverse centuries of our history, belated and heterodox bourgeois development, the ruthless violence that crushed the revolutions of 1848 and 1919, did not favour the rise of progressive philosophical and art-philosophical ideas to a height worthy of our culture as a whole. A peculiar unevenness of development may be discerned here: the historical conditions that afforded a soil for the flowering of Hungarian lyrical poetry, music and the study of folk-music, prevented the development of scientific musical aesthetics on a modern level. And the weight of the clogs from the past are sometimes still to be felt.

There is no denial that in artistic life aesthetics is still without the authority which it should possess according to the importance generally assigned to it. The rank and authority of a science naturally flows from the quality of its actual achievements and not from abstract pronouncements. But a certain hardly resolvable ideological innervation rooted in history must also be taken into account, resulting in an attitude that tends to dismiss aesthetic production with a wave of the hand. The musician is said to need expert practical training and not philosophy. In the spirit of this slogan obsolete

conservative nationalism and ultramodern avantgardism find common ground: the one would like to mystify intellectual laziness into a national trait ("nebulous abstractions are alien to the Hungarian spirit"), the other celebrates the composing sound-engineer, Stravinsky's dream *homo faber*, who "works and abstains from philosophy." How often the mention of musical aesthetics aspiring to philosophy provokes a smile even in the best professional circles! How often one feels that in the language of many a gifted young musician aesthetic consciousness is equivalent to "music-alien," to "extrinsic," affected scholarly airs and captiousness! The actual backwardness of research and the general untroubled indifference to the idea of musical aesthetics are an onerous, sometimes oppressively cumbersome heritage.

József Ujfalussy's book brings promise and certitude that the false legends woven around musical aesthetics will vanish sooner or later. The promise that the historical loss of momentum in our cultural progress will cease also in this branch of science; a certitude that Hungarian musical aesthetics has reached a stage where it has a modern and weighty message for the composers, renewers and hearers of music. The reader may take in hand the prolegomenon of a vast, original and modern musical philosophy that moves on a high scientific plane. The reviewer is convinced he is dealing with a work of pioneering initiative that deserves to be valued on an international scale. What factors, it may be asked, have contributed to this significant scientific achievement?

The author refers to his work as a semiology of music, and it is, indeed, a logic of aesthetic interpretation, hermeneutics (though not in the sense of the word compromised by Kretschmar), which considers the elucidation of the ontological and gnoseological relationships between music and reality as its central task and, in this specific sense, opens up a new path towards systematically worded musical aesthetics. This gnoseology is the product of our age:

in the final analysis it has been called into existence by social demand and a requirement of the times. In the history of music the penetration of a new social stratum into the sphere of musical culture, and the related strong will striving towards a—historically always well defined—understanding, aesthetic interpretation and reinterpretation of the musical heritage, are not unknown phenomena. The wish to enter into possession of the meaning and inner logic of music has, however, grown more acute these days than in any previous epoch of the history of music.

There can be no doubt that musical aesthetic research can be raised to an elevated level only by the wave of this historical movement. The emphasis laid on these correlations in connection with Ujfalussy's book is international. Those who know how the monograph came into existence have seen the man who conceived the system of thought described above grow out of narrower (academic) and wider (socio-pedagogical) activities, working through the means of superior musical instruction. This work is full of life, in the best sense of the word, drawing on the problems presented by life and reacting on life while evening the road to solutions.

The same historical process created the subjective ideological conditions required for the development of modern musical-aesthetic studies. We have in mind here the complex of fundamental ideological questions. The book of József Ujfalussy is an attempt to answer the principal questions of musical aesthetics from a Marxist point of view. To avoid all errors: Marxist ideology is not in a position to supply finished solutions to scholars of any branch of science, and therefore does not absolve them from concrete analysis of concrete material. The age of dogmatic citatology and the cult of authoritative argument is over; in every branch of the social sciences a renaissance of Marxist research work is unfolding on an international scale. Ujfalussy's scientific achievement is

most closely linked with a fundamental methodological position that insists on applying creative Marxism. In expressing our satisfaction that our literature on musical aesthetics stands before a promising upswing, this relationship must be strongly emphasized.

The author's modern fundamental position regarding methodology makes it possible to follow the historical development of musical aesthetics by critical orientation, particularly in the apparently baffling diversity of the literature produced in the bourgeois era. In the introduction and the eighth chapter of the monograph ("Historical Problems of Interpreting the Intonation of a Musical Image") the main lines of the tradition to be dealt with are outlined with a firm hand. According to the author the last progressive period of the bourgeois interpretation of music, the affect theory of enlightenment, notwithstanding its metaphysical materialistic limitations and other weak points, could gather into comprehensive unity the objective and subjective, the social and individual elements in the interpretation of musical philosophy. The metaphysical character, however, involved the possibility of irreconcilable contradictions, and on the soil of the developed bourgeois society, in an age where making a fetish of material goods was growing universal, these possibilities matured into reality. The unity attained on an illusory basis was broken up and the peculiar polarization of musical aesthetics set in that may be observed to this day.

The process of thing fetishism having penetrated into the sphere of cultural life, on the one hand it produced an individual psychologism that ranged from romantic irrationalism and Schopenhauer's peculiarly cosmic voluntarism to the subjectivist analysis of Freudian psychology of the subconscious. On the other hand, chiefly in the professional circles that rejected the arbitrary constructions of psychologism, a formalistic trend developed, whose leading

representative is still Eduard Hanslick, the theoretical founder of positivism that excludes from musical interpretation every content "outside music."

The dissension thus brought about has been described in numerous studies. (Kretzschmar: "Aesthetics of Philosophers and Musicians," Fechner: *Aesthetik von oben und von unten*; "Aesthetics of Content and Form"; and—most recently—"Aesthetics of Emotions and Law," etc.). Ujfalussy's Marxist position, however, makes it possible not only to describe polarization, but also to understand the history of its development and to subject it to ideological criticism. The guiding idea of this criticism is that the social principle is excluded from bourgeois musical aesthetics, the social element being transformed into a natural fetish. Hence the program: the Marxist conception of musical aesthetics has to overcome first of all this thing fetishism, *i. e.*, it has to reconstruct the relationship of music to social reality, it must break through the ideological mist veiling the age of bourgeois fetishism, in order to reveal "the musical image of reality."

The question is what results the aesthetist may rely on when undertaking this task. The progressive heritage of the affect theory, as pointed out by Ujfalussy, having lived on in the aesthetics and criticism of Russian revolutionary democracy, developed into the theory of musical realism. Soviet musical aesthetics necessarily took up this line, and with his theory of intonation Asafiev achieved outstanding results. The studies and monographs published by Asafiev's school have produced highly significant contributions to the elaboration of Marxist musical aesthetics; in contrast to an aesthetics that mystifies music the social principle has been vindicated in an exemplary manner. If their effect is relatively slow to penetrate the consciousness of the musical world, the causes are chiefly of an ideological nature.

In addition Ujfalussy finds it necessary to disclose the latent deficiencies of our own aesthetic "armour." His endeavour is per-

fectly justified. It would anyway be useless to expect Marxist musical aesthetics to spring in a finished state, like Pallas Athene, from the head of some Zeus. For the development of a cogent artistic view it is an indispensable precondition consistently to combat dogmatic rigidity. What are the deficiencies alluded to? "The new notion of intonation too has taken shape in debates, for the purpose of stressing the social significance of music and demonstrating it in the face of those who regard music as a natural-individual phenomenon and deny its social importance. These latter failed to make the step from natural to social, were, indeed, unable to make it owing to the limitations of their aesthetic conceptions. Our own aestheticians, while accentuating the undoubtedly decisive social aspect, have overlooked the natural and have failed to study the dialectic correlations of two inseparably coefficient factors. Today we can no longer wait for this step, because the further refinement of the social explanation itself gradually begins to suffer from the unresolved state of the seemingly natural-technical side."

There can be no doubt, at this juncture Ujfalussy has touched on the weakest point of Marxist musical-aesthetic investigation carried out so far. Examination of artistically formed material has up to the present unfortunately been left outside the scope of Marxist aesthetic studies. I feel that general aesthetics has sustained as much damage from this absurd situation as have the various branches of art—including music—in their respective special art theories. It stands to reason that as long as the ontological analysis of artistic material showing the peculiar construction of its own art is left outside the limits of aesthetics, the particular laws of various branches of art and their generally distinct characteristics cannot be revealed. Under such conditions the musical-aesthetics approach is either simply abandoned or, if it is undertaken, the categories of study are borrowed from the relatively most advanced field, literary aesthetics, de-

manding that musical compositions should comply with the laws of *belles-lettres*.

It is beyond the scope of the present paper to discuss in detail the absurdity of the conceptions thus produced. However, I must warn the reader emphatically that Ujfalussy is not just talking of the devil. The failure to expose the ontology of specific artistic material, of revealing the specific ways and means employed to reflect artistic reality, and—accompanying it as an inevitable shadow—the domination of a one-sided, literature-minded view involve a real danger, constituting as they do a source of error, the elimination of which is necessary for the desirable advancement of an aesthetics and musical aesthetics released from dogmatic limitations.

From what has been said the reader will be able to appreciate the novelty of the aspects presented in the monograph under discussion. In one place the author formulates the fundamental idea of his book as follows: "Dialectic-materialistic contribution to the method of investigating intonation in developing historical-materialistic musical aesthetics" (p. 157). I should denote this program as the merged ontology and gnoseology of the musical image and the logic of the meaning of music they disclose. This mere indication of the basic conception may render it plausible why we regard Ujfalussy's book as a pioneer initiative.

Let us examine more closely the train of thought followed in the work.

In the relationship between music and reality the materialistic point of view naturally assigns first place to reality as the primary and defining factor. The dialectic method, on the other hand, compels us to conceive of the link between the object and the musical subject as a reciprocal relationship that goes beyond mere directness, direct causative interconnections. Ujfalussy rejects the mechanical view of opposing to each other "the individual subject and the cosmic object, the individual person and the general natural element, without any transposal or

connecting categories" (p. 163). Reality, in all its rich, multifarious interpretations becomes the basis of musical reflection. The fundamental interpretation is provided by society itself, the totality of social conditions. On the fly-leaf of the book I should put the motto: only socially interpreted nature exists for musical aesthetics. The specific laws of music cannot be read directly from the objectivity of matter in nature, even when nature is manifested by acoustic phenomena (the howling of the wind, the warbling of birds, the splashing of a stream, etc.).

It is in this spirit that József Ujfalussy undertakes to reconstruct the main line followed in the development of musical tone and musicality, in other words: in the appropriation of human reality in musical terms. Here reconstruction naturally does not proceed in a primary manner, but along logical lines, the investigation of the "pre-musical" primordial age of music, the, as it were, "prelogic" logic of meaning of its pre-history, rather than the origin of music.

Ujfalussy's starting point is human labour, or, in his terms, inarticulate, uniform, sustaining activity itself in its wider sense. The objective sources of music are here revealed to us. In addition to Karl Bücher's pioneer work, the author relies on the studies of André Schaeffer on the history of musical instruments and discloses the acoustic stimuli that accompanied the activities of primitive man—the vocal organs, utensils of everyday life, and tools. Only objective and concrete indications are given; the instrumental source of tone, the action itself, the relationship between the persons engaged in the action are presented directly (e. g., while corn was being ground, which of the women pounded the mortar, according to the customs of which tribe, at what rhythm they performed their work, etc.).

Abstraction of the phenomenon of tone, its separation from the circumstances of its production, and its purification from the character of noise, started at a later stage of

development. Gradually, tone grew into a musical note submitting to order in pitch and time. The safest support in reconstruction of the process is afforded here by psychology and ethnography. According to Ujfalussy's hypothesis, the basis of abstraction consisted of subjectivizing the original activity, the objective work process. As concerns the means whereby this prevalence of the subjective element was brought about, Ujfalussy, in possession of ethnographic findings, cites the key role of experiences derived from motion. The ceaseless repetition of work movements first led to the development of the ancient form of dancing, then that peculiar type of repetition—imitation—virtually sublimated these motor-muscular motions, originally associated only with processes of work, into an inner experience. At this point rhythmic tone phenomena may already be supposed to have been present.

The independence of human voice, with its inarticulate pitch, and its separation from the process of work is the key to "kines-thesia settled into psychology." At this stage of development the human voice was already a kind of *pars pro toto*: in itself it was capable of invoking the original objective activity from which it had been separated. Moreover, repetition tended to bestow an increasingly noticeable melodic lilt on the originally inarticulate outbreak of emotion, on the "interjection." The popular dirges demonstrate how the spontaneous expression of subjective emotions gradually assumed, by means of repetition, the form of tunes ending with a cadenza, at a regular pitch.

As concerns the formation of pitch, Ujfalussy rules out the fruitless debate on the priority of vocal music versus instrumental music as a pseudo-problem and sees the possibility of advance in the interaction of the two. The human voice and the tool-tone (then the instrumental tone abstracted from the work-tool) have "mutually profited from each other." The singing voice represents the inarticulate experience of motion, the instrumental tone a concrete bit of reality

in object and space. The actual musical tone, permitting orientation in agreement with the character of pitch, is produced by their reciprocity.

In the musical appropriation of reality we have reached the most crucial turn: the appearance of the special musical image, the melody. The two basic tendencies of the development followed so far are integrated in it: the continued tone representing the experience of inarticulate motion, inarticulate in pitch, and the fixing of pitch serving to give special and objective orientation. The natural basis of this duality lies in the physical nature of the musical tone, the Janus face of frequency relationships: the contradictory unity of continuity and discreet interruption. There are, however, no laws of nature or mathematical formulas that can explain what meaning and content this physically given duality becomes capable of expressing.

The logic of the melody produced rests on natural foundations but derives its concrete definiteness from social factors. The most ancient tunes or melody germs were organized into coherent units from the higher members of the series of overtones (from the seventh to twelfth members). The "human logic" of these tune motifs is based on "similar-dissimilar" formal relations. Their concrete content is infinitely rich. They may express with equal ease such relationships as "here and there," "one or the other," "this and that," "I and you," *etc.* Their dialectic structure (identity-difference-recovered identity) may be recognized directly in the basic motif consisting of two elements, but is observable also in turns combining several tones of unequal pitch. A motif consisting of three elements, for instance, necessarily indicates that two elements are correlated more closely, whereas the third is more alien. Dissimilarity itself, the degree of difference, however, depends not on subjective arbitrariness, but on whether, in the natural scale, the elements embraced by the tune are connected to one another as con-

sonant or dissonant, acoustically kindred or alien, tones.

To trace this line of thought in every detail lies beyond the scope of a review. Knowledge about the previously described "model syllogism" of the logic of meaning renders it relatively easier to disclose the lines of further development. Ujfalussy's explanations conduct the reader to the appropriation of the whole octave, then to the tune logic of the order of sounds associated with the most concentrated itinerant rhymed prose, finally to the logic of meaning of tonality. *Tantae molis erat...* what an effort was, indeed, required for man to wring from nature that which was given directly only in appearance. As has been shown before, musical tone was not received ready-made, *a priori*, but obtained by human activity as an elaborated abstraction. Its formation into a tune again confirms that in music the gift of nature is ranged into a peculiar order, whereby it acquires a meaning saturated with human content. However, it remains an open question whether this ontological enrichment and purification of material and means do not prevent or restrict the previously recognizedgnoseological function from asserting itself. In other words: whether the tune unit giving voice to a series of abstracted musical tones still reflects reality.

At this point we come up against one of the most acute problems of musical aesthetics. To begin at the middle: in aesthetic literature it is a commonplace to divide the various branches of art by opposing music as art in time to sculpture and the fine arts as arts in space. This terminology has been accepted by Marxist aesthetics. With keen eyes, Ujfalussy discovered the untenability of the conception concealed behind these words. First of all it amounts to a logical *contradictio in adiecto* to separate strictly from each other the components of space and time in a pictorial, graphic reflection of reality. It is of the essence of the artistic image that it should give the represented piece of reality as an organic whole. In the second

place—as evidenced by the historical reconstruction traced before—the ordering of sounds in height implies orientation in space.

It was Aristoxenos who came to the conclusion that the perception of music was much more than mere observation of successive lines in time: "... it takes two things to understand music, perception and memory. One must feel what is coming into existence and remember what has happened before."

In this Ujfalussy sees an early recognition of the psychological mechanism responsible for space-orientation, for the creation of the musical concept of space; having applied the categories obtained by the study of tune logic he states that two kinds of spatial orientation have to be reckoned with in music, one of dynamic and another of static character. One is correlated with motor experience, the other with visual concepts. "In the evolving melody order, the two principles meet: here circumscribed heights are interlaced, and the tune—in the absence of extreme tempi—appears in the form of evenly articulated, continuous motion proceeding within measurable space, connecting the space-like category of articulation and the motor category of inarticulateness." (See p. 62.)

Of course, this musical space, as the author points out, is virtual space, in the same way as in the fine arts time is virtual time. The artistic image is nevertheless complete in both branches of art, because they represent reality that is uniform in space and time. From all this it also follows that musical notions of space are not just occasional and casual associations; their roots grow from the ontological soil of the musical picture.

This emphasis on the objectivity of spatial notions leads us to another group of problems presented by the question of whether a musical event is measurable. The arithmetic element incorporated in music has occupied the minds of students engaged in the study of musical aesthetics from the time

of Pythagoras. In reading the products of today's musical aesthetics we often feel inclined to believe that we are living through a second flowering of medieval musical mathematics. That pitch and duration are measurable is an undeniable fact, the organic consequence of the musical images' unity in space and time. Here too, the unit of measurement is, however, not provided by the natural element of music. As Ujfalussy accurately and convincingly puts it: "... the measurement of musical space and time by aesthetic estimates or by the ear is not the comparison of arithmetic relations but the ceaseless perceptual comparison of perceived distances. Measurement of the motion of living melody is not a series of divisions but a comparison of tones of varying pitch as to semantical function, *i. e.*, a highly empirical, concrete operation resting on perspicuous orientation in space and succession." (See p. 65.)

Before our eyes there thus arises that peculiar co-ordinate system that makes the meaning of musical happening understandable. The time and height of musical tones are measured on these two axes, while the centre is man, the socialized musical subject, who reflects and enjoys in the musical picture the dynamics of concrete reality elevated to the level of the "unusual," generalized and ever associated with man. The mere contemplation of the instruments employed by pentatonic, modal and tonal cultures suffices to reveal the immeasurable enrichment that marks the advancing historical process of appropriating reality through music. Though several features of this peculiar musical manner of reflecting reality are modified by this enrichment, the original fundamental function itself does not cease. On the contrary, the sound phenomenon wrested from nature, the differentiated artistic material, acquires increasingly multifarious content and meaning, capable of reflecting reality ever more profoundly in its anthropomorphic dynamics referring to man.

In the epoch of the development and

blossoming of bourgeois societies, the logic of meaning interpreted in this light continued to gain further riches. The appearance of polyphony, in particular, created opportunities for the simultaneous perception and comparative measurement of tones varying in height. The space-like effect was thereby strengthened, the known semantical system of tune logic being confirmed concurrently. The order of functional harmony, stiffened into a natural quality in musical literature, is also discussed by Ujfalussy from a novel aspect: behind the apparent *a priori* he again reconstructs the realistic historical motion of the innervated *a posteriori*. Functional correlations develop on the basis of the semasiological model recognized in tune logic. The fundamental motif is the interaction of the T-D function; the subsequently associated S-function plays the same role in the linking of chords as did the third element in the most ancient tune motifs.

The functional harmony order thus developed increasingly accentuated the spatial statics of the musical image. This tendency to augmented vertical emphasis was liable to disrupt the logic of horizontal melody lines. This explains the necessity of the contrary motion that gained ground: the tendency to use leading notes or chromaticization, which represented the dynamic side of functional harmony order. Bourgeois development, having entered on a regressive stage, was the most general social cause that in the further course of events converted the static and dynamic sides of harmonic order into contrary poles. As a result: "...abandonment of articulate, logical orientation through space and time in reality, abandonment of the logical interconnection of apparently static objects of reality, as well as of the punctual fixation of dynamic episodes." (See p. 87.)

Chromatization finally led to the disintegration of musical logic, to the giving up of orientation in space and time. It is untrue that modern serialism, the ultimate outcome of this development, has divested

itself of all meaning because musical happening has come to mean only itself. No, only the content of the meaning has changed. Ujfalussy points out convincingly that shattering of the tonal cohesion of elements, renouncing the statics of orientation, absolute chromaticism are only characteristic, concomitant musical symptoms denoting the irrational dethronement of reason. He thus gives a striking refutation of the fatalistic myth woven around the autonomous development of style. If the consolidation of tonal unity marked the dawn of the bourgeois era, the musical practice that renounced the tonal basis, the regulating centre of the musical image, the logic of homocentric meaning, must necessarily be regarded as a mirror of the age of crisis.

The chapters on semasiology dealt with so far have presented the ontology of the musical picture, the objective laws of structure. The author repeatedly emphasizes that the outlined meaning of content may be disclosed as a result of subjective activity, but no arbitrary "identification of self" or the psychology of individual association of ideas can give a satisfactory answer as concerns their order. This does not imply that such associations are simply non-existent. It is not their existence that should be denied, but their peculiar essence ought to be elucidated. They are a secondary complement to the musical image of reality through means that represent directly certain objective phenomena.

It will suffice to mention here their principal types, in the systematic sequence set up by Ujfalussy in polemicizing against the mere descriptions of certain Marxist authors. The first and richest group of associations connected with motion contains partly visual, partly motor associations; the former draw attention to the impressive features of the musical image, the latter thrust the expressive, dance-like sphere into the foreground of consciousness. Another circle of associations is connected with stress on the sensuality of the acoustic experience;

the associations belonging to this group are imitations of sound or citations of the sounds produced by nature. Finally, associations may be connected with the musical colouring of complex musical units, types of musical instruments, with certain genres and character portraits, types of intonation carrying some social meaning. At this point the author found it necessary to state his view on several debated and debatable questions of the theory of intonation.

Having outlined the main stages in the historical development of the intonation theory, with emphasis on the correlations between music and the spoken language, he at every step recognizes the demand for musical realism as a general tendency. The principle calling for likeness to speech must at all times have been the motto followed in the realistic revival of music, "...partly by the composer who has a bent to excessive generalization and breaks away from the individuality of daily reality compelling himself to give a more direct musical formulation to the motor content expressed in words, partly by following more faithfully and prosodically the intonation of speech." (See pages 127, 128.) Intonation expresses human physiognomies and characters, and the program of their musical application therefore involves the claim to being a true musical representation of man. Here Ujfalussy, however, warns against the evident delusion that may accompany these programs. For instance, while Mussorgsky hoped for the renewal of the opera from the discovery of the Russian *language*, in actual practice as a composer he discovered Russian *folk* music on behalf of art music.

The acoustic similarities between music and speech should not make us forget the fundamental differences in their order of meaning. Speech and music reflect different sides of objective reality; "The words of speech, the sound images of notions, denote single concrete things of objective reality; they seize upon statistically punctual aspects of moving reality and render the motion of

reality by ranging these punctual-spatial phenomena successively, with various modifications. These modes of connection do not present motion itself pictorially, but bring consecutive points into mutual reference. . . Music actually reflects this dynamic-linear aspect of the motion of reality. That is why some points, objects and notions are blurred, that is why the unbroken continuous logic of the reciprocal reference of phenomena, the dynamics of happening are clear and differentiated in music." (See page 134.) For music any dimming of this difference involves the danger that the musically reflected dynamics of reality may stiffen and the comprehensive system of the musical image be replaced by serial noises representing the concrete objective world through giving it a punctual character.

The other aspect of the affect concept, the theory of the emotional character of music, also requires critical elucidation. There is no point in denying that this theory also contains certain elements of truth. However, romanticism and the idealistic systems coupled with irrationalism overstrained this element of truth, which led to the counterpole in the theory of intonation by over-emphasizing individuality, to general mystification, to the absolute rule of linear traits and motor dynamics, and to the elimination of pitch ensuring musical objectivity.

In treating this issue, Ujfalussy relies on the psychological definition of emotion. Accordingly, the emotional sphere is not some isolated, closed domain of conscious phenomena, but the group of mental processes associated with recognition and action and whose function it is to replat the phenomena of reality to our own existence. In this sense, emotions are the mirrors of our relations to objects and persons. This reflection *par excellence* of relationships (unlike the more direct mirroring of objects in processes of recognition) represents reality as a primary relationship between people, as a social reality, in its dynamic generalization and not in its punctual individuality. In other words,

music "reflects the whole of reality in its interconnections as applied to social individuality." (See p. 154.)

The key to the further development of the intonation theory lies in creating a dialectic unity between the previously described two aspects of musical reflection—individuality and universality. This is brought about in the sphere of the particular, the typical. The term intonation is thus invested with a concrete, prognostic meaning, denoting the typical, peculiar quality of the musical image. Ujfalussy's disquisition ends with the definition of the typical as a category in musical aesthetics, and thus opens the path to a hitherto neglected field of musical interpretation, musical typology, the semasiology of complex musical units.

In this summary, only a rough, abbreviated outline could be given of the train of thought followed in the book, which, it is hoped, may nevertheless give an idea of the originality of conception and the uncompromisingly consistent main line carried to its conclusion. When perusing this review the reader may think that it refers to an extensive, bulky volume. In fact the monograph offers such multilateral analysis on hardly more than 150 pages. This fact speaks for itself. It indicates the pithy terseness of the work, as well as the abundance of thought incorporated in its contents.

The terseness of the paper deserves mention in another context. The study was written as a dissertation for an academic degree; the novel spirit of its contents aroused passionate debate when it was still in manuscript. In all probability its publication will not put an end to the debate. In the course of the discussion it appeared as if a more detailed treatment of the subject and the rounding off of the argumentation might render the exposition more convincing. The elucidation of debatable points would seem to call for supplementing rather than any correction of the correct principal line in the train of thought. In my opinion the work mainly lacks an adequately elaborate state-

ment of its methodological concept. There is need for an explanation of what the author actually means by a "dialectic-materialistic contribution" to the historico-materialistic method of investigating the theory of intonation. Otherwise the reader will wonder whether it is justified to approach the theme by applying the principle of socialism not in its historical concreteness, but in the light of semantic logic. I feel that such methodological information would clear up unnecessary misunderstandings.

Another group of the questions discussed may stimulate a more serious interchange of ideas. Enumeration of the marks of interrogation jotted down on the margin remains the reviewer's duty even when the treatment of the subject as a whole is felt to be epoch-making in its novelty and thoroughly convincing.

I wish to start from a circle of questions that has already figured in the debate. While investigating the prelogical semasiology of the beginnings of music, Ujfalussy adopts Bücher's conception, but seeks to surpass the concept that explains the development of the first musical motives directly by the mechanical power of organization inherent in the working process. He consequently widens the category of working process employed by Bücher, replacing it by the notion of "inarticulate, uniform self-preserving activity. In the course of the debates the author accepted the critical remark that broadening of the notion of activity in this sense may be regarded as exceptionable, because it involves a slurring of the chief line of human activity and specifically human achievement—the act of performing work.

Reverting to the problem presented by the origin of rhythm, it may be stated that only innervated work rhythm arouses interest in other kinds of rhythm (rhythm of walking, clapping of hands, etc.). Here I should like to draw attention only to the psychological aspect. Ujfalussy presents convincing proof that the kinesthesia of perception, muscular-motor sensations, plays a key role

in rendering sound phenomena subjective and in the process of their abstraction. They furthermore retain their central significance in forming the tune and the logic of the harmonic order. However, if we recognize the determinant role of work in the genesis of musical tone phenomena, we must necessarily also examine the role, in the process of becoming subjective, of those psychological contents that sprouted directly from the working process performed in common or from their magic imitation. I allude to the influence of emotions in the first place. The primordial, collective emotional experience most likely played as great a part as did kinesthesia in interiorizing the original act of work and in promoting aesthetic mimesis.

Analysis of the psychology of perception as pursued throughout the paper could presumably be usefully completed by a similarly careful study of emotional features. One might add that disclosure of the nature of spatial musical notions would be equally enriched by an examination of the psychology of thinking. The problem of converting the successive musical processes into a simultaneous image is an old theme of musical psychology. In this field, unfortunately, research has scarcely progressed beyond the point of posing the question. Tyeplov, who is so competent elsewhere, contents himself on this point with the declaration that simultaneous musical images are never *purely* acoustic notions, but are saturated with visual and intellectual elements. Efforts to trace the role of the latter may furnish fruitful viewpoints to scholars concerned with musical aesthetics.

As regards the unity of the musical image in space and time, analysis of this issue constitutes perhaps the most instructive part of the whole work. From the aspect of vindicating the theory of reflection in musical aesthetics, it is of crucial importance to dispel the commonplaces and legends associated with a concept that recognizes music in time alone. Debate nevertheless necessarily incited the author to state his attitude in sharper wording. The admission that music as well as the fine arts "creates a fully valid view in space and time through the use of its own peculiar means" cannot be associated, in my opinion, with a denial of the qualitative differences in the unity of space and time realized in various branches of art.

The commonplace statement that music is inseparable from time contains the latent truth that the spatial notion of music is absorbed by the flow of musical happening in time, whereas sculptural time is a *punctum temporis* similarly resolved in space, a typical moment concentrating the present and the future into one point. Tracing the role of emotional psychological stirrings all through the logic of meaning would afford a possibility for grasping these peculiar dialectics from several angles. It need hardly be emphasized that criticism does not point to any conceptual mistake here either; it would rather like to make the system of arguments more complete and to finish the trains of thought that have been left open. The value of a scientific achievement can be measured also by its capacity of inspiring further intellectual advance.

DÉNES ZOLTAY

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

BOOKS AND THE MAN BEHIND THEM

Notes on New Publications

A poem is no reading matter: it is more and less than that at the same time. Only few lyric *œuvres* tolerate being explored for epic continuity and approached as if they were a novel. Lyrical expression is a kind of holiday of the spirit. While representing this world of ours in exalted terms it satisfies our natural need for release from the "prosaic" world and for gathering new strength.

Of course, there is also a deeper reason why lyric poetry is the prevailing genre in Hungarian literature. We have in mind a literary tradition that has social and historic causes. And traditions can never keep abreast of social change. Clear-sightedness and epic completeness, indispensable to prose writing, are not necessarily required in lyric poetry. Hungarian history but rarely permitted an accurate and unerring orientation in the correlations of the world, in Hungary's own position and in the links between man and the external world. The novel is the characteristic and principal literary genre of the bourgeoisie, which in Hungary came into being in the face of far greater difficulties and much later than in England. Nor does its emergence lack contradictions, for up to 1945 capitalism was mingled with numerous vestiges of feudalism. It is evident that since there was no such thing as a homogeneous bourgeoisie, its class requirements could not be fully met. On the other hand, an incessant emotional commentary on incalculable phenomena was natural. Man

sought to find his place in that inscrutable and dangerous external world and did, indeed do so. Prose writing could not do without fairly objective yardsticks, ways of approach and a coherent vision of the world. But the poet was able to suggest and symbolize the sea in a drop of water; he was able to pick out a fragment and render it as effective as the prose writer rendered the whole. And although today we learn more and more about the world that surrounds us and about life, the great subjective genre of poetry has, nevertheless, survived. The poet, even if he is a so-called intellectual lyricist, will filter the image of reality through his personality and will, by means of this reflected picture, inevitably reveal himself as well.

The volume of verses entitled *Nem volt elég* ("It Wasn't Enough"), published by *Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó* (Literary Publishers), 1962, and representing a collection of the selected poems of Gyula Illyés, one of Hungary's most important lyric poets, has been a significant event.

Gyula Illyés, who is sixty, has gathered in this volume the pick of his rich poetic crop.

Palpability is the most striking feature of Illyés's lyricism. From his ancestors, who were manual labourers, Illyés has inherited the love of objects and the ability to understand and appreciate the essence, forms and structure of things. His natural penchant and gift for analysis raises the elements of reality

above the world of objects, increases their attraction and magic, and reveals their secrets, which cannot be approached from without. His lucid and rational manner of writing gives life to his message and, though dazzling the reader, at the same time also guides him. Never does Illyés content himself with merely conveying an experience in a poetic form. All the time one feels behind his poems a man in search of justice—a man who is the offspring of poor peasants, works to liberate his people and later on experiences the joys and cares of the new life. In his recent poems the more abstract questions of life and death, of transitoriness and durability have been given a greater share. However, intellectual aspects have always had the same rank in his poems as lyric enthusiasm and natural and instinctive reality. Not only does he strive for beautiful forms but also for exact and valid ones. That is why another point of our introductory meditations asserts itself in his poems: in Hungary lyric poetry not only deputized for epic prose—and even for the painful want of Hungarian philosophic literature—but even replaced it to a certain extent. Illyés's self-torment reflects not only the mental climate of a creative artist but also provides an accurate intellectual inventory of all phases of the causes and forms of these struggles.

These connections are even clearer in the mirror of this volume, in which the reader can see different poetic periods side by side. The different poetic periods disclose many diverse stages of life. They tell of how he became a poet; of the years he spent in Paris, after the First World War, where he belonged to the avant-garde, was a close friend of Tzara's, Éluouard's and Aragon's and wrote in French. Then there are the poems he wrote in his own country, poems fertilized by his acquaintance with contemporary French lyric poetry, which he had even practised himself. Then, along with the poet's internal development, the various phases of Hungary's internal struggles are reflected in the verses. One is tempted at once to draw a

parallel between the two creative artists, Béla Bartók and Gyula Illyés: both of them achieved a synthesis of the best Hungarian traditions, of populism and of contemporary European trends. They even met personally, as witnessed by Illyés's monumental Bartók poem (to be published in our next issue). These few lines may perhaps give an idea of the importance this volume of Illyés's has in Hungary.

László Benjámín's mental climate is a typically moralizing one. At the zenith of his manhood he has published a volume of poems, *Ötödik évszak* ("The Fifth Season"), Literary Publishers, 1962. He cannot be called the most colourful personality among Hungarian poets; nor can it be asserted that many others do not reveal richer poetic endowments. And yet—or perhaps for this very reason—each single line of his is important. The whole life work of Benjámín is a coherent self-confession, a lyric autobiography of internal events in which the creative artist, using hard and cruel words and revealing a violent passion, brings himself face to face with the moral principles he has adopted. Experiencing, with a self-tormenting severity, the joys and tragedies of the progress of Hungarian society, public interests were ever foremost in his mind, and he never lost sight of the means of confronting the tribunal of these interests.

Having acquired standing as a lyric poet he later fell under the spell of the sham optimism and undemanding standard of forms characteristic of the period of the "personality cult." That he had to suffer for this is proved by his disillusionment and his human crisis as a lyricist. Lines, movingly sincere and expressive in their very terseness, tell of the inspirations and let-downs, the hopes and disappointments of those times. The poet was a participant in, a creator and a victim of all of them, for his desire to be useful led him to lyric deeds in public life. He was predestined to find justification in the justice of the community and to err and fail together with its errors and failures. His re-

cent poems are a summary account. Inquiring into the earlier phases of his life, his struggles and his ideals, he radically filters out what he considers unjust, but takes a firm stand on behalf of those of his ideals that have stood the test and that from early childhood have linked him with social justice. These poems have deservedly attracted great attention in our periodicals. Though the number of those who criticized the poems was considerable, there were at least as many who expressed their full sympathy and full accord with them. The collected poems of this valuable representative of Hungarian poetry thus make it easier to survey his personality and outlook.

The portrait of István Vas, as it emerges from his volume *Római rablás* ("Robbery in Rome"), *Magvető Kiadó* (Magvető Publishing House), 1962, is that of quite a different poet. Vas is an artist of thoughts and forms, an outstanding "poeta doctus." Although, like Gyula Illyés, Vas has created notable works in such other genres as the drama, the essay and a lyric autobiography in prose, one can sense that he considers poetry as the best medium for expressing his pithy thoughts. Conciseness of expression and severe, almost cruel logic in the structure of his message and in its poetic re-creation are characteristic of his poetry.

In this book of poems István Vas tells of his journey to Rome. Those who know him also know his passion—and man's most distinguishing mark is his passion—his love of travelling. Two years ago, as a guest of the British Council, he visited England, where he met, among others, T. S. Eliot, to whom he is not only connected by common poetic problems, but by common work in publishing as well.* In Paris he revived the memories of his venturesome youth. His latest journey was particularly rich in unusual experiences and unknown circumstances that the poet's ego, always carefully observing

and evaluating everything, confronted with the unexpected responses of his own personality. The greatest discovery he made abroad may have been himself—a new variant of his ego—though, of course, Rome is not relegated to the rank of a mere *décor* in this adventurous internal and external exploration. Another point worth noting is that the poems are unusual experiments in rhymed prose by a poet who possesses a classic culture of forms and is conversant with all types of poetic achievement. (As one of our best translators he puts this mastery to very good use in translating Shakespeare, Schiller, Villon and contemporary poets.) These poems, however, blaze a new trail along untrodden paths. They do not resemble the great poetic achievements that have become public property. The reader has the feeling that István Vas, while rejecting the traditions of poetry—but preserving its essence—has discovered a deeper sense, both for himself and for the reader, in rhymed prose. At the same time he tests the capacity of this medium for carrying the load of thoughts. This has nothing to do with the experiments in "style breaking" of the 'twenties, well known in Hungary too, which sometimes gave up the "lyric qualities of lyricism" and thus, through the very consciousness of the experiment, struck the reader as doctrinaire and over-sophisticated. As already mentioned, we are here faced with the essence of lyric outlook, of lyric receptivity and capacity to convey. The illustrations of the eminent artist, Piroska Szántó, the poet's wife, increase the value of the book, for they represent something more than interesting additions.

Géza Hegedüs's volume of poems, *Összhang és zűrzavar* ("Harmony and Chaos"), Literary Publishers, 1962, inevitably arouses one's curiosity by the mere fact that its author is the most versatile and prolific of Hungarian writers. Besides being a Professor of the history of the drama, he is the author of a popular "roman fleuve" of Balzacian dimensions, the writer of plays and

* See his "A Journey to England," *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. I, No. 1.

radio-plays and of one of the best textbooks on prosody, a critic and publicist, and a favourite writer for young readers. And, as this book shows—though we have known it all along—a poet too. With eminent craftsmanship he gives lyric expression to his thoughts. Of the book's title it is chiefly 'harmony' that he suggests. He draws a life-like portrait of his serene, witty and well-poised personality, which is capable of enjoying even the trifles life has to offer. No staggering experience is offered by the collection, and the problems of our age are laid aside by a man of the present who, in lyric poetry, gives vent to his longing for calmness and for a life without crises.

But, lest we only deal with our lyric poets, let us mention Endre Illés's volume *Kettős kör* (Double Circle), Magvető Publishing House, 1962. Endre Illés is an honoured writer, belonging to the older generation.* His severe and logical criticisms and short stories established his reputation already before the Second World War. He studied medicine before being lured into the sphere of literature for good. It may be due to these studies that he sensitively reacts to the smallest gesture and least detail. A surgeon may not err by the fraction of an inch, nor must he prescribe a milligramme more—or less—of the drug to be taken by his patient. Endre Illés applies this rule to literature. His ideals in style point to Stendhal and Flaubert. The volume presents numerous—perhaps even too many—facets of his personality. It contains "regular" short stories, autobiographical passages, short meditations and long tales, as well as one of his successful plays, *Tűrelmetlen szeretők* ("Impatient Lovers").

Usually Endre Illés investigates human relations that have reached a state of crisis. To adhere to the medical comparison, he does not go in for laboratory experiments but is a practitioner who makes use of the

* See his short story "Epilogue" and scenes from his play "The Sand-Glass," *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, Vol. II, No. 3 and Vol. III, No. 6.

best available methods. This kind of literature is rendered interesting by a confrontation of traditional literary means with new experiences and changing, always individual human "cases." In Illés's drama two plots run parallel. One of them is real, the other fictitious. The action of the real plot reveals the affection and the break between two young people, who torture and analyse each other. Fleeing the scene of her disappointment the woman, a doctor, takes refuge in the arms of the professor she admires. But with him too she encounters nothing but selfishness, misunderstanding and further disappointment. The young man seeks escape in another direction, "downwards," in the embrace of a cheap little slut, who becomes the mother of his child. But the child suddenly and tragically dies. In the fictitious story, we see on the stage all that the two parties think of their relationship, of each other and of their own lives. Both the intellectual problems the play raises and their solution are interesting, but the emotional life of the two leading characters is somewhat faint and their style of living depicts what the author thinks today's youth is like rather than what the lives of present-day young people really are. The prose writings too display such "decisive moments"—situations in which decisions must be made. The warmth of great literature radiates most effectively from those of the author's writings that have a personal character—the reticent but moving self-confessions in prose.

One of our most significant prose writers, Jenő Józsi Tersánszky is of quite a different stamp. He is among the oldest of Hungarian authors, a contemporary and friend of all the great writers of Hungary and a witness of their careers, and yet, in spirit, he is perhaps the youngest. He is an eternal Bohemian; we might even call him an anarchist. His figure is surrounded by an aura of myth, partly on account of his works, which have become classics in Hungary and have been successfully published abroad too—also in western countries—and partly on

account of his peculiar way of life. For decades he lived as a tramp and was long active as a musician, a virtuoso performer on strange and obsolete instruments of ethnic interest. What he is presenting to the public now is not a new novel or a collection of short stories but his memoirs. In *Nagy árnyakról bizalmasan* ("Confidentially About Great Shadows"), Magvető Publishing House, 1962, he tells us about the lives of eminent contemporaries. His gusto in story-telling is peerless, recalling essentials and unessentials alike, almost without selection. In this volume there is nothing that has some special "second meaning," some literary symbolism. And yet, the cohesive power of art blends all this natural richness into genuine literature. The touch of the master's hand, like that of King Midas, turns everything into gold. We may predict the book's success, for the reader is always interested in "intimate information" about great personages; he wonders whether he may not resemble, in one trait or another, the period's idols, when presented in *négligé*, and whether it may not have been due to chance that he did not make so much headway. This time the inquisitive will fare well, for instead of cheap curiosities and shallow "secrets" he will get good literature in the course of satisfying his other interests. Of course, it should be added, nevertheless, that notwithstanding all its virtues this kind of work is not the most suitable means for a representative introduction of a writer. It is a "subsidiary genre" even when an excellent writer imbues it with literary merits. Józsi Jenő Tersánszky is significant mainly as a writer of novels and novelettes; his odd and enigmatic personality will be always remembered along with his unforgettable *Marci Kakuk* and all his other heroes living an adventurous life on the fringes of society.

The volume of short stories entitled *Jordán Elemér első hete a túlvilágon* ("Elemér Jordán's First Week in the Other World"), Magvető Publishing House, 1962, by the re-

cently deceased Zsigmond Remenyik, an eminent prose writer who was undeservedly pushed into the background for a long time, can be considered as a literary testament.

In his somewhat anarchistic "separatism" and in his way of life Remenyik was related to Tersánszky. He did not depict or represent his characters according to the rules of aesthetics, in fact, he ignored rules, customs, prevailing fashions and what was considered common sense. Each of his stories is something of a philosophical treatise, a grotesque parable tending to extremism and an interesting sketch of the characters' intellectual life—conveyed by the ardour of identification and doubt and transmuted by the writer's omnipresent personality. His style has the sweep of a rolling river, from which it is inexpedient to scoop up a thimbleful and submit it to chemical analysis, for it will be found "impure." Separated from the context a sentence in this book can but rarely be enjoyed and hardly used as an independent quotation. The elements of Remenyik's text are effective only when considered together; it is the work as a whole that discloses his world and reveals him as the moralist and preacher he is.

A strange writer with a strange way of life—his stories are strange too. The hero of the title story dies in an accident, but his soul keeps on roaming about his usual haunts, and so he finds out how much he meant for whom and what his links with people really were. In another story a brutal and stupid N. C. O. by mistake steals a corpse, covered with a blanket, from his subordinate. The book is peopled with vagabonds and jailbirds, with shady characters and eccentrics—all of them familiar to the writer who spent many years wandering about North and South America and who, because of his anti-fascist stand, fared no better in his own country. He had more experiences than any of his fellow writers, and in his art too it was always the individual and unalignable traits that prevailed.

BÉLA ABODY

FROM THE BOOKSHELF

Two Books on Thomas Hardy

D. BROWN: *Thomas Hardy*, London, 1961, Longmans, 194 pp.

EMMA HARDY: *Some Recollections*, with Some Relevant Poems by Thomas Hardy. Edited by Evelyn Hardy and Robert Gittings. London, 1961, Oxford University Press, 91 pp.

Douglas Brown's small book, which can rather be called a collection of connected studies than a monography conceived as a unit, is the second edition—thoroughly revised and enlarged—of the volume first published in 1954. I term the work a collection of connected studies, because its five chapters, although not independent of one another, are rather loosely related. This particularly refers to the first part, the biographical sketch. Doubtlessly, after the works of F. E. Hardy, E. Blunden and E. Hardy, the biography of Hardy can be considered as clarified, and there remains little to be added. Still, the reader is left somewhat dissatisfied by the fact that, however clear the summarizing biography is, it is in no way connected with the analysis of the works dealt with in the subsequent chapters. It is, as it were, a separate body, not linked with them at all. However, even a superficial knowledge of Hardy's oeuvre makes it evident that Hardy, both as a novelist and as a poet, amply drew upon his own life and experiences (it would

be strange if he had not), and even if Mr. Brown had not expounded them but only mentioned them he would have greatly contributed to making the picture more complete and plastic.

Otherwise Mr. Brown has added very useful and interesting commentaries to the novels and poems alike. His basic idea is the following: Hardy's novels are rooted in the great agrarian crisis of 19th century England; they simultaneously express this crisis, Hardy's subjective and deep regret over the disappearance of old-style rural life and his resignation to inevitable changes brought about by industrial development. The bulk of the book represents an analysis of the novels from this point of view. It is gratifying that an English scholar should deal with literature in general and Hardy's works in particular as socially determined, yet it is regrettable that his representation is not dialectically intertwined. Only historical relations, social developments and individual episodes jointly could give a complete picture of Thomas Hardy's true genius.

This observation is also true of the chapter dealing with the poems, but the deficiency is much less conspicuous there. It is mainly in his analysis of the poems that Mr. Brown excels, particularly in that of *During Wind and Rain*; regrettably though, besides the artistic analyses, the human context is not given a more important role.

The truth of this point becomes the more striking if, right after Mr. Brown's study, we read *Some Recollections*. The story of the love, matrimony and slow decay of the marriage of Thomas Hardy and Emma Lavinia Gifford is well-known, as is Emma's periodical mental depressions. *Some Recollections* was written in this latter period of their marriage, perhaps as an instinctive therapy. Obviously Hardy himself must have considered it as such and that is why, after his wife's death, he fondly preserved the manuscript—often improving its style—to the end of his life. And probably—side by side with the charmingly naive evocation of the first period of their love—this must have been the reason why this writing has so deep an effect on the nostalgic poetry of Hardy's old age.

Of course, Emma Hardy's recollections are interesting, first of all, because they afford an insight into the life of Thomas Hardy's wife, her childhood, her girlhood and the emotions of her married life; yet they are by no means worthless in themselves. They depict in animated and colourful pictures the England of the beginning of the 19th century and the life of the middle class; they bring close to the reader that period together with the thoughts and feelings of a young girl at the time, a girl given to daydreaming, yet realistic withal. These recollections clearly disclose the social reasons of their eventual estrangement: her strong "middle class" consciousness and contempt for her husband's humbler origin.

The philological work of the editors is exemplary. Not only have they published the exact text but have also taken care to show Hardy's corrections without concealing Emma's original wording; they have even indicated the lay-out of the original manuscript.

R. M. ALBÉRÈS: *Jean-Paul Sartre*. "Classiques du XX^e siècle." Paris, 1960, Éditions Universitaires, 151 pp.

The author is one of the most industrious and most successful historians of 20th century French literature; this is the fifth, revised and enlarged edition of his short book on M. Sartre. M. Albérès' intention is not so much debate and criticism as introduction and information, and those tasks he has managed very well indeed. He provides thorough information on M. Sartre's whole œuvre—information which, although on a high intellectual level, can be read without difficulty. His approach is entirely correct: all along he emphasizes the primary importance of philosophical ideas in the genesis of M. Sartre's belletristic works. He also indicates the main criteria of M. Sartre's existentialism. Most important for the literary historian is his statement that M. Sartre is the last member of the group of French writers belonging to the period between the two world wars and the first to look back at this period from a post-war angle; this explains his great success after the war and has partly caused the decrease in his literary output since the 'fifties. M. Albérès makes another interesting and correct point: although he assigns M. Sartre's place in the group of Malraux, Bernanos and Camus, he emphasizes that M. Sartre is a modern successor of the French moralists, a fact that marks both his outlook and his style.

On the other hand the importance of the study is lessened by the fact that M. Albérès is fettered by his own proposition: considering the works only as illustrations of the theories of M. Sartre's philosophy he does not confront them with their age and the events of their age, although these played at least as great a part in their creation as did the ideas they express. Thus M. Sartre's whole œuvre is dissociated from the political and historical reality in which it came into being. Particularly with a writer like Sartre this is not only methodologically wrong, but also misleading. In the whole of contemporary French literature—Communist writers excepted—there is hardly an author so much determined both in the

choice of his subjects and in his personal attitude by the concrete social and historical atmosphere as M. Sartre is. That is why M. Sartre, particularly as a dramatist, is not given his due in M. Albérès's presentation. For mere reasons of form he connects the bulk of M. Sartre's dramas to vaudeville traditions, which, even from a formal point of view, is a statement wide of the mark, while functionally they have nothing to do with each other. If M. Albérès were right, M. Sartre's dramas would be insignificant, whereas most probably, it will be the dramatist, rather than the philosopher that will outlive his age.

It would be unjust to call M. Albérès to account for not having critically taken a stand against M. Sartre's existentialism. Essentially M. Albérès has fulfilled his task in analysing the main line of M. Sartre's ideas. On the other hand, it is justified to reproach M. Albérès for not confronting M. Sartre's existentialism with German existentialism. In doing so it would have become plain that not only M. Sartre's practical attitude but also his whole theoretical conception are much more progressive than those of his German masters. Considering this, it is no wonder that on the basis of M. Sartre's latest work (*Critique de la Raison dialectique*) M. Albérès terms M. Sartre the founder of "Neo-Marxism"—without seriously explaining the criteria of Marxism, let alone of "Neo-Marxism."

MICHEL BUTOR: *Répertoire*. Paris, 1960, Éditions de Minuit, 274 pp.

It is a strange kind of disappointment one feels when reading this book. Michel Butor is an appealing representative of the "nouveau roman," and his most successful novel, *Modification*, convinces the reader that this new technique enables the artist to capture something specific and subtle that could not be approached so far. Besides, M. Butor is a man of profound literary and philosophical

culture. The reader—especially after having learned that this book was awarded the grand prix of literary critics—looks forward to going through it with great expectations.

The author does indeed give all he promised. Whatever subject he deals with—and the twenty-two essays are exceedingly varied in their themes, ranging from the alchemists to Joyce, from Madame de Lafayette to Faulkner, from John Donne to Michel Leiris, from Racine to Ezra Pound, from Baudelaire to Jules Verne—he does so in a most brilliant, comprehensive and intelligent way. Thus the peculiar situation ensues that although every single essay is interesting in itself—the volume as a whole is not. It might be due to the rather arbitrary arrangement of the essays that the reader does not feel a link between them and fails to grasp the motives that brought them into existence. He cannot find the specific aesthetic message striving for expression in these studies. The volume creates the impression that the author has done his lesson—done it decently but without enthusiasm, as though the title were not mere coquetry but an exposure of the reality that caused the book to be written. One has the impression that M. Butor must have delivered these lectures as a conférencier at French and American universities; this probably was his repertoire. The impression is strengthened by the fact that most of his essays are on the level of brilliant marginal notes. He does not elaborate even his most profound observations, but jots them down—in attractive form it is true. For instance, his observation on Racine's belief in God is very interesting.

In his *Racine et les dieux* he declares Racine's belief in God to be full of contradictions and his dramas crowded with blasphemies. He supports his declaration with conspicuous quotations but does not even try to go into the matter. He throws light upon unknown features of *La Princesse de Clèves*, disclosing its world of imagery and imagination in the light of psycho-analysis, but, in the end, he does not draw conclu-

sions as regards its effect on the work as a whole. On account of this method the essays on Balzac, Dostoevsky and Baudelaire are the least satisfactory of all, while his opinion about science-fiction and his analysis of Verne are fascinating all along and give the impression of completeness. When dealing with particular works, as in his essays on Joyce, on Ezra Pound or Faulkner's *The Bear*, his interpretations are always valuable. In the case of Joyce and Pound he contents himself with providing a key to some works (to *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake* and to the *Cantos*, respectively), explaining their structure and allusions through the cultural strata they are built on, etc. Of outstanding value is his interpretation of *Finnegan's Wake* (*Esquisse d'un seuil pour Finnegan*); in fact I have never read such a lucid, yet varied, such a crystalline, yet never simplifying explanation, of this disarmingly complex and over-contorted work. For similar reasons his essay on Faulkner (*Les relations de parenté dans L'Ours de William Faulkner*) can be called excellent; here he disentangles with ease the exceedingly intricate relations of kinship in the story. On top of it he justly enriches these and other relations with a folkloristic-mythological and psycho-analytical investigation. Indeed, the reader here has the impression that M. Butor has not only splendidly solved the task he has undertaken but has succeeded in penetrating the depths of the writer's intentions.

FEREYDOUN HOVEYDA: *Les Quarantaines*. Paris, 1962, Gallimard, 353 pp.

So far literature has represented coloured people in their relation to white people mainly in two ways: through the white man's eye, with either patronizing goodwill or sly hatred, or from the angle of the coloured man who, both through consciousness and passion, is driven to revolt against the economic and intellectual, the physical and spiritual yoke of the white man. It is the merit of

Fereydoun Hoveyda's first novel that he closely examines a third aspect of this relationship: the not infrequent case of a man reared on the culture of the occupying power, with which he has identified himself and in whose society he wants to find a footing. He is endowed with all the gifts needed to achieve his aim: means and education, social connections and a pleasant appearance alike. But in vain—his efforts are doomed from the very beginning. His *skin* separates him from the society of white people both in a literal and in a figurative sense, for he is separated from them not only by the colour of his skin but also by a different culture and relation of his own people to the past.

This is the story of Samy Salem, the son of a rich Egyptian cotton planter, who reconstructs the events of a single night in the form of a diary—his thoughts and feelings while attending a party, sensing that something decisive has happened to him that night. For him "quarantaine" becomes the epitome of the night, for the word means quarantine, the 'forties and an ornamental plant at the same time. The "quarantaine" stands in the drawing-room of the Loutels, a family of rich industrialists; it is in this room that the party is held to celebrate the fortieth birthday of Pierre Loutel; and the feeling that makes Samy take up his pen is that of being kept in quarantine.

Mr. Hoveyda himself, now thirty years of age, is an Iranian who attended school in Damascus and is at present working with UNESCO. His hero, Samy Salem, is thirty-five, Egyptian by birth, but went to a French school in Beyrouth and has lived in Paris for fifteen years—at times as a diplomat and at others as the representative of the family plantations. The identity is obvious: this work is rather a confession than a novel. Samy Salem is the author's alter ego, slightly adapted to the needs of fiction.

Les Quarantaines is the sort of novel in which the story is intentionally kept insignificant: the party, like so many of its kind, is dull and meaningless; the real interest

centres on the emotions of the hero only, although one of the participants commits suicide towards the end. Why argue that his "stream of consciousness" technique—as he himself points out in the course of the novel—is little more than convention. On the other hand it is remarkable that Mr. Hoveyda, an Iranian, should master not only the French language but all the novelties the French and English novel has recently offered. *Les Quarantaines* is his first novel, as is evident from the fact that, like almost all writers at the beginning of their career, he strives to express all he has to say in a single work; otherwise this novel testifies to an unusually mature craftsman. Although the reader may notice at certain turns that the author at times follows in the footsteps of Alain Robbe-Grillet, Claude Mauriac or most frequently of Larence Durrel, he will never seriously accuse him of imitating—and that because his message differs from those of his predecessors.

Samy Salem is a member of the Parisian "haute volée." A welcome guest in the houses of rich people, he thinks in French and has a lively, though irregular connection with the avant-garde (writers, philosophers and people of the film world). If any foreigner may feel integrated in Paris, it is he. But suddenly he notices that he is in quarantine, that the indignation he feels during dinner at the stupidity of his table companions is in reality the hatred against the colonizers, against the white people. Following his thoughts he remembers, recollecting his childhood, the figure of Khadem, the porter, the once unconscious pariah who became a member of the nationalist movement and later on a leader of the trade union and revolutionary cause.

If Samy revives in his memory the lively pictures of Cairo and Beyrouth and even more those turbulent societies in formation, he also leads us into the world of Paris intellectuals of the late 1950's the change these intellectuals—the touzled and revolting youths—had undergone by the mid-fifties. For this novel is not placed out of

time and place: the world he pictures is very concrete, and it is not accidental that the writer places his dinner-party on the night from the 23rd to the 24th of January, 1960—the night of one of the *putsches* in Algeria. The thoughts of the moment are Brigitte Bardot, General Massu, the Jaccoud case and a number of events of greater or lesser importance, but first of all the Algerian war—and they play an equally decisive part in Samy Salem's mind.

Samy Salem realizes that in the past it was he who condemned himself to quarantine: in Beyrouth by being an Egyptian among Lebanese, an Arab among the Europeans, a Moslem among Christians; and here, in Paris, through the burden of the past: the craving for an assimilation he is unable to attain. All this seems to grow into a neurosis. And finally he realizes that he must choose the fate of being an Arab, he must choose his own people and his own country to enable him to find his place in the world. And only then can he truly love Brigitte Laugier, the beautiful actress, for whom, as he realizes on the same night, his love had been dormant for years. The author conveys all this in the language of emotions and thoughts, internal and external impressions alike. Events and feelings are interwoven and reciprocally explanatory—images and sentiments of the past and present as well as desires of the moment and hopes for the future.

For Samy Salem the night has two decisive results: on the one hand he becomes conscious of his love, and with Brigitte he begins to feel his way toward a common future; on the other he realizes his own situation and sets himself the task of creating a bridge between the gap that divides the French world from the Arab one—to the mutual advantage of both peoples.

The message Mr. Hoveyda has to convey is of signal importance. Through this one example he demonstrates the only alternative for the Arab upper class in the whole of North Africa. Even if the solution Samy Salem has chosen is his personal solution, the

problem itself is the problem of a social stratum spreading across frontiers—this the writer feels himself, and he makes it felt in numerous minor characters. Rarely has this problem and this stratum been illuminated so sincerely prior to Mr. Hoveyda, and this alone makes his novel emerge from the torrential flood of French literature.

*Two Histories of Philosophy
from Opposite Sides of the Ocean*

BERTRAND RUSSEL: *Wisdom of the West*, London, 1959, Macdonald, 320 pp.

DAGOBERT D. RUNES: *Pictorial History of Philosophy*, New York, 1959, Philosophical Library, 406 pp.

Bertrand Russel's new and significant work is the mature fruit of a long and arduous life and confronts the reader with the appealing personality of one of the most significant contemporary philosophers of the West. "Wisdom of the West" is the history of European philosophy, or, as the subtitle puts it, "A historical survey of Western Philosophy in its social and political setting."

Among the greatest merits of the work are its extraordinary clarity, its organic structure and a fluency that makes reading it as captivating as a succession of interlinked novels. Carefully and concisely he points out how ideas and systems are connected with each other, how they develop from each other and how they contradict each other. His gift for lucidly and simply introducing theories and systems of great diversity and often of discouragingly obscure and ambiguous character is extraordinary. His history of philosophy is of equal value to both expert and amateur.

It is significant that one third of the book deals with the history of Greek and Hellenistic philosophy. In the preface Russel declares his conviction that "In some serious

sense, all Western philosophy is Greek philosophy; and it is idle to indulge in philosophic thought while cutting the ties that link us with the great thinkers of the past." It is indeed amazing to survey again in continuity how many ideas Greek philosophy knew or guessed in advance that systematic European thinkers discovered only several hundreds, if not thousands of years later, leading ultimately in many opposite directions.

The above-mentioned subtitle indicates the book's greatest merits and at the same time its fundamental weakness. With a consistency and thoughtfulness rather rare among non-Marxist philosophers, Bertrand Russel goes to great pains in presenting, along with the systems of philosophy, the historical socio-political transformations too. Although the presentation of these connections is mechanical rather than organic, it is nevertheless the author's incontestable merit that he emphasizes their importance. Regrettably, though, he does not demonstrate it in its organic and dialectic relations. Thus, while he makes it evident that the prospering of philosophy in general goes hand in hand with the flowering of the natural sciences, which, in turn, is closely linked with the development and changes in the relations of production, this parallel and interdependence are rather implicit in the text than clearly stated or consistently elaborated.

Mr. Russel's personal interest in, or rather prepossession for, mathematics make it understandable that in his rendering the history of philosophy is closely intertwined with the history of mathematics. This in itself is a great asset; the presentation of the mutually fertilizing development of the two disciplines is most interesting. It is regrettable that he did not elaborate in similar detail the same parallel with regard to the other natural sciences, although it is perhaps too much to expect all this of one and the same person. For instance, it is a pity that the connection between the develop-

ment of physics, biology and philosophy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is dealt with far less thoroughly.

Despite its intended objectivity and completeness the book is the work of a strong personality, as evidenced both by its positive and negative prejudices. But here too lies the attractive force of the book: in presenting the history of philosophy, Mr. Russel now and then, in a sentence or two, confronts the reader directly, linking some topical problem with those of the past. These "asides" are often humorous, but also reveal the author's pessimism regarding progress.

The chapter on Marx is a proof both of his striving for objectivity and of his prejudices; he devotes as much space to Marx and his doctrine as they deserve in the history of modern philosophy, yet his controversy with Marxism, while witty, is not serious enough. It can only be due to some personal motive that Herbert Spencer's name does not occur in the book, although he had a tremendous influence throughout Europe, particularly in the 1910s; strangely enough Einstein too is only rarely mentioned.

The volume's presentation is exemplary. It is an illustrated history of philosophy, but the text and the illustrations mutually support and complete each other. Mr. Russel did not only insert portraits of notable philosophers or photographs of some manuscripts; he also seeks to give a picture of the material surroundings in which these philosophers lived; moreover he tries to explain the fundamental characteristics of several systems of thought through graphics, a method that has not been used before. The idea is surprising yet fortunate. Through these graphic illustrations systems that are often vague in their meaning can be grasped more easily and rendered memorable. On the whole this book is a masterpiece of printing, worthy of the highest traditions of English publishing. It is delightful to take up this book and even the parts calling for controversy deserve attention and respect.

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Almost the opposite of all this can be said about Dagobert D. Runes's work. About twice the size of Mr. Russel's book, the number of illustrations is also at least double; the stunned reader becomes more and more indignant and keeps on wondering where philosophy will come in. According to the jacket the author assiduously writes on philosophy and has been the editor of several philosophical periodicals. He has made Jewish philosophers his particular field of study. We are not able to judge the level of his previous work on the basis of the present one, which is scientifically not only worthless but definitely harmful.

Whereas Mr. Russel uses illustrations to make the reader familiar with different systems of philosophy, to suggest, by the reproduction of a portrait or a landscape, of a document or a titlepage, the atmosphere in which a particular work or a whole system was born, Mr. Runes gives the illusion of introducing you to scientific knowledge, without being scientific in substance. His articles on various philosophers are, almost without exception, plain gossip, which, over the dinner-table, may create the semblance of being well-informed, though they are not at all characteristic of the philosopher as a thinker. In most cases he does not even attempt to explain the philosophical system in question, or, if he does, he disposes of it with the most superficial generalities. The whole work lacks organization and scientific investigation, its superficiality is pervaded by two passions: Jewish prejudice and anti-communism.

The first can be measured by the fact that Mr. Runes starts his history of philosophy by expounding "Judaism;" he attaches an extraordinary significance to medieval Jewish thinkers, Cabbalists and Talmudists alike, and sees in Spinoza nothing but a representative of Jewish philosophy. He also deems it more important to describe at great length Einstein's relations to religion than to explain the essence of the theory of relativity. As to his anti-communism, examples could

be cited from any page of the volume, but it reaches the pitch in his chapter on Marx. He goes so far as to include in this article a portrait of Hitler with the caption that Marx's antisemitic writings influenced Hitler in elaborating his own theories.

The systematization of the material is also typical of the "scientific" level: after the Reformation the writer deals with Islam, to proceed with the French classics. In the chapter on America he raises to the rank of a philosopher nearly everybody who took up the pen in the New World in the 18th and 19th centuries. Thus a separate chapter is devoted to the "Founding Fathers," whose role, both humanely and politically, was very notable and even venerable, but whom few people would regard as philosophers. The grotesque disproportions in the volume are innumerable, but it remains true to its guiding principle: the more reactionary the greater the significance attached to a particular figures. Thus, for instance, he gives far more space to the violently reactionary Maine de Biran, even amongst the French a third-rate philosopher, than to Kirkegaard, who, although not very progressive, is no ultra-reactionary either. The author tries also to exonerate Nietzsche from the charge of anti-semitism; among his own main prejudices the political one is obviously the stronger: he disposes of Freud in six lines, whereas Adler and Jung are allotted a whole page each; twice as much space is devoted to Leo Tolstoy as a philosopher than to Tshernishevsky or Bakunin, and four times as much as to Herzen. He gives room to Kant no more than to Christian Wolff (!), and con-

siderably less than to Leibniz. Considering all this it is hardly worth mentioning that, although a separate section covers the Italians, the name of Vico does not even occur.

But why accumulate proof upon proof? Let the author speak for himself. Behold the full wording of the chapter in which Mr. Runes analyses the philosophical significance of the French Revolution: "The French Revolution (not unlike the Russian putsch of Lenin in 1917) began under Danton, Marat and Robespierre as an uprising of a suppressed people against the traditional tyrant on the throne, but soon deteriorated into the military dictatorship of Napoleon Bonaparte, thus in the end replacing a traditional autocracy with a usurpatory one. He made not only himself but three of his four brothers kings and the fourth a prince. He made his three sisters a queen, a grand duchess and a princess. Similar nepotism was practiced in our time by the Marxist Stalin and the renegade Socialist, Mussolini." (P. 201).

After this further commentary would seem superfluous. One more point: the illustrations are equal to the text. Where no portraits or other documents of the period are available, the author digs out some historical paintings of the Munich school of the late 19th century. The enlightenment through these illustrations is, from an artistic point of view, just as faithful as the text to the ideas: according to these illustrations all outstanding figures of philosophy are extatic clowns dressed in rich drapery. Let us hope that the book and its author do not represent the average of contemporary American philosophy.

PÉTER NAGY

"UNDER IRON-GREY SKIES"

Notes on a sociological anthology

The above volume* reprints studies, articles, and reports from Budapest dailies and periodicals during the 'thirties. This collection of documents of so varying a literary genre carries the subtitle "Urban Sociology." In examining the material without considering the characteristics, achievements and undeniable weaknesses of fact-finding literature that developed almost as a national speciality in a particular historical situation, the reader might be tempted to drop the book with a feeling of disappointment or lack of comprehension. His discontent might increase if the subtitle led him to expect some Hungarian equivalent of sociology as it has developed in America and Western Europe, working with a formidable apparatus along lines and methods elucidated in a series of theoretical textbooks.

The papers assembled in this volume were never meant to meet such requirements. Their authors, with few exceptions, did not lay claim to explicitly scientific appreciation. They did not consider either a methodical approach to the subject or a relative completeness to be their task. They merely intended to put on record some of the most important facts and characteristic observations about a district of the capital and the living conditions of some strata of the population. Their aim in these portrayals and in the arrangement of their material was to direct the attention of public opinion to the social problems involved. This was a very practical objective, and the means employed by the authors in realizing it differ greatly in quality. Their venture was justified by the fact that there was hardly anything that could have been termed sociology in Hungary between the two world wars, or at

least none in the sense in which this term was interpreted in Western countries.

The economic crisis between 1929 and 1932 intensified existing social contradictions, and as a consequence a documentary literature of a very specific form and tone appeared in Hungary, aimed at revealing the unsolved social problems. In 1933 the periodical *Nyugat* ("The West") published the diary notes of Gyula Illyés reporting on the depopulation of a village near Pécs in Banya County, due to the "single-child" (*egyke*) system, and on its disastrous consequences. In the same year the book "Kiskunhalom" by Lajos Nagy appeared, describing the daily life of the inhabitants of a village south of Budapest with a cold objectivity, based exclusively on facts, without developing a unified plot or creating fictitious figures. The author, while deviating from literary traditions, did not reject all tools of epical construction. Condensing the relevant observations of many weeks into the history of a single day, August 17, 1932, he succeeds in giving a many-sided picture of the past and present of the village. The book thus combines the traits of an epical work of art with a mere description of facts. The same duality is characteristic of other works of fact-finding literature.

In such conditions the ruling class recognized that it too could no longer renounce the armament of sociology. A conservative-minded sociology of nationalistic character arose. Ministers and members of parliament, folders of travel agencies and election speeches alike tried to convince domestic and foreign public opinion of the stability of the country, the promising prospects of the Horthy regime. They argued that industry and agriculture were progressing, investments creating new opportunities for work, the living standard rising. The "cultural superior-

* *Vasszínű égbolt alatt* (Under Iron-grey Skies), Gondolat Publishers, Budapest, 1962.)

ity" of the Hungarian people over its neighbours was also claimed to be on the increase, investing the country with the general representation of European civilization in the Danubian basin. The writers who examined the real position in the country in the footsteps of Gyula Illyés and Lajos Nagy—among them Ferenc Erdei, Géza Féja, József Darvas, Imre Kovács, Zoltán Szabó—one after the other refuted these statements by the alarming truth, confronting the reader with facts instead of illusions. The government press was quick to brand as high treason the plan of these authors to discover Hungary anew and proclaim *urbi et orbi* the destitution and defencelessness of the Hungarian people.

The Prime Minister Kálmán Darányi also expressed his view on the subject, declaring at the May 15, 1937 sitting of Parliament that he did not object to authors elucidating certain questions from the scientific point of view, but took exception if they "assert political viewpoints in their activities." The Prime Minister criticized as unscientific the writings that sought to discover the country, and called on official science to prove its superiority. The sociologists of the University chairs and institutes attacked from two directions: they found fault with the scientific methodology of the writings and, in the spirit of Darányi's speech, blamed them for lack of objectivity. While pretending to be only interested in safeguarding the standards, status and seriousness of science, their argumentation—even when they represented a correct standpoint in matters of detail—revealed that they were not defending principles of method and style but first of all class privileges.

The spirited authors, who launched their offensive for the improvement of the conditions of peasants and workers, did not intend at that time to write scientific works based on methodical research, but rather to enlist the most lively literary genre—revelatory reports and editorials—in the course of alerting the reader's conscience and bringing

home to him a full sense of the disquieting situation. The papers assembled in the present volume, reporting on contemporary urban life, were born of the spirit of this extraliterary program. They cover a wide range, from literary reports to fact-finding studies with a statistical approach. Let us begin the survey from the literary end by presenting those authors represented in the collection who play a prominent part also in the history of 20th century Hungarian literature.

Zsigmond Móricz, the greatest master of modern Hungarian prose, made his debut as a reporter very soon after having been discovered as a novelist. Far from being content with the success of his novels and plays, he felt the desire to express his opinion in a more direct form than through belletristic works of art and to take a stand day in day out on matters of public interest. This prompted him to wander all over the country and to become an assiduous newspaper contributor. His first report appeared in 1910, the last one in 1942, just a few days before his death. For thirty-two years, so many of his writings were published by the dailies that a selection of the best of them filled four bulky volumes, in which three decades of Hungarian history unfold as reflected in the art of a great writer who knew the secret of how to disclose reality. The interests of Móricz covered an unusually wide range. He was, indeed, interested in everything—first of all in politics, of course. Already his first report—on a great fire in a remote village that claimed three hundred victims—stressed the responsibility of public administration and authority that had become estranged from the people. And how many articles followed! During World War I—anti-war reports; at the time of the revolutions of 1918/1919—reports welcoming the great change and stimulating further revolutionary acts. He also revived the genre that had been so popular at the turn of the century, that of humorous sketches on parliamentary life. His revealing sketches do not mince words in declaring that the gentlemen as-

sembled in the stone-laced, gold-decorated palace on the banks of the Danube are little concerned with the cares of the many millions of have-nots all over the country. "How could those," wrote Móricz, "who drag on a wretched life in the depths of society make themselves understood to those who are above, in the regions of material security? They simply cannot meet." His slogan, "walking is good," is a program both for man and author. He who travels the highways on foot comes to know what ails the people and gets acquainted with the real conditions in the country, the specific problems of the various social strata and regions, the hues and shades of their lives. Móricz walked and travelled tirelessly. There is hardly a village in Hungary he did not visit. But he also sought out detached farmsteads, came successively to every town, went to markets and court hearings, to schools and cultural centres, and spoke to mayors and beggars, landlords and poverty-stricken seasonal workers. He was keen to see and know everything. His thirst for facts became legendary. He filled dozens of note-books, considering each tour and each conversation as a task, as a mission for compiling material. The immense richness of his novels, so full of the facts of life, is largely due to this method. Parallel with his great works he thus created through his tremendous capacity for work a reportorial encyclopædia of Hungarian life. And it is only natural that the capital of the country could not be omitted.

Móricz, however, was more interested in provincial life. The scene of his novels and short stories was mostly laid in small towns and villages, but as a reporter he often dealt with problems of Budapest as well. In the great city he was intrigued by the same phenomena as in the small Transdanubian villages or in the world of detached farmsteads of the Great Plains: the ever increasing gravity of the life of the poor people, their neglected living conditions and culture. The two writings included in our volume are il-

lustrative of the attitude and methods of Móricz the reporter. He offers snapshots from two suburbs of Budapest, Ferencváros and Angyalföld, in 1933 and 1934. The picture is that of hopeless despair. At that time a great number of reports of similar kind appeared in the papers, but that of Móricz is raised from the anonymous multitude of the customary newspaper articles by the weight of his personality and the originality of his tone. One of the secrets of his influence is the almost inexhaustible richness of his experience. His reports rest on the pillars of factual data. From these he develops his reflexions, conclusions and suggestions. For Móricz was never contented merely to record phenomena and their relationships. He wished to form and improve a society to the study of which he devoted his life.

A very different tone is characteristic of the writings of Lajos Nagy. He too was a worshipper of facts, a fanatic of reality and intellect, but his articles, though tending to a meticulous objectivity, are illuminated by satire and ruthless sarcasm. Lajos Nagy despised the society in which he had to live up to 1945, and he gave vent to his disgust in hundreds of short stories, sketches and reports that were imbued with the bitterness of a Swift but none the less stubbornly rooted in the soil of reality. His methods are also rather different from those of Móricz. He is less agile, his glance does not jump to and fro, he hardly lets his characters speak (while one of the strengths of Móricz's reports are the very authentic and vivid conversations of the characters), he has no passion for dramatic collisions and effects. He sticks more to the visual, and wherever he gets detached, he embarks on a series of associations that unfold in sentences of sober intonation. Lajos Nagy's reports too are colourful and varied. He does not narrow down his view, he has no *a priori* viewpoints. The three reports included in the volume give a broad insight into the three provincial towns of Szolnok, Hódmezővásárhely and

Győr. The observations of the author touch on many facets of society, morals and cultural life. He often dwells on details that seem to be irrelevant, enriching his material with local colour, portrait-flashes and anecdotes. The various details appear to form a mosaic of revealing caricatures by themselves, in fact they assert the author's creative view of the world, the logic of reality. Lajos Nagy is a sceptic, often disbelieving even himself. This is why he examines the same person or phenomenon several times. He checks his own sight in order to avoid partiality. This method is not only appealing but also strengthens the authenticity of the reports.

Detesting set phrases and clichés, Lajos Nagy reflects his convictions in an individual style polished in his own workshop. For instance, he characterizes the town of Szolnok as follows: "Above all the air, the blue sky, the light, the silence are invaluable; the fact that the throbbing of machines, the tinkling of tramcars is absent; and that time is slower, more human, while the earth and the animal world are closer. No misery exists in the sense known in Budapest. Today (April 1932) everybody still gets his crumb. Casual work turns up: to repair a fence, to cut wood, to carry a parcel, to dig up a garden, to tidy up a flat, to nail a boat, to fill up a ditch, to wash some dirty clothes, to carry water from the public well. Nobody starves to death yet, nobody is homeless as happens in the capital, because if somebody has no shelter he gets a bunk in some stable. Health too seems better. But the trend can be clearly recognized: a sliding downwards, slowly but surely."

Lajos Nagy consciously and carefully collected statistical data, examined and described how material conditions were shaping up, but he deemed all this insufficient. More interested in humanity, he would, for instance, render account of the disenchanting experiences gained in so-called higher circles. He never wrote editorials and disliked to proclaim opinions. He preferred to seize

upon the weak points of those who by no other merit than birth deemed themselves qualified to lead the nation, and did so in descriptions that seemed rather dry, yet created a genuine atmosphere.

The other writings reprinted in the anthology do not use literary tools and are explicitly sociographic. Outstanding among them are the articles of Ferenc Jahn, a doctor who worked in one of the southern precincts of Budapest and was later killed by the Fascists during the war. He knew the living conditions of the proletariat in Budapest from immediate experience, but was not satisfied with this knowledge. To supplement his personal experience he initiated a voluntary movement to expose on a large scale the material and cultural conditions, labour and housing problems of the various strata of the working class in Budapest. He initiated his program in an article published by the periodical *Gondolat* ("Thought"). "The special significance of urban research work," he wrote in 1937, "lies not in revealing the glaring cases of abject poverty and destitution but in drawing a picture of the average level of hygienic, social and cultural conditions. This level should then be compared with the potentialities that through just popular social policies might raise production and consumption to a much higher level than at present." In this spirit Dr. Jahn, in spring 1937, arranged an exhibition, "The Sociography of Kispest," the guide to which can be read in the anthology. It is a paper of a few pages, written in simple language, meant for workers who are unfamiliar with the science of sociology, discussing the concept and tasks of sociography, and subsequently commenting on the tables. It reviews the demographic data, sanitary conditions, poor-relief, schemes alleviating penury, the restriction of the political rights of the working people and the cultural conditions in the Kispest suburb of Budapest. The material of the exhibition had been collected and arranged by Dr. Jahn. His work attracted the attention of the government press, which

launched violent attacks against him and demanded that the exhibition be closed. The press expressed its disapproval of the "red doctor's" exhibiting to the public the bitter truth that had better be concealed—for instance that 73 per cent of the adult inhabitants of Kispest had no municipal suffrage (because it was conditional on being a resident there for 6 years and paying taxes in Kispest), that there was no water-supply and canalization in many streets, that the number of those applying for relief was on the increase, that 40 per cent of schoolchildren were undernourished. Dr. Jahn did not suppress the achievements either: infant mortality (the number of children who died in the first year of life) decreased to 6 per cent by 1936 as against 18.4 per cent in 1920.

At the suggestion of Dr. Jahn many workers in Budapest set pen to paper and described their living and working conditions. These reports were published partly in the periodical *Gondolat*, partly in the central daily newspaper of the Social Democrats. The editor of the volume, János Meggyesi, has selected the most characteristic among these reports. Women working in factories, delivery boys, shop-assistants and salesmen have their say here. The common trait of these confessions is that they all speak to the point, without aspiring to literary honours. Going beyond their individual problems, they aim at giving a picture of the general situation in a particular social stratum composed of workers or employees. These papers are the most authentic documents of an epoch now removed by time and by the social transformation of the country into historical perspective. The working hours of the errand-boys were 12 to 14 hours daily; their wages 5 to 10 Pengős a week. Apprentices worked in many cases from 5 o'clock in the morning till 9 or 10 o'clock at night, and upon completing their apprenticeship in three years they were told that they could obtain further employment at a weekly pay of only 20 Pengős.

M. Gy., salesgirl in a department-store, wrote: "There is not the same system of course in all department stores. In some it is a shade better, in others worse than in ours. The percentage system is different in each store. Some prescribe what turnover the saleswoman must produce in a day, just like in factories where engineers direct the production according to the Taylor or Bedaux systems. . . Both our lungs and our nerves suffer, and after a few years we need not only arch-support and high-ankle boots but one or two weeks of rest to break away from the whirl of the department store, to save our health before it is too late and to avoid total collapse. These two weeks of summer holidays, needed, I believe, by everybody who throughout the year earns his scanty livelihood in perpetual drudgery with not a moment's rest, are nothing but a dream so far. . .

" . . . I am 18 years old. I earn 50 Pengős a month. Per cents add 10 to 15 Pengős. My mother and I live as lodgers in the same room with the tenant and his family. Three beds and six persons. My mother indulges in fancies about a good match; so do most of the girls in the store, who imagine marriage as an event that would put an end to this slavery for good. They all are waiting for the 'good match,' which in most cases fails to materialize and turns into a boy friend for a few months. How often I hear: 'One of my boy acquaintances buys my supper. As to breakfast I have gradually lost the habit. I can't afford to spend for lunch more than 30 fillérs. . . But I must have supper one way or another.' So clearly there are very weighty economic reasons which lead to prostitution. . ."

And what about the young labourers? A shoemaker's apprentice writes that he works 75 to 80 hours a week, but in the main season they often work night and day with a few hours' sleep between. István Kende studied the living conditions of 68 young workers. Here are a few details from his findings. Forty out of the 68 young labour-

ers live at least with three others in the same room. Only 16 lodgings include WC and 12 a bathroom. The young people are insufficiently nourished. Butter is almost completely missing from their diet. The same is true of eggs. When asked what they would like to eat above all, the answer is uniform: they complain in the first place of the lack of fruit and cakes. The deficiencies in nourishment, the overcrowded lodgings are the cause of frequent disease and of ruin-down nerves.

The other reports on the living conditions of the workers at that time, those by Gyula Kállai, György Marosán, József Darvas, György Bálint, Antal Forgács, Sándor Rideg, László Gereblyés and Piroska Szabó exhibit a similar picture. After the reports dealing with the problems of individual workers or with the worries and troubles of workers living in particular districts, we must refer to the comprehensive study by Ferenc Földes, representing a thorough analysis of the cultural conditions of the Hungarian working class as a whole. The young scientist, who ultimately became a victim of Fascist terror, gave a summary of his research work in a small book published in 1941. His study is restricted to an analysis of official statistics. Földes approached his material neither with the method of the journalist nor with that of the writer, but aimed at scientific thoroughness, and a profound study of the problems presented. His book is the best refutation of rash generalizations on the superficiality and dilettantism of progressive sociology. Földes had no weakness for subjective reflexions. In vain would we search in his book for propaganda or journalistic tricks. He groups and compares the statistical figures, and in most cases refrains from drawing conclusions. He merely states, for instance, that of 1,300,000 industrial workers in Horthy Hungary 51 succeeded in obtaining admission to the technical university in 1938. In 1930/31, out of 16,932 students of 40 Hungarian universities and colleges, no more than 437 came from worker's

families. This was 2.8 per cent of the total number of students. The ratio of the industrial workers in universities and colleges was one fifth of their proportion in the population as a whole.

The sociographers of the thirties dealt also with the conditions of the lower middle class and the intelligentsia. This is the theme of the papers by László Németh, Iván Boldizsár, Géza Féja, Zoltán Körmendi and Miklós Kovalovszky included in the anthology. The most illustrative of their method and attitude are perhaps Németh's *Medvetcai polgári* ("The higher elementary school in Medve Street") and of Boldizsár's *Az orvosok szociális helyzete* ("The social conditions of the physicians"). The book on the higher elementary school appeared in 1937. László Németh, the eminent author, who was formerly the school doctor, intended to continue his work, but was forbidden to do so. The study published by the periodical of the school-physicians shocked the editor of a daily paper, who reported the author to the police. The "indiscreet social and hygienic investigations" were stigmatized by an edict of the regional superintendent of schools. The work in question is best characterized by the author's own words: "This study," he wrote, "is no literary work, nor is it a finished scientific study. It abandoned from the very first the strictness of a literary work by its looser, more homely style; a scientific study on the other hand cannot report on research work so divergent and for the most part so incomplete. I considered it as a sketch providing me with new starting points and perhaps a stimulus to similar work on the part of others." Németh did not intend to make medical discoveries, nor did he want to write a sociology. His objective was to draw attention to the higher elementary school, which he characterizes as follows: "A building out of repair, slighted and overstrained teachers, neglected boys, parents burdened by school-fees: the picture is the same elsewhere, not only in Medve Street."

This, of course, is only a summary, corroborated by the rich material of a book extending to six printed sheets, by the observations of the author and by the measurements and examinations of the physician. The author draws portraits of the children and their parents, assesses their social position and derives conclusions from the biographical data that point beyond the closed world of the school and bear on the general trend of social evolution. This is then completed by the physician's evidence, detailing the physical and intellectual development of the pupils.

The publication of the anthology "Under Iron-grey Skies" is not merely a bow to the past. It coincides with the renewed interest that is prompting Hungarian authors and journalists to turn toward the genre and methods of sociography. It is, in fact, more than mere interest. The number of courageous articles appearing in our periodicals clearly indicates that sociography—even in the present changed conditions—is still an important means of assessing social phenomena and of arousing public attention to the problems awaiting solution.

TAMÁS DERSI

NOTES ON THE HUNGARIAN KEATS*

Every volume of translations is not only a glance outwards but to a certain extent a comparison too. It is not only the poet that comes to life on such occasions but his epoch as well: the corresponding period of the country into the language of which the foreign poet has been translated and the other great poets of the period come to life too. It then becomes apparent that there is an organic connection not only between general history and literary history but also between history and literary genre. Ancient Greece is generally called the home of the epic and the tragedy and ancient Rome that of the elegy and of lyric poetry. Along these lines, and jumping over space and time, we may call the England of the 18th and 19th centuries the home of the grand modern epic, the novel, and the Hungary of the same period the home of lyric poetry. If we had space and opportunity here we should be able to prove by a multitude of examples from further literatures and periods that great dramatic and epic works are milestones of developing, rising societies, while the gems of lyric poetry are milestones of so-

cieties frustrated in their economic organization and awaiting revolution. Such an analysis might reveal, even as regards cases that at first sight appear to be glaring exceptions, that they are no exceptions in this context at all.

Here we intend only to comment on the first, almost complete Keats volume in Hungarian—thinking aloud about when, why and how a poet may exercise an influence in a distant country.

The fact alone of the mere existence of an almost complete Hungarian Keats edition willy-nilly suggests a comparison between periods, peoples and poets.

In Keats' time Britain was already rushing towards its first capitalistic crisis; in Glasgow sixty thousand workers went on a political strike. In Hungary the Jacobin Martinovics and his associates had just been beheaded because they had conspired in support of national independence and civil rights in opposition to the monarchic interests of the Hapsburgs. But even twelve years after Keats' death, at the time of the "reform period" that paved the way for the revolution of 1848, the feudal Hungarian parliament forced Ferenc Kölcsey, MP, the author of the Hungarian National Anthem,

* *John Keats versei* (Poems of John Keats). Edited by László Kardos and László Kéry, Magyar Helikon Publishers, Budapest, 1962.

to resign, because he spoke up for the rights of the serfs.

By that time English prose had such giants as Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Smollett and Scott, and in 1820 Dickens was already eight years old. In Hungary this was soon after Csokonai, a poet of trenchant and wise words, who would be a figure of European rank had he not written in Hungarian, had died at the age of thirty-two in the miserable hut of a country schoolmaster after having caught pneumonia at the funeral of a lord, where he had to recite the epitaph ordered by a patron of high standing; and another, Ferenc Kazinczy—a sort of Hungarian Dr. Johnson—had just been released from the Kufstein gaol, where he had been imprisoned as an adherent of Martinovics.

In English society the contradictions of the new era were clashing with elementary force, but—or rather as a result—human destinies could already be surveyed and described in the entire breadth of society. The author could make his hero rise from the lowest rank to the highest—his reader did not assign him to the world of fairy tales, for he was describing the realities of free competition. The road was open to the great realistic novel.

In Hungary the barriers of taste were still severe—meagre novels of short breath were born, the hero could move but in a small circle. Problems that concerned the fate of the entire people could and did make their appearance only in an abstract and emotional way, condensed into satire or lyric poetry.

In such circumstances, what could and what did John Keats tell the Hungarian poet and reader?

Little enough, at that time, although public opinion then and literary history since have kept him on record, together with Shelley and Byron, as a rebel and revolutionary.

From the poetry of that romantic apostle of the freedom movement of oppressed peoples, Byron, only the satirical vein appears to be of lasting value today, the heroic fighter

for liberty is becoming paler and paler and is fading away as time goes on.

On the other hand in the poetry of Shelley, who was mainly known for his scandals in his life-time, the passages on liberty gain in brightness.

And finally, of the three, it is the poetry of Keats that appears to be the most lasting today—of a Keats whose career was cut short by death at so early an age, who in his life-time was the object of ironic attacks and who was accepted as a poet by literary critics a generation after his death only.

And yet it was Shelley that the great lyricist of the Hungarian Forty-eight, Petőfi, learnt by heart (and translated, even though only to the extent of a single, insignificant poem). Petőfi's friend Arany, the other great Hungarian poet of the period, translated selections from Byron's *Don Juan* into Hungarian in 1859, a decade after the lost revolution. But for Keats a full century was needed: only in 1920 did he come to life in Hungarian, in a translation made by a delicate and sad Hungarian poet and brilliant translator, Árpád Tóth.

From the uneasy conditions at home Byron and especially Shelley turned to the independence movement of foreign peoples, towards revolutions that, under the slogan of liberty and equality, fought for the realization of a system from which the two English poets, citizens of the then socially most progressive country of the world, had already fled. This is why their poetry spoke of liberty mainly in symbols only and not in a special national form. In the middle of the last century England had already passed the stage towards which the peoples of the Balkans and of Eastern Europe were still fighting; the next historical change in England was represented by an entirely new class. To this latter, Byron, even if he noticed it, hardly reacted. To Shelley recognition came from time to time in the shape of nostalgic sympathy, and this is why, for instance, his "Song of Englishmen" still is fresh and alive. But mostly the pathos of their

major poems, written with great force and enthusiasm but without poetic concreteness, has—perhaps for the very reason cited—faded in the course of time.

On the other hand, Keats dropped his pen as soon as he had sung his magnificent poems about his immediate environment, his love, about life and death, and had only just begun, though twice, his great revolutionary *Hyperion*, which was the work of a mature artist. He had no opportunity to have a direct influence, through topical poems, on the poets of European freedom.

But what he wrote was full of life and reality and because of this concreteness can be brought to life at any time. In Hungary too, by the beginning of the twentieth century, the *Nyugat* (West) generation had grown up, which, with Endre Ady, the great symbolic lyricist and outspoken publicist at its head, strove for Hungary to make up the hundred years by which it had been left behind. Tóth belonged to that generation.

However, in 1920 the poets and revolutionaries heralding the fight against backwardness were once again bloodily silenced in Hungary. It was an ugly and bleak period in which the consumptive Árpád Tóth, like so many of his poet friends, lived his daily life in misery; the regime did not judge him worthy of a secured livelihood.

He wrote tender, painfully wistful poems, thirsting for humanity, and searched for brothers in the great brotherhood of poets, looking far in space and time.

It was no chance that seeking the eternally beautiful he should have found Keats, the poet who professed: "The Beautiful is true, and the True is beautiful!" It was in the spirit of this profession that thirsting for beauty he found with safe hands the greatest, most lasting poems of the English poet, distant in space and time—his Odes.

Following in Tóth's footsteps, the most outstanding Hungarian poets and translators, in their flight from Hungarian reality, took up Keats' poems one after the other—

strangely just Keats, of whom among the three English poets mentioned it can be least said that he fled from the realities of his own life; still less can it be said of all of his odes and sonnets, which were being translated into Hungarian at that period. But for just this reason, real human emotions throbbed in his poems, even when he voiced the fear of death; fascinating beauty in the midst of the ugly reality of that period in Hungary.

The poet Kosztolányi longed for peaceful beauty when he translated the sonnets "After dark vapours" and "To sleep," and it was under the sword of Damocles of Fascism that the modern humanistic poet Miklós Radnóti, who later fell victim to Fascism, translated the famous lines:

... mortality . . .

*Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship, tells me I must die
(On Seeing the Elgin Marbles.)*

We could go on and on, showing that the flower of Hungarian translator-poets between the two world wars almost without exception expressed their longing for true beauty in the words of Keats as well. Their names are to be seen on the cover of the Keats volume now published, and their translations in the book. But besides them, and following in their footsteps, the best Hungarian translators of the present generation also have added to the Hungarian Keats. This is how, with the aid of outstanding scientists and translators, the first Hungarian Keats volume, containing almost 9,000 lines, appeared at first in 3,000 copies, all of which were sold in two months.

Now a similar but, in accordance with his *œuvre*, larger Shelley volume is in the hands of the printers, and the Magyar Helikon Publishing House plans to publish the two poets in one volume soon—in ten thousand copies.

LENKE BIZÁM

THEATRE AND FILM

THEATRICAL REVIEW

Peaceful co-existence of Stanislavsky and Brecht

Ten years ago Budapest wanted to be in the vanguard of Puritanism. Women covered heads with kerchiefs to hide their unfrizzled hair; they scarcely used any lipstick and, mingled with the throng of badly dressed men, drab and grey, they rushed along the poorly lit streets. In the theatres—with all due honour to the exceptions—there chiefly reigned a sort of impoverished and provincialized Stanislavsky school.

A few years later modernity seemed to have burst out of its longlasting confinement and begun to luxuriate in the Hungarian capital. Adorning all of their nails, their faces, hair and lips with the colours just in vogue at the moment, women appeared, fashionably dressed, with fine coiffures and hats, in the main streets flooded with neon-light. Not only stove-pipe trousers, short jackets and tapering shoes have been donned by the men but even beards imitating those of Spanish grandees or of students of St. Germain des Prés.

In our theatres—as pointed out on earlier occasions—everything seemed to be renewed in the refreshing downpour of a new revolutionism. Bert Brecht's tempestuous renaissance triumphantly revived the memories of Piscator and Ohlopkhov, of the 'Proletkult' and the 'Bauhaus'. Nor was it only the plays of the boldly experimenting German *avant-garde* writer that inundated the stages both of Budapest and of provincial theatres, but his style of acting and theory of 'Verfremdung' (alienation) have been recognized as

well, although they are diametrically opposed to Stanislavsky's teachings.

It is as if the new theatrical season had started in the spirit of a step by step harmonizing of these two extremes. Streets, social life and the auditoriums of theatres too appear to be more balanced. But, perhaps, they have become more worn off only. Of course, they have become less interesting too. In our theatres we can witness a peaceful co-existence of styles that can be marked by Stanislavsky's or Brecht's name, respectively. We had better say at the outset that this peace is not favourable to either. At present—in the fourth month of the theatrical season—the overall picture is drab. It would be wrong to speak of a theatrical crisis; in general the theatres play to full audiences, and some new ones have been opened. Everything runs smoothly, perhaps even too smoothly, for though the first third of the theatrical season is over—I am writing this review in January—there has as yet been no really significant event in the world of the theatre to report on.

Playfulness and Irony

The slogan of "style breaking," so exciting and so heatedly discussed a couple of years ago, is hardly ever mentioned nowadays and the Hungarian copies of the new dramaturgic elements are often chosen as targets for playful mockery. What makes the reviewer slightly melancholic is the enervation and ambiguity of these attempts at persi-

flage. The narrator, for instance, so frequently employed and held so dear, has become a laughing stock, yet is still hovering about the stage.

The musical comedy too has faded into ennui. After some initial difficulties musicals have excessively glutted our theatrical world. Lately practically every play that appeared to be but slightly suitable for the purpose was turned into a musical comedy, moreover a special stage (the Petőfi Theatre) was allocated to foster this genre. And the result? After some excellent initiatives nothing has remained except for the fashion of vaudevillized old comedies confused by some lyrics. No wonder a point has been reached where the genre itself has become a standing subject of parody.

This parodistic element is mostly to be enjoyed in *Be So Kind, Jerome* (Petőfi Theatre), an excursion into the world of the theatre of György Moldova, who started his career as a short story writer. The hero of the play, based rather on grotesque situations than on comical characters, is the porter of an institution established for supporting unmarried mothers. He administers justice by slapping young men in the face who embark upon adventures outside wedlock that bear awkward results. He does so to atone for a similar misdeed he committed in his younger years. But fate catches up with him: when he meets his own bastard, guilty of the same evil deed he had committed, the hero is dealt the retributive justice due him. The play centred around this plot is varied and full of effective scenes, but however humorous and ingenious the moral of the play, it is after all commonplace. As usually with musicals, this too is the work of several authors: Szabolcs Fényes contributed the music and József Romhányi the lyrics to Moldova's comedy.

There are three authors to the other novelty of the Petőfi Theatre, *The £ 1,000,000 Bank-Note* too—István Kállai, Zdenkó Tamássy and János Erdődy. The screen version of Mark Twain's story accounts for its re-

vived popularity in Hungary. The film must have been chosen by the authors only as a starting point, since, apart from the title and a few episodes, not very much has been taken over from the original story. Their aim of "let's try to have a good time for three hours" is even given utterance in the play itself. Alas, what they mobilize to achieve their aim falls too much into pieces. Of course, it is difficult to parodize a genre—the musical—which is known in Budapest only in its sketchy form; so the play has become an operetta persiflage studded with revue scenes; witty lines serve as a frame to the whole comedy, with scenes that have broken free and sometimes contradict the frame itself, thus forming a medley whose interfering waves dampen and even extinguish one another.

Two productions designed for entertainment and based upon 'stage effects' have turned out much better. The success they have scored is partly due to the spontaneous comic effect of their humour and partly to their irony and free use of playfulness. In the Madách Repertory Theatre Agatha Christie's thriller, *The Mousetrap*, attracts full tiers. This may be accounted for perhaps by the circumstance that in the Budapest production of the crime story the serious excitement is perceptibly mingled with scintillating demonstration of bravure.

By a production half serious and half playful the József Katona Theatre has given new life to *Liliumfi*, Ede Szigligeti's classic comedy. For a long time it was the ideals of the Hungarian Reform Age and the struggle Hungarian actors fought for the Hungarian drama a hundred and fifty years ago that lent to this attractive comedy—filled with unexpected turns typical of the spirit of the early 19th century—a deeper perspective in this country, along with a bitter-sweet patriotic atmosphere. The new production has done away with this quaint fragrance of lavender and has filled the rapid succession of scenes with the more bracing air of stark comedy. Has it been the aim of

the producer to display the eternal comic element that survives its own era? Although the reviewer—along with the audience that was roaring with laughter—enjoyed the full-blooded acting, it was with some wistfulness that he recalled the playwright—himself a hero of that heroic age—who had endowed his work with so much deep lyricism and tearful smiles. It is a pity that so much of the author's beautiful personal confessions have been sifted out through the reviver's modernizing sieve.

We are, however, able to give our unreserved acclaim to the charming commedia dell'arte of the Attila József Theatre, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. This imperishable master-trash of Dumas Père was produced by the Czech guest director Jaroslav Dudek on the basis of the stage adaptation of a Paris ad-libbing company (Roger Planchon). The theatre, situated in an industrial district of the Hungarian capital, *Angyalföld* (Angels' Land), sought to pay tribute to the *genius loci* through an off-the-cuff, extemporizing performance. In this stage-story, consisting of a multitude of scenes following each other at lightning speed, there is nothing but free and merry play-acting that makes abundant use of the burlesque effects of the farce, nothing but a playing about with the roles, the audience, the novel, with romanticism with great models and with persiflage itself. The actors too are swept away by the pleasure of performing and the free swing of histrionics. This holds particularly good for quick-change Imre Sinkovits, who plays nearly twenty parts and turns from one character into the other with unbelievable facility, inspiring every one of them with his warm humour.

All this stands very near to the hearts of Budapest audiences or, to put it more exactly, to the funny, frequently mocking but often most serious sense of humour that could not be devastated even by the gravest historical crises. Among a number of excellent pursuers of this vein Frigyes Karinthy was the most remarkable. It is in the literary carica-

tures of this brilliant humorist, who criticized by distorting characteristic features of various writers, that the show of the Literary Stage, *That's How We Write*, is rooted. The production is amusing and instructive as well as very funny. The severity of the clever and courageous criticism is alleviated by the fact that two of the authors, the writer Tamás Bárány and the critic Péter Bogáti, act as compères and not only make fun to their hearts' content of their fellow-writers but of themselves too.

Comedy and Tragi-Comedy

Of course some classic comedies or such as are built upon classical traditions cannot be missing from the repertoires either. Some productions hallmarked by the names of Shakespeare, Molière, G. B. Shaw, or Ferenc Molnár had so great a success in past seasons that they have been carried into the present one as well. The remarkable revival of Gogol's *The Inspector-General* at the Madách Theatre has increased their number. All paraphernalia of full-blooded stage realism have been mobilized to ensure success; the cast too is very good; the animated and quick rhythm, the effective décors and costumes and, first and foremost, the unity in the style of acting render it a paragon of how a comedy should be played in the traditional style.

The clever production of Armand Salacrou's *The Over-Decent Woman* has also been conceived in the traditional style usually referred to as French comedy style. The play, a blend of piquant features, of the business spirit, of male stupidity and female superiority, makes free use of the perennial means of stage effects and offers the audience what it is seeking—plenty of merry laughter. It even provides a slight moral lesson—a lesson turned by Salacrou into a point of the comedy.

The somewhat melancholy lyricism of the moral lesson provides the ground colour of László Tabi's comedy, *The Great Spectacle*. Against this background the well-placed

points of the dialogues and the half-jocular, half-serious turns of the plot come off very well indeed. A world-famous conjurer is getting old and fancies himself very sick. For a moment he feels that he should brighten up the end of his career through the youth of a sweet girl in her teens, who is too much neglected by the cocksure young photo-reporter. The characters of the play—picked with wise humour from today's life in Hungary—have the opportunity to unfold both their typical and their individual traits, and so all of them find their appropriate place: the great conjurer leaves the young, well-matched people to themselves. The closely-knit ensemble of the József Katona Theatre provides its audience with a pleasant and amusing evening.

There are far more references to topical public life in Ferenc Dunai's comedy *A Pair of Trousers*. The Gaiety Theatre is presenting the author's first play, which is neither overly funny—since the farcical situations the writer uses are rather hackneyed—nor particularly courageous—since the criticism on public matters is confined to generalities. A mighty company director falls into a double trap: preparing to go to the minister's reception he loses his trousers in his mistress' rooms and in his exasperation knocks down the young man who is courting his charming sweetheart. This basic situation leads to rather banal episodes, which in spite of the actors' efforts and the director's ingenuity do not arouse sufficient amusement.

Through the austerity of the background of public life and the horrible shadows cast ahead by the Second World War two comedies that have reached Budapest at the end of their world tours have become tragicomedies. G. B. Shaw called his voluble comedy, *Geneva, 1938*, an imaginary chapter of world history. The main inference we could draw from this publicistic play is that history is indeed as horrible as all that; furthermore, that a chapter which is still so close to us cannot bear facetious witticism, however superior and amusingly ironical

this witticism may be. The best actors of the Jókai Theatre entered the lists to ensure success, and the producer did his utmost to make the caricature effective. The acting is in part amusing, but the performance as a whole provides little pleasure.

Although B. Brecht's work, *Schweik in the Second World War*, links realistic comedy with an expressionistic symbol-play, the effect it achieves is much more uniform. The Madách Theatre deploys all its forces in producing the play. Schweik, the monumental petit-bourgeois, who covers up his shrewd practical philosophy under the cloak of stupidity, has grown into a national hero of the Czech people. In Brecht's play he becomes the clever hero of civil resistance, who is to witness, at the end, the fall of clay-footed idols. The play is closely connected with its age and circumstances, and yet, through his grotesque expressionism, his humour and his profound compassion with his heroes' fates, Brecht raises it—in spite of its contradictions—to the rank of a profoundly moving drama.

Experiences of our present life

The Last Station, E. M. Remarque's play presented by the Madách Repertory Theatre, is also closely linked with its age and circumstances. It evokes the last days of the demons of the Second World War. If we consider it from the point of view of its structure, it is a modern melodrama in which scenes of ever-growing tension follow each other, put together with a masterly proficiency in stagecraft. But if we consider it from the point of view of truth, it is a most authentic and moving document of the inhumanity of Hitlerism and of the devastation wrought by an unleashed, mighty beast. One of the outstanding merits of the performance is that the production is aimed rather at evoking reality as truthfully as possible than at enhancing the artistic excitement of the presentation.

The aftermaths of the Second World War make themselves felt even today. Thus, *Marie-Octobre*, the drama of J. Robert—J.

Duvivier—H. Jeanson, has drawn from that abundant source. The interior of a villa in the vicinity of Paris is to be seen on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. The surviving members of a group of the resistance movement meet there. The only woman in the group not only organizes a meeting of friends, she also wants to find out who among them has betrayed the leader of the group. In the tense scenes of the detective drama the point at issue is something deeper—a legacy of the recent past. To have succeeded in displaying this aspect of the play is an achievement worthy of praise.

A similar subject is dealt with in Magda Szabó's play *Exposure*, which was presented in the new, second Repertory Theatre of the National Theatre. The real hero of this drama too is a leader of the resistance movement who died in action. The members of the hero's family meet on the occasion of the unveiling of his monument. They are exposed as greedy and self-seeking pharisees, who want to turn to profit the hero's memory. Only one of them, the martyr's adolescent daughter can be saved and is worthy of being saved. In *Marie-Octobre* it is difficult to forget about the artificiality of the dramatic situation, yet the writers, fully conversant with the acoustics of the stage, are able to surmount the difficulties of the initial scenes in a few moments and carry off the dramatic situation. Magda Szabó has not succeeded in doing so; her drama fails because of its initial artificiality. Her logic only holds good on the stage, but not in real life where her play is rooted.

The disclosure of truth and the effect of past crimes upon our present lives—this, in effect, is the range of subjects all of this season's new Hungarian dramas are built upon. The heroes of András Berkesi's drama, *The Circle Is Completed*, presented at the Jókai Theatre, struggle with the problem of how to give vent to truth. Somebody innocently sentenced to imprisonment as a result of false political accusations has been released and rehabilitated after having spent four

years in gaol. His rehabilitation in itself, as he realizes it, cannot solve the problems, however. Old crimes, concealed so far, are stirred up, and they must be confronted if life is to be rendered bearable. This thesis could be the foundation of a great drama of truth. It is a shortcoming of Berkesi's play that the writer is unable to outline the problems forcefully enough either from a dramatic or from a moral point of view. That is why the plot, abounding in interesting turns, cannot rise above the level of insufficiently aired contemporary scandal chronicles, which, for this very reason, seem to be rather petty. The play is a proof of the fact that an animated stage spectacle alone is no drama yet.

Imre Dobozy's drama *Continuation Tomorrow*, aspiring to much higher levels, is another proof of the same fact. However grand the performance at the National Theatre, it has only resulted in an interesting stage production but not in a drama. The play deals with an important and now much debated issue of public life—the relationship of the old class of intellectuals to the new one and their place in the country's socialist development. The hero, a specialist and old-fashioned intellectual, has the feeling that he will never be fully accepted by socialist society. His conscience is burdened by something he had committed in the past during the war: he was ordered by the Germans to have two Hungarian partisans executed, and although he protested against the command, he in fact did nothing but shift the responsibility to somebody else. However, in the person of one of the partisans who has succeeded in escaping, the past comes to life again. In the course of situations full of suspense the basic questions get clarified; but the clearing up of misunderstanding, as the title declares, "is to be continued tomorrow." With a good line of dialogues and a gift for developing scenes Dobozy has forcefully built up his drama, whose gravest fault is that thriller elements take the foreground as the chief means of creating dramatic effects, and

the detection of "whodunit" detracts too much attention from the moral issues of the drama.

Thesis dramas of the kind represented by Aksyonov's *Colleagues* (Attila József Theatre), adapted to the stage from the author's remarkable novel, evoke sympathy by the very sincerity of their epic rendering. It is a series of animated scenes, full of life, which are but loosely connected by the story of three young Soviet doctors, who are very good friends and are just embarking upon their careers. Nor did the author endeavour to present a regular drama, but rather wanted to give a faithful picture of the lives and problems of today's young Soviet intellectuals. In this he has been successful; his developing of some roles taken from life, though not very sophisticated, strikes one as a pleasant additional gift.

Gábor Thurzó's play, *Closing Time*, in the excellent production of the Gaiety Theatre is also characterized by unambiguous adoption of the epic style, by no means detrimental to the drama: the author, who has a marked penchant for this style, masters the novelistic ins-and-outs of condensing; as a short-story writer he has scored many a success. A class-reunion of former school-fellows provides the framework within which the protagonist is evaluated by different personalities and from different levels in an epic character comedy. The hero is a contemporary version of the eternal human type of the careerist, who almost by chance—since he could not leave in the lurch his wife of Jewish origin—was drawn into opposition to fascism. After the historic turn in Hungary, he has made a great career by following every turn of the tide and exploiting to the utmost all opportunities. However, for him every thought and every connection, personal and social alike, are only steps towards promoting his own selfish ends. Conjuring up this type—at times in the spirit of Molière—is the greatest asset of the drama. I, for one, think that Gustav Tormos, the careerist, will find his place in

the representative portrait gallery of our age. The sparkling dialogue of the play is also one of its special values. On the other hand, it is a shortcoming that the hero's antagonists have turned out a bit too general, embodying as they do the thesis that faith is the redeemer.

Classics

Summing up the past third of the theatrical season, we get the statistical result that contemporary plays dealing mainly with our present lives, fashions, diversions and problems—mostly Hungarian ones—have gained ground substantially. And even if we could not witness any highly significant events, this shift in itself is worthy of attention. For the time being the classics are only represented by last year's productions. Shakespeare is in the lead with *Othello* and *Anthony and Cleopatra* (both of them at the National Theatre) and with the fine production of *Hamlet* (Madách Theatre), of which we wrote a separate review at the time.* The popularity of the careful production of *Oedipus Rex*, which is fully in keeping with the style of the tragedy, has not flagged at the National Theatre, where Aristophanes' *Peace* is now under preparation. It is well worth mentioning that the *Déryné Theatre*, which tours the villages of the country, has undertaken a production of Sophocles' *Antigone*. Ever since, the fine performance has been showing in rural Hungary, proving that the village audiences, rising gradually to higher levels, devotedly attend even such sacrosanct works of the distant past. The Szeged performance of Goethe's *Egmont* should also be pointed out; not only has Beethoven's immortal music made the performance attractive, but also the thoughtful work of the director as well as the beautiful diction and acting of the players, who have grown into a veritable ensemble.

Among Hungarian classics József Katona

* See New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. III, No. 6. — The Editor.

has this year again become the focus of interest by a revival at the National Theatre of *Bánk Bán*, the most outstanding work of the author, who had a markedly national significance as a dramatist. The historical tragedy conceived in the spirit of Shakespeare and taking shape in the atmosphere of the Hungarian Reform Age, which paved the way to the Revolution and the War of Independence of 1848, is not only a representative work in the history of Hungarian dramatic literature but—in its own right—also a part of Hungarian history itself. In certain respects it is *the* Hungarian drama. Accordingly, it contains many elements of the romantically patriotic feelings that supported freedom and opposed tyranny and all that was alien. In the past century and a half the performance of the tragedy gave utterance many a time to this feeling and did so, very often, most effectively. The new production aims at stripping the drama of these romantic traditions and seeks to emphasize that Katona's masterpiece is alive even as a drama of characters based on psychological and moral motives and that it can establish a direct and powerful contact with our present-day feelings and morality. In the passionate debates that followed the production the point at issue has boiled down to this: is it the task of the National Theatre to preserve and foster—as the Comédie Française does—the traditions of national play-acting, valuable even as relics of the past, or is it—as Jessner did in the Berlin National

Theatre of the past—to abandon outdated traditions and stress phases of national traditions that are eternally timely. To my mind the greatest trouble lies in the fact that the director of the new *Bánk Bán* production, Tamás Major (who has already half a dozen productions of *Bánk Bán* to his credit), has not made up his mind in favour of either standpoint. That is why his modernization is not consistent enough, and the new colours cannot suppress and replace the old ones, but become faded themselves and thereby turn the latter drab. Thus this experiment is interesting not so much as a finished achievement but rather as an initiative.

A less passionate, though equally important debate was raised by the revival of Zoltán Kodály's classic "Singspiel," *Háry János*. With this production our Opera House wanted to contribute to celebrating the master's eightieth birthday. But the performance turned out too festive and too spectacular. According to a malicious remark to be heard in Budapest the new *Háry* lacks nothing but three P-s. Those of Béla Paulini, whose libretto has been painfully curtailed, Imre Palló, who today at the age of seventy is still considered by public opinion to have been the best performer of *Háry*, and Poetry, which fell victim to the overzealous aim of turning the work into an "opera"—of "enriching" it with spectacular scenes and colourful ballets. Unfortunately, there is much truth in the witticism.

DEZSŐ KERESZTURY

BUDAPEST EAST END

"Angels' Land," a New Hungarian Film

Artistic and human sincerity shine as merits of the film *Angyalföld* ("Angels' Land"). Few Hungarian films have shown the life of workers with so great a simplicity, lacking false pathos, yet with poetic lyricism. Two circumstances enabled this picture to

be made; the changed political and cultural atmosphere, far more free, and the excellent choice of the artists involved.

The basis for the scenario was Lajos Kassák's novel of the same title, published in 1929. Kassák's entire life and art were

part of the labour movement. His career began as a workman—a locksmith's apprentice, then worker in a screw factory. Later he roamed over half of Europe and, upon return home, he started the journal *Tett* (Action) and after its suppression founded another periodical, *Ma* (Today). Following the fall of the Hungarian Council Republic of 1919, he went into exile in Vienna, where *Ma* became a vessel for the *avant-garde* trends of those times. Kassák, now 75, ignored for years, in a recent interview had this to say about his artistic methods:

"I regard as contemporary ideas and works that are pregnant with seeds of the future for a well-balanced and constructive society. 'Contemporary' does not imply that the artist creates solely under the environmental effects prevailing in his own age... The real contemporary artist, imbued with standards, reasonably opposes all sorts of neurotic symptoms; he aims at realizing stability, balance and a strict, almost mathematically exact construction. This is the contemporary artistic trend I would call constructive..."

First of all, Kassák is a poet; this is felt in his novel, where the external world is revealed by the emotional attitudes and responses of his characters. He thus endows the bleak world of *Angyalföld*, an industrial slum district of Budapest, with colour, human content and a warm lyric atmosphere; the situations they live in as well as their determination to get rid of their oppressive circumstances are typical.

The setting of the novel is Angyalföld, a suburb of Budapest, inhabited primarily by workers, the focus of the revolutionary struggles in the decades preceding World War I. The plot is a rather loose pattern of stories, interwoven and well-rounded.

Miklós Hubay did the screen adaptation. He has done a striking job in retaining the book's lyric beauty, condensing a plot of several decades and merging several characters into one, without any sacrifice in the philosophic content and peculiar atmosphere of the novel.

With good taste, modesty and adaptation to the spirit of a collective effort, the director, György Révész, has promoted the essential aim of a film. He has succeeded in saving the emotional climate, the most essential element of the original work.

What does every frame of this film suggest? That no life, in the human sense, is possible in the choking atmosphere of oppression and poverty. United primarily by the feeling that their life is unbearable, the tenants of Seven Houses realize that there are but two choices: to escape the common fate one must either join the common fight or go over to the oppressor's side. Only Imre, a worker released from prison, understands; there is no conscious action on the part of the others. They revolt instinctively in refusing to pay a rent increase. The success of this common fight, achieved at a high cost, has brought them still more together and, at the same time, closer to the moment of conscious action, the moment when the perspectives and consequences can be seen.

The film's effectiveness is mainly due to the fact that it brings to life the intricate, often contradictory pattern of reality. The tenants of Seven Houses seek individual answers. Mitrovác, the engineer, seeks a solution in drink. Finally, when saturated, his locomotive boiler heated almost to the point of explosion, he rushes to destruction with the last sentence: "Don't I see clearly what my life is like?" In his wife there is a desire to rise to the lower middle-class; a desire narrow but unflagging: "Away from here, away at any cost! I don't want my son to spend his life here!" But her son has grown into a man, and under the influence of the neighbouring workman, Imre, the former prisoner, he is willing to take a conscious, militant stand.

The plot consists of six stories of varying length, blended into a larger whole. "Knifing," the first, opens at dawn on the outside corridor of Seven Houses. Through the window comes a boy, who has just said

goodbye to his girl, after spending the night with her. Along railway tracks he rushes to his factory job, joined by a friend. Suddenly they stop. The girl's former lover, a shabby hooligan, waits, and a fight is on. The blade flashes; under a post advertising champagne lie two people, one crippled for ever, the other dead. The murderer escapes; jumping on a tram, he disappears before our eyes. Then the creaky voice of an old organ grinder, covering the passage of time, sings the "Ballad of Knifing": "Our lives are only worth as much..."

This could be subject matter sufficient for an independent film, perhaps entitled "Birth of a Suburban Ballad," but the story of the boy, slashed into a cripple, becomes intertwined with that of the drunken locomotive engineer and, in turn, leads to the romance of his orphaned son, Miklós. Miklós's life is linked to the recapture of the escaped Imre. All sub-plots are interwoven into the panorama of the rent-strike and the eviction.

Angyalföld district provides the background setting, and within it Seven Houses unites the manifold plot; while the old organ grinder, whose occasional songs link past and present and lend emphasis to particular events, serves the dimension of time.

The beggar is authentic, yet possibly no such figure ever lived at Angyalföld. We may, in years, forget the film, but our memory will retain him. He is a specifically "Made-in-Hungary" character, with a witicism typical of the City Park in Budapest, erroneous quotations from Horace, faltering rhymes that remind us of the doggerels recited at Hungarian peasant feasts, and a self-esteem arising from his sense of being a teacher of the people. By virtue of all these features he grows to a stature ranking equal with the legendary characters of art. Not for a moment do we doubt his flesh-and-blood existence, for the truth of this character lies beyond the confines of reality.

Besides the actor interpreting the part,

the highest praise is due to Balázs Vargha, who wrote the lyrics. Without seeking to excel through the beauty of the poems, he gave expression to the character's interior world. His doggerels are based on old traditions; moreover, by drawing upon folk poetry—ranging from wedding rhymes to imitations of Horace—and upon the contemporary urban language as well as the songs of the labour movement, he created a synthesis equally characteristic of the singing beggar and the world he lives in.

By picking out Zoltán Maklárý for the beggar's role the director hit the jackpot. To introduce a singing part into a straight play is not a rewarding task and is bound to sound unnatural in the given milieu. It is to Maklárý's credit that he succeeds in making us believe in the existence of the beggar, who, once a schoolmaster, has come down in life. The exaggerations of the character no longer strike one as improbabilities but arouse enhanced interest. In a pub, he drunkenly recites an ode he has freely modelled on Horace, and then, tottering about, he abuses his indifferent audience: "I'm casting pearls before swine." This is an unforgettable scene.

With a quiver of her eyelashes, with restrained and frightened gestures, Klári Tolnay, in the part of Mrs. Mitrovác, gives puritanic simplicity to the wife dreaming about lower middle-class life, and to the anxious mother, watching her son with jealous severity. Her performance is perhaps a shade fainter than her usual renderings. Her husband, the dipsomaniac engine driver, is effectively portrayed by Ferenc Zenthe. The close-ups of him meditating in a state of intoxication are most memorable. Imre, the militant worker and ex-prisoner, is played by Tibor Molnár. It is not his fault that the role does not grant him sufficient scope for displaying his well-known abilities. The most pleasant surprise is offered by three young actors. József Madaras, an exciting and powerful personality, gives an intuitive and intimate interpretation of Károly's compli-

cated character, the cripple, whose arrogance compensates his cowardice. He is particularly moving in his darker moods. The separated and then re-united lovers are played by a talented married couple, Franciska Győry and Tamás Végvári. Végvári has succeeded to perfection in conveying the spiritual development of the young worker, who is hardly more than a boy when he is aroused to militancy. His performance is the more authentic in that, even after realizing what it means to be a worker, he remains the same pleasantly awkward teenager. Franciska Győry is particularly good in scenes calling for playful familiarity.

The choice of actors and the harmony of their style of acting reveal the competent hand of the director. His aptitude for finding characteristic and interesting sites is amazing. The film's message is forcefully emphasized by the slag heaps growing into mountains, the desolate amusement park in late autumn, the scraps of a hopeless world confined between the vertical bars of factory chimneys and the horizontal ones of railway tracks. His camera does not look at the world from the angle of an outsider but from that of the person living there. Thus space, objects and movements always appear in some human content.

The cameraman, Ferenc Széchenyi, has excellently assisted the director in realizing his ideas. In a scene particularly characteristic of the suggestive build-up of his pictures the young lovers are walking along the edge of sand hills in the twilight with the black outlines of chimneys looming behind them;

then, as they slowly descend from the hill, they are virtually swallowed up by the city and darkness. This picture is like the last line of a poem by Attila József. The dynamism of Széchenyi's pictures is at times amazing, e. g., when we look at the countryside through the eyes of the drunken engine driver. The iron girders of a bridge rushing noisily by give the impression that the camera is drunk.

Through the singing beggar the incidental music assumes a leading part. Unfortunately, the Hungarian *chanson* has considerably declined in recent times. Music-hall hits and dance songs suffer from schizophrenia, as they are linked neither with literature nor music nor real life. The graceful song that stemmed from a blend of tradition and fashion in Budapest at the beginning of the century, needs to be re-created. I think the composer, András Mihály, has taken a step in the right direction.

In conclusion the reader may wonder whether the high marks with which this review favours everybody examined isn't a bit suspicious?

Scarcely ever are geniuses good pupils.

The director has passed with top marks in every subject. The jury at Mar del Plata was of the same opinion: they awarded the film with the *Grand Prix* of the Festival.

It would not have been detrimental to the film if, instead of everything being absolutely correct, a few mistakes characteristic of genius would occur. All in all the film follows the line of progress, but it lacks something really new.

BÁLINT TÓTH

ECONOMIC LIFE

STUDIES ON THE INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION OF THE SOCIALIST COUNTRIES

Recently a remarkable step was undertaken in the economic literature of the socialist countries cooperating within the framework of the Council of Mutual Economic Aid. (Comecon). The leading theoretical economic journals of these countries, including the August, 1962 issue of the Hungarian *Közgazdasági Szemle* appeared with articles of similar content discussing the work done by the Comecon and written by economists of the countries concerned.¹

This remarkable undertaking in itself demonstrates the keen interest which the reading public in the socialist countries has shown lately in questions concerning international economic cooperation, and especially in its future program. The special Comecon issue of the "Economic Review" was partly intended to satisfy this interest among Hungarian economists. For the other part, since the problems discussed in the articles call for further research and debate, it is to be hoped that—as stated by the editor in the foreword of the Economic Review—the publication of this number will enliven the debate on questions of the international division of labour and cooperation among the socialist countries and will contribute to

their solution by offering practical suggestions.

*

Of the authors, N. Siluianov (Soviet Union) has given a survey of the various stages of development in the work of the Comecon. His articles, which may count on the interest of western economists, reveals how the process accompanying the transformation of national economies into planned economies presents problems that can be solved only by economic cooperation and coordination realized on a superior international plane.

In the first few years after its inception in 1949, the operations of the Comecon were mainly directed towards the expansion of the exchange of goods among member countries, scientific and technical cooperation, furthermore towards the elaboration of schemes and proposals for solving certain problems connected with the economic construction carried out in participating countries. In the following years proposals were already made envisaging specialization in the manufacture of certain products of the machine industry. Permanent committees were appointed to deal with some important branches of the economy (the metallurgy of iron and non-ferrous metals, coal-mining, oil production, machine industry, etc.). The first steps were taken towards the practical realization of a planned international division of labour.

¹ The "Közgazdasági Szemle" (Economic Review) is the journal published by the Political Economy Institute of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences (with abstracts of the published papers in English). August, 1962, Vol. IX. No. 8.

Beginning with 1961 the countries in the Comecon have mutually concluded long-term trade agreements on the basis of coordinated economic plans and proposals taking into account the specialization of production and economic cooperation. At the session of the Comecon, held in June 1962, a series of measures was devised for the organizational development of the Comecon. An Executive Committee was formed of the deputy prime ministers of the member countries. Resolutions were adopted providing for the setting up of various further permanent committees to deal with statistics, standards, *etc.*

In the course of fourteen years, the early modest efforts have developed into an economic cooperation that unites the economic forces of a vast area, weaving the deepening correlations of economic life into an organically unified tissue.

The process was nourished by the experiences derived from the growing intensity of this cooperation itself. Analogies drawn from cooperation between capitalist countries would not have been fruitful, since cooperation between socialist countries is effected through different economic institutions and a different mechanism, quite apart from the difference in prevailing fundamental principles. Thus in the contemplation of further steps, it was the evaluation of the results seen in the economic life of various Comecon countries and in international cooperation itself, the analysis of difficulties and not infrequently the criticism of mistakes made in economic policy, that served as guidance. The principles of cooperation were derived from theoretical work based on experience.

These principles have been summarized by the Soviet economists O. Bogomolov and I. Pekshev in their article entitled "Principles and Perspectives of the Socialist International Division of Labour and Cooperation." In the introduction to their study they point out that the need for the international division of labour and for broad economic relations asserts itself both under the capitalist

and the socialist systems, it being, in our age, the irresistible demand of the laws of economic and technical progress. As they put it: "The competition of the two systems will also answer the question of what norms of international relations are best suited to satisfy the objective tendency of economic life to become international." As for the socialist countries, they wish to carry out this international division of labour consciously and according to plan, and with due regard to the vital interests of the countries concerned and to the task of developing their economy harmoniously and comprehensively.

All this naturally presents new tasks for theoretical work too. For instance, a new theory of expansion has to be developed that formulates questions and endeavours to answer them in terms of the newly formed large international economy instead of separate national economies. The most important laws of economic development of Socialism as a world system will yet have to be analysed and formulated on the basis of further experiences.

The fact that the Soviet Union and the European socialist countries have embarked on coordinating the main lines of their twenty-year development plans has made it possible to evolve industrial cooperation on wide foundations. The international specialization of production, however, does not imply one-sidedness, but is optimally interconnected with the complex, manifold economic development of the individual national economies. According to the plans, Hungary, for instance, is to concentrate, on the one hand, on labour-consuming branches of machine industry (requiring small quantities of material, such as precision instruments, telecommunication instruments, vacuum technique equipment, medical apparatuses) and on such other products as have acquired a high international reputation (the manufacture of buses, industrial locomotive engines). On the other hand, Hungary, possessing considerable bauxite mines, appears

on the socialist world market as a supplier of alumina and aluminium products. Moreover, it should be noted that an increase of Hungarian agricultural products is envisaged, particularly of those obtained by intensive farming, such as the cultivation of fruit and vegetables. The economic structure of the various countries will consequently be wholesomely differentiated, notwithstanding highly developed international specialization.

The advantages of specialization will, however, only become a reality to the extent that it is supported by a satisfactory economic policy. If, for instance, its balance of payments is passive, a country is occasionally compelled to produce certain articles by expensive home manufacture, instead of purchasing the goods in question within the frame-work of international cooperation. Such counteracting factors having to be reckoned with, the socialist countries need a system of well-considered economic incentives that secure their interests both in organizing the production of specialized articles and in the import of goods in which other countries specialize.

As regards the further perspectives of cooperation, conditions are ripe for the harmonization of plans not only in the spheres of trade and production but in the field of investments as well. The coordination of investments is destined to ensure a reasonable territorial allocation of productive forces in the community of socialist countries. The practice of financing industrial communication and other projects of international significance from common funds should be extended. It would further be desirable to realize the project of setting up interstate organs authorized to coordinate the manufacture of certain mass products of machine industry, including also mutual supplies, research and construction.

From the aspect of smooth cooperation the mechanism through which it is achieved is by no means a matter of indifference. It would be possible to avoid many irrational

phenomena in the trade of the socialist countries by adopting multilateral instead of bilateral clearing.

The study of the two Soviet economists ends with the noteworthy statement that, in elaborating their measures for the expansion and perfection of their relations, the socialist countries proceed from the idea of a universal division of labour, and do not aspire towards isolation. On the contrary, they initiate mutual trade and other forms of cooperation with every country of the world. It is for this reason that the countries of the Comecon have recently taken their stand in favour of calling on international trade conference, where the question of creating an international trade organization including all the regions and countries of the world without any discrimination can be discussed.

The other articles published in the special Comecon issue of the *Economic Review* examine the results, problems and tasks of economic cooperation from the viewpoint of some principal branches of industry. František Homola (Czechoslovakia) has written about the means and aims of international cooperation in the supply of power, which is a basis of industrial development, in the Comecon countries. In the past ten years (1950 to 1960) the generation of electric current was trebled in the Comecon countries, in consequence of which the share of these countries in the total electric power production of the world rose from 14.1 per cent to 17.7 per cent; an acceleration of the rate of development in this sphere is nevertheless called for. Agreements have been concluded among the member countries providing for the construction of transmission lines connecting their electric energy systems, and several such lines have already been built. Regarding fuel supply, the "Friendship" oil pipe-line, which brings Soviet oil to the European countries of the Comecon is of great importance.

The cooperation of the socialist countries in iron smelting is described by S. Plaskin

(Soviet Union). He points out that, because of the inadequate coordination between the related branches of industry in the socialist countries between 1950 and 1955, a narrowing of the division of labour in this field occurred instead of a widening. From the year 1955, however, planned division of labour has been intensified in iron smelting too. The plans of several countries (*e. g.* the German Democratic Republic, Hungary) do not provide for the construction of new foundries; the capacity of factories engaged in the processing of metals is to be increased instead, relying for crude iron on supplies from other socialist countries.

The widening exchange in assortments of rolled goods led to a gradual coordination of iron-smelting plans and further specialization in sets of rolls. As a result of cooperation, the differences encountered in per capita ferrous metal consumption in the socialist countries will—as shown by calculations—be diminished by 1965, although the difference in the per capita production of ferrous metal will increase in many instances.

Ladislav Smid (Czechoslovakia) contributed to the series of studies an article on "International Specialization in the Machine Industries of the Comecon Countries." In the socialist countries the development of machine industry is known to have been substantial in the past years; international division of labour helps to eliminate still existing bottlenecks in the supply of machinery and creates the necessary preconditions for changing over to automatic production. The extensive realization of specialization, however, is an intricate problem that requires further close analysis and the creation of a whole series of material and organizational preconditions.

Kurt Kleiner (German Democratic Republic) discusses the cooperation of the Comecon countries in the chemical industry. The basis of this cooperation is provided by the oil supplied by the Soviet Union to the German Democratic Republic, Poland,

Czechoslovakia and Hungary through the longest pipe-line of the world, which enables these countries to build up new branches of chemical industry and gradually to change their chemical industries over from a coal-base to a more economical oil-base. The specialization of chemical production will have to be carried out particularly in branches where so far no plants of optimum capacity could be established. Moreover, by unifying the capacity of chemical plants, chemical industry can place with machine works serial orders that also render specialization of the production of chemical machinery worthwhile.

In his article entitled "Cooperation in Communications", the Polish economist Zbigniew Wojterkowski points to the demand on transport activities created by growing traffic due to extensive specialization. Apart from the cooperation reached in questions of transport and operation, considerable advance has been made also in the standardization of vehicles and transport equipment, providing better conditions for their exploitation.

Atanas Tzanev (Bulgaria) discusses questions of specialization in connection with agriculture. In order to ensure rapid advancement of agricultural production, the socialist countries have worked out and are realizing measures to create first of all a firm technical basis for the supply of agriculture with the necessary machinery, fertilizers and chemicals, to promote the science of agriculture and to improve the organization of management. Agrotechnical cooperation naturally affects also other branches of the economy; it would not be expedient or remunerative if every Comecon country built factories to produce the various synthetic substances that serve the development of animal husbandry, as methionine, tyroline, vitamin A, etc. The economical solution is to establish, in the countries selected for the purpose, manufacturing plants with an adequate capacity to cover the requirements of all the socialist countries.

The international cooperation brought about in various branches of the economy is naturally reflected also in the trade between socialist countries. At the same time, the organization of foreign trade itself and the methods of commerce and payment also influence cooperation, promoting or curbing activities, as the case may be. Gunther Kohlmeier's article (German Democratic Republic) entitled "The Problems of Foreign Trade in the Comecon Countries" deals with these issues. His study begins with the statement that, despite the widening realization of the international division of labour in a direct way by coordinating production, foreign trade still plays an active role in preparing and carrying out the agreements concluded in this sphere. Another statement of his is also worthy of note, namely, that foreign trade is an important instrument in the policy of peaceful coexistence with the leading capitalist countries, furthermore in cooperation between the socialist countries and the young national States

By comparing the statistical data of the various socialist countries referring to national income, industrial production and foreign trade, he traces the influence of intensified cooperation on the development of foreign trade. In the concluding part dealing with the tasks ahead, he discusses the role of nomenclatures, indices and balance sheets, describing the measures that activate material and financial factors and the part they play in accelerating the process of international specialization. Finally, he launches the idea of founding an international socialist bank for investment and clearing, which in addition to managing common investments and building up international credit relations, may grow into a useful aid in the introduction of multilateral clearing.

It is foreign trade that raises the problem of an important element of cooperation, the problem of prices. Two Hungarian authors have taken up the subject in the special issue of the Economic Review. Béla Csikós-Nagy has written about the establish-

ment of its own price basis by the socialist world market, while Sándor Balázs, in his article "Some Topical Questions Concerning Economy Calculations in Foreign Trade," has examined and analysed the problem of prices in connection with the methods applied in economy calculations.

Béla Csikós-Nagy starts from the generally known fact that during the initial period in the development of the world-wide socialist economic system, in the years from 1945 to 1950, the socialist countries traded with one another on the basis of prices prevailing in the capitalist world market. Price adjustments were, however, brought to a halt in 1951, in order to eliminate the cyclical fluctuation of prices from the exchange of goods between socialist countries. The view has, however, been gaining ground that it would be advisable to shape socialist world prices in accordance with an international value determined by the conditions of production prevailing in the socialist world economy, *i. e.*, prices should be based on socialist world-economy values. This new price basis may assume various forms. The following questions, for instance, will have to be decided before a final move is undertaken:

how to consider labour costs in computing prices;

the nature of the relationship between the foreign-trade prices of the socialist world market and domestic prices inside the socialist countries;

how to solve the problem of conversion to a common currency.

These questions are still under discussion. Among Hungarian economists there are growing numbers who tend to believe that it will be easier to develop a socialist world-market price-level if the latter is independent of domestic prices.

There are also debates on the nature of the correlations between socialist and capitalist world-market prices and on the conditions that will provide for expanding trade between the two world markets on the new price basis. The author definitely rejects the

assumption that going over to their own price basis should be treated by the Comecon countries as a question of breaking away from capitalist world-market prices. A separate socialist world price-basis would not create a completely new situation, the prices of the two world markets being generally known to differ already. Only the cause and the principles responsible for this difference would not be the same as before, while the socialist countries would continue to utilize means for bridging the difference between the two price systems, as they did before.

In the introduction to his article, Sándor Balázs has emphasized the incentive role of the economic difficulties that arose in the early 1950's in stimulating economists to raise and investigate the problems of economic production. From the aspect of international cooperation, peculiar significance may be attributed to inquiries into the economicalness of exports, the results of which have been applied to the majority of Hungarian exports from 1961. In the execution of international specialization the interests of single firms should be brought into harmony with the interests of the national economy as regards economicalness.

The article of Sándor Balázs discusses in detail the interconnections between the utilization of means and the economicalness of foreign trade, including the problems of the best utilization of land. This question can be solved by procedures providing for optimal conditions. Due consideration of various limiting factors (capacity, funds for investments, cultivated area) can be solved by linear programming—although the possible variants represent such an immense, intricate system that the calculation of optimal conditions is in fact impracticable. If, however, programs are elaborated separately, either for the principal coefficients of the program or for minor sectors of the national economy, tasks emerge in a circumscribed form, readily permitting a mathematical approach and solution.

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A survey of the varied multitude of economic phenomena discussed in the special Comecon issue of the *Economic Review* suggests that many familiar topics may be found in it not only by economists, but also by other readers who because of their differing professional activities learn about national and international economic events only from the daily press. This is hardly astonishing, for the organization of economic life on a broader international scale is a universal phenomenon.

We have thus come to a question that has ceased to be a purely economic problem and affects the everyday life of all of us living in Europe—the question of how relations are to develop between the great economic formations of East and West. Will they be marked by peaceful competition or be overshadowed by the fearful possibility of devoting the increased economic potential to purposes of destruction; and will there be a chance of choosing between the two roads, or will inexorable necessity compel us to take the more dangerous path?

In reply I should like to quote the opinion of a progressive western economist, Fritz Baade, head of the Institute of World Economy at Kiel. His book "Der Wettlauf zum Jahre 2,000—Unsere Zukunft: ein Paradies oder die Selbstvernichtung der Menschheit" (*The Race to the Year 2,000—Our Future: a Paradise or the Self-destruction of Humanity*), already well known in the West, has recently been published in Hungary. As stated in this work, there is no clash of interests between East and West in the supply of either food or energy. "The problems of peaceful coexistence have nothing to do with the spheres of nutrition or of the generation of energy. The root of these problems lies in the way people think."

Thus there is no such thing as a conflict of fundamental economic interests. On the contrary, partly similar industrial and technico-scientific motifs loom in the background of the endeavours at integration

manifested both in the East and in the West, motifs that have been defined in such a thoroughly analytical spirit by the Western economist Robert A. Brady, professor at the University of California, in his "Organization, Automation, and Society," published in 1961.

It is also common knowledge that many Western economists and businessmen are in favour of intensifying commercial connections between East and West—and that on grounds of practical considerations.

For their own part economists do not

think that the economic organizations of the East and West should necessarily and inevitably face each other as two hostile camps. Political economy is the science of sober, calculating commonsense, its instruments are mathematics and logic, and passion has no place in its arsenal. This certainly offers hope that in the mutual relations between the countries of the East and the West the aim will be peaceful competition and that they will not face each other as Oceania and Eurasia in Orwell's famous and terrifying novel "1984."

EGON KEMENES

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Aron Tamási

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Marcell Benedek

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Gábor Devecseri

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THE "LITERARY STAGES" OF THE YOUNG

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IN ENGLAND

György Lengyel

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Gyula Maár

See also p. 225

CORRESPONDENCE

THE EDITOR,
THE NEW HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY

Dear Sir,

From some time I have been receiving, and reading with interest, your periodical. However, for some reason, number III, 7 (July—September 1962) was not sent to me, and was not brought to my notice until the beginning of this year. Since then I have been ill for some months. I hope, nevertheless, that in spite of the long delay since the appearance of the number in question, you will be able to publish this letter, which refers to some remarks about myself contained on pages 57 to 62.

When Mr. Boldizsár visited this country, he asked, through the official channel of the British Council, to see me. I replied that I should be delighted to receive him, and a conversation took place between us. Mr. Boldizsár did not tell me at the time that he wished to write up our conversation for publication. I was therefore surprised to see his account of it in print. I was still more surprised that he did not submit his remarks to me beforehand, as normal courtesy would seem to require. I was most surprised of all to find that the account given by Mr. Boldizsár differs almost completely from my own recollection of our meeting, and in particular attributes to me opinions which I did not then express, have never held, and do not now hold.

I have no wish to take up your space needlessly, but would like formally to deny three particular statements attributed to me.

I do not hold the view that Polish visitors to Britain are "most dangerous double agents" (p. 60). Nor do I know of any case of a Pole who has held a Scholarship in London who falls into this category.

I do not "attach no significance" to the fact that the situation in Hungary has be-

come better now than it was ten years ago (p. 60). On the contrary, I am delighted to learn of improvements which have taken place, and which have benefited the Hungarian people.

I do not dislike Hungarians, Poles, Russians and Bulgarians (p. 61). On the contrary, I have nothing but affection for those nations, in whose history and present development I am greatly interested. The only members of these or other nations (including my own nation) whom I dislike are persons who slander me or maltreat my friends.

My regret that Mr. Boldizsár should have treated me in this manner is all the greater because, though I have had the pleasure of receiving here visitors from the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, I have never had with them an experience of this kind.

Mr. Boldizsár's account also implies that both my late father and myself have some antipathy towards Hungary. This was, of course, always said of my father by the supporters of the Horthy régime. I am surprised to find Mr. Boldizsár giving their views. It is true that my father expressed at various times unfavourable opinions of the policy of certain Hungarian governments. However, neither he nor I have had any hostility to the people of Hungary. For my own part, I have the happiest memories of my own visits to Hungary, and the warmest feelings for Hungarian friends, both in Hungary and abroad.

Yours faithfully,

Hugh Seton-Watson

University of London
School of Slavonic and East European Studies
Department of History

19th April, 1963.

*

Mr. Boldizsár wishes to make it clear that there was no need for him to recollect his memories from a distance of one and a half years, for the text under reference ("Doing Britain with a Giraffe, II, Concluding Pages of a Diary") was a diary based on notes made on the evening of the meeting.

The New Hungarian Quarterly publishes Professor Seton-Watson's letter the more willingly since the author of the diary contested the statements and opinions Professor Seton-Watson denies as being his own.

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CZÓBEL — A HUNGARIAN PAINTER IN PARIS

Dénes Pataky

LÁSZLÓ BARTHA — A MODERN HUNGARIAN PAINTER

György Szabó

POEMS AND A CONFESSION IN PROSE

Ferenc Jubász

SIR THOMAS MORE'S UTOPIA

Tibor Kardos

THE MICHAEL KÁROLYI FOUNDATION IN VENCE

Mariann Csernus

A SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS
PUBLISHED IN HUNGARY IN 1962

János Szentmihályi

THEATRE AND BOOK REVIEWS

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

NAGY, László (b. 1924). General Secretary of the IIT (Association for Scientific Education), lecturer on Agricultural Law at the Eötvös Loránd University in Budapest. Edited books and treatises on various legal questions of cooperation. The lecture published in this number is a preliminary study of a more comprehensive work to be published.

DÉRY, Tibor (b. 1894). Novelist, short-story writer, one of the most widely known representatives of contemporary Hungarian literature. An office clerk in his young years, he joined the Communist Party in 1919. After the collapse of the Hungarian Soviet Republic he was repeatedly arrested and finally went into exile. Started his literary career as a writer of expressionist and surrealist verse. His first short story was published in 1917. After three years of newspaper editing in Vienna he was in emigration in Germany, France and Italy, later on in Jugoslavia and in Spain, always supporting himself by casual jobs. His works appeared in Budapest, Berlin and Paris newspapers. The Vienna uprising of 1934 was one of his great experiences. Returning to Hungary he wrote, between 1934 and 1938, a three-volume novel entitled *Befejezetlen mondat* ("A Sentence Left Unfinished"), which may be regarded as one of the finest portrayals of Hungarian society in the inter-war period (in German: *Der unvollendete Satz*; Italian and American editions in preparation). In Hungary it was not allowed to appear until 1945, and up to that time Déry earned his living mainly by translations. His two-volume novel *Felelet* ("Response," 1950 and 1952) gave rise to sharp controversies (a new German and an Italian edition in preparation). In 1957 he was sentenced to imprisonment for his activities during the 1956 events and was released in 1960. Other major works: Three Plays (*Tanúk* —

"Witnesses"; *Tükör* — "The Mirror"; *Itthon* — "At Home,") 1947; *A ló meg az öregasszony* ("The Horse and the Old Woman"—Short stories), 1955; *Niki* (a short novel), 1956; the latter was also published in English, Italian, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, Danish, Dutch and Polish. Volumes of his short stories appeared in German, Dutch and French translations; English, Italian and Portuguese versions are now in preparation. His new novel, whose 1st and 5th chapters are presented in this issue, was written at the end of the 50's. His recent translations comprise works by Hauptmann, Pirandello, Hemingway and Golding.

GENTHON, István (b. 1903). Art historian. Since 1945 has lead the modern foreign department of the National Museum of Fine Arts. Among the large number of his publications we should mention his comprehensive topography of historical monuments entitled *Magyarország Műemlékei* ("Historic Monuments of Hungary"), his volume *Új magyar festőművészet* ("New Hungarian Painting") and his album on the life and art of József Rippl-Rónai. (See also his essay on Béni Ferenczy in Vol. 1, No. 1, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.)

BARCS, Sándor (b. 1912). Journalist, General director of MTI, the Hungarian News Agency. Parliamentary deputy, member of the Presidential Council of the Hungarian People's Republic. President of the Hungarian Football Association since 1949.

THURZÓ, Gábor (b. 1912). Writer of fiction, critic, playwright and film dramatist. In his novels, short stories and plays he analyses the crisis of the middle class way of life and the problems of the intellectuals. Major works: *Az adósság* ("The Debt"), 1939; *Nappalok és éjszakák* ("Days and Nights"), 1944; *Hamis pénz* ("False Money"),

1956; *József és Putifárné* ("Joseph and the Wife of Potiphar"), 1961; *A szégyen* ("Shame"), 1961—novels; *Amen, amen* ("Amen. amen"), 1959 — short stories. Some well-known scripts: *Erkel* ("The Life of Erkel"—in co-partnership), *Rokonok* ("Relatives"), *Budapesti tavasz* ("Spring in Budapest"—in co-partnership), *Sóbálvány* ("Pillar of Salt"), *Merténylet* ("The Outrage"). His play *Záróra* ("Closing Hour") is a current success at the *Vígyszínház* Theatre in Budapest. (See also the Theatre Review by Dezső Keresztury on p. 218. of this issue.)

SZABOLCSI, Bence (b. 1899). Musicologist, professor at the Budapest Academy of Music, member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. An outstanding figure of Hungarian musicology. Prof. Szabolcsi is a member of the staff of editors that is preparing for publication the volumes of *Corpus Musicae Hungaricae*, originally begun by Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály and now directed by Kodály. Has published numerous monographs and essays on the most varied questions of music history: *Mozart, 1921; A 17. század magyar főúri zenéje* ("Seventeenth Century Music of the Hungarian Nobility"), 1928; *Tinódi zenéje* ("Music of Tinódi," Critical edition of Songs of Tinódi, the Hungarian "Minnesänger"), 1929; *A 18. századi magyar kollégiumi zene* ("18th Century Music of the Hungarian Colleges"), 1930, etc. Outstanding among his works are: *A melódia története* ("A History of Melody," also in German, English edition now in preparation); *Liszt Ferenc estéje* ("The Twilight of Franz Liszt"); *A zene története* ("A History of Music"); *A magyar zenetörténet kézikönyve* ("Handbook of the History of Hungarian Music." German edition now in preparation); *A magyar zene századai* ("The Centuries of Hungarian Music"); *Beethoven*. He is a member of the Editorial Board of our periodical. See his "Liszt and Bartók" in Vol. II, No. 1, and "Zoltán Kodály's Youth" in Vol. III, No. 8, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.

YOUNG, Percy Marshall, M. A. D. Mus. (b. Northwich, 1912). e: *Christ's Hosp.*, and *Selwyn Coll.*, Camb. Mus. Adviser, Stoke-on-Trent Educ. Authority, 1937-44. publ.: *Händel* (Dent); *Oratorios of Händel* (Dobson); *Elgar, O. M.* (Collins); *Letters of Elgar*, ed. (Bles); *Tragic Music* (Hutchinson); *Vaughan Williams* (Dobson); many children's books (Dobson, Lutterworth, Methuen); *Symphony; Concerto* (Phoenix); *Football Facts and Fancies; The Art of Spectatorship* (Dobson); *Football Year* (Phoenix); *Football through the Ages* (Methuen); *The Wolves—the first 80 years* (Paul). ctr.: *Grove's Dictionary; World Book Ency.* (Chicago); *Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart* (Kassel); *Musik und Gesellschaft* (Berlin); *Händel Jahrbuch* (Halle); *Book of Association Football* (London). (From the Author's and Writer's Who's Who).

HÁMORI, Ottó (b. 1928). Journalist, editor of the weekly *Film, Színház, Muzsika* (Film-Theatre-Music) and author of several volumes of sociographic reports. Has published three novels, the last in 1962 under the title *Meredek utca* (Steeep Road).

ALMÁSI, Miklós (b. 1932). Aesthetician. Graduated at Eötvös Loránd University in Budapest. Fellow of the Institute for Theatrical Research. Recently published a book about main trends in contemporary drama.

ZOLNAY, László (b. 1916). Took his degree in 1938 at the Pázmány Péter University of Budapest in philosophy, aesthetics and history of art. He has been employed at museums since 1949 and taken part in several excavations as medieval archeologist. Apart from minor belletristic writings Zolnay has published works on philosophical, chiefly ethical, subjects *Kultúra, természet, történet* ("Culture, Nature, History"), 1938; *Létezés és erkölcs* ("Existence and Morals,") 1944. Besides several papers on the history of art, he has written comprehensive studies on his medieval research work. *A XIII-XIV. századi*

budavári királyi szálláshely ("The Royal Quarters at Buda Castle in the 13th and 14th Centuries"), 1952; *Dercsényi-Zolnay: Esztergom* ("Esztergom"), 1956; *Az esztergomi keresztény Múzeum* ("The Esztergom Christian Museum"), 1962; *Opus Castri Budensis*, 1962; *István ifjabb király számadásai* ("Accounts of the Younger King Istvan"), 1963. For seven years he was director of the Esztergom Museum, at present he is doing research work for the Budapest Historical Museum, conducting excavations in Buda Castle.

JEMNITZ, János (b. 1930) Historian. Graduated at Eötvös Loránd University, Budapest. His main field of research covers the history of the international labour movement. Publication: *Az 1926-os angol általános sztrájk előzményei* — ("The Background of the General Strike of 1926 in England"), 1961; and other papers in the historical reviews *Történeti Szemle*, *Századok*, etc.

AGÁRDI, Ferenc (b. 1898). Originally a physician, was educated at the universities of Budapest and Vienna. Later devoted himself to cultural history, doing research work concerning the life and activities of famous Hungarian personalities and publishing several papers in this field. Now lives in retirement in Budapest.

GERŐ László (b. 1909). Architect, scholar of the history of architecture. Graduated at the Technical University of Budapest. 1935—1938, member of the *Collegium Hungaricum*. 1949—1951 directed the Roman amphitheatre's reconstruction at Aquincum. Planned the restoration of the medieval parts of the Royal Palace in Buda and other historical mansions. Main publications: *A római S. Stefano Rotondo* ("The S. Stefano Rotondo in Rome"), 1944; *A budai Vár helyreállítása* ("The Reconstruction of the Royal Palace of Buda"), 1951; *Eger műemlékei* ("The Architectural Monuments of Eger"), 1957; *A magyar építészet* ("Hungarian Architecture"), 1953; *Magyar városképek*

("Skylines of Hungarian Towns"), 1953; *A sárospataki Rákóczi vár* ("The Rákóczi Castle at Sárospatak"), 1953; *A pesti Belvárosi templom* ("The Parochial Church of Pest City"), 1955; *A Balaton-környék műemlékei* ("Architectural Monuments of the Lake Balaton District"), 1956; *Építészeti stílusok* ("Styles of Architecture"), 1958; *Építészeti műemlékek helyreállítása* ("Reconstruction of Architectural Monuments"), 1959; *Pápa műemlékei* ("Architectural Monuments of the Town Pápa"), 1959; Editor of the architectural quarterly *Műemlékvédelem* ("Conservation of Monuments"), published since 1957.

KOCZOGH, Ákos (b. 1915). Writer and art historian, especially in the field of modern music, art and literature. Main publications: *Expresszionizmus* ("Expressionism") *Képzőművészeti Alap* Publishing House, Budapest, 1958; *Beszélgetések Medgyessy Ferencel* ("Talks with Ferenc Medgyessy," the sculptor), *Képzőművészeti Alap* Publishing House, Budapest, 1960; *Holló László* ("László Holló," the painter), *Képzőművészeti Alap* Publishing House Budapest, 1962; essays on Utrillo, Leger, Botticelli, Henry Moore, etc., in various periodicals. See also his essay in Vol. III, No. 7. of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.

ZOLTAY, Dénes (b. 1927). Musicologist and aesthetician, member of the Philosophical Institute of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Studied philosophy and aesthetics under György Lukács at the University of Budapest. Has published papers on the history of musical aesthetics in the journals *Muzsika* ("Music") and *Magyar Zene* ("Hungarian Music"). His monograph on the history of musical aesthetics is to appear in *Hungarian* in the near future.

NAGY, Péter (b. 1920). Literary historian and critic. Has published a number of works on modern Hungarian literature, and especially on the question of the Hungarian novel. (See also his essays in several previous issues of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.)

ABODY, Béla (b. 1931). Writer. University graduate and teacher of literature. A drama and radio play of his have been performed, a volume of his short stories and a book containing his essays have been published, as well as a number of reviews. Has translated English novels and essays.

DERSI, Tamás (b. 1929). Acquired a diploma as secondary school teacher at the Lóránd Eötvös University of Budapest. A professional journalist, he is at present a member of the staff of the *Esti Hírlap* (Evening News) of Budapest; publishes theatrical, book and film reviews and deals with problems of public education. See also his article "Letter and Petitions from Hungarian Peasants in the Inter-War Period" in Vol. II, No. 2, of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.

BIZÁM, Lenke. Literary critic, translator, reader of Magyar Helikon Publishers. Major essays on Charles Dickens and Thomas Mann; working at present on a book on Theodore Dreiser. Translated *Little Dorrit* by Charles Dickens.

KERESZTURY, Dezső (b. 1904). Literary historian and aesthetician, our regular theatre reviewer. (See our previous issues.)

TÓTH, Bálint (b. 1929). Librarian, translator. Published translations of poems by Rilke and Petrarca.

KEMENES, Egon (b. 1924). Economist. Author of essays on market-research. See also his article in Vol. II, No. 1. of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*.

A SHORT ENCYCLOPEDIA

of some places, historical events, personalities and institutions mentioned in this number

BOLOND ISTÓK. A half-witted yet crafty figure in Hungarian folklore. Both Petőfi and Arany chose him for the hero of an epic poem.

DARÁNYI, KÁLMÁN (1886–1939). Minister of Agriculture in 1935/36, he followed Gyula Gömbös as Prime Minister from 1936 to 1938. Initiator of a large-scale armament race, which prepared Hungary's entry into the Second World War.

FRANCHISE. Under the Constitution of the Hungarian People's Republic, parliamentary elections are based on universal, equal and direct suffrage and carried out by secret ballot. Every Hungarian citizen who has completed his 18th year has a right to vote except those deprived of this right for a definite term by non-appealable court judgement, or declared insane. No rating of voters according to property, educational qualifications or term of residence exists. One parliamentary deputy is elected to every 32 thousand of the population.

GÖMBÖS, GYULA (1886–1936). Right-wing politician. As Prime Minister between 1932 and 1936, was the first to recognize, on behalf of the Hungarian government, the regime of Hitler, signed a secret Hungary-German trade agreement in 1934, strengthened the country's ties with fascist Italy as well. Under his government there was a considerable shift towards fascism in Hungarian politics.

HEGEDÜS, LÓRÁND (1872–1943). Economist, writer, publicist. Author of several essays on Lajos Kossuth.

IMRÉDY, BÉLA (1891–1946). President of the National Bank from 1928, Minister of Finance in Gyula Gömbös's cabinet between 1932 and 1936. As Prime

Minister from 1938 to 1939, was instrumental in bringing about Hungary's accession to the Anti-Comintern Pact. Under German occupation in 1944 he was in charge of several economic portfolios. After the country's liberation he was sentenced to death as a chief war criminal and executed.

KASSÁK, LAJOS (1887–). Poet, writer of fiction, painter, essayist. His novels mainly portray the life of Budapest's outskirts. As a poet and a painter he was one of the leading personalities in avantgardist movements ever since the early part of the century. His writings appear regularly both in periodicals and in book form; a collective exhibition of his paintings was recently organized in a Budapest gallery.

KLAPKA, GYÖRGY (1820–1892). General of the Honvéd Army in the 1848–49 War of Independence. Successfully continuing the defence of Komárom Castle after the collapse of the struggle for independence and the capitulation at Világos, he was able to secure most favourable conditions for the garrison. After the surrender of Komárom he joined Lajos Kossuth in emigration and was for a period his closest collaborator.

KŐSZEG. Town of some ten thousand inhabitants on the western border of Hungary. In 1945 it was the last seat of the Arrowcross (Hungarian fascist) government on Hungarian soil.

NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. The members of the unicameral National Assembly are elected for a term of four years. The National Assembly alone has the right to make laws or to modify the Constitution. Its resolutions are taken in open ballot and by majority vote. In its first session the

newly elected National Assembly elects from its deputies the twenty-one members of the Presidential Council, which assumes the functions of the National Assembly during the interval between two sessions. The Presidential Council is responsible to the National Assembly; it is not invested with legislative powers and is obliged to submit the decrees issued during the recess to the next session of the National Assembly.

MINISTRY OF LABOUR. This new Ministry was set up in 1957 to deal with wage problems, management of manpower, training of skilled labour, labour-safety measures as well as questions of labour welfare and social insurance.

ORSZÁGOS TAKARÉKPÉNZTÁR (OTP—National Savings Bank). Besides managing the savings of the population entrusted to it in the form of deposits or on current account, OTP also meets the credit demands of the public. Loans are granted to encourage private housing, and the construction of privately owned flats is being financed on 30-year terms. Commodity credits are also granted, to be repayed within

two years, primarily for the purchase of durable consumer goods such as T.V. sets, furniture and household appliances.

SZÉCHÉNYI LIBRARY. The most important Hungarian public library, founded by Count Ferenc Széchenyi in 1802. Its catalogue lists more than three and a half million books, periodicals, manuscripts, maps and musical scores.

SZEKFÜ, GYULA (1883–1955). The most outstanding of Hungarian historians in the first half of the 20th century. After the liberation he was for some time Hungarian ambassador to Moscow (cf. *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, 1960, Vol. I, No. 1).

SZTÓJAY DÖME (1883–1945). Hungarian Ambassador to Berlin from 1935. From March to August, 1944, head of the puppet government set up under the German occupation. Sentenced to death as a chief war criminal and executed in 1945.

ZENEMŰKIADÓ—EDITIO MUSICA. Publishers of musical scores as well as of books and essays on music in Budapest.

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