The New Hungarian Quarterly

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AN ACTIVE POLICY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS IN THE DANUBE VALLEY*

by

Dr. JOSEF KLAUS

In a world that is becoming ever smaller as a result of developments in technology and communications, the foreign policy of every state is an important factor of universal peace or universal unrest.

To define its place in world affairs is therefore an enduring task, indeed an obligation, incumbent on every government which shapes its foreign relations in compliance with its responsibilities to its own country as well as to the international community of nations.

This development influences international relations both on a world-wide scale and within any specific area, as, for example, in this Danube Valley of ours.

My visit to Budapest, the exhaustive talks with the responsible statesmen of this country, the opportunity to take the floor at the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, provide a valuable occasion for me to speak of the foundations of Austrian foreign policy, to stress its features and outline its objectives for the Danube Valley.

The mainspring of Austrian foreign policy is to safeguard and strengthen peace and to safeguard the economic and social advancement of the Austrian people. The peace of other peoples is our peace too. We also know that we can and must contribute to it. The overriding responsibility for the maintenance of peace rests in the first place with the Great Powers; this, however, does not alter collective obligation and responsibility for a policy of peace. Aware of this responsibility we are ready, within the bounds of our political and economic possibilities, to pursue an active policy of international relations.

The foundations of this policy are clear and they are not disputed by the great political parties which bear the burden of responsibility for Austria.

* Text of a lecture given by Chancellor Dr. Josef Klaus of Austria at the Hungarian Academy of Sciences on May 3, 1967.

Since the recovery of full sovereignty through the State Treaty of May 15, 1955, since the official declaration of the permanent neutrality of Austria by the Federal Constitutional Act of October 26, 1955, and since the admission of Austria to membership of the United Nations on December 14, 1955, we have invariably considered these as the three pillars of Austrian foreign policy, and we stand by these foundations.

After the restoration of the Republic on April 27, 1945, Austria may well have had a limited freedom of action, but full independence and sovereignty were not recovered before the conclusion of the State Treaty between Austria and the four Great Powers on May 15, 1955. This Treaty not only gave our country the respected status of a full member of the international family of nations; it was, at the same time, an act through which the atmosphere of *détente* between the big military and ideological blocs practically, and to a very considerable extent, found expression.

We Austrians have never felt any doubt over our concept of what constitutes healthy relations among the nations. By that we understand not just the peaceful coexistence of nations under no military menace. Respect for others is also seen in the renunciation of the aggressive propagation of one's own principles by other than military means. It is in this spirit also that we accept the principle of peaceful coexistence. Which of the systems is better must be left to the free choice of nations, to the better arguments and the better results.

Taking this definition as our starting-point we regard the conclusion of the State Treaty as the first decisive step in this direction. Of course, we regard the full sovereignty we have recovered as confined within the limits set to this notion by contemporary developments, or those which we have set ourselves, for example, by neutrality. Owing to the growing interdependence of nations as the result of technological and social development, the times are gone when an almost absolute sovereignty permitted any state to do or let do as it pleased. The most essential limitation imposed on it is due to the growing solidarity of nations, expressed in bilateral and multilateral agreements, with a view to closer cooperation in mutually promoting, in the main, economic and social progress.

The second foundation of our foreign policy, as I have pointed out, is our permanent neutrality. Article 1 of the Federal Constitutional Act of October 26, 1955, reads: "In order to affirm her independence among the nations and to ensure the inviolability of her territory on a permanent basis, Austria, by her own decision, declares her permanent neutrality. Austria will maintain it by all available means."

It is in this concept of permanent neutrality, and in the determination

to maintain it by all available means, that we see the essential safeguard of our independence.

The collapse of the common house in 1918 left Austria without any deliberately and purposely chosen place in world politics. Since 1955, with the concept of an independent, permanently neutral state, Austria has built a new house appropriate to her size and present role. Our allegiance to the international community of nations has been newly defined.

We are happy, and have a right to be gratified, in seeing how quickly and resolutely the Austrian people have embraced these principles.

In 1955 the choice of permanent neutrality was perhaps not made entirely under the immediate conditions of the time; its roots are already to be found in the thinking of distinguished politicians, political scientists and experts in international law before 1955, and the concept is designed to be the "permanent" affirmation of Austrian independence, not just one for the middle of the twentieth century.

The choice of permanent neutrality, however, is dictated not only by the Austrian people's long-term need for security; it is our corresponding contribution to a relaxation of tension among the peoples of Europe and to international understanding. Precisely as a consequence of this we see it as an obligation to regard permanent neutrality not as a position of isolation, but as a spur to an active policy in international relations.

We pursue this policy with care and a sense of responsibility; but we have never allowed it to be doubted that this policy is interpreted by the representatives of the Austrian people and carried out by the Austrian Government.

Our policy of neutrality led to the conscious Austrian decision to join the United Nations, the third pillar of our foreign policy. This step was deliberately taken in December 1955. We were convinced that the status of permanent neutrality is not only consistent with membership, but is of value in our cooperation within that Organization.

Our twelve-year membership of this Organization has justified our assumptions at that time. Not only has no member of the United Nations ever raised an objection to our intention to maintain complete neutrality, despite our membership, but the views we have taken on particular issues from our special position, have always been respected.

We also regard our positive cooperation as an act of solidarity with the other peoples of the world in search of ever stronger guarantees of universal peace and increasing cooperation, in order to promote economic and social progress and assist the developing countries. Our membership of the United Nations corresponds, furthermore, with the conviction that

this Organization ought not only to ensure a peaceful political order, but to give such a pacific order an increasingly legal character. To embody legal thinking increasingly firmly in international relations seems to me of decisive significance, especially for the security of the medium-sized and smaller states.

Austrian foreign policy, naturally, also reflects the constructive principles guiding the state. Our own recognition of the democracy of pluralism also leads us to accept, on an international scale, the principle of different social systems living constructively together. Our federalist principles, assuming the autonomous development of independently growing units in our country, the principle of solidarity we have already referred to, coupled with the principle of providing subsidies, help us to understand the desire of peoples for independence and autonomous development in the sense of the maxim: "As much freedom as is possible, as much regulation as is necessary."

I ask your indulgence for dealing with the foundations of Austrian foreign policy in such detail. The relations of Austria with the Great Powers, with the neighbouring states, with the other members of the community of nations and with the international organizations can only properly be evaluated in this context.

Our relations with the signatory powers of the State Treaty are especially friendly; they have developed on a pragmatic basis since 1955 in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Only a few weeks ago, during my visit to the Soviet Union, I saw confirmation of the respect earned by the principles of Austria's independence as a state and her permanent neutrality, and by our active membership of the United Nations. The friendly interest in the maintenance of this policy was openly displayed, and we shall not forget the kind hospitality we, as representatives of a small but independent state, enjoyed both during our official talks and otherwise during that visit.

One of the most essential aims of our foreign policy is to maintain and further develop our good relations with the signatory powers.

I should now like to turn to the question of our relations with the states of the Danube Valley.

By way of introduction, I have to declare here that Austria is ready in the first place to examine any proposal, and to join in any initiative, which would promote a real *détente* in the area in which we live. The establishment of good neighbourly relations between the countries of the Danube Valley is, it seems to me, an important factor in a general *détente* in Europe. It may possibly be in this place, where the Danube connects Western and Eastern Europe, that the greatest chance exists to begin to strengthen understanding between East and West.

Technological developments are driving the sciences and the economy on to increasingly gigantic projects. Investment, both in human skill and in capital, is growing. A realistic awareness of this development compels us to extensive cooperation if we want to enjoy our share of scientific and economic progress. Today isolation is no guarantee of peace, and in economic and scientific fields it only guarantees a further widening of the gap between the large industrial nations and the medium-sized and smaller countries. Effective cooperation among the Danube Valley countries would conform to this maxim of our time. It would be—and let us not underestimate this political consideration—a cooperation between equals, allowing of no position of hegemony.

Austria, particularly since 1955, has directed its energies towards developing and improving her relations with the neighbouring states along these lines.

It is proper at this juncture to refer to the United Nations General Assembly Resolution of December 21, 1965, which welcomes the development of good neighbourly relations and cooperation among European states with different social systems. It emphasizes at the same time the importance of maintaining and increasing contacts between these states, and requests Governments to intensify their efforts to create an atmosphere of confidence.

In this Resolution the Federal Government of Austria sees a permanent appeal to the peoples of the Danube Valley, where history, geography and our future tasks in fact oblige us to find our way from coexistence to a sort of living together. This policy, of course, must not be confined to declarations; it must bring practical, concrete results.

I have already stated that a positive development of interstate relations in the Danube Valley is an important factor towards a relaxation of tension in Europe. The visits to Vienna of the Prime Ministers of Poland and Rumania, of the Soviet Head of State, Mr. Podgorny, and of the Yugoslav Head of State, Marshal Tito, were valuable and more favourable opportunities for promoting discussion of this subject between states and governments than previously. My visits to Belgrade and Moscow, and now to Budapest and, as I hope, shortly also to other capitals in Eastern Europe, serve the same purpose.

I believe that at the same time a valuable and essential precondition for all-European cooperation, especially in the economic field, is being brought about. The Federal Government of Austria takes an active interest in various efforts for regional economic cooperation in Europe. But this is not the final goal; our exertions are directed towards an all-European cooperation, which will permit this continent to organize its intellectual

resources and economic means by its own efforts, and to cooperate for the progress of mankind in a systematic competition with the large regional units outside Europe.

As an Austrian and European I have noted with profound satisfaction that these ideas and objectives are also approached, at least in a similar form, by responsible statesmen of this country and of other countries I have had the occasion to talk with in the past few months.

In the historic meeting of the Austrian National Assembly on October 26, 1955, when the decision on the permanent neutrality of Austria was taken, the Federal Chancellor, Julius Raab, declared:

"I greet the two states which are our neighbours to the north and east, and I assure them of Austrian readiness for understanding and neighbourly cooperation."

That greeting, which was also directed to this beautiful country, I wish to repeat today before the representatives of Hungarian science.

It is not romanticism, but a realistic view of the past, present and future, if I here declare that the past made us inhabitants of the same homeland, the present has made us neighbours, and the future calls for cooperation if we are desirous of securing the scientific and social progress which is within our reach.

Our two European peoples are linked in special intimacy by history, they live within a self-contained geographical formation, the Danube Valley, and are neighbours. In every continent "two nations on the same river," one is tempted to say, means in politico-geographical history particularly close relations and contacts, either in a peaceful or in a warlike sense.

Austria and Hungary have travelled together over long periods of their history. In the course of the journey they have had moments of understanding and of misunderstanding, and it is a hundred years to this very time that an attempt was made to give a new form to the relations of the two peoples in the Austro-Hungarian *Ausgleich*.* Both peoples are so much aware of their own particular tasks, and their respective directions in the present and the future, that we can now safely turn round and look back.

We know that the wheel of history only turns forward; we want it to turn forward, we cannot do otherwise; there is no turning back.

Good neighbourly relations must develop on the basis of the principles of independence and national sovereignty, equality of rights of the peoples, non-interference in internal affairs, and reciprocal advantages in economic, scientific and social fields.

I have just expressed Austria's readiness for neighbourly relations and

* On the *Ausgleich* see also the article by Péter Hanák on p. 17 of the present issue.

even for friendly cooperation in our mutual interests. This open manifestation of goodwill is an important element in the development of good neighbourly relations. May I be permitted to say frankly that good neighbourly relations will only come about if this goodwill is reflected in the everyday life of the countries, if all the mistrust and obstacles which separate man from man are eliminated.

On the basis of the principles I have mentioned above, the Federal Government of Austria wishes for intensified cultural relations with the land of Bartók, Kodály, Szondi, Semmelweis, Petőfi and the other scientists, poets, philosophers, medical men and musicians who have enriched the whole of European culture and science.

Austria wishes for increasing cooperation in trade policies. We are anxious to promote contacts between scientific institutions and the exchange of information for our mutual benefit. An active policy of international relations between Hungary and Austria has to make itself felt in the future. We have come to Budapest to declare quite plainly our readiness to this effect, to express unequivocally our will to progress, and to say openly that we judge the value of such good neighbourly relations by the activities on which we have agreed.

We feel assured that with the statement I am making here we are not only acting in conformity with our conception of foreign policy, but we are also setting up another milestone in the thousand-year-old history of Austro–Hungarian relations. We shall not write on this milestone today, as we did a hundred years ago, "Austro–Hungarian Compromise." We are more reserved and more realistic; let us therefore carve on the milestone the date of 1967 and, underneath it, "Austro–Hungarian Communication."

May it act at the same time as a milestone of human progress and for the guarantee of peace in this region, as well as a good example of the European *Ausgleich* we all so greatly desire.

MODERN FORMS OF COOPERATION IN THE DANUBE VALLEY

by

TIBOR PETHŐ

A rational and realistic attitude, a coolly objective examination of the questions that arise, an empirical, experimental approach—in fact most of what has characterized the European spirit since antiquity is apparently making it an increasingly European task—one might even say duty—to work out new solutions for the problems bedevilling the world and to further the settlement of contending issues. Although this sounds European-centred, and suggests that Europe still waits to dominate various parts of the world through new forms of tutelage, nonetheless on the balance of present-day conditions, Europe seems to be the best place for an investigation of the changes taking place in various societies.

A careful analysis of recent events connected with Europe indicates that European attitudes have reached a certain degree of rapprochement on three important points. In the first place it is coming to be recognized that any adjustments in Europe must be realistically based on existing conditions in this continent. And in the second, that whole groups of nations have become aware of the fact that Europe has its own specific interests, which cannot be subordinated to other foreign ambitions, and finally, it is now generally agreed that changes in European relations can only take place gradually, and consequently increasing emphasis has been laid on partial solutions.

One of the realities of the European situation is the presence of states as they exist at the present time, and the frontiers fixed after the war. Nothing will be achieved with unfounded principles like, for instance, the claim to "exclusive representation," or with the denial of an existing, operating and industrially advanced state exercising effective sovereignty over a hundred thousand square kilometers in the centre of Europe. Such insistence on a doctrinaire stand does not lead to changes in the existing situa-

tion, but to a distortion of the judgement, for it attempts to tailor the realities of the situation to a preconceived dogma.

Common interests in Europe are many, and often contradictory, and exercise an increasingly effective influence over developments. To be accurate it is not the common interests that are contradictory, but the opinions regarding them. And if it is true that popular views on national interests affect the relations of nations more than the interests themselves, then—and this is what characterizes the new tendencies—a rapprochement in these views can be seen to-day.

The extremely strong influence of America in every Western European country has started a peculiar two-way trend in each of them. On one hand the leading role in the capitalist world acquired by the United States as the country which has most speedily applied technology and science, together with the ever-increasing export of American capital to Western Europe, has brought new forms of dependence into being. As a result of the technological gap, Western European dependence on the United States has increased. On the other hand, the recognition of this tendency has persuaded European capital, and the capitalist states themselves, to take various counter-measures. We are now witnessing a development in which European capital is rallying its national and supra-national resources to check American infiltration and reduce a dependence which is beginning to frighten them. This development affords the hope of a new community of interests between the Western and Eastern halves of Europe. If the United States is steadily becoming the country within the capitalist world which employs today's technology and develops tomorrow's resources, then the countries of Western Europe will be compelled to take over the outmoded technology they have already discarded, and their dependence will become permanent. If, on the other hand, they are unwilling to submit to this state of affairs, their only logical alternative is much closer economic, commercial, scientific and technical cooperation with the socialist half of Europe.

Finally, it will have to come gradually, since it is now realized that under present conditions it is impossible to create a comprehensive all-European security system at a single blow, through a single conference. Conditions for certain limited objectives and for the realization of certain regional adjustments are, however, improving. The Karlovy Vary conference of the Communist and working-class parties of Europe worked out in detail a number of possible solutions, including a formal declaration agreeing to refrain from violence, the normalization of relations with the GDR, safeguards for the protection of West Germany, democracy in the conclusion

of a non-proliferation pact, a considerable extension of economic contacts between capitalist and socialist Europe, the withdrawal of foreign troops, the creation of atom-free zones, and the dissolution of military blocs, or at least the abolition of the military organizations of the two blocs. Activities to increase regional cooperation—in the Baltic and Mediterranean zones, in Central Europe, in the Balkan Peninsula and in the Danube Basin—are part of the attempt to find partial solutions, and Hungary is particularly interested in such attemps in the Danube Basin.

Here, as in the other regional areas mentioned, increasing attention is paid to the role the smaller countries of Europe can play. The colloquium held in Rüschlikon, Switzerland, between May 16 and 19, 1967, sponsored by the European Union, dealt with this question. It is generally agreed that in this day and age the smaller states of Europe need no longer struggle for their very existence, as was the case between 1930 and 1945, for the concept of a "small state" has changed. Compared to the two Super Powers, today even the former Great Powers count as small, and consequently on the European scale, the position of what were formerly the "small" states has improved.

Dr. Fred Luschzinger, foreign editor of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, raised the question at the colloquium: "In the present state of affairs in East-West relations, do the small European states have any opportunity to initiate actions which would bring conditions closer to normalcy?" No one, of course, believes that the issues in dispute between East and West can be settled on the initiative of the small states. As it was said, "in practice this cannot mean more than contact between Austria, Hungary and other countries; Denmark, Rumania and other countries; Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and other countries. That is, the restoration of the ties of active relations between the individual countries of Europe". The restoration of such contacts, however, bears within itself "the seeds of a natural order"; in other words, the small states have a definite role to play in bringing about a "natural order in Europe."[1]

"Cooperation in the Danube Basin," to quote the words of Dr. Josef Klaus, the Austrian Chancellor, "is a valuable and at the same time essential pre-condition for all-European cooperation, especially in the economic field."[2]

Generally speaking the phrase "Danube Valley" is used in a narrower context than "Danube Basin." Examining the policy of the countries along

[1] *Kleinstaaten und europäische Sicherheit*. International Colloquium, *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, May 28, 1967, p. 5.

[2] The text of Chancellor Klaus' Budapest lecture see on p. 3 this issue.

the Danube, in his book *Der Donauraum*, Emil Franzel gave a separate significance to the central basin, and described the region extending from Vienna to the Iron Gates as "the inner courtyard of the Danubian area."[3]

With due attention to the necessity for a gradual implementation, it is logical to treat the problem of cooperation in the Danube Basin as starting from co-operation in the Danube Valley. The nucleus for cooperation between the four countries of the Danube Valley, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary and Yugoslavia. This zone is better adapted to improvements in east-west relations than any other regional area in Europe. In Northern Europe all the Scandinavian countries live under the same capitalist system. In Central Europe the unsettled nature of the German question complicates east-west relations. In the Balkans and in the Mediterranean region the socialist countries and the capitalist countries belonging to NATO have frontiers in common, which again adds to the complexity of the problem.

The Danube Valley is the only area where the countries of the two military blocs are not immediate neighbours. Two of them, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, are members of the Warsaw Pact, Austria is permanently neutral, and Yugoslavia is uncommitted. Economically speaking, the picture is similar, for Czechoslovakia and Hungary are Comecon countries, Austria—at least at present—is part of E.F.T.A., whereas Yugoslavia only sends observers to Comecon conferences. In other words, military and economic confrontations are least sharp in the Danube Valley. This region, consequently, offers the maximal objective opportunity for the peaceful coexistence of countries belonging to different economic systems.

Historical and cultural traditions accentuate contemporary political realities. The experience of history stresses both the fact that the Danube Valley is a connecting link and the need of cooperation among the peoples of the Danube Basin. Three big European areas subjected to the influence of different cultures—Latin, Slav and German—are neighbours in this area, and each of them has left indelible marks on the life of the Danubian peoples. This common fate, this common, mixed cultural heritage long ago created a peculiar community of interests among them; and in addition most of them lived within the body of a single state for a long period of history. It is the tragedy of the Danube Basin that the interests of the Great Powers and their territorial ambitions frequently pitted the Danubian peoples against one another, incited chauvinist passions, and changed the land of the Danubian peoples into a zone of international conflict instead of an area of peace. The ruling classes of the individual Danubian peoples are much to blame for this state of affairs, in entering into collusion with

3 Emil Franzel: *Der Donauraum*, Bern, 1958, p. 18.

this or that conquering power for the sake of political or economic advantages over their neighbours. Some of the best Hungarian minds had realized this and Lajos Kossuth in the second half of the 19th century as well as Mihály Károlyi and Oszkár Jászi at the end of the First World War had outlined plans of a cooperation in the Danube Valley. Between the two world wars plans for cooperation among the peoples of the Danube, including the Tardieu plan and later the Hodža plan were put forward, but each foundered in turn on the obstacles raised by the Versailles and Trianon Treaties on the one hand, and by the unsettled conditions of the time on the other. Following the Second World War, when most of the nations of the Danube Valley started to build a socialist society and later when the thaw in the Cold War set in, practical conditions came into existence for the development of a new type of cooperation.

I have in mind two sorts of cooperation. One of them covers the relations of the socialist countries with one another, the other concerns Austrian relations with the socialist countries. There are no essential social and economic differences among the socialist countries; the socialist foundation which is common to all provides a sound basis for a large variety of cooperative efforts. These countries approach all the problems of this region of Europe, and world politics in general, from an identical social basis, and consequently their views are in most cases identical or very similar. From time to time difficulties may, of course, arise due to differences in certain practical aspects of socialist construction, or differences in development; none of these, however, alters the fact that the aims and purposes are the same. The vestiges of nationalism could not be eradicated, even though the social system is identical; where, however, nationality problems were intelligently faced and settled, nationalism gradually died away, and made room for friendly cooperation based on a full respect for national rights and traditions. Hungarian–Yugoslav relations are peculiarly instructive here, for, after a period of hostility between 1948 and 1955, they changed into a friendly and unambiguously constructive connection which is advantageous to both. The trend is towards still greater cooperation and the gradual reduction in the importance of national frontiers.

The keystone of peaceful coexistence in the Danube Valley is the relationship between Austria and her eastern neighbours. From a strictly historical point of view Austro-Hungarian relations have a history of over a thousand years, for the Magyars pushing westwards from the east fought their first battle with the Germans of Babenberg province in the Vienna basin in 881. Any examination of Austro-Hungarian relations is inevitably involved with the relations of the Germanic peoples and the Danube Basin.

Looking at Germanic politics from a historical point of view, very early attempts to unite the basin of the Upper Danube with the territories lying on the middle and lower reaches of the river can be perceived. Later their politics show the peoples of the Danube region within a single state, and so bring them under the rule of the Germanic peoples. The other was to ensure the political and economic influence of their ruling classes by dividing the peoples living in the area and setting them against one another. The development of a peace-loving democratic Germany in the centre of Europe, and not the kind of Germany that hopes to realize the "Danubian destiny of the Germanic peoples," is of vital importance to the Danubian nations.

1967, as a matter of fact, marks an interesting anniversary in the relationship between Hungary and Austria. A hundred years have passed since the Austro-Hungarian Compromise of 1867, to which Chancellor Klaus referred in his speech, was signed. A long account of the historical circumstances and significance of the Compromise would be out of place here, but it should be remembered that the Compromise meant, among other things, that after the failure of her plans in the west and the defeat of Sadowa, Austria oriented herself toward the east, trying to enlist the support of Hungary for her status as a great power, the same Hungary which had for centuries been one of the threats to it. This relationship is, I repeat, over a thousand years old, and true interdependence have always been interpreted by the best minds of the two peoples as meaning that more binds us than separates us, and that the two peoples serve their own individual interests and fulfil their European role to better advantage when they choose honest cooperation. But in considering modern methods of cooperation, no one is considering a federative solution. The recent Hungarian and Austrian talks concentrated on problems of economic, cultural, scientific and technical cooperation, and certain advances were made in each of these four fields. It is particularly significant that a permanent committee was set up designed to promote regular consultations and create institutional forms for the more effective development of new methods and techniques of cooperation. In addition to the official inter-state contacts these also involve contacts on a more human level between the two countries, a common concern for literature, art and music, the extension of tourism, closer cooperation between sports associations and various social organizations.

The negotiations between Hungary and Austria also show that the first step to be taken in the development of cooperation in the Danube Valley is to improve bilateral relations, and further improvements can only be effected when these bilateral relations have reached the proper level.

It is also worth noting that Budapest is the seat of the Danube Commission. The Commission, it is true, is exclusively concerned with questions of Danube navigation, but its mere existence directs the attention beyond the Danube valley in the narrower sense, towards the prospects of closer cooperation in the Danube Basin itself. The Danube flows through eight countries and takes smaller rivers from three additional countries to the sea. It carries 30 million metric tons of cargo a year. Within its catchment area of 817,000 square kilometres live thirteen peoples: Hungarians, Czechs, Austrians, Germans, Poles, Ukrainians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, Croats, Serbs, Slovenes, Slovaks and Italians. No other area in Europe is so varied, in all senses of the word, which is one more reason—and opportunity—for the peoples of this region to unite in making it a model area of European coexistence.

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HUNDRED YEARS OF *AUSGLEICH*

by

PÉTER HANÁK

From the very moment of its conclusion the Austro–Hungarian Compromise of 1867 became the focus of debate between the political parties, among the general public, and among the scholars and intellectuals of Hungary. The argument about it accompanied all the increasing internal struggles of the Dual Monarchy, and was to survive the birth of the Compromise itself by a century, as well as the bitterly disputed system to which it gave rise. In this article, however, I merely want to outline the main trends of research in recent years and to reveal certain aspects which, I hope, will help to give a more realistic picture.

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Following the defeat of the 1848 revolutions, uninhibited absolutism was introduced into the Hapsburg Empire. The victory acquired by the power of arms and with the help of Czarist troops formed the basis of this unified empire *(Gesamtstaat)*, in which autocratic absolutism and strict centralization were the keynote. The instability and weakness of such a foundation, however, was revealed as soon as the Empire suffered setbacks in military and foreign policy, and domestic resistance strengthened in consequence. After the Austrian defeat in the Italian war of 1859 the Emperor Francis Joseph and the bureaucracy in control in Vienna attempted to preserve the main essence of the absolutist and centralized fabric by granting minor constitutional concessions. In the first half of the eighteen-sixties neither the efforts to consolidate the Empire internally, nor to restore its external position as a great power, proved successful, largely because of the nationalist movements that were rife within it, and—in the first place—in Hungary. Austria's defeat by Prussia in the 1866 war had finally made it clear that

the Empire would have to be radically reorganized, corresponding with the actual balance of powers and with a proper consideration for the need to modernize. This problem was resolved by the Compromise of 1867, a settlement between the Austrian dynasty, the centralist bureaucracy, the Austrian liberal bourgeoisie and the Hungarian liberal landed gentry.

The Compromise transformed the absolute and centralized Austrian Empire into a constitutional, two-centred Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The two parts of the Monarchy, the western part officially called "the Kingdoms and Lands represented in the Imperial Council"—Austria for short, and the eastern part called "the Lands of the Hungarian Crown"—Hungary for short, were formally independent. Each had its separate parliament, separate government, separate administration; but the army, foreign affairs, and finance were in common, as well as the person of the King-Emperor. Other matters in common were foreign trade and customs, and banking and currency. Joint economic affairs were regulated by a commercial treaty renewed every ten years. The government of the whole complex was thus handled by three formally coordinate governments, two parliaments of equal parity including the parliamentary commissions representing Austria and Hungary respectively, called the "Delegations," which were entrusted with the constitutional supervision of all joint business, eighteen provincial assemblies, and—at the apex—the Emperor. This complicated, cumbersome state apparatus reflected the contradictions existing between the community and the conflict of interests of the social and political forces which had brought the Compromise into existence. In addition to settling constitutional issues, it introduced a modern parliamentary system, guaranteed the liberal freedoms and—to a limited degree—national rights. At the same time it consolidated the hierarchical system of oppression from which the other nationalities within the Monarchy suffered.

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Two attitudes towards the Compromise developed in Hungarian historiography, corresponding exactly to the two major political trends of the age of Dualism. Those who supported the Compromise regarded it as the "blissful reconciliation between King and nation"—as "1848 made practicable and implementable."[1] As against this, the intransigents obstinate for independence stigmatized it as a "fatal relinquishment of rights," a renunciation of national sovereignty, resulting in the country's subordination

1 Gyula Szekfű, *Három nemzedék* (Three Generations), 5th ed., Budapest, 1938. p. 199.

to alien interests—the rule of Vienna.[2] Despite sharp conflict, both sides agreed in that they both recognized the legal relations which bound Hungary to Austria as their point of departure; both of them were firm for Hungarian national autonomy, but the one defended the Compromise as the most that could be achieved in the circumstances, and the other attacked it as a shameful betrayal of Hungarian national independence.

Most Austrian and Western historians have interpreted the event differently. In their opinion the Compromise was a victory for the Hungarians, embodying—as it were—the Hungarian dominance that was to destroy the unity of the Empire and, despite the temporary effect in consolidating the system, eventually prove the source of its decline and decay.[3] There are authors who consider that Hungarian rule, now stabilized with the help of the Compromise, was responsible for the inability of the Monarchy to fulfil its traditional "mission" in Central and East Europe: the preservation of peace among the nations, the dissemination of culture and the realization of a "supranational integration."[4] Others, the anti-Monarchy nationalists, blame the alliance of the two ruling nations—the Austrian and the Hungarian—based on force, and almost exclusively intent on maintaining the oppression of the national minorities, on restoring "the prison of nations," for the eventual collapse.

Marxist historians looked upon the Compromise as a stage, a milestone, in a general historical process: the nineteenth century transformation which was characterized by the liberalism of the time and rising nationalism. The Compromise ended an era of upheaval beginning with the revolutions of 1848. It did so within a framework determined by the given international and internal balance of power. To that extent the compromise was realistic; it helped to create constitutional stability, it contributed to the economic and social development of the Monarchy. Since, however, the

2 The source of this opinion was the progressive-minded criticism of Kossuth developed in the 1860's. Cf. *Kossuth Lajos Iratai* (The Writings of Lajos Kossuth), 7th vol. Budapest, 1900, pp. 290–323; 8th vol. Budapest, 1900, pp. 10–14, 27–29, 56–57.—Writers belonging to the Independent Party later criticized the Compromise one-sidedly from the constitutional point of view. E.g., Lajos Hentaller, *Kossuth és kora* (Kossuth and his Age), Budapest, 1894. *Idem: Sérelmeink a Habsburgok alatt* (Our Grievances under the Hapsburgs), Budapest, 1905.—Lajos Mocsáry, *A közösügyi rendszer zárszámadása* (Final Balance Sheet of the Common Affairs System), Budapest, 1902.

3 Josef Redlich, *Das österreichische Staats- und Reichsproblem.* 2nd vol. Leipzig, 1926. pp. 585–586, 672–675.—Viktor Bibl, *Von Revolution zu Revolution.* 2nd vol. *Der Zerfall Österreichs.* Vienna, 1924, pp. 306–308, 317–318, 391, 406.—Georg Franz, *Liberalismus. Die deutschliberale Bewegung in der Habsburgischen Monarchie.* Munich, 1955, p. 363, p. 317.—Heinrich Benedikt, *Monarchie der Gegensätze.* Vienna, 1947, pp. 176–179.—Karl Eder, *Der Liberalismus in Altösterreich.* Vienna–Munich, 1955, p. 153.—Emil Franzel, *Der Donauraum im Zeitalter des Nationalitätenprinzips.* Munich, 1958, pp. 107–109.—Erich Zöllner, *Geschichte Österreichs.* 2nd ed. Vienna, 1961, p. 412.

4 Cf. Hugo Hantsch, *Die Geschichte Österreichs.* 2nd ed. Graz–Vienna–Cologne, 1962. 2nd vol, pp. 379–381, 459–461, 482–485.

principal issues of the bourgeois revolution were "dealt with" from above by the Emperor, with the agreement of the ruling classes of Austria and Hungary, i.e., in an undemocratic manner, leaving the most important issues—the agrarian question and question of the nationalities—still unresolved, the Compromise proved no more than a temporary solution. It ended an era without effecting a modern transformation of the Monarchy.[5]

The attitude of the Marxist historian, as can be seen, is essentially opposed both to the anti-Monarchy point of view of the ultra-nationalists, and the pro-Monarchy view of those favouring the "supranational" state. Studies on the subject appearing between 1950 and 1960 had decidedly and critically rejected the "ideas of 1867" and absorbed certain elements of the "1848 outlook." Some of them, for instance, strongly emphasized the renunciation of national independence involved, and others stressed the "semi-colonial dependence" of Hungary and even adduced new arguments to prove it. But such authors failed to make a really profound investigation of the objective circumstances which led to the Compromise, the impact of international relations, the internal transformation of the Hungarian ruling classes. They tried to explain, for instance—the explanations are sometimes without many facts to support them—how the ruling class of the 1848 revolution came to accept the Compromise little more than fifteen years later. The reasons, they claimed, were to be found in various subjective hopes and fears, personal goals, renunciations of principles and abandonments of rights. Current research is more concerned with objective processes, with a more detailed analysis of the international and internal balance of forces, and with the preliminary conditions of the Compromise.

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Hungarian historians demonstrated long ago that the Hungarian national movement—apart from a few isolated secret revolutionary organizations—withdrew into passive resistance in the decade following the defeat of the revolution. After 1859 this resistance rapidly increased, and took a more active form. A further incentive was provided by the Italian national movement, and the legendary liberation campaign led by Garibaldi. The partisans of independence looked to Italy, awaiting armed help from Garibaldi, who would come accompanied by Klapka[6] and Kossuth, the bearers of freedom

5 These basic ideas of the Marxist assessment are by József Révai. For his analysis see his article "Kossuth Lajos" in *Marxizmus, népiesség, magyarság* (Marxism, populism, Hungarians), Budapest, 1948, pp. 159–160.

6 General György Klapka (1820–1892), hero of the 1848–49 revolution.

for the unhappy Hungarian people. "There is very great unrest among the people and no satisfaction; we are waiting for the swallows to arrive, but perhaps they will come by winter," wrote a burgher of Esztergom in 1860 to his soldier-son stationed on Italian soil.[7] Numerous sources, letters, official reports, demonstrations and secret organizations show that part of the nobility, the intelligentsia, the students, burghers and the masses of the people were preparing for active resistance, which would include a national uprising, given suitable conditions, i.e., military support from abroad.

It seems beyond doubt that a new war of independence in this period, dominated by the grave crisis of neo-absolutism, could have relied on strong mass support in Hungary.[8]

A crisis of government and potential mass support, although essential, are by no means sufficient conditions for a successful uprising. The question was whether the leading force in Hungarian society and the national movement of that time, i.e., the landed gentry, was willing and competent to repeat 1848. This problem has been thoroughly analysed by Hungarian historians. The platform generally accepted by the Hungarian leading class was for a full return to the 1848 Constitution. With a rare consensus Hungarian public opinion rallied to the "Platform of '48," veiling for a while all differences and contradictions over its interpretation and practical implementation. The moderate-liberal nobility stood for legal continuity. For them the 1848 Constitution was the firm foundation on which they thought they could build opposition to absolutist centralism, provincial federalism (rooted in conservativism), the federalist tendencies of the national minorities, rejecting Hungarian supremacy, and the Kossuth programme of 1849 in favour of secession from the Monarchy. The moderates, consequently, did not wish to break with Austria, and for this reason regarded the "Platform of '48" as the basis for an Austro–Hungarian agreement.

The radical wing of the landed gentry and the intelligentsia regarded the "Platform of '48" as the starting point for independence, and as their rallying cry. Up to this point their programme coincided with that of the Hungarian emigrés led by Kossuth. But their programme for independence nonetheless differed both in its character and in the conditions of execution from the original 1848 platform, and also from the policy of Kossuth. In 1848, in point of fact, the key to independence had been social progress, i.e., the emancipation of the serfs. And to maintain that independence an

7 *Munkások és parasztok mozgalmai Magyarországon 1849–1867* (Workers' and Peasants' Movements in Hungary, 1849–1867). *Iratok*. Ed. Oszkár Sashegyi. Budapest, 1959, p. 294.

8 Cf. Lajos Lukács, *Magyar függetlenségi és alkotmányos mozgalmak 1849–1867* (Hungarian Independence and Constitutional Movements, 1849–1867). Budapest, 1955.—György Szabad, *1860–1861 Magyarországon* (Hungary in 1860–1861).

understanding should have been reached with the nationalities, the non-Magyar peoples of Hungary. Ten years later the Kossuth programme of independence was to be based on a more democratic adaptation of the 1848 Constitution. The leaders of the radical wing of the nobility—disregarding both the various admonitions of Kossuth and his associates, and his progressive draft constitution—thought it possible to substitute the armed support they hoped for, from the powers hostile to Austria, for social and political reforms. The cause of independence was thus made dependent on outside factors—on the international situation. When the relations between these countries changed and took a turn unfavourable to the independence programme of the radicals, their policy lost any rational basis, and their adherence to '48 narrowed down to questions of constitutional law.[9]

In 1860–1861 any restitution of the 1848 Constitution demanded its improvement or extension. We have a great deal of evidence to show that the peasants had been discontented with the form taken by the 1848 emancipation of serfs and the Imperial Letters-Patent of 1853 which implemented it, and continued to fight for the abolition of all relics of feudalism. In the course of the possessory actions arising from the abolition of socage, mass conflicts occurred between the peasants and the landlords, with the latter supported by the absolutist authorities.[10] Under such circumstances any renewal of the alliance with the peasantry would have necessitated alterations of the Letters-Patent of 1853 in a more democratic direction. This, however, had no attraction for the landed gentry. It was to their interest to minimize the losses they had suffered through the abolition of serfdom, and to secure every possible advantage by a narrow implementation of the provisions. The conflict of interests between the landowners and the peasants prevented a new "reconciliation of interests." The concept of national independence proved too weak to bridge the gap with the peasantry, and to a still greater extent, with the national minorities.

The nationality problem in itself demanded a democratic revision of the 1848 Constitution. In view of their experience in the War of Independence and the period of absolutism, the more liberal politicians of the Hungarian leading class were prepared to go beyond the "Platform of '48." The emigrés László Teleki and Lajos Kossuth made the greatest advances in this direction,[11] by recognizing the autonomous rights of the minorities in Hungary.

9 *Magyarország Története* (History of Hungary). Ed. Erik Molnár, Ervin Pamlényi, György Székely. Budapest, 1964. 2nd vol, pp. 49–51. Part of it was written by György Szabad.

10 *Ibid.*, pp. 36–40, 50–51.—*Op. cit.* Sashegyi.

11 Zoltán Horváth, *Teleki László 1810–1861*. Budapest, 1964. 2nd vol, pp. 391–407. Teleki László, *Válogatott Munkái* (Selected Works of László Teleki). Ed. Gábor Kemény. Budapest, 1961. 2nd vol. pp. 21–31, 192–202.

They wanted to fight Hapsburg absolutism side by side with the minorities in a federation based on equality. Among the politicians inside Hungary, the policies of József Eötvös and Lajos Mocsáry towards the nationalities deserve attention.[12] They, too, recognized the multi-national character of Hungary, and respected the national existence of the non-Magyar minorities, being prepared to recognize limited autonomy for them. The majority of the leaders, however—although subscribing to equality and drinking toasts to it—were only prepared to make limited concessions in practice. They insisted on the territorial integrity of the country and on Magyar supremacy; as to the freedom of use of the minority languages, the right of association and a certain autonomy in lesser matters—yes, they would be acceptable, but only subject to the other overriding principles. These concessions, moreover, extended no further than the national rights already assured by the Viennese Government in the October Diploma (1860), and certainly lagged far behind the rather moderate demands of the nationalities put forward at that time.

The difference between the Hungarian concept of the "Platform of '48" and the claim of effective equality of rights on the part of the national minorities consequently prevented an alliance. Neither the experience of history nor the common link of anti-absolutism proved strong enough to bridge the widening gap made by nationalism. When, moreover, the movements of the national minorities became organized, when their political leaders equally put forward their own national programmes in opposition to the claim of Hungarian supremacy, and when, furthermore, it became evident that the Hungarian emigré politicans also considered a federation based on national equality as indispensible to the fight for independence, the Hungarian leading classes once again moved closer to the dynasty. Vienna or Belgrade, reunification of Transylvania or autonomy for the Rumanians of Transylvania, expansion or restriction to the "Platform of '48": faced with these alternatives, they chose national hegemony and, to this end, compromise with Vienna.

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The attitude adopted by the Hungarian landed gentry was, of course, strongly influenced by other circumstances as well. It is hardly necessary to say that purely economic considerations served as a decisive factor (this

12 *Mocsáry Lajos Válogatott Írásai* (Selected Writings by Lajos Mocsáry). Ed. G. Gábor Kemény, Budapest, 1958, pp. 165–202, 351–358.—J. Eötvös, *Über die Gleichberechtigung der Nationalitäten in Österreich*. Leipzig, 1850.

was even recognized by contemporaries). This was the period of transition from traditional farming based on socage to the free competition of capitalism. The older history books used to paint the economic slump which accompanied the period of absolutism in the darkest of colours. Absolutism —they declared—"wore down the bone and marrow of our nation—the middle class—for almost two decades." "Political and economic reasons, as well as elemental disasters, drove our middle classes to ruin." It was hardly surprising that, its material basis and its morale badly shaken, it was ready to bargain.[13] Earlier historians, consequently, attempted to explain and excuse the Compromise on the ground of economic difficulties; a rather one-sided argument, though perhaps not without some foundation.

Recent economico-historical research, however, has clearly established the fact that the period between 1850 and 1870 was by no means a period of economic recession. For the majority of landlords, the difficulties of changing over to a new mode of farming were greatly alleviated by a prosperity which—apart from minor setbacks—was to last until 1873. The boom proved particularly favourable for agricultural production. Between 1850 and 1870 the volume of agricultural production grew by approximately 40 per cent, and in terms of financial value, by 76 per cent.[14] The price level rose by 30 per cent as against 1848; the price of wheat increased by 9 per cent above the average.[15] Within the Monarchy as a whole prices tended to level off in favour of the regions producing corn as a cash crop, and consequently the difference in price levels between Vienna and Budapest in general decreased.[16] At the same time transport was improving. During this period nearly 2,000 kilometres of railway lines were constructed in Hungary, and river transport also improved considerably. This was the age that witnessed the development of the modern credit system, with improved credit facilities as a result. The funds of Hungarian banking institutions

13 *A magyar nemzet története* (The History of the Hungarian Nation). Ed. Sándor Szilágyi, 10th vol. "A modern Magyarország" (1848–1896) (Modern Hungary). By Sándor Márki and Gusztáv Boksics. Budapest, 1898, pp. 633–635.

14 The figures were taken from the following works: Gyula Kautz, *Az Ausztriai Birodalom statisztikája különös tekintettel Magyarországra* (Statistics of the Austrian Empire with Special Regard to Hungary), Pest, 1855, p. 157, pp. 167–168; Mór Pisztory, *Az Osztrák–Magyar Monarchia statisztikája a legújabb adatok alapján* (Statistics of the Austro–Hungarian Monarchy. On the Basis of Recent Figures). Budapest, 1874, p. 223. Cf. Péter Hanák, "Hungary in the Austro–Hungarian Monarchy." *Austrian History Yearbook*. 3rd vol.—Iván Berend–György Ránki, "Nemzeti jövedelem és tőkefelhalmozás Magyarországon 1867–1914" (National Income and Accumulation of Capital in Hungary). *Történelmi Szemle*, 1966, No. 2, p. 188.

15 "A magyar mezőgazdaság árhelyzete az utolsó évszázadban (1867–1963)" (Price Trends in Hungarian Agriculture in the Last Century). *Statisztikai Időszaki Közlemények* (Periodical of Statistics). Vol. 73. Budapest, 1965–66, pp. 9 and 25.

16 György Szabad, "Das Anwachsen der Ausgleichstendenz der Produktenpreise im Habsburgerreich um die Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts. Studien zur Geschichte der Österreichisch–Ungarischen Monarchie." *Studia Academiae Scientiarum Hungaricae*. Vol. 51. Budapest, 1961, pp. 222–235.

rose from 3.8 million crowns in 1849 to 13.8 million crowns in 1866; during the same period their total deposits grew from 20 million to 161 million.[17] The agricultural boom and the improvement of credit facilities were closely linked with the united market of the Monarchy.

The expansion of markets was thus the outcome of the new era of capitalist evolution, and—within this—of the change in the economic relations of Austria and Hungary. Hungarian historians have been rather partial to the theory which, generalizing from insufficient facts, flatly described the relationship of Hungary to Austria as "colonial" or (after 1867) "semi-colonial." In the light of subsequent research, however, this theory, influenced by political promptings, has proved to be unfounded and untenable.[18] As we see it today, the relations of the two parts of the Monarchy have to be analysed in terms of the dynamic interactions of economic growth.[19] For the moment it is enough to say that the economic relationship changed towards the middle of the nineteenth century. In the period lasting from the middle of the eighteenth century to the eighteen-forties Austria (i.e., what were known as the "perpetual provinces") had created the foundations of a capitalist economy largely at the expense of the eastern provinces. By this process they had hindered the internal accumulation and exploitation of capital there.

The first stages of the industrial revolution began in Austria in the eighteen-forties. From that time onwards—if only to secure her raw materials and food supplies as well as an outlet for her products—it effectively contributed to financing and promoting the first stages of capitalism in Hungary by means of capital investment, the building of railways, etc.

Hungarian landowners and the Hungarian merchant class could observe the swift expansion of market relations between the two parts of the Monarchy. Some of them were able to exploit it, others would have liked to, but were unable. All of them, however, were anxious to end the political crisis preventing its unimpeded development and its undisturbed exploitation. It was not therefore exclusively, nor even in the first place, the economic recession which prompted the majority of the landed class to accept a Compromise promising economic and political consolidation. On the contrary, it was the possibility of exploiting economic opportunities to the utmost which influenced them.

17 "A Magyar Szent Korona Országainak hitelintézetei az 1894–1909. években" (Banking Institutions of the Countries of the Hungarian Holy Crown in the Years 1894–1909). *Magyar Statisztikai Közlemények* (Hungarian Statistical Bulletin). New series, Vol. 35. Budapest, 1913, pp. 70–75.

18 Vilmos Sándor, "Der Charakter der Anhängigkeit Ungarns im Zeitalter des Dualismus. Studien zur Geschichte..." *Studia Historica*. Vol. 51, pp. 303–330.

19 Péter Hanák, "Die Lage Ungarns in der Monarchie." *Österreichische Osthefte*. 1967.

No broad picture of the conditions which led to the Compromise is complete without an analysis of the international relations of the time. This question, somewhat neglected in the past, has been considered by Hungarian historians from several points of view.[20] They have shown that in the eighteen-sixties none of the Great Powers (not England, the traditional protector—nor France, still an enemy in 1859—nor Russia, alienated in the Crimean War—nor yet Prussia—intent for German hegemony) desired the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Although inspired by different motives corresponding to their own respective interests, each of them regarded the Hapsburg Empire as an important factor in the balance of power on the Continent. Leading circles in Hungary, understandably enough, followed the international situation with keen attention, analysing and assessing each shift in power relations. A recent assessment of their standpoint on the reunification of Germany, and their relations with Prussia, is particularly interesting.

Until quite recently Hungarian historians had accepted the view, originating in the time of the Dual Monarchy, that there had been a certain community of interests, even cooperation, between leading circles in Hungary and the Prussian Government over the unification of Germany.[21] According to this view the Hungarian leaders approved the "kleindeutsch" Bismarck plan of unification because it would have weakened Austrian absolutism and centralization. Bismarck, moreover, they affirmed, had regarded Hungary as an ally against their Austrian rival. This view, however, was no more than a reflection of the later pro-German attitude of those interests which later took form in the *Zweibund*. More recent investigation has revealed that the relations between Bismarck and the Hungarian leading classes were far from being characterized by collaboration and sympathy, but rather revealed distrust and antipathy.[22]

Bismarck's advent to power was greeted with hostility by Hungarian liberal politicians, who from the very beginning opposed his conservatism

20 Imre Gonda, *Bismarck és az 1867-es Osztrák–Magyar kiegyezés* (Bismarck and the Hungarian–Austrian Compromise of 1867). Budapest, 1960.—Gy. Szabad, *Kossuth and the British Policy of the "Balance of Power"* (1859–1961). *Etudes historiques publiées par la Commission Nationale des Historiens Hongrois*. Budapest, 1960, Vol. 2, pp. 87–135.—Endre Kovács, *A nagyhatalmak és a kiegyezés* (The Great Powers and the Compromise). (In progress).—István Diószegi, *Ausztria–Magyarország és a francia–porosz háború 1870–1871* (Austria–Hungary and the Franco–Prussian War 1870–1871). Budapest, 1965.—István Diószegi, "Le parti liberal Hongrois et l'unité Allemande" *Nouvelles études historiques publiées à l'occasion du XIIe Congrès International des Sciences Historiques par la Commission Nationale des Historiens Hongrois*. Budapest, 1965. 2nd vol, pp. 47–70.

21 Ed. von Wettheimer, *Graf Julius Andrássy, Sein Leben und seine Zeit*. Vols. 1–3. Stuttgart, 1910–1913. *Idem: Bismarck im politischen Kampf*. Berlin, 1930.—Zoltán Ferenczi, *Deák élete* (Life of Deák). Vols. 1–3. Budapest, 1904.—Gonda recently expressed a similar view on a Marxist basis *(op. cit.)*.

22 Diószegi, *Le parti liberal . . .*

and his absolutist methods. "Mr. Bismarck's old antipathies and new propensities may well foster the suspicion that his Portfolio of Foreign Affairs is like Pandora's box, whence discord may be sown. The German question, as handled by him, can hardly lead to anything but aspirations to annexation," wrote the *Pesti Napló* (Journal of Pest) as early as Autumn 1862. "For this reason," continued the paper, attempting to encourage Viennese Government circles, "the reform of the German alliance should be taken in hand by those who, taking advantage of the unfavourable turn in the domestic affairs of Prussia, are prepared to go forward with liberal reform proposals."[23] In the opinion of the Hungarian liberals the unification of Germany was desirable—and possible—under Hapsburg leadership, given a foundation of liberal reforms and in terms of some form of federal alliance. The unification of the German states and the German-speaking provinces of Austria into a federal state would, they believed, automatically solve the Hungarian problem, as the natural solution for the Hapsburg countries remaining outside the German Federation would be a personal union. The Hungarian liberals consequently were by no means opposed to unification under Hapsburg rule, or what was known as the "grossdeutsch" trend in foreign policy. In their eyes such a solution of the question of German unification would undoubtedly mean the liquidation of the absolutist centralism practised by the Monarchy. The alternative, as they put it, was not: either "grossdeutsch" unification *and* a strengthened centralization on the one hand, or being ousted from Germany *and* Dualism on the other, but: "Either centralism will remain, in which case it is impossible for Austria to integrate more closely with Germany, or else Austria is going to integrate more closely with Germany in which case... the February Constitution[24] must be amended."[25]

Whether this alternative was correctly formulated, whether their assessment of the chances and consequences of a unification under Hapsburg rule was sufficiently realistic, is another question. The fact remains that they were expecting Austria to carry through the constitutional and federal reform of Germany; and accordingly, in the struggle for German hegemony, they desired the victory of Austria. When, therefore, in June 1866, at the outbreak of the Prussian–Austrian war, the Hungarian National Assembly assured the monarch of their loyalty, their action was not dictated by opportunism.[26] As opposed to Kossuth and his radical followers, the major-

23 *Ibid.*, p. 50. *Pesti Napló*, October 17, 1862.

24 The *centralized* Constitution promulgated by Imperial Letters-Patent, February 26th, 1861.

25 *Ibid.*, p. 54. *Pesti Napló*, August 28, 1863.

26 Manó Kónyi, *Deák Ferencz beszédei* (Speeches by Ferenc Deák). 3rd vol. 1861–1866. Budapest, 1889, pp. 571–573.

ity of the Hungarian leading class earnestly desired and hoped for an Austrian victory. "That Austria will emerge victorious we still refuse to doubt. The contrary would be too great a calamity to admit as possible"—was the reaction of the *Pesti Napló* upon the first news of the Sadowa defeat reaching them. "From the point of view of liberalism and constitutionalism we should regret the triumph—let us hope it never comes—of present-day Prussia."[27]

What considerations prompted the anti-Prussian attitude of leading Hungarian politicians in the eighteen-sixties? In the first place their liberalism, which set them against any type of conservatism and absolutism, partly on principle, partly for tactical reasons determined by the given situation of the Monarchy at that time. In the second place their fear of Prussian plans of annexation. They were afraid that the victory of Prussia would lead to the loss of Austria's German-speaking provinces, involving the dissolution of the Monarchy itself. But why should they have minded the dissolution of the Monarchy? Why did they prefer the personal union under the Crown which they expected would follow a possible "grossdeutsch" federalism, to an independence which was all the easier to regain if the Monarchy were dissolved? The answer to this question, we believe, provides the key to the Hungarian concept of the Compromise and the Dual Monarchy.

The experience gained in the 1848 War of Independence and the next twenty years provided two strong arguments which convinced the Hungarian ruling class that their own paramount interest lay in safeguarding the Monarchy. In the first place the Hungarian landed nobility and gentry felt themselves too weak to protect their class hegemony against the peasantry on the one hand, and Magyar hegemony against the autonomist demands for federalism put forward by the national minorities on the other. In the eighteen-sixties the conviction (originating in 1848) deepened that the democratic and nationalist currents then prevailing would sooner or later sweep away an independent Hungarian state unless backed by the political and military power of the Hapsburg dynasty.

At the same time, the Hungarian ruling class was very much afraid of conservative-absolutist Russia—a friend of all the Slav peoples. The bitter memory of Czarist intervention in 1849 was still deeply imprinted on the national mind. Russian expansionist tendencies were amply borne out by the Crimean War, Russian oppression and by the savage crushing of the Polish uprising of 1863. The latter, particularly, should have served as a reminder for even the most radical of the "forty-eightists." And a further

27 Diószegi, *Le parti liberal*... p. 57. *Pesti Napló*, July 4, 1866.

reason for its anti-Prussian attitude: the Hungarian ruling class was particularly anxious about the close collaboration between Prussia and Russia. Thus a dissolution of the Monarchy raised in them not the hope of independence, but the feeling of danger—the fear of being crushed between the millstones of two big reactionary powers. Was it possible for an independent Hungary to continue its existence "wedged-in between the powerful Russian and German empires?"[28] asked Deák.[29]

These, then, were the considerations which prompted the Hungarian ruling class to prefer "grossdeutsch" unification to the "kleindeutsch" solution, to hope for Austrian victory instead of Austrian defeat, and to prefer constitutional autonomy within the framework of a reorganized Monarchy rather than independence at the price of its collapse.

There is a further aspect of the question; namely, that Bismarck displayed no such deep sympathy towards Hungary as some of his worshipping historians have been wont to attribute to him.

Bismarck played a double game. Prior to 1866 he had supported the Hungarian emigrés, the Hungarian Legion organized by Klapka; or more precisely, he had used them as pawns in his game. He attempted to delay the advent of the Compromise. After the war in which Prussia emerged as victor he changed his tactics: he dropped the emigrés and declared himself in favour of the negotiations for the Compromise. Of these tactical changes it is the first stage, his opposition to the Compromise, which deserves attention. This opposition has so far gone unnoticed, since it did not fit the concept of Bismarck as a kind of midwife to the Compromise. Historians regarded it as a matter of course that Bismarck had supported the Hungarian dual solution against the "common enemy," the Government of Vienna. But Bismarck's policy was not dictated by the *a posteriori* logic of historical reconstruction, but by the contemporary logic of Prussian interests.

Documents which have been recently unearthed clearly reveal that as early as the end of 1865 Bismarck was thoroughly uneasy about the beginning of the negotiations. "Die Verständigung Österreichs mit Ungarn und das Zustandekommen der französisch-österreichischen Allianz würden die 'Bismarck'sche Staatskunst' . . . als höchst lächerlich erscheinen lassen"—the quotation is from a secret report from Berlin.[30] In January 1866 the Prussian Cabinet discussed the ways and means of impeding the Austro-

28 Manó Kónyi, *Deák Ferencz beszédei* (Speeches by Ferenc Deák) 4th vol. 1866–1867. 2nd ed. Budapest, p. 461.

29 Ferenc Deák (1803–1876), the engineer of the Compromise, the leading Hungarian politician of the time, who enjoyed unparalleled respect.

30 Haus-, Hof- und Staatsarchiv, Wien. Staatskanzlei, Interna. Vol. XXXX. 122. No. 35. Confidential report from Berlin, December 29, 1865.

Hungarian Settlement. According to a secret document dealing with this question, the Slav peoples of Austria present the most suitable "subjects for agitation." "Die theils faktischen, theils imaginären Rechte derselben jederzeit betonen, den Föderalismus als die für Österreich einzig mögliche Staatsform instellen und den Slaven die Hegemonie in Österreich unausgesetzt für den Fall vorhersagen, sobald die Einigung zwischen Magyaren und Deutschen zu einem gemässigten Dualismus durch die Haltung der Slovaken und Südslaven einerseits, der Polen und Czechen andererseits vereitelt worden ist, ist der einzige praktische Weg, den inneren Conflikt in Österreich im Preussens Interesse zu schüren." There is no doubt—the Austrian author of the secret report adds—that the statesmen of Berlin "mit vielem Interesse auf den einzelnen Phasen des Conflikts mit Ungarn hinblicken und eine gütliche Lösung desselben ihnen nichts weniger als erwünscht kommen würde."[31] Early in 1866 the Prussian Government was seriously concerned about the possibility that Austria, after resolving her internal problems, would be strong enough to oust Prussia from Germany forever. "Darum sind es jetzt drängendere Motive, welche den Krieg mit Österreich für Preussen zur gebieterischen Notwendigkeit machen."[32]

In his own way Bismarck was logical enough in striving to foster the internal antagonisms within Austria and prevent the Compromise. He might have played on several chords at once, sometimes sounding the string of pro-Slav federalism, at another moment the tune of Hungarian independence; all this is interesting as an insight into the characteristics of Bismarckian statesmanship, but it does not mean that he was either "pro-Slav" or "pro-Hungarian"; he was only "pro-Prussian"—no more and no less. He worked quite deliberately for a "kleindeutsch" unification of the Germanies under Prussian leadership. With this aim in view, he was prepared to hinder the Compromise when it suited his interests, and support it, after 1866, when the situation had changed.

No wonder that Hungarian ruling circles continued to distrust Bismarck a long time after the Compromise; they remained attached to Francis Joseph and the good old Monarchy, where they found protection against their own oppressed peoples within and oppressing powers without. When, therefore, after the defeat at Sadowa, the monarch, the court and the leaders of the Austro-German liberal bourgeoisie were ready to accept the reorganization of the Empire on a dual basis, the Hungarians were equally ready to agree to the bargain.

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31 *Ibid.* Report dated January 4, 1866.
32 *Ibid.* Report dated February 6, 1866.

On these assumptions, therefore, I believe my conclusion is justified that, given the international and internal situation at that time, the Compromise constituted a realistic settlement. The Compromise meant, on the one hand, that the monarch renounced a rule of unbridled absolutism, and that the ruling bureaucracy and the Austro-German bourgeoisie had to renounce an Imperial centralism, its own leading role and, to some extent its hegemony beyond the River Leitha,[33] in order to save the Empire. Anything *less* would have failed to bring about the stable reorganization of the Monarchy—as events were later to prove. On the other hand, this realistic Compromise meant that the Hungarian ruling class also had to renounce the independence it won in the 1848 Revolution, in order to achieve a constitutional consolidation in Hungary and maintain its rule in that country. To achieve any *more* was impossible at that time, as subsequent events were to prove. And finally the Settlement was realistic because it was concluded by the ruling classes, the governing group of the strongest nations, those who possessed the greatest material resources, political force, and the best organization.

So far we have considered the 1867 Compromise in two dimensions, the unresolved questions of the unachieved bourgeois revolutions, and the triumph of European conservatism following the defeat of the 1848 revolutions. When, however, we add a third dimension—time—the place and function of the Compromise undergoes a change. It then becomes clear that in the face of the sweeping democratic and nationalist currents of the age, the Compromise offered no more than a partial and temporary solution to the problems of the modernization of the region and its nationalities.

Objective possibilities and the historical task—momentary and long-range reality—thus found themselves in contradiction. The contradiction, however, was not the product of the Compromise; it was deeply rooted in the ethnic and social structure of Central Europe, and its historical backwardness. The contradictions inherent in the social evolution and coexistence of the peoples of this region, their emergence as nations, which the 1848 Revolution had been unable to resolve, were to define themselves with increasing force at a later time.

The Compromise only ratified, as it were, the situation from which they sprang.

33 Then the frontier between Austria and Hungary.

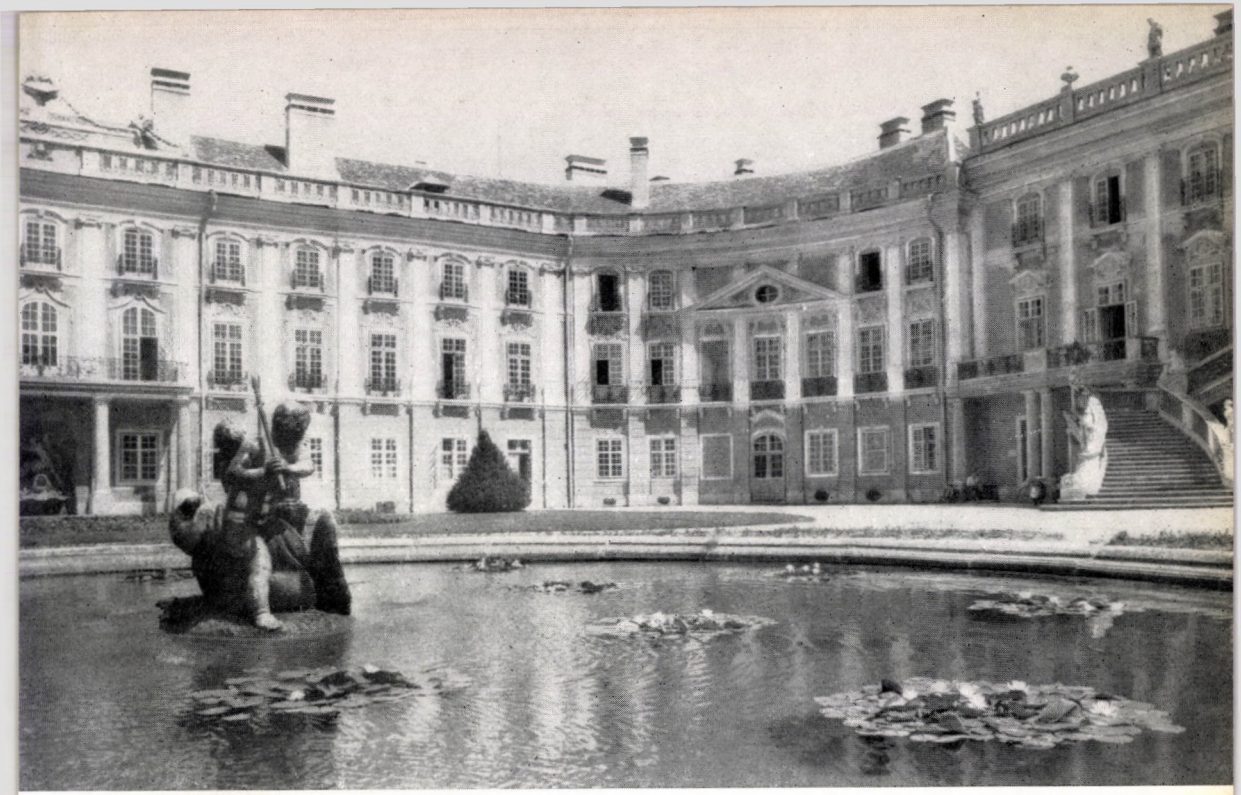
AN AUSTRIAN ARCHITECT IN HUNGARY: MELCHIOR HEFELE

by

ANNA ZÁDOR

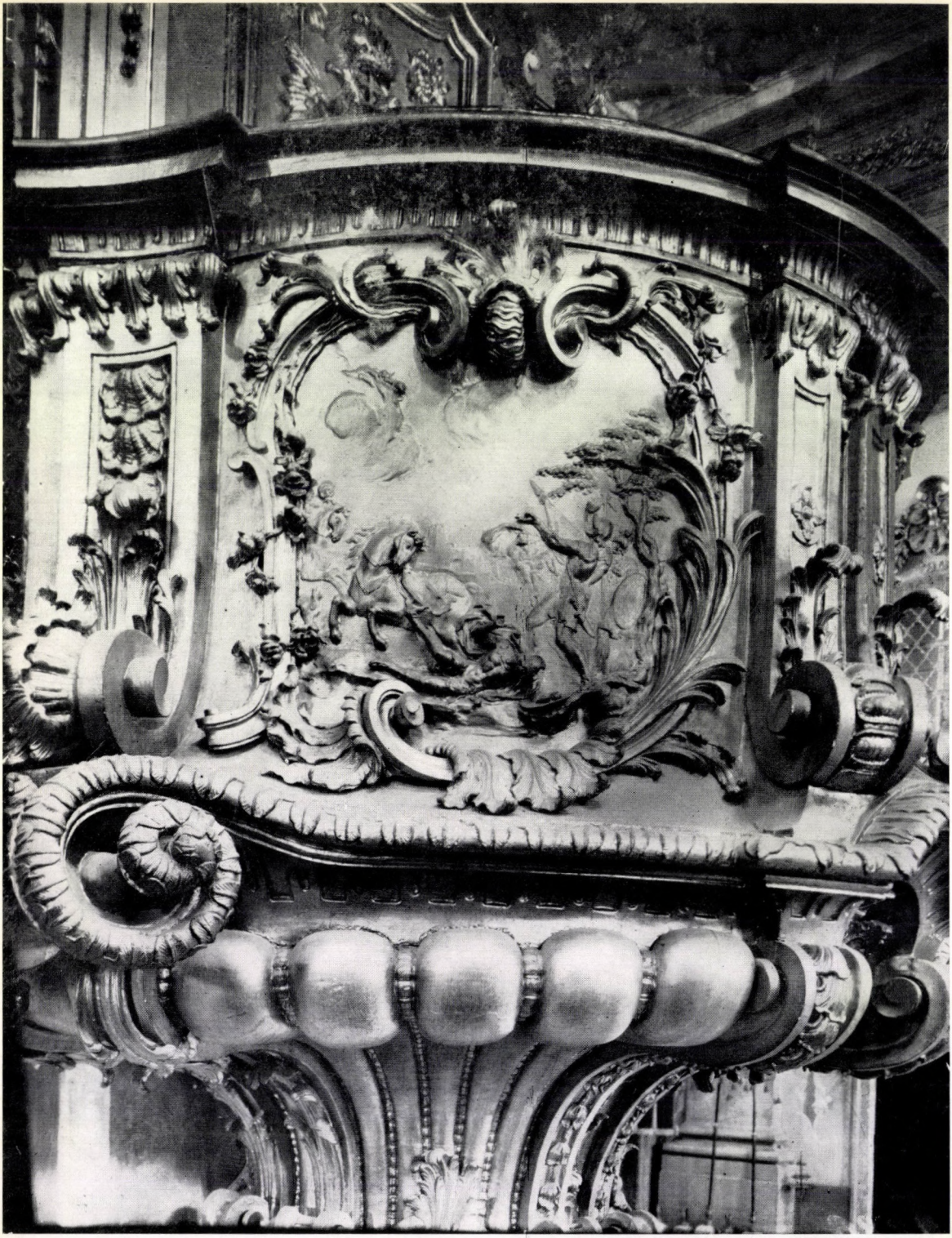
Not many people have heard of this outstanding architect of the Central European Late Baroque; his work is known only to a few specialists. This is all the more peculiar since his activities ranged over what was a wide territory in local terms: Passau, Pozsony (Bratislava) and Szombathely, i.e., essential cultural centres of the era. His employers, too, were dignitaries of the Church well-known as famous patrons of the arts; and his buildings are fine and representative creations of the era. What is more important, the best of them are still standing.

Hefele was born in 1716 in Kaltenbrunn in the Tyrol. He started as a carpenter, then trained as an architectural draughtsman, and then, suddenly, we hear of him in Würzburg, working alongside the ironworker Johan Oegg: he may have taken part in the work on the finely ornamented iron grille closing in the parade court of the magnificent Residenz. More significant, however, than the work he did there was the fact that he came under the influence of Balthasar Neumann, the leading architect and builder in Würzburg, at the time perhaps the most distinguished master of German Baroque. The substantial dignity, the disciplined cohesion, the clear balance of masses, the importance given to the proportions of columns and pillars in Balthasar Neumann's work in Würzburg, are all features which catch the eye in every one of Hefele's works. Some time around 1740 he went to Vienna, where he was impressed by Fischer von Erlach's work, also of classical inspiration. In a short time Hefele became conspicious among the crowd of craftsmen working at the court of Maria Theresa, and he is found engaged in a variety of occupations. He was awarded first prize in a competition by the Academy of Vienna, was appointed drawing master to the Hungarian Guards, and was employed by the Church in various small commissions in Vienna and Sonntagsberg: altars, pulpits, richly decorated



THE ESTERHÁZY MANSION AT FERTŐD

THE PRIMATE'S PALACE IN BRATISLAVA



PART OF THE PULPIT OF THE SONNTAGSBERG CHURCH

church fittings. Presumably he had his permanent home in Vienna. He married in Vienna, and was registered there even when working in Hungary. Since, however, he only did smaller work in Vienna—often of an occasional character, such as decorations for funeral catafalques, decorations for the coronation ceremonies and so forth, there are few remaining signs of his activity there, and it is perhaps for this reason that his name is missing from the list of Austrian, or more precisely Viennese master-builders. In 1765 he paid repeated visits to Eszterháza, where the magnificent palace of Prince Miklós Esterházy, the "Hungarian Versailles," was being built. Since Hefele taught drawing to the young noblemen who served in the Hungarian Guards at Vienna, this could have brought him into contact with Prince Esterházy, a famous patron of the arts, yet up to the present it has not been possible to ascertain Hefele's precise role in the construction of the palace. Some believe the great staircase to be his work, others attribute some of the magnificent inside apartments to his hand. It is, however, also true that even if in Eszterháza, now Fertőd, the influence of Schönbrunn and the Würzburg Residenz may be felt, the palace as a whole is French in its proportions. Presumably the Prince directed the construction of the palace himself, based on a design brought from abroad, and invited craftsmen from different places to carry out the various tasks. But it is clear that the huge palace consists of several sections, loosely and undesignedly joined to one another; neither the height of the storeys nor the line of the cornices on the façade of the building correspond, and as a result it is rightly believed changes of plan and extensions were decided on in the course of the work. It is all the more difficult to determine Hefele's role at Fertőd, since it was more or less in those very years, between 1763 and 1770, that he was occupied rebuilding the Bishop's residence in Passau—which can be called a reconstruction—and signed himself as architect to the bishop. The Bishop's Palace in Passau already reveals the dignified ceremonial feeling of his architectural style, and the tranquillity of classical rhythms in his proportions. The block of buildings he built there is more heavy than graceful, classical, nothing at all of Rococo in it.

From 1770 onward, until his death in 1794, he worked in Hungary, first on the rebuilding of Győr Cathedral—of which only a few traces have remained, most important among them being the main altar—then at the summer residence of the Bishop of Győr in Fertőrákos. In 1777 he designed altars for the parochial church in Pápa (which were never executed), and from 1778 to 1781 he built the Primate's Palace in Pozsony (Bratislava), one of his most outstanding works. This two-storeyed palace, its central projection crowned with a pediment, happily combines the quiet dignity

of the gigantic pillars with the quick rhythm provided by a multitude of windows, forcing the wall surface into a secondary place. Instead of the peculiar drama of the Late Baroque the bright, variegated outline of the allegorical sculpture on the stone balustrade, and the easy-flowing appearance of the first-storey balcony, resting on four free-standing columns framing the main entrance, dominate the composition. Perhaps a typical Italian source, the Odescalchi Palace in Rome, could have inspired this solution. But instead of the Roman gravity found in Pozsony we find a gayer concept, yet one which still gives an impression of ceremonial dignity. Hefele, in all probability, never visited Italy, at least we have no information to that effect. He might know Italian architecture from prints, which were easy to procure both in Würzburg and at the Academy of Vienna; among these I must point out the significance of Palladio's "*Quattro libri.*" Hefele might well have taken from them the need for balance and dignity, the dominating role of the column, the clearly visible patterns of exterior and interior construction. Since his practically completed work on architectural theory, mentioned in his will, is lost to us, we are unable to follow the major influences guiding his development more precisely.

One is already impressed with Hefele's ability as an interior architect in the palace in Pozsony: the staircases and state apartments are built with great care and excellent judgement. This ability stood him in good stead when he came into contact with János Szily, Bishop of Szombathely, his most important patron. Szily had been inducted into a new bishopric, and was a highly ambitious dignitary who wished to advertise his own brilliance with magnificent and admirable architectural works of art produced with the aid of Hefele, a man capable of mastering these tasks. From the correspondence still extant it seems clear that Hefele was highly appreciated, since the great dignitaries of the Church with building projects on their hands were only too eager to snatch him from one another; it is all the more surprising that of all that fame and glory so little has come down to posterity.

Commissioned by Szily, Hefele worked in every part of the diocese, building churches in Nova and elsewhere, an orphan's home in Kőszeg, and carrying out various kinds of tasks. From 1778 till 1783 he was busy building the Bishop's Palace in Szombathely, still existing today, with its exterior and interior very largely unchanged. The free-standing, two-storeyed palace is an advance on the palace of Pozsony, simpler in composition and proportion, more sparing in sculptural ornament, carefully representing the degree of importance between the two buildings. Every inch of it is built with care, a care which can be seen in the more graceful forma-

tion of the façade and the disciplined handling of masses. The well-placed stairway, producing its effect by its dimensions and its divisions, bears the same witness to a distinguished architect as the outstanding beauty of the major state apartments, the Sala Terrena on the ground-floor, and the state room on the first floor. The state room is decorated with frescoes by Maulbertsch, depicting the arts and sciences paying homage to religion, and on the side walls are scenes from the history of Szombathely during the times of the Romans and the Huns. The wall paintings by Dorfmeister in the ground floor state apartment also display the desire to maintain a contact with the past and between religion and science. This room might be considered as a sort of painted museum, since the fragments from Roman times which appear in the paintings are all taken from the history of Savaria, the present Szombathely, to add to the building Bishop's own collection. This respect for science and mythology, this mixture of archeological passion and the ostentation of a Maecenas indicates the epoch, the beginning of a new place for the builder-architect. This position on the borderline, between two epochs, also determines the main features of Hefele's work. As characteristic creations of Late Baroque architecture, they are of historical as well as artistic interest. It is not the easy-flowing and high-spirited element in Baroque which dominates here, not the riches of the Rococo imagination or the deliberately archaic or classical reminiscences that can be found elsewhere. With Hefele we are confronted by a weightier, more austere, more ceremonial art indicative of the rationalism of his time, of the beginnings of bourgeois society. This is combined with a respect for science and for the antique, perhaps to a higher degree than with other artists of that era.

In the neighbourhood of the Bishop's Palace Hefele built the cathedral, the major work of his life. The very first design drafted for this building, designed in 1781, but only built after 1791, reveals its unbelievable dimensions. The Bishop wanted it to hold a congregation of 3,000: this was probably more than the entire population of Szombathely at that time. It is clear he was not thinking simply of future growth, of the faithful rallying from the entire territory of the diocese, but was swept off his usually conservative feet by the exaggerations of size which were the effects of the Enlightenment and the French Revolution. The building of the cathedral with its two towers, its façade clearly divided into two levels, assuming the basic design of a Latin cross, started in 1791, and was completed only after Hefele's death. The severe Doric forms on the ground-floor of the façade with the strongly rounded columns of the middle projection, repeating this division in Ionic style on the first floor, shows the influence

of French architecture of that era. The same concept also dominates the interior of the extremely ceremonial church, with three side-chapels on each side between huge double columns; the dark red imitation marble of the stucco ornamentation provided an effective background tone for the gigantic frescoes by Winterhalder from sketches of his master, Maulbertsch, filling the whole arched ceiling (these frescoes were destroyed by an air-raid in the war). There is a slow and dignified rhythm, a precise, yet not severe, use of space in the whole design; the mood is ceremonial and the cathedral as a whole is one of the outstandingly noble creations of the end of the eighteenth century.

Apart from these major works there are several canon's houses and numerous buildings for minor purposes in the diocese which bear his imprint. Only a small number of them are still in existence; Hefele's art is preserved by his major works, and these stand in unmarred beauty to this very day.

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

THE SCIENTIFIC BACKGROUND OF THE SOCIALIST ECONOMY IN A NEW LIGHT
Béla Csikós-Nagy

HUNGARIAN SOCIALISM—HAMSTRUNG?
Péter Rényi

THIS YEAR AT MARIENBAD
Vid Mihelics

DIALOGUE WITH CLIPPED WINGS
Mary Edwards

WHICH HUMANISM?

by

MAURICE LAMBILLIOTTE

Geographical terms applied to culture, and more specifically to humanism, always have something tricky or ambiguous about them. Like speaking of east and west. One country is always east of another, and at the same time west of a third. For the world is round. The world is round and a single planet, criss-crossed today by airliners, circumnavigated by satellites, caught in an ever closer network of waves carrying sounds, images, news, and messages.

There is consequently nothing absurd in the thought that one day—admittedly still far off—this planetary unity will become a political and a cultural unity. More exactly a humanist unity. Unity, not unification.

Unity embraces a multitude, a wealth of differences and diversities at one and the same time. Humanism is an attempt on the part of man, often of only a few men who are more perspicacious, open-minded and farseeing than the rest, to achieve an awareness of all which can best aid him to collective and individual advancement. It is impossible, today more than ever impossible, to dissociate these two dimensions of man; his individual, personal dimension on the one hand, but equally the dimension involving the close ties, the concrete and imperative obligations which bind him to the service of the community on the other. For is not man, after all, a social animal?

To return to this cultured unity which would be tomorrow's higher form of humanism, is there not already, beyond the diversity of languages and cultures and heritages, a strong unifying factor among men?

This factor is of course *modern science*, with its exacting requirements, its methods and objectives. Scientific research unites men without their realizing it. It gives them a common language. For a mathematical function, a biological discovery, is the same in Tokyo and Buenos Aires, in Moscow and New York, in Oslo and Lisbon and Dakar.

Is the kind of humanism certain people still hope for, as if it could by itself, by its own virtues, promote a better and more humane form of civilization, truly the only path we can follow, or the best?

It is becoming a little irritating to have to answer this question. Why? Because the word humanism has been so used and abused. It has been garnished with too many flavours. The *new* humanism is one of these uses—and in writing this I am one of the first to say *mea culpa;* a *renewed* humanism is another, or twentieth century or for that matter nineteenth century humanism. The word has been used too often. It has lost its meaning. It is as much as we can do to associate it with any genuine reaction, with the word human at all.

But if the word humanism is worn out, stale and even compromised, what does remain is undoubtedly the need to help men to find rules of better conduct, both for themselves and their fellow men. The need to give back to mankind, to individuals, a concrete sense of their duties as men. They can only understand this if their eyes are opened wide to reality.

The first condition of this profound adaptation, which in due time can create the individual, under whatever regime he lives, is to acquire as accurate a view as possible of our own times. Nor can such a comprehension remain static. Ours is the epoch of increasingly swift evolution. Due to his scientific and technical genius, man in a highly industrialized community has become a veritable demigod.

His power over the forces of nature, which until recently he was obliged to endure, grows day by day. Since we are, at least in part—and not a negligeable part—the reflection of our circumstances, we must find a way of adapting ourselves to the power we enjoy over the forces of nature, to prevent them from either overwhelming us or making us overwhelming in their image, which would be as bad.

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Over a vast area man already enjoys power over the elements. But he pays for it. The discovery of atomic energy, so valuable for the future, to our horror and fear first appeared in the form of atom bombs, and then as nuclear armaments. Existing stocks of bombs are already enough to destroy humanity ten or twenty times over. The terror this apocalyptic arm has inspired engendered a certain prudence, which perhaps might not have taken the shape it has today. The holocaust of Hiroshima was needed to bring home their power of destruction. Since that time much more powerful and deadly bombs have been made. It is a paradox that out of this form of literally apocalyptic semi-divinity what is known as the balance of terror

has appeared, and transformed itself to become peaceful coexistence. Who can still deny that this coexistence is the way to the relaxation of tension?

Of course there are still dangers, and grave ones at that. The great nations, conscious of holding the lightning in their hands, hope desperately they will never have to use it. The road to effective disarmament is still a long one. But the way is open. In the present state of the world no nation would dare risk a more or less savage atomic attack. But of course, the danger of an accident still remains.

Under these circumstances, therefore, it seems that man has fairly rapidly perceived the dangers that a certain kind of power over the elementary forces of nature invites. The great powers have decided that no ideology could be the victor after what would be equal to the collective suicide of the whole planet. Light is visible on the horizon. Relaxation of tension between East and West, facing each other as enemies for so long since the end of the war, is no longer a distant, utopian hope. The consequences of this intellectual development will become more and more significant. The signature of the treaty on the peaceful use of space is a big step forward. If tomorrow other countries, possessing atomic weapons, were to threaten world peace, they would immediately be faced with a powerful front, which would deter them.

Thus, through the progress it has achieved and the perils inherent in it, humanity after all finds itself advancing in a humanist direction, if by this word, of course, we understand the defense of man in terms of the evolving human species.

But the nuclear danger is still not the only one which demands special vigilance; above all there is the awakening of moral forces, linked with the exercise of the individual conscience. The conquest of nuclear energy perhaps provides the best notion of the Promethean power that man has gained over the forces of nature. Mankind, one can truly say, has here discovered a second fire. And what fire, since it is at once energy itself, as embodied in matter, at the heart of its atoms, and the fire of the cosmos. But at the same time as man discovered the terrible secret of nuclear energy, he discovered the structure of the atom and the infinitesimal dynamics of particles, electrons, neutrons, and the others. A new science was born: electronics. This was immediately translated into practical techniques which were precisely what enabled man to domesticate with great efficiency, for his own use, an energy so terrible in itself.

Electronics have revolutionized the world. As much and no doubt more than nuclear energy itself. Computers are on the point of achieving what has been called the second great industrial revolution. These machines,

through the use of electrons, make calculations which would have taken whole teams years to do. A second, a sixtieth of a minute, is now a macro-dimension as far as time is concerned. We now speak in millionths or billionths of a second. Electronics has discovered nothing more amazing than the computer. Every branch of industry uses it. Electronics analyses and measures in conditions in which man is powerless. Electronics dominates telecommunications, the transmission of messages and pictures. But electronics also means automation. And automation means robots, machines which can replace man even in those intellectual operations he once thought were undisputedly his for ever.

A new dimension, a new stage in human history, is here coming to birth.

Electronics and its application in electronically guided machines, and also automation, will enable individual and collective contributions on both the physical and intellectual plane to be considerably reduced in the future. This in itself is good. The individual will have more freedom. And thus the problem of leisure arises. The time will soon come when the number of hours spent in obligatory free time will be greater than those spent in physical or intellectual work. For many individuals this will be a chance for real self-improvement. The chance to choose among many interesting activities. But that would be too much to ask for, and we must be realistic. The truth is that there are few individuals who are capable of any real self-discipline, and who would take advantage of this leisure time to educate themselves physically, intellectually, morally or spiritually. We are already only too well aware that leisure will have to be organized collectively, and from that moment on its quality cannot be long maintained at a level which would really be beneficial to the participants.

A fearful shadow can already be seen behind this famous "leisure civilization": boredom, new social conditioning, individuals more anonymous than ever.

And it is perhaps on account of this insidious but undeniable danger that it is important to look ahead for the answers which might one day be described as humanist, in so far as they will have protected man, saved him from an even more gregarious mediocrity and armed him, collectively that is, against sinister and fearful boredom.

There is another danger in this godlike power which has to be denounced today. I mean the reduction of man to a robot. It is true that man builds extraordinary robots. But what if one day these robots were to impose on man their reflexes, their accumulation of information, never felt, never lived, only pasted together like so many tiny realities, so many fragments of a reality all reduced to anonymous "things"?

A much longer period of development is necessary, of course, to make the insidious dangers of our civilization understood. In any case, the least that is necessary is to make it clear that humanism, or whatever takes its place, must first of all act as the preliminary defence and protection of what is human in each of us, so that this human quality will be truly encouraged, and the individual, as he develops, will experience a real sense of enrichment.

I want to limit myself to this consideration; to the overriding exigency which demands a non-dogmatic humanism, a demand which will be increasingly recognized as a necessity. Mankind, individuals, will have to realize for themselves this profound need. They will have to acquire a much greater sense than they have ever had, except in more or less heroic periods, of "the other." And this awareness of the existence of others similar to themselves, with different points of view, implies first and foremost a dialogue. From this apparently paradoxical point of view, dialogue is one of the means, one of the factors leading to the evolution of a less intellectual humanism, one truly expressive of man, a fundamentally human humanism.

This dialogue has proved its virtues. There would be no coexistence, no real *détente* between East and West, if they had not finally been forced to a dialogue which strengthened the mutual comprehension from which mutual esteem takes its rise, however far apart they may have seemed at the start.

But the last, or rather the first word of any humanism, is consciousness. It is awareness, which begins by an awareness which is in no way selfish; an awareness of oneself, who one is, of one's fundamental identity. From this initial awareness all the other awarenesses spring, of the nature and profound necessity of our collective relationships, and particularly of the dialogue which can express these relations effectively. Consciousness is never awakened in vain. From a consciousness of oneself, from a consciousness of others and of the thousand and one problems that one must solve or help others to solve, a deeper and equally realistic consciousness can be achieved, which is the consciousness of Life. The perception of Life in itself as Pneuma and Breath.

The man who has reached this very simple state will gradually feel his own personality grow in depth, see his attention towards the world awaken on every level. All his intellectual activities will be, as it were, watered by it. Then, scientist or simple citizen, he will find new intuitions arising. And on that day, in my humble opinion, the experience of a genuine humanism will be his.

LÁSZLÓ NAGY–GEORGE MACBETH

POEMS

THE FERRYMAN

After the blaze out of the darkness
has died, who will hear the cricket
singing? Who will light the ice on

the tree? Who will divide his body
into the spectrum? Who will kiss the
buds into life with his tears? Who

will absolve the insanity in the cracks
of the sky? O, after the blaze
out of the darkness has died, who

will annihilate the buzzard circling? And who
will carry the little white cat of
your body, Love, across the black river,

ever flowing, safely into the fresh kingdom?

These four poems by László Nagy were adapted into English by George MacBeth from literal translations. For the benefit of those who read Hungarian we are appending the originals, to show what was the original metal before passing through an English poet's crucible.—The Editor.

KI VISZI ÁT A SZERELMET

Létem ha végleg lemerűlt
ki imád tücsök-hegedűt?
Lángot ki lehel deres ágra?
Ki feszül föl a szivárványra?
Lágy hantu mezővé a szikla-
csípőket ki öleli sírva?
Ki becéz falban megeredt
hajakat, verőereket?
S dúlt hiteknek kicsoda állít
káromkodásból katedrálist?
Létem ha végleg lemerűlt,
ki rettenti a keselyűt!
S ki viszi át fogában tartva
a Szerelmet a túlsó partra!

PRAYER TO THE WHITE LADY

1
Creature of flame, out of
the sun's bow I call you:
moment of crystal for the throwing-knife,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

2
O, lady of the small larks,
keeper of the instruments
in the zenith, last room of the king,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

3
Palm in the rain of sorrow,
fire under glaze, lifting
the twin domes of your body above me,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

HIMNUSZ MINDEN IDŐBEN

Te szivárvány-szemöldökű,
Napvilág lánya, lángölű,
Dárdának gyémánt-köszörű,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

Te fülemülék pásztora,
Sugarak deli lantosa,
Legelső márvány-palota,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

Siralomvölgyi datolya,
Festmények rejtett mosolya,
Templomon arany-kupola,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

4
Mistress of Victory, flame
of the gathering storm, brightening
into the jails of my eyes,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

5
Nurse of the war-wounded, yours is
the house of the Jew and the Negro:
draught of the bee's kiss, mysterious honey,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

6
Lady, oblivious of blood and money,
belly-dancer of hunger, echo
and resonance of the millenium,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

Díjra korbácsolt versenyló,
Lázadásokban lobogó,
Csillag, dutyiba pillantó,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

Harctéri sebek doktora,
Hazátlanoknak otthona,
Mézes bor, édes babona,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

Piaci csarnok álmosa,
Nyomoruságnak táncosa,
Szilveszter-éji harsona,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

7
O, my dear one, tempered
by the beam of the lazer, torn
by the stone body of the gorgon, the man-child,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

8
Always your tall house was open to me,
glittering with expectation: O, godlike
above the bronze cauldron of your beauty,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

9
In the beginning I felt your body lap me,
drowning into the saraband of love:
killer of the black crows that haunt me,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

Béta-sugárban reszkető,
Sok-fejű kölyket elvető,
Tengerek habján csörtető,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

Minden időben ismerős,
Mindig reménnyel viselős,
Bájokkal isteni erős,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

Öröktől belémkaroló,
Vánkosra velem hajoló,
Varjakat döggé daloló,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

10
Now, on the brink of the vacuum, at the edge
where the million tendrils of nothingness
are erupting, even out of my own mind,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

11
Lady of pain, sharer of this affliction,
sufferer under the same electric coil:
now, as I reach for the dark pill and the needle,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

12
Only in you will the house of my body glisten
gold in all its chimneys and veins:
only in you will the white pigeons flicker,
lighten my darkness, I
need you now.

Iszonyattól ha szédülök,
Ha a pimaszság rámdönög,
Önmagammal ha kűzködök,
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

Jog hogyha van: az én jogom,
Enyém itt minden hatalom,
Fölveszem kardom, sisakom!
Gyönyörűm, te segíts engem!

Felragyog az én udvarom,
Megdicsőűl a vér s korom,
Galambok búgnak vállamon,
Gyönyörűm, ha segítsz engem.

THE BREAK-UP

Madness, I shall betray you. In all my poems
you were the one I steered by, your light
led me through the black summer. Today

the wind plants its flying sticks
into the filigree of my window. I am full of holes
like a sieve. Neither foetus nor avocado crawls

in the blazing dream of my head.
The sentry-box is empty. Your poor soldier
has withered into his own tissues.

Look for me in the kitchen. No, I am not
in the trash-can. Are you my enemy
with your gold eyes? Here are the papers

I used to be so vigilant with, observe
the ashes of my eyes. I used to burn
(do you remember?) images, images, for you.

A HŰTLENSÉG NAPJA

Elképzelt hazámhoz hűtlen leszek,
hűtlen a bánat nő-csillagához,
hűtlen a téboly útjához e nyárban.

Erkélyem vas-kosarába
tűzze ki sárga porzászlait a szél,
mert puszta hely immár,
ott nem tipródik baba se virág,
se gyullasztó ábránd,
eltűntem onnan magam is,
hűséges őrszem,
ki árván s félelmesen tudtam figyelni.

Nem talál meg házamban senki,
se ellenség, se barát,
de vadászó szemük föllelheti
sas-körmöm nyomát a vasárnapi ujságokon,
asztalomon az éneket
s nagy tálban a tünődés hamuját.

Now I have gone. Into another country
you would have to follow me. And there is thunder
and lightning at its ivory gate. Look, I am there.

That's me in the moist saw-dust amongst the wasps
under the gay look of the pin-ups.
Look, I'm not even wearing my jacket. I'm drinking again.

THE PEACOCK WOMAN

Last night I dreamed of storms. Through all my skin
The moon drew on the tides. O, how those floods
Crashed on my ribs. In ice I froze and screamed,
Hearing my death in glass. And then I woke
To sun through windows, and the stir of Spring.
Beside me lay my queen in all her pride.
Along the shallow green, her glory shone
As eyes of gold. In woven flames she moved,
My peacock, and the winter night was day.

Kitaláltam a boldog hazát,
s nehogy e szent napon orkán bántsa,
félretette képzeletem.
Én pedig porban, légy-döngésben,
plakátok édes mosolyában
csak állok a söntés szentjei közt,
félvállra akasztott kabáttal,
két kézre fogott pohárral.

ÁLMOK JÁTÉKA

Fogódzz a holdba kéz, dobolj erem
az áradat a bordát betöri,
a váll bércére fellöki jegét —
Álomnak is rossz, jó ha feledem,
már majdnem elfogadtam ördögi
morgásait a sors zenéjeként.
Hát itt a tavasz, látom, elhiszem,
koronás fejjel itt ragyog e páva,
zöldje kitárul, hímes aranylángja
átsüt a vízen.

It happens always. In the night I die
Back to the towers, and the sheets of foam,
The cold sea breaking on far shores. And then
I wake beside her, and the waters fall
Into my future: I am well again.
She flirts in safety with that other self
I fear to touch. Her feathers brush the dew
From my taut lips. Then, I can speak again,
Rich in her praises like a field of corn.

My darling, in your eyes I see the sun
Rising in glory. Over you the sky
Arches its bow of blue. Through winter snow
I wade to greet you, and it melts in joy
All round my feet. The hills are lush with gold,
The poppies bloom in blood-red. Everywhere,
The sea has sunk away to fields of green
And I am in your arms, your wings of flame,
Beyond all dreams, in safety in your eyes.

Tornyaim gyászát, mezeim hideg
tajték-ingeit ő pezsgeti szét,
kidülledt ereimnek doktora,
kataton-tébolyokkal incseleg,
tolla a kuka szájról a penészt
lecsiklandozza, édes borona.

Eléd az ég ereszti ablakát,
magadat bálra kis nő, piperézd,
nagy tél a bánat, bútora a hó,
de nap süt, a dombhát aranyplakát,
piros vesszőkön remény a beszéd,
hirdeti, hogy a világ lakható,
hogy jó évszak jött, zöld sátrat emel
szobátlan szeretőknek — őt imádom,
havakon átvezérlő páva-lángom,
nem veszítem el.

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

MIKLÓS HUBAY

SCHOOL FOR GENIUS

Tragedy for one voice

The lover thinks more often of possessing his mistress than the husband of keeping his wife, the prisoner thinks more often of escaping than the gaoler of locking his door; so, whatever the obstacles, the lover and the prisoner should succeed.

Stendhal: *La Chartreuse de Parme*

CHARACTERS:

THE PRISONER
THE OTHER PRISONER

A prison cell.

No need for picturesque details. The scenery should not attempt to reconstruct the penitentiary of any specific country. It should be rather a symbol suggesting complete seclusion; and for greater emphasis, a door. Solidly locked and bound with iron. This is the door that would lead out of here—to freedom.

However, the door does not open. It has only a spyhole that can be opened from outside and shut again with a loud clash.

Bare white walls.

An electric lamp hangs from the ceiling, shedding light. Two beds.

One bed is empty. Its owner, the Prisoner, is lying flat on the floor, gathering strength for another push-up. He is absolutely determined to keep both his body and his spirit in good condition. He has a definite purpose: he wants to get out of here. The way of perfection is a hard one, but small victories always cause renewed pleasure.

Our Prisoner is practically in a permanent state of euphoria. He floats in the state of beatitude typical of saints and successful dilettanti. (Unavoidable moments of despair need not now be mentioned; they are, of course, all the more bitter.) You have only to subdue the body, you have merely to wish—and every door will open. That of heaven, of the publisher, and of the prison . . .

To live with so much self-confidence in such depths of despair would be impossible without constant stimulation. It may be observed that optimism requires an unceasing propaganda of optimism. That is why our Prisoner is so talkative. He must convince himself all the time that he is one step nearer to freedom. And a hard task it is.

For the whole of the visible universe tries to convince him that freedom is impossible: the concrete walls, the iron fittings of the door, the physical and mental sloth of his cellmate, the steps of the gaolers outside... Every trick and urge of auto-suggestion and Coueism is required to take up the fight with the prison apparatus—and to give him the feeling of an equal chance as well. So the Prisoner not only takes care of his physical condition and keeps his spirit active but keeps talking all the time.

He gives continuous expression to his thoughts. Now, too, he is talking while training his muscles. He has his audience. On the other bed lies The Other Prisoner, motionless, silent and impassive. He stares at the ceiling. Who knows since when... Perhaps for years already.

And is going to do it probably as long as he stays here. For life.

So he is only a silent actor.

THE PRISONER *(Lying flat on the floor):* That's what would be simplest. To lie on the floor and wait until it is all over. No, definitely not! I've already done five push-ups more than yesterday. Did you count them? Do, then... *(Pushes himself up)* There you are! One more! Have you any idea at all which muscles are strengthened by it? You don't know anything... *(Lets himself down)* How can a man be such a damned ass?... *(Quick push-ups, rhythmically)* Damned—ass! Damned—ass! *(Sits down)* Did you count them? *(Takes a breath)* You see... If you weren't what you are, a lazy beggar, a thick-skinned rhinoceros, I would apologize now for the "damned ass." But you don't care, and I like saying it. *(Crouching up and down)* Damned... ass... Damned... ass... *(Remains in yoga position)* Which muscles, I was asking? Well? *(Continuing his breathing training)* The wing-muscles. I'm going to fly out with... *(Takes a deep breath, bringing himself into the state of levitation)* ...the free-bird muscles... These muscles are working in my chest, on my arms, on the legs. I shall have wings growing on every limb. Like on the ankles of Hermes... *(Incidentally, with didactic accent)* Hermes is a Greek god. *(With sudden intuition)* God—wings... *(Sits motionless, with eyes closed)* Wings—uplifting... I fall as they lift me. *(Cheerfully)* My divine winged ankles... My winged-lungs... *(Holds his ears)* My winged-head... Let alone that little winged battering ram of mine, that's the one most interested in getting out of here... Now, patience! You'll have all that as well... *(Throws himself on the floor and rolls about)* Pa-tience! I'm going to fly out of here! I'm going to sleep in a quilted bed, in a goldmine of pillows, mattresses and eiderdowns. *(Singing)* Every night I go to bed, to the featherbed! *(Leaning on an elbow, staring)* To the featherbed, to be sure... Mother used to say it when she put me to sleep... *(Suddenly jumps up and begins quick, tiring gymnastics)* I'm-the-damned-ass... one-two... Don't-think-of-mother... one-two... Bad-for-willpower... Don't-think-of mother! *(A loud stamping, the training is finished. He keeps staring in concentration)* Think of women! That's it! Of fresh, new women... Not of those who have already been had. No, new ones, women never seen before... That's what I must do! Memories are always pulling me down. I don't want remembered women. I want new women. Who are just about to grow up and don't have the slightest idea, the silly creatures, that I am going to bed with them—the divine man in their life. Wait with love, my darlings, I'm in a hurry... Just think of me when you can't sleep at night... New women!... Fine, beautiful young women, how could you know in the happiness of your honeymoon that it's me with whom you are going to cuckold your husbands. I know it already! Ha-ha... *(Laughs out loud)* Like bonbons from silk-paper, I'll get you unwrapped, you little pink sweets... *(With closed eyes)* It's so damned difficult to squeeze you through these concrete walls... No wonder your face remains outside. It fades away, as though it were covered with a white veil... Even an atomic ray would conk out through so many concrete walls... Still, you are going to be my liberating angels!

I shall fly out from here right to you, into your downy beds... Just wait for me! Bye-bye! *(Opens his eyes)* It's because of them I don't sleep at nights... Some people don't sleep because they are afraid of dying in their sleep. I can't sleep either, because I might sleep through the liberating idea... The grand moment, when my most brilliant thought crosses my mind. *(Lively)* For you must admit that my thoughts are more and more brilliant. They flash through my mind like hundreds of comets... With a meteoric brilliancy! *(Sits down on the bed of The Other Prisoner)* Just imagine, if I were to miss a comet! Like somebody falling asleep in the waiting-room. "Hallo, conductor, where's my comet?" "Sorry, sir, it's just left, you can still see its tail..." *(With a sudden unhappy feeling)* Say, didn't we miss the changing of the guards? According to my sense of time, it's due to happen now... Sht! *(Stands up)* Nothing... *(Silence. And all of a sudden, a rhythmic tramping of footsteps can be heard from outside)*

THE PRISONER *(Shouting for joy):* That's it! You see! My sense of time is punctual to the second. I'm almost as perfect as a Swiss watch. *(Sits back, but more excited)* Now, one minute more, and our friend will knock on the door. It would be pretty long for him, the twenty-four hours of duty, if I were not here. The poor man! He can't do without me, I'm his daily dose of morphine, that's what I am... You wouldn't believe how hard it is for a prison guard to stand the prison. Of course, his job is certainly not one for Othello. Every second day he has to leave his wife at home, and then here in the prison he can spend twenty-four hours guessing who's slipping into her bed at home. Is it the prison chaplain, or the hangman, or perhaps the chief warden?... The poor man! I really pity him sometimes. *(Quickly to himself)* Now, no emotions, if you please!... I have created a prison guard who is going to open the door of my prison... When? In a week? A year? It's of no importance! He's going to open it anyway... *(Aloud)* He *shall* open it! In fact I'm no longer a prisoner... *(Stops short. Silence. Then, anguished)* Why hasn't he knocked yet? On other days, the first thing he does when he starts on duty is to come here. Because he's caught in my net. He is simply unable *not* to come here. Now, come on...! Jealousy is insupportable. Let me torment you a bit...

(Silence)

THE PRISONER *(Nervous):* How many minutes since the guards were relieved?... Two? Or five? *(Leaps up)* Or was it more?... My sense of time has gone. What can the time be? What's the use of examining myself, there's nothing inside to tell me the time. That's the big drawback of such over-precise mechanisms: over-sensitivity. But even if only three minutes have passed... They have, haven't they? Or let's say two... But two is also a lot... I feel now that he's coming... he's just about to knock on the door. Just wait and see!

(Silence)

THE PRISONER: And now my intuition is not functioning either! He hasn't knocked! Perhaps something has happened to him? Or to his wife?... Keep quiet, I tell you. Keep quiet! Imagine no time has passed at all! The guards are being relieved right now! We start now from zero... *(Begins to count very slowly)* One... two... th-r-r-ee... *(Yelling)* For heaven's sake, that wild beast—he didn't kill his wife, did he? Jealousy is incalculable. Listen, you, what did I tell him the day before yesterday? Didn't I go too far?... Anyway, I can't be responsible for anything he did. Murder is always committed deliberately, isn't it? What d'you think about it?... *(Short silence, then with pleasant playful introspection)* Going homewards, you drink a glass of brandy, then a cabman all but knocks you over, and he's shouting damned-fool-can't-you-see! At home, on the kitchen floor, there's a big cockroach crawling again, and the hatchet lies there on the kitchen stool. That's the moment for the free will to get

going, and of course, you finish her off, your wife. Naturally, a murderer of this kind then goes to the police. He is free to do it. He has his own free will. It's his... And I may look for another guard... Say, how would it be if I were to knock on the door?... I really must know what happened... Open your mouth, will you? Can't you see—even my critical sense has abandoned me! If I knock on the door now, and he didn't kill her, I'm done for... It would be an immense loss of prestige. But if I don't knock, I shall go mad! *(Moving towards the door, with uplifted fists)* I shall simply go mad! *(The iron cover-plate of the spyhole makes a crackling noise. Somebody has opened it from outside)*

THE PRISONER *(Stops, drops his hands and turns away murmuring):* Well, really, that's not manners, keeping one waiting so long... *(Pretends not to have heard the noise)*

(Slight hissing sound through the hole)

THE PRISONER *(Turning his back to the door, bored):* Well, what is it? How did she behave, the little woman? *(At the hole, whispering quickly)* Anything fishy? Found something in the handbag, or the bed? Or in the garbage? *(Short silence, then continues to whisper suggestively)* Listen, Sir, don't let yourself be deceived by appearances. Do believe a man of experience. As a rule, the infidelity of women is not shown by their being more half-hearted than usual. On the contrary, Sir, they turn more fiery in the marital bed. And this is quite obvious for various reasons...

(Clapping sound as the hole is closed from outside. Short silence)

THE PRISONER: Of course, that's obvious too... I have stirred up the memory of a burning moment in his soul. I was drastic? I had to be. Instead of an Othello, I've got back a satisfied henpecked husband. She must have served up his favourite dish. Remember, old man, this golden saying of mine: It is difficult to be doubtful about the fidelity of a woman who is a good cook... Of course, there was no question of murder. On the contrary, there was love, with the intensity of a honeymoon... Of course, there's a full moon, and spring, and the lilacs are in flower. Here indoors, we easily forget about the meteorological factors. Onions and love, roast beef, Naples and the buttocks of his wife are inseparably intertwined in the soul of Mister Turnkey, even before he enters the door. My present tactics have failed against this great coalition of life's pleasures, I convinced him of his wife's sin all in vain. In spirit, he knelt down before her and forgave her her trespasses, bursting into tears. Of course, this is a thousand times better for me than if he had killed her prematurely... Another golden saying: It is easier to arouse the jealousy of a loving husband than of a widower... Although there are some examples of the latter too... I must admit that the woman has won a temporary victory. She has certainly got some advantages I cannot fight: a table, a bed... Madam, I hereby announce that I shall be obliged to resort to stronger methods. Until now I have spoken pretty badly of you. Henceforth I shall be merciless. It is only over your honour, or maybe even over your corpse, that I shall be able to get out of here. There is something symbolic in it: I came to the world from the womb of a woman and one day, you'll see, I shall step out into freedom through a similar gate...

(Slight knock on the door)

THE PRISONER: You see how polite he is? *(Towards the door)* Not allowed! *(To The Other Prisoner)* I'll bring him down a peg now, just you see! I'm going to ask him how the navel of his wife is. He'll go mad! Come in, please!

(The spyhole is opened)

THE PRISONER: If you want to relieve your mind, Sir, I'm willing to listen. No need for prudery. The tight lip of a prisoner sentenced for life is as good as that of a father-confessor... Let alone the love experiences... Some details, please—her shoulders, her thighs, her mouth... everything counts—her navel... *(As though he*

were quoting) "Her navel—a pearl in a golden dish..." *(Turning towards The Other Prisoner)* You just listen! *(Towards the door)* Now speak, my son!

(The guard shakes the door from outside)

THE PRISONER: Be quiet, my son... Now, some details... *(Puts his ears to the hole, hissing in ecstatic astonishment)* Ah! Oh... Fine!... Let's stick to the navel... And you mustn't weep... Oh, oh... *(Puts his hand on the hole as we do with the telephone receiver when somebody cannot stop talking at the other end; turning inwards)* Now he's lost in the details. It's very amusing indeed, this lesson in anatomy... But for me, his wife is not a target, merely an instrument. Now I've got to lead him from this passive jealousy into the active phase of jealousy. Into action. I really shouldn't wonder if his wife actually has cuckolded this whining fool. What's there to love about him? *(Listening through the hole)* Ah, well, that's all right... But now you must think rather of doing something. No, my son, it's not prevention you need, but an *in flagranti*. Think of the ways and means in your leisure hours, my brother! That's right... *(Leaves the door)*

(The spyhole is slowly closed)

THE PRISONER: He is going to think. That's what he says. But he is wrong. It's not he who is going to think—I shall do the thinking instead of him. He has no will. I have. There is no guard. I am... I managed to arouse his jealousy of the chief warden, of the prison governor... Psychologically it is most important that he should have a deadly hate for his superiors... up to the Minister of Justice... He hates them already! I think God must have felt like this when he noticed how well he was getting along with the job of creation: he simply invented light—and there was light; he invented the bedbug—and it bit you right away... You really might be grateful to the law, old boy! Good old Moses had to write the six days of creation just at random, and you have a ringside seat here to look it all over. I am your burning bush. I might insist on your appearing barefoot before me. I really wonder why you haven't fallen in love with me? How is it that the admiration you must feel for me has not changed into adoration?... It will, though. *(Lies down next to The Other Prisoner, on the edge of the bed)* Few men have been allowed to spend a lifetime with a genius sentenced for life. And a sympathetic genius, at that. I don't know how you would have got on with Einstein, for instance... And you see what a lot of erudition you pick up here with me? Einstein: the father of relativity... It's just your bad luck that I am going to fly out of here one day. That's why you are so sad, isn't it? Because of losing me... But I think I shall provide most pleasant memories for you. My kindness, my constitution, my golden sayings... And when you are dying in the prison hospital, you'll realize that you have not lived in vain. And there, on your death-bed, you will be overcome by an irresistible desire to speak about me. You have seen a genius in the process of creating... Do promise that you will talk about me! Don't have me buried with yourself! Humanity has a right to hear of me, you simply can't deprive it of this right... Just fancy, if the four Evangelists had been unable to write...

(The Other Prisoner rolls over and turns his back)

THE PRISONER: Now why do you pretend to be sleeping? Well, you're free to do so, after all. Even to sleep. God has not condemned you to be a genius. That is my supplementary punishment. I am a genius, and always more brilliant... *(Laughs)* You remember how idiotic they were! In those days you were also game for plots! You were really enthusiastic about them, you were indeed!... We were going to get an iron bar, and knock the guard down... Like two Monte Christos...! It's curious how one always begins everything from the bottom. Like the cave man... Where are the snows of yesteryear? An iron bar... *(Laughs)* The spirit has triumphed!

(The Other Prisoner rolls over with such force that our Prisoner falls off the bed)

THE PRISONER *(On the floor, on all fours):* It's true, nonetheless... I soar high above you, old man. For I drive ahead as irresistibly as the evolution of life! As the ape has become man, so I have become a genius, and shall become a free man too, and I shall beget innumerable little geniuses... *(Sitting on the floor, he rubs his sore behind)* Because you must know that I am of importance on account of the evolution of humanity... I am an indispensable link... *(Gets up)* You are an imbecile orang-utan, and I am a missing link. Now at last you know the difference between us. Boooh! What are you staring at? You are the swamp, the buffalo in the marsh, the pond tortoise, the primitive reptile... It's you I'm talking to! How can you be such an impotent, impassive, lazy, sluggard mass? A living corpse. Trash and refuse! *(Contemplating his motionless cellmate)* And I wonder how you managed to get so repulsively fat on the mingy prison rations? *(Quickly begins to do physical exercises, with the utmost ease)* Keep fresh—one-and-two... always fresh! *(Stops, takes a breath)* You see, I have preserved myself. My waist is no bigger than it was when I was a student. *(Continues the exercises)* Sound-mind-in-a-sound-body... Sound-mind...

(The hole is opened)

THE PRISONER *(Goes on doing gymnastics):* It's you, Sir? Say, haven't you noticed that whenever you are on duty, the others are always on leave?

(Hissing)

THE PRISONER: Just let me think it over... *(Stands on his head)* That's good for the supply of blood to the brain! They say the governor can't be found again today. Where on earth can he be? Does he have an appointment... *(Jumps to his feet)* And there's another story about the most reverend father chaplain, who was a bit late for the execution the day before yesterday; he came running in just in time to give the convict the last consolations... *(Through the hole, in a confidential tone)* If you happen to find the button of a cassock at home on the sofa... *(Listening for a moment through the hole, but goes on instantly)* An angel, a madonna, I see. Of course, it's because of them the prisons are crowded, Sir! *(Walks away from the door)* Perhaps you had better remember this golden saying of mine: An angel's infidelity destroys our faith in innocence... And that's more than regrettable, Sir... That's, you know... *(Turning towards The Other Prisoner)* Listen now. I'm coming to the point! *(Goes to the hole)* ...that's something to be washed out in blood! You can't know, Sir, how these things go... You never killed a man till now... I wish you didn't have to... It's no good... What a pity that I'm not free now—you wouldn't have to torment yourself like this... *(Puts his ear to the spy-hole)* The face of a madonna, to be sure... *(Places his hand at the hole, turning towards The Other Prisoner)* That will do for now! You must take your time—and we have plenty of it! *(Suddenly takes his hand away from the hole; a photograph has been thrust in from outside)* What's that?

(The hole is closed. The guard leaves)

THE PRISONER *(With the photo in his hand, looking for light):* The madonna! *(Laughs in scornful compassion, and examines the picture)* Let's see, perhaps this angelic face will convince me too, that our wife is not as bad a whore as that, after all... Jesus, what a lot of mud I've thrown at her already! She looks sad, as if she knew it... *(Suddenly)* No sentimentalities, please! Rather a bit of gymnastics! One-two... be fresh... *(But he doesn't do his gymnastics, only looks at the photo; absent-mindedly)* Sport is the best thing against eroticism. Many people say so... *(Suddenly)* I really couldn't tell you how long it is since I've seen a female face! I preferred concentrating on other details. *(Stares at the photo; parenthetically)* Nothing is so easy as to imagine the arse of a woman, her navel, the erogenous zones... I've been able, for instance, to imagine breasts of just the sort I wanted... And now, here it is, what was

always missing: the face... After so many women without a head—at last a female face! What a lot I knew about her! The sweet little golden freckle under the left nipple... And that she refused to shave her armpits... I knew the smell of her skin, the taste of her hairs, the sound they made under your teeth when you bit into it... Her temperature—how cool and how hot she was... And look, it's only now I begin to like her really, when I see her face. It seems that in women too, it's the spiritual part that charms me... There is really something angelic in that face... *(Goes to the bed of The Other Prisoner)* You don't think so? Why, don't you find her attractive? Look at her eyes... He's right: she is like a madonna. And now imagine that golden freckle under the nipple... *(Snatches the photo away)* Now, now... licking your chops, are you? It would be fine, wouldn't it? I really thought this bromic prison food had extinguished the last spark of your manhood. And just fancy the fat pig! That's what he would like... *(Keeps tight hold of the photo)* That *I* abused her, that's different. It was for tactical reasons. And after all, I didn't know her! I knew how she was in bed; but I didn't know her soul. *(Takes the photo, looks at it and puts it away. Sitting down on the bed)* That's all—I won't do it any longer! You were right. I don't want freedom. The four walls are enough for me. I don't want women. I am perfectly self-sufficient.

(The Other Prisoner raises himself up on his elbow)

THE PRISONER: Of course, you'd like me to continue the drudgery! Nothing of the sort! I don't want freedom! Not at this price anyway! *(Then he is almost moved by his own fate)* At the worst, I shall rot here just like you. *(Again takes the photo)* And if I'm driven to despair, I shall be uplifted by the thought of having sacrificed my freedom for the honour of a chaste woman. *(Looking anxiously at the photo)* And she's never going to know about it, never... From this moment on, I shall do nothing but gaze at the ceiling, like you! *(Leaning backwards)* But it will be more difficult for me—for a restless spirit like mine! We could play chess... You can't? Pity... We can talk gobbledegook... Whavat ivif wewe wewere towo speawak kiwid's cawant? Listen, here's a good game: which of us knows more names of famous persons? We'll run over the alphabet... Or let's play Twenty Questions. Too difficult, is it? Let's invent limericks: "There once was a lady from Kent, who said that she knew what it meant..." Can't you make a rhyme to that? Or let's just have a look at the binary numerical system; wouldn't that interest you? Or let's tell the stories of films to each other. It would be wonderful fun! Or listen: "To be, or not to be: that is the question!" How many letters are there in this line... Only say something! Don't you see? We must do something to kill time for all the years that are left! Let's learn languages! Or invent languages! Or prove the existence of God... *(Silence; then)* You're right. There is nothing to replace the will to freedom. Yes, I wanted to be free and nothing can replace that. *(Looking up)* What are you staring at? What do you want me to do? You're worse than the hangman, that's what you are! But you're very wrong, old man! I'm not going to be a recidivist. You think I can't accept this prison! Of course I can! It's the very place that best fits into this barren world... Flowers, love and birdnests; that's all nonsense—mix-up of styles. Prison is the only thing that is in perfect harmony with the craters of the moon and the frozen suns. I don't care tuppence for that green belt between the prison and the galaxy! I shall blow up the bridge of liberation! *(Goes to the door, knocks at it, shouting)* Hey, guard!... He'll kill her in the end, that wild beast! *(Knocks at the door)* Hey, guard!... Although this lout of a man really doesn't deserve her. What a brute that surly blackguard is! Lives under the same roof and still doubts her innocence—an angel's innocence! *(A knock on the door, then*

suddenly) How unhappy she must be with him! Poor little woman! To live all her life with such an imbecilic husband! No! To gaol with him! I shall rid the angel of him!...

(A click, the spyhole is opened from outside)

THE PRISONER *(Whispering in breathless suspense through the hole):* Sir, there isn't any doubt... I've looked at the photo: your wife is a most tremendous harlot! *(Listens through the hole)* Sir, be a man!... *(Faces inwards)* He's run away. Fit of jealousy...

(The hole remains open)

THE PRISONER *(Takes the photo from the bed):* Forgive me, darling, for having abused you again, but I simply cannot bear the thought that you should belong to an unworthy man. It is your destiny to bring *supermen* into the world... We shall do our best... I think my genes have at last found the very woman they need. Every bit of me is longing for her. Now I am going to have real wings!... No obstacles any more! A real woman has become my object in life! Enough of poetic fancies! I've no time! Tonight I want to teach this angel what real love is. A real woman! And a real act! *(Knocks at the door)* Hey, guard!... Oh, there you are! Now, Sir, you have always been very kind to me. And you know, I've not much to lose. One murder less or more—it really doesn't matter. I promise you, Sir, I'll catch your wife as red-handed as a woman ever was! And just leave the rest to me...

(The hole is vigorously closed from outside)

THE PRISONER *(Starts back):* Did I miscalculate? These state employees really seem to believe in the improving effect of prisons... And now he's disappointed in me... Still, he'll come back. I give him five minutes to get resigned to losing his wife, and then he'll start making the best of it. Nobody ever needed more than five minutes for that... *(With his right hand he takes hold of his left wrist and keeps it like this during the whole scene, unostentatiously)* In five minutes he'll knock at the door, and then it will be time to talk business. *(Begins counting to himself)* First of all, I need civvies. He has get them. Then he must leave the door open. And then short-circuit the lights... That's three... Then he should disappear from the corridor, to give as little cause for suspicion as possible... Prison guards are rather severely punished if it turns out that they have helped the prisoners to escape. But it's only fair, after all... To think that the gaoler, the guard of legality, helps a prisoner to escape!... Well, he'll help me! *(To The Other Prisoner)* Interrupt me if I'm wrong! A genius, while working, is likely to lose his critical acumen. Who's ever seen a creator without a critic? You might at least say "right"—or "wrong." It's unimportant what you say it about. If you say of something right that it's wrong, never mind! I just want to hear it, you see? *(With provocative emphasis)* He *will* help me to escape. *(Silence)* You can't deny it either: he will help me! He isn't perhaps aware of it himself. He thinks that he has not yet decided. He is walking up and down in the corridor. What does he feel? Love? No... Compassion? Nonsense! He's thinking of only one thing: what will happen if they find out and he's locked up? And what then, Mister Turnkey? Wouldn't it be redemption for you to be kept here once and for all? There is a bit of nostalgia for prison in everybody. And particularly in someone who is working here. Just listen to your instincts! Enough of commuting, Sir! Let's change places! *(To The Other Prisoner)* I have a deep insight into the bottom of his heart! He will help me to escape! I shall leave him my plankbed and he's going to leave me his place in his wife's bed. *(To The Other Prisoner)* You've still got nothing to contradict me about? Is it so certain that his wife will let me in? A chaste woman like her?... Let's put ourselves in her place for a change... It's not the worst of feelings either—to be a beautiful young woman! All right, so I'm lying in my bed and thinking of how long these twenty-four hours are while my hus-

band is away. Now somebody begins to whistle my favourite tune under the window. That nice Neapolitan serenade I'm so fond of. It's the one my husband always whistles... Is it a dream? No, the door is being opened!... *(Change of tone)* By the way—I must ask the husband to give me the latchkey! It's so disturbing, all these realities! A latchkey, indeed... I can understand Michelangelo who left some of his marble statues incomplete. If someone wants to know, he can take a chisel himself and go on carving... It's so tedious, all that follows now. Vulgar... and banal... To climb over the wall. To put on civvies. To run in the night. To whistle under the window of a woman. The latchkey! And then the idyll! *(Sits down)* Have I got to do it all?

THE OTHER PRISONER *(Clears his throat)*

THE PRISONER: Now, take it easy, old man! You don't mind my sitting down, do you? Even God took a rest while creating. I'm also going to take delight in my work now. As a matter of fact, it is as good as finished... A fine work it is... A very fine work... *(Suddenly)* Oh, this pride, this artist's pride—it's my great fault! And I can't grow out of it! Humility would be desirable, just a little bit of humility! But what shall I do if it doesn't work! I am simply unable to be humble. It would be pure hypocrisy. How right Goethe is: *Nur Lumpen sind bescheiden!* Goethe: that's a German poet, Michelangelo: an Italian sculptor... You can be proud as well: you've had a share in my work. Like Satan had in the creation of the world. *(Giggling)* Quite involuntarily you've been my collaborator. If you'd been kinder or brighter, I would have become too fond of this place! Heaven knows, maybe I would have fallen in love with you... So what? There's nothing unusual in that! Prison is a perverted form of life... And then, a creator such as I cannot limit his passions to one half of humanity... But don't be afraid—you are so utterly disgusting that I must get away from here, if only for that! Your laziness smells worse than the slop pail over there in the corner. It smells worse than... than you yourself. There was a time when I still hoped to illuminate you with the rays of my genius... You were going to be my isotope! But after all, even the omnipotence of God has its limits! For instance, he's unable to create another God like himself. I was unable, too. So you remain a slop pail... *(Goes to him)* There is something irritating in your calm. Say, if I happened to be in mortal danger, would you lift a finger for me? *(Shakes his shoulders, then looks at him)* I've often looked at your face when you were sleeping. That unexpressive, impassive, brutal face. I never acquired any understanding of you. *(Turns away)* Probably because there isn't anything there worth understanding. I never acquired any understanding of the slop pail either... no more than of you! *(Goes to his own bed)* Now I'll try to hear it with your ears, how it sounds. *(Leans backwards, repeats)* "I never acquired any understanding of the slop pail either... no more than of you" *(Sits up suddenly)* Is it possible that you hate me? It's most improbable. *(Stands up)* However interesting it would be, I cannot get absorbed in you. I'm sorry. The angel might catch the smell of swamp on me. It's ridiculous! Why should you hate me? We're just nervous, that's all. Amidst four walls... No wonder. Did you ever see this prison from outside? The monstrous walls, and the gates and the chains... And indoors—how many feverish heads and yearning hearts... What a lot of male lust, all bottled up! Oh, if I could be the igniting device in such an atomic bomb! No wonder we lose our minds, all of us. I am maniac, and you are depressed—ha ha, that's a fine division of labour! Two brains—one disease! I, you, ha—ha—the guard is mad too... I daresay it would be much easier to make conversation on the lines of: "Please could you tell me, which of the two plants blooms first—the marsh

marigold or the primrose?" or: "Don't you remember, Sir, the taste of Irish stew?" Like two pensioners, two prisoners—two humans—who have resigned themselves to remain human for life...

(Noise at the door)

THE PRISONER *(Breaks into a broad grin):* He did come back! The mad guard is going to sit here. *(The door is opened. A package of civilian clothes is thrown in. The door remains open)*

THE PRISONER: It's not true! I counted the time on my pulse! Five minutes passed a long time ago. Even if I reckon that excitement made my pulse beat faster... No, I had really lost all hope... *(Sinks on his bed, panting)* Five minutes, indeed... Didn't I turn grey in the meanwhile? It was eternity... Terrible how quickly one gives way to despair. Now, really, can't you say anything to reassure me? Of course, he was late, if he had to see to the civvies too. And he has already run back to the other end of the building. I really must have irradiated this man. *(Stands up)* The intelligence of Mister Turnkey makes a rocket-like progress. *(He unfolds the package, something falls on the floor, The Prisoner takes it up)* The latchkey! Well done... Comb and mirror in the pocket... As though he knew that I was preparing for a rendezvous! *(Begins to do exercises)* One-two... Keep-fresh... *(Almost dancing)* Anyone who creates, steps out of himself, just like I am going to step out of myself, just like I am going to step out of this prison. *(Begins to whistle the sentimental Neapolitan air)* I am going to whistle this under her window. "Let me in, sweetheart, don't be afraid, I'm not going to kill you!" *(Stops. Almost moved)* Incredible how unexpectedly one's wishes are fulfilled! *(Throws off the striped jacket)* The husband helps me to run away, and I run away with his wife. I shall start a restaurant. I love to entertain and to exploit people... By the way, I forgot to ask the husband how she cooks?... The Inn of the Kind Wardress... That's not good... There should be nothing reminding me of prison. An open terrace somewhere under palm-trees. Restaurant of the Free Bird! *(Whistles the tune, but suddenly)* Let's say good-bye! *(Goes to The Other Prisoner)* No! No prison sentimentality please! But now at last, I must admit that I always envied you, you... rascal! Unfortunately I got stuck in intellectual crime. *(Bends over him)* Oh this most admirable beastly imbecile brutality! Without a glimmer of intelligence... Believe me, I too know that the real work of art must bear a trace of blood.

(The lamp flickers)

THE PRISONER *(Jumps up):* It's going out immediately! *(Looks quickly in the pocket-mirror, moistens his hair with spittle. Smiles into the mirror)* I am not only clever, but handsome too...

(Darkness)

THE PRISONER'S VOICE: Well, really, he might have chosen a better moment for making the short-circuit! *(Laughs aloud. Begins to whistle the Neapolitan air. Just begins it)*

(Short silence. Then the whistling is heard again. Triumphantly, but from a steadily growing distance, from the corridor)

(Silence)

THE PRISONER *(Lying in the floor, as at the beginning of the play. His head covered with blood. An iron bar lies on the floor, equally covered with blood)*

(The bed of The Other Prisoner is empty. The pack of clothes nowhere)

THE PRISONER *(Very, very slowly pushes himself up in "Press-up" position and remains so for a long while, then sinks down finally on the floor)*

Curtain

FERENC KARINTHY

THE BÖSENDORFER

CHARACTERS:

BUYER
SELLER

A room in a modern flat. A table, cupboards, etc. Everywhere books and magazines strewn about the shelves, the chairs and on the floor: the disorder suggests that there is no woman living here. A couch, a small table with a telephone on it. The Buyer, in trousers and a sweater, lies on his back on the couch with his shoes on. He smokes a cigarette, yawns, then turns to the back page of a newspaper and begins to read the classified advertisements. "Bösendorfer piano, for sale to connoisseur. Telephone..." Yawns again, stubs out his cigarette, lifts the receiver and dials.

BUYER: Hallo!—Sorry to disturb you, madam—were you offering a piano for sale?

SELLER *(Her voice can be heard from somewhere in the background, as if the Buyer were hearing it in the receiver):* Yes, I was. The Bösendorfer.

BUYER: Cross-stringed?

SELLER: Cross-stringed, English action.

BUYER: What condition is it in?

SELLER: In excellent condition, I am glad to say. It has an absolutely pure tone—really a top-quality piano.

BUYER: I see. A Bösendorfer.

SELLER: Yes, a Bösendorfer. It's only just been tuned.

BUYER: And how much would it cost?

SELLER: Ten thousand forints.

BUYER: Ten thousand!

SELLER: Would you be interested?

BUYER: Well, the price seems rather high...

SELLER: Well, as I say, it's an excellent instrument. Pre-war quality.

BUYER: You said ten thousand...?

SELLER: Ten thousand.

BUYER: That's too much for me.

SELLER: I've had an expert in to value it. He said a connoisseur would pay even more for it... Are you really interested in the piano?

BUYER: Couldn't you make it cheaper?

SELLER: Look, I suggest if you're really interested, you come over and have a look at the piano, and try it out... There's not much use in our talking it over on the telephone.

BUYER: No, really, I am afraid ten thousand is too much for me. Thank you. *(Puts down the receiver, lights another cigarette, and glances at the paper again)* Really, ten thousand! You'll come down a notch or two, my dear! *(He dials. With a changed voice)* Is that one-four-six five-eight-oh? Captain Balikó speaking. It's about the piano...

SELLER: Yes, Captain, what can I do for you?

BUYER: The thing is, comrade, I am looking for a piano for my daughter. A solid instrument the child can practise on. You see, I am having her taught the piano.

SELLER: This is a Bösendorfer, with English action. A perfect cross-stringed instrument.

BUYER: She's been learning for four years, and so far we have only hired a piano. But she's making such good progress that my wife and I thought that what with her nameday coming, if we could find an instrument that would suit her in every respect...

SELLER: Well, Captain, I'm sure this would be just the thing for your daughter.

This play, together with *Dunakanyar* ("Danube Loop"), another one-act play of the author, is running in the repertory of the Budapest Madách Theatre.

It's in excellent condition. I had it tuned a few days ago.

BUYER: When could I inspect the instrument in question?

SELLER: Any time you like. I am always at home.

BUYER: Believe me, the girl's playing is really a miracle! It makes no difference to her whether she's playing a folk song or *(With an atrocious accent)* Beethoven or Chopin, or Naughty Lady, or the Battle Song of the Workers. You know the one, don't you, comrade?

SELLER: Well... when will you be coming?

BUYER: May I have the address, please.

SELLER: Brodarics, seventy-four, Ferenc Avenue.

BUYER: Seventy-four, Ferenc Avenue. I've got that. Tomorrow morning will be all right for you?

SELLER: I'm at home all day.

BUYER: Then let's say eleven-thirty in the morning.

SELLER: I am looking forward to meeting you, Captain!

BUYER: All the best, comrade! By the way, what's the price of the instrument?

SELLER: Ten thousand forints.

BUYER: How much?

SELLER: Ten thousand forints!

BUYER: You said four thousand?

SELLER: No, what an idea—ten thousand, I said!

BUYER: Ten thousand forints? You aren't really serious, are you?

SELLER: As I said before, Captain, it's a top-quality instrument. A real armoured type Bösendorfer, with English action!

BUYER: Do you know what the price of a normal piano is?

SELLER: You know, Captain, pianos are as different from each other as chalk from cheese! Perhaps for the time being, an upright or else a cheaper piano would do for your daughter...

BUYER: How can you ask ten thousand forints for a second-hand piece?!

SELLER: But I've told you already, it's a genuine Bösendorfer, an instrument of superior quality...

BUYER: Are you aware of the fact that, according to paragraph 823 of the Penal Code, usury is a criminal act, incurring...

SELLER: But, comrade captain, please...

(The conversation is interrupted by the telephone operator. A peremptory female voice)

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: Ring off, please! Trunk call from Füzesabony for one-four-six five-eight-oh. You are connected with Füzesabony.

BUYER: Now we've had it, a trunk call! I bet it's for the piano too. *(Hangs up the receiver)* It's disgusting, just at the climax of the drama! What on earth does Füzesabony want a piano for? *(Dials)* Still talking! Füzesabony wants a Bösendorfer, does it! *(Dials again)* Still at it! *(Tries again)* Well, Füzesabony? Cross-stringed, English action, in excellent condition, only just been tuned, seventy-four, Ferenc Avenue, Brodarics... Mrs. Hugó Brodarics, or Mrs. Eduárd Brodarics... *(Lights a cigarette, dials)* Still chattering and jabbering! Hallo there Füzesabony, haven't you had enough?! The telephone bill is going to be pretty steep! *(Stands up, pours himself a drink from a bottle standing on top of a pile of books, then dials again)* Ah, at last! It's ringing... *(In a child's voice)* Good morning, is it you who's selling the piano? I'll get Granny...

SELLER: Who is speaking?

BUYER: It's Bobby speaking! Granny, don't get out of bed, I'll bring the 'phone over! *(In the receiver)* Here's Granny! Goodbye! *(In a deep asthmatic voice)* Hallo, is the Bösendorfer still for sale?

SELLER: Well, I really, don't know what to tell you... I have just had a call from Füzesabony, a definitely serious buyer, who is coming to town by the morning train tomorrow just for that purpose...

BUYER: My dear, I'm a serious buyer too, and the matter is extremely pressing, I mean, if we could settle the terms...

SELLER: I don't know, this doctor from Füzesabony said...

BUYER: Well, is the piano sold or is it not?!

SELLER: For the moment it is not yet sold... But I repeat: the gentleman from Füzesabony is coming tomorrow morning... Is it really so urgent for you?

BUYER: It's terribly urgent! Not for me, but for my son-in-law... What type is this Bösendorfer?

SELLER: The armoured type, of course, cross-stringed, English action, and in excellent condition. It's just that the Füzesabony doctor asked me to reserve him an option till tomorrow morning...

BUYER: Listen, my dear, I don't know whom I have the pleasure of talking with, but you won't mind me giving you some advice, will you? I have been a business woman for thirty years and I would still be active if it were not for this wretched asthma... A piano is not sold until it is paid for. Take my word for it, my dear! Did you know the restaurant Hofmayer?

SELLER: In Üllői Street?

BUYER: Well, it was ours. Or rather it belonged to my late husband...

SELLER: And the piano would be for you?

BUYER: I would be buying it for my son-in-law... *(In a child's voice)* Granny, I want some bread and jam! *(In a deep voice)* Be quiet, Bobby! *(In a child's voice)* But Granny, I want some bread and jam! *(In a deep voice)* Just go on with your game, Bobby, you'll get your bread and jam afterwards!... I'm sorry, my dear, that was my little grandson. In short, my son-in-law will call upon you this evening, if that's all right with you.

SELLER: Well, if your son-in-law doesn't mind...?

BUYER: My son-in-law does exactly what I tell him. I have four daughters and four sons-in-law, and they all do what I tell them. That's how they've been brought up. It's bad enough that I am the one who has to think of everything and arrange everything, at my age, with my asthma... *(In a child's voice)* Granny! *(In a deep voice)* Keep quiet, Bobby!... You see, I even have to look after the child!

SELLER: Madam, you may thank Heaven for having a family and relatives! You see, I'm also old and sick, and I have nobody with me, I'm left quite alone... well then... so it's your son-in-law who plays the piano?

BUYER: Play the piano? My son-in-law Sándor play the piano? He isn't good for anything, that boy, let alone playing the piano! I got a flat for them, and managed to get him the lease of a small restaurant, thanks to some old acquaintances, it'd be a real goldmine if only he would leave it as it is... But my son-in-law Sándor, the perfect idiot he is, makes a mess of everything he gets hold of—he has already had six inquiries—he is good for absolutely nothing except asking for pianos... He's a real headache my son-in-law Sándor. Because I promised them last autumn, when they got married, to give them a piano as soon as their flat was finished; and now at last they've got it; of course it was me who arranged the whole affair from this very bed, I talked from morning till night with those rascally tradesmen, and now they want the piano at once, or else they won't move in...

SELLER: So it's your daughter who plays?

BUYER: My daughter?! She can't tell Yehudi Menuhin from the braying of an ass!

SELLER: Then what's the point of buying her a Bösendorfer?

BUYER: You see, my poor mother also had a piano, I had one too, but now I have four daughters, and I've married them all off, and all of them have had a piano from me—so why not give the youngest one a piano too... What colour is it?

SELLER: It's brown. Nut-brown.

BUYER: That would just go with the furniture... You see, I have to think of

everything! My son-in-law is such an idiot he would be capable of forgetting within ten minutes even the colour of the piano! And how much are you asking for the piano?

SELLER: Well, I thought—ten thousand forints. It's solid pre-war quality.

BUYER: I'm sorry, I didn't get you, this child is making such a noise here... Keep quiet, Bobby!... Now what did you say it cost?

SELLER: I said ten thousand forints.

BUYER: Ten thousand! *(Gasps for breath)* A Bösen... Ten... *(Suffocating. Then screams in a child's voice)* Oh, oh! Granny! What's wrong?! Help, help! Granny has fainted! Help!... *(Throws the receiver on the floor, than hangs up. Lights another cigarette)* That's that—a nice effective piece of work... *(Takes a drink)* Now let's see, what is there still to be done... A high-sounding name, that's what I need... *(Opens the telephone directory and fumbles in it)* Villányi... Vince... Virág... Visincei *(Dials. In another voice)* Hallo, is that one-four-six five-eight-oh? Were you offering a piano for sale? Hallo—can't you hear me? Hallo!...

SELLER *(Nervously)*: Hallo, yes, I can hear you...

BUYER: Were you offering a piano for sale?

SELLER: I'm sorry, but couldn't you ring me up a bit later? I am really sorry, but just now...

BUYER: I got your number from the newspaper: one-four-six five-eight-oh. Is that right?

SELLER: It is, it is, but may I ask you...

BUYER: This is Visincei speaking! *(Emphatically)* I said: Gusztáv Visincei... Have you never heard the name?

SELLER: I'm sorry, do we know each other?

BUYER: I'm generally used to being known. I mean, in the trade.

SELLER: In what trade, if I may ask?

BUYER: The piano trade, of course. Wasn't it a piano you were advertising? Visincei, Gusztáv Visincei. You must have heard the name before. Ask anybody who the leading man in the trade is! For twenty-eight years. Grand and upright pianos, call Visincei.

SELLER: I can well believe it; but I have had many inquiries...

BUYER: Madam, there are always many people inquiring, but there's only one Visincei. And if Visincei puts his hand to the plough... Madam, how many pianos do you think have passed through my hands? Well? Just say a number!

SELLER: ...please, please...

BUYER: Just guess, lady!

SELLER: I must admit, I really don't know what to say. If I had only known how many people would call me, and how nerve-racking and exasperating the whole affair was going to be, I would never have put that advertisement in...

BUYER: Why, aren't you the owner of the piano?

SELLER: I most certainly am, and have been ever since I was a young girl. But I am a lonely, sick old widow now, and have been living by myself for two years, and as this piano is standing here with nobody playing it, I thought...

BUYER: You don't play, lady?

SELLER: Oh I used to play in olden times, and people said I wasn't too bad. But since our poor son died, I haven't opened it for twenty-five years, we really didn't feel like it; my husband never stopped wearing a black tie for him. And now that he too is in his grave—who should I play for?

BUYER: Forgive me, lady, it's really not a habit of mine to interfere in the affairs of others, but I must tell you that you are wrong. Music is the purest and most exalted of pleasures, a comfort in sorrow, and particularly so, if we make music for our own delight.

SELLER: So am I to understand you want the piano for yourself?

BUYER: No lady, although I do play myself too; but it is for a client of mine—

a most distinguished and serious buyer who wants an instrument of unquestionable quality.

SELLER: Well, this is an armoured type, a cross-stringed Bösendorfer, with English action, in an excellent condition. It was tuned just recently.

BUYER: And its appearance? Is it a decorative piece?

SELLER: It has a very fine, pre-war luxury finish. Nut-brown.

BUYER: The varnish is intact?

SELLER: Well, to tell the truth, there is a small spot on the rear side where the varnish has been chipped.

BUYER: What a pity! Is it very noticeable?

SELLER: It was when we were moving into this flat, the workers scraped it against the staircase. It is of a lighter colour there.

BUYER: If you'll take a piece of advice, lady: smear a little brown shoe polish on the spot, spread it round and polish it with the brush, as you do for shoe-cleaning, and there will be no mark left... And what sort of price were you thinking of?

SELLER *(Firmly):* Please, I'm not going to mention any price on the telephone. If you are really interested in the instrument, please call round here. Mrs. Antal Brodarics, seventy-four, Ferenc Avenue, third floor, and we can continue our talk personally.

BUYER: Brodarics? Excuse me, Mrs. Brodarics, but didn't your husband work in the horse-butchery trade?

SELLER: No, he certainly didn't!

BUYER: I mean, the slaughter-house?

SELLER: That must have been another Brodarics. My husband was cashier in the customs-house... Well, I hope to see you soon—I am always at home.

BUYER: I should like to come with the buyer. I repeat: he is a very serious and distinguished gentleman who has absolute confidence in my discretion: so the least thing I must be able to tell him is the price we can expect!

SELLER: I beg you, as soon as you are here...

BUYER: But my dear lady, how do you think I can take him there without knowing even as much as the price?! You surely don't want to ruin my reputation, do you? Forgive me, Mrs. Brodarics, but I've been working in the trade for twenty-eight years and I certainly know how a piano deal is done... Just tell me a guiding price, that might serve as a starting point...

SELLER: I'm sorry, there will be no starting point and no bargaining, I'm not a rag-and-bone merchant! Eight thousand forints, that's my first and last price!

BUYER: Hm—you said: eight thousand?

SELLER: Why, d'you find it too much? For a genuine Bösendorfer?

BUYER: On the contrary!

SELLER *(Surprised):* How do you mean—on the contrary?

BUYER: I was just thinking that if this piano is really as excellent as you say it is, you might well get more for it. Why should you throw away such a precious, durable asset?

SELLER: I don't quite understand you. You would be willing to pay more than I ask?

BUYER: Not me, Mrs. Brodarics, but the buyer. Let's go fifty-fifty on anything above eight thousand! It's good business for you as well as for me. And it's also a good bargain for the buyer, since he's going to get a top-quality instrument for his money.

SELLER: And how much would you think...?

BUYER: Well, perhaps ten thousand. We shall settle the accounts afterwards, anyway.

SELLER: And when do you intend to come?

BUYER: If I find my customer, it might even be this evening!

SELLER: Well, I shall be at home... May I ask you to tell me your name again?

BUYER: Gusztáv Visincei.

SELLER: Visincei?

BUYER: I'll spell it: W, I, S, I, N, T...

SELLER: You said T?

BUYER: Yes, madam, it is spelt with T-Z: T, Z, E, Y.

SELLER: Wisintzey? With W and a Y at the end?

BUYER: With a Y, and with two dots on the Y.

SELLER: Most interesting...

BUYER: It's a very old family. There was a time when half of Túróc County belonged to the Wisintzeys—forests, meadows, castles. Yes, yes... So, now I'll get a taxi at once and fetch the buyer. Good-bye, Mrs. Brodarics, my respects!

SELLER: Good-bye!

BUYER *(Hangs up, lights a cigarette and exhales the smoke):* Well, it did come down after all! Cross-stringed, armoured type Bösendorfer, with English action! Of course, I think it's worth more... *(Dials)* Hallo, Mrs. Brodarics? Wisintzey speaking. I forgot to ask you whether there is a music-stool with the Bösendorfer?

SELLER: Indeed, there is one, I didn't think of it either!

BUYER: Is it adjustable?

SELLER: It is a small round stool that can be twisted downwards and upwards...

BUYER: Because if you are going to sell the piano, you won't need the music-stool either... And you might get something for it too.

SELLER: There is also a music-stand, and some scores. I shan't want those either now.

BUYER: What scores, if I may ask?

SELLER: Oh there are quite a lot of them. Bach, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, the whole of the Ring arranged for piano, songs by Schubert and Wolf, waltzes by Strauss... Just think, I played them all once...

BUYER: Well, my dear, that's all worth money. I think that for the whole lot—the piano, the stool and the music-stand—you might easily ask eleven thousand forints.

SELLER: You think so?

BUYER: Or even twelve.

SELLER: But you know even so there was still somebody who found the price too high.

BUYER: Well, that person hasn't the slightest idea about actual piano prices! Who was it?

SELLER: Never mind, it's of no importance any more.

BUYER: But excuse me, Mrs. Brodarics, that person must have been either a swindler or a definite idiot! A genuine Bösendorfer, if it's been properly kept... By the way, I haven't asked yet, what the tone is like?

SELLER: It has a clear strong tone. And a quite easy touch.

BUYER: I certainly would not like to inconvenience you, Mrs. Brodarics, but for the sake of the transaction... I don't know if the piano is near enough to the telephone? Would you mind doing me the favour of striking a few notes? It makes a difference even if I have heard it only once...

SELLER: Wait, I'll see if the cord is long enough...

BUYER: But please do not take a lot of trouble! A few notes only, that's all I need; after all, in twenty-eight years...

SELLER: There, I think you can hear it like this... Just a moment, please, I'll bring the receiver a bit nearer. *(She strikes one or two chords)* Did you hear?

BUYER *(Amazed):* It's simply fantastic! Just play it once more, please!

SELLER: Can you hear it? *(Strikes some notes)*

BUYER: But Mrs. Brodarics, this is a concert grand! No, no, it's out of the question! You simply cannot throw away an instrument like that!

SELLER: What do you mean?

BUYER: I mean you must not ask less than fourteen thousand forints, and that's a connoisseur's opinion! I simply cannot allow you to sell it cheaper!

SELLER: How funny... And the expert told me...

BUYER: Expert! You're not going to talk to me, Wisintzey, about experts! After all, I have sold pianos to the Archduchess Auguste, to Annie Fischer, to Professor Kodály... And who was this famous expert, if I may ask?

SELLER: Well, I was told to ask Révész...

BUYER: Révész, indeed? Ha, ha! I really can't help laughing. A peddler of instruments, who has been had up several times already for fraudulent assessment and breach of promise! His trick is to propose marriage to every female client... Didn't he try it with you?

SELLER: Well, really, at my age...

BUYER: Well, it's a wonder... Listen, Mrs. Brodarics, all I can tell you is that you should not deal with gangsters of the Révész type. Either you sell your piano—an old family relic after all—for its real value, or you don't sell it at all. I don't suppose you are in a position to throw thousands out of the window...

SELLER: Well, to tell the truth, my pension is none too high...

BUYER: Excuse me, Mrs. Brodarics, may I ask you to let me hear some of the bass tones too? You know, the lower compass is always the touchstone of a good piano...

SELLER *(Strikes some notes):* Like this?

BUYER: Excellent! First class!... And now please some notes of the top range!

SELLER *(Again strikes some notes)*

BUYER: Thank you, that will do for me... What a fine firm touch you have!

SELLER: Oh go on, I haven't played for ages—I told you I haven't even opened it. My fingers would get lost on the keyboard. *(Groping on the keys, she strikes a few notes, then begins to play the opening bars of "Für Elise," or something of the sort. Laughing)* You see, it's no good any more...

BUYER: But it is! It's really very, very nice... Please don't stop playing!

SELLER: Oh, I'm out of practice... *(She continues nevertheless, then stops abruptly)* Horrible, isn't it?

BUYER: How can you say such things, my dear lady! It's a great pity you do not play, with your musical feeling! You have genuine artistic talent, that's what you've got!

SELLER: Well, I once studied for ten years, and was expected to go on to the Conservatoire. Would you believe that when I was a young girl we arranged house concerts every Thursday; my younger sister played the violoncello, and we played chamber music; there were always a lot of people there, we had tea, and talked about art and literature. It was just at the time when Stravinsky and Bartók were coming on the scene—when I think of all the discussions we had!... I had this piano for my twentieth birthday, I can't tell you how happy I was! I always gave it a pat when I went by...

BUYER: And, without being tactless, may I ask you why you have decided to sell it now?

SELLER: Mr. Wisintzey, I couldn't afford even as much as a headstone for the grave of my dear husband. I certainly do not feel like playing the piano, especially when I'm lying in bed most of the time...

BUYER: But I hope it's not something serious...?

SELLER: It's my heart. Valvular deficiency, the doctors say...

BUYER: Oh, if you just look after yourself, you may live to be a hundred and twenty! And you never go out?

SELLER: Rarely, in fact rather exceptionally. You know, my neighbours are very kind, they do all the shopping for me, and then I have a woman in twice a week to clean the room...

BUYER: So you see, my dear lady, you really do need money! But for that, you shouldn't let such a precious instrument go!

SELLER: Then how much should I ask from your client, if you come? Fourteen thousand?

BUYER: You may safely ask fifteen thou-

sand... We shall settle our accounts afterwards... Well, I'll dash out now to fetch the buyer! See you soon, madam, good-bye—my respects! *(Hangs up the receiver, with a contented air)* So, that was nicely done—fifteen thousand!—more than nothing, anyway! *(Lights a cigarette, takes a drink, walks up and down, or looks through the window)* Ugh! disgusting weather! It's been raining since St. Swithin's day, and that's a disgrace!... Now let's see, what could be squeezed out of this... Gusztáv Wisintzey, *ci-devant* lords of half Túróc County... Now, is this Wisintzey a married man? Just a moment, please... *(After some meditation, dials; in a soft and distinguished, but rather self-conscious female voice)* Hallo, is it one-four-six five-eight-oh? Forgive me, dear, for intruding! May I introduce myself—my name is Margit Ritter.

SELLER: What can I do for you? Is it about the piano?

BUYER *(Embarrassed)*: No... I mean, yes... Oh it's such an unpleasant thing, I really don't know how to put it...

SELLER: But what is it all about?

BUYER: Excuse me, but haven't you been called just now by a gentleman called Wisintzey?

SELLER: Why do you ask?

BUYER: It is because he made the call from my flat. I was just in the bathroom, so I didn't hear exactly what he was saying. Then he rushed away, but left his newspaper on the table, and I saw an advertisement about a Bösendorfer piano marked in red pencil... Did he talk to you?

SELLER: And if he did?!

BUYER *(Exasperated)*: Well that's terrible! It's really too terrible!

SELLER: But what is terrible?! I don't understand a word!

BUYER: It is terrible that he has taken up piano transactions again. Although he has promised me ever so many times never to do it again...

SELLER: You mean that this Mr. Wisintzey... I mean, that I must not trust him?...

BUYER: Oh my goodness! He was kneeling here, before me, and pledged his word never, never to deal with pianos any more...

SELLER: I must say I am shocked! Then who is this Wisintzey? Is he a swindler?

BUYER: No, certainly not! He is a perfect gentleman; if there is anybody who knows him, I certainly do...

SELLER: Then what's the matter?

BUYER: Please let me be quite frank: Wisintzey does not buy pianos!

SELLER: He doesn't buy pianos?!

BUYER: No, my dear, he never buys pianos. He goes there, talks all sorts of rubbish about prices and buyers, bargains for it, tries the instrument, plays on it... He plays quite well, by the way... But he doesn't buy the piano.

SELLER: Then why does he do all this?

BUYER: Well, that's just it! It is a kind of mania with him. He is a sick man, and has just been discharged from a neurological clinic where he was on a sleep cure for four weeks... I thought he was all right for once, but here he goes and starts all over again...

SELLER: Well, I never heard such a thing all my life! But why does he do it? Does he... hm... take things from the flat?

BUYER: But what an idea! He is absolutely honest, a well-bred gentleman, really the most kind-hearted man I ever knew. It's just that he never buys pianos.

SELLER: He rang me up to say that he was seriously interested...

BUYER: No, I assure you he's no buyer. I tell you, that's his hobby. He picks out an advertisement, rings up the number, goes there, talks your head off, plays on the piano—and nothing more. He has neither money nor a client. It's the way the poor man works off his fantasies... Just imagine, he once called upon Kodály himself... I don't think I'd better tell you about everything I had to go through with him...

SELLER: Excuse me, are you a relative of this Mr. Wisintzey?

BUYER: Well, I have to admit I am... It's been seventeen years, although we are not married. It's a long and sad story, dear, I wouldn't like to bore you...

SELLER: It's inconceivable! A gentleman from such a good old-established family!

BUYER *(Suspiciously):* A good old-established family? Why, what did he say his name was?

SELLER: Here, I have written it down as he spelled it: W, T-Z, and two dots on the Y.

BUYER *(Sighing):* So there we have it again... No, there is no W, no T-Z and no Y. Visincei, plain Visincei, with a V, and an I at the end. It is a name he took, his real name is Vacek...

SELLER: Va-cek?!

BUYER: Yes, that's right, Vacek! *(Sobbing)* My dear, I can't bear it any longer! Forgive me my weakness, but I've put up with everything with the utmost patience, I might even say with heroism, for seventeen years. I'm a serious working woman, I've earned my own living, but this is the limit, I can't bear it...

SELLER *(With compassion):* Calm down, my dear Mrs... or... what should I call you... I completely understand your suffering. All I can say is: put your trust in God, and He will help you. Believe me, do put your trust in God...

BUYER: I'm sorry, I was brought up in a religious family, and two of my brothers have become priests, but I can't believe in anybody or anything any more... I'm absolutely at the end of my tether, I've come to the point where...

SELLER *(Firmly):* My dear, since you have honoured me with your confidence... You must put an end to this affair. Be strong, and put an end to it, once and for all!

BUYER *(Sobbing):* That's what I am going to do—put an end to it, once and for all... I have my sleeping pills here on my bedside table, six full packs of Tardyl; thanks to my foresight, I've got a good store of them. The only thing I want is to sleep, believe me, dear, sleep and never to wake up...

SELLER: How can you speak like that? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Then what d'you think I should say, living here alone, sick and abandoned by everybody?... Do you think the thought didn't cross my mind when I received the news about my poor son? *(Sobbing)* I had the poison here, moving it from one drawer to another... If I could only tell you all I have gone through! If you could have seen him, how smart and fine and elegant he was when he first came home on leave as a soldier, wearing his heavy cavalry sword! And I've cursed the day he became a soldier a thousand times...

BUYER: Was he with the Hussars, your son?

SELLER: No, he was in the Army Service Corps, but they had those big swords too, like the Hussars... But, that's all over now, what's the use of raking up the past! You'll promise me to be a sensible woman, won't you, and throw away those silly sleeping pills?

BUYER: My dear, I've never had the pleasure of meeting you, but you are a fine person. I can't help admiring you for your strength of mind and your wisdom!

SELLER: And... what should I say to that Visincei, or what's his name, if he calls me again?

BUYER: Just tell him that the piano is already sold. But, for heaven's sake, don't tell him I rang you up!

SELLER: You can trust me... But suppose that Visincei insists on coming here?! Because he said that he was coming this evening...

BUYER: Then ring me up, dear! Here's my number, it's not in the directory yet; I haven't been on the 'phone long: one-eight-one one-one-one.

SELLER: One-eight-one one-one-one... I've got that...

BUYER: And whatever he says, don't let yourself be fooled... I know him, he

gets round everybody. You won't be taken in, will you? And whatever he tries to make you believe: give me a call first! Can I rely on you?

SELLER: You certainly can, my dear. And do calm down!

BUYER: Thank you, dear, thank you very, very much! Thank you for your sympathy, for your kindness, for everything!

SELLER: God bless you, my dear!

BUYER *(Hangs up the receiver):* More and more complicated. D'you hear, comrades, the international situation is getting more and more complicated! *(Takes a hasty drink) Alors,* monsieur Visincei, *c'est votre tour,* hurry up, if you please... *(Dials, gabbling)* Hallo, madam, it's Visincei speaking, I've tried again and again and you were on the line to somebody else...

SELLER: Please...

BUYER: No, no, please don't interrupt me—I'm so sorry—but there's no time now! The buyer is here, waiting outside in a taxi; I'm talking from a call-box. Everything is prepared and arranged, we shall be there in ten minutes. Seventy-four, Ferenc Avenue, wasn't it?

SELLER: One minute, Mr. Visincei, the whole thing is done with! The piano is already sold!

BUYER *(Taken aback):* What did you say? How do you mean—sold? That's impossible!

SELLER: I repeat: The piano is sold!

BUYER: Mrs. Brodarics, please don't make bad jokes at my expense! I tell you, the buyer is here, it's just the type he is looking for, a cross-stringed Bösendorfer, with English action... And the call-box is wanted, I can't go on talking now... Ten minutes, and we'll be there!

SELLER: No, please, don't come! It is sold already!

BUYER: But my dear madam, it's hardly fifteen minutes ago... I know!! It was Révész, wasn't it? I should have known it! That swine cannot bear my turning over a penny or two... Why do you talk to him at all? He's going to trick you, you'll see! He never did a fair deal in his life, so why should be now?

SELLER: Well, I'm very sorry, but—good night!

BUYER: Hallo, hallo! Madam!... *(Hangs up, lights a cigarette, and scratches the nape of his neck)* No, you're not getting off as cheaply as that!... *(Dials)* Hallo, Mrs. Brodarics? Madam, I implore you, don't hang up the receiver! It's me again, please listen to me for one second only! I'm in such an awkward situation—we have come to terms on everything, and now, all of a sudden... Please do not hang up! There's just one single thing I would like to know! Kindly tell me: didn't a certain Margit Ritter call you? Quite sure?!

SELLER: What makes you think so?!

BUYER: Of course she did!... It was she who was talking so long with you!... I was in her flat when I first 'phoned you and she overheard our conversation. I left my paper there, too... That's her way. I see it now! Let me tell you, madam, that woman hounds me! It is her main object in life to ruin me; she eavesdrops on me and tracks me like a detective; she slanders and denounces me wherever she can. She says that I never buy any pianos and that I'm a maniac who talks nonsense; she chases up and scares off every client of mine... It was Margit who frightened you off, wasn't it?

SELLER: But why should she? What for?

BUYER: Out of revenge! My dear lady, I was once in love with the woman, but it's off now, and through no fault of mine, either... I pity her, because, on the whole, she's an unfortunate creature; from time to time, I call upon her to give her help... Just today I brought her four pounds of fine flour and three bottles of salad oil, and in return I get this!... You won't believe it, but that Margit even casts doubt on my name! She pretends that my name is Vacek, me, whose family dates back to 1436... Now, tell me, Mrs. Brodarics, the Bösendorfer isn't sold, is it? Don't miss your

chance, ask sixteen thousand, or ask seventeen thousand, I'll clear everything up myself, only please don't leave me in such a mess!

SELLER *(Embarrassed):* Please, it's all so complicated...

BUYER: What is complicated?! This is the most straightforward business in the world! The buyer is sitting here in the taxi, and he's got the money with him—it's a plain cash deal, with absolutely no risk in it for you!

SELLER: I'm sorry, I can't give you any reply now. Please come along tomorrow.

BUYER: Madam, by tomorrow the buyer has to be back in Füzesabony!

SELLER: In Füzesabony?

BUYER: Yes, madam, and that's why it is so urgent. He is a doctor in Füzesabony.

SELLER: But it's hardly an hour ago that I talked with the Füzesabony doctor! He said he was coming by the morning train!

BUYER: That was the other doctor. You see, there are two doctors in Füzesabony, Doctor Sterz and Doctor Polányi.

SELLER: And both want to buy a piano? A Bösendorfer?

BUYER: The position is, there's a permanent rivalry between them. If one builds a garage for his car, the other builds a castle. If Doctor Sterz buys a dog, let's say a Great Dane, you may be sure that Doctor Polányi will appear the next day with a St. Bernard, just to outdo him. They are the laughing stock of Füzesabony... And that's precisely why we have been able to get such a good price...

SELLER: But I have said ten thousand to the other one. Just think how unpleasant it would be, if it turned out... Let's put the whole thing off. I must think it over...

BUYER: But how can we put it off? The buyer is waiting here! Madam, you still won't believe me? You prefer to believe that muddle-headed Margit Ritter? That inveterate drinker?

SELLER: Who's the drinker?!

BUYER: Well, Margit of course, didn't you notice it? A pint of rum, that's her daily dose—it'd do a sailor credit... She was absolutely drunk when I left her just now. In that state she hardly knows what she's saying; she takes endless baths, rings up all and sundry, tootles on about her spiritual life, sobs into the receiver, and threatens to commit suicide—always the same old pattern... And you allowed yourself to be taken in, my dear lady?

SELLER: Look here, all this has quite upset me. Call me again later...

BUYER: But madam, please don't make a fool of me, I should have told you he's a serious country doctor... This deal can be concluded either now or never! After all, there are a great number of pianos offered for sale, just look in the newspaper... The doctor has five more addresses in his pocket...

SELLER: I can't help that, my good man, it is most inconvenient just now!

BUYER: But try to understand me, Mrs. Brodarics, if we let him go, he'll be gone for ever... Why throw such a lot of money out of the window? If you want, ask eighteen thousand...

SELLER: Stop it, please. Call me back later, if you wish!

BUYER *(Boiling over with rage):* I shall murder her! I'm going to murder that Margit! I'm going to go up right now to her and I'll settle her hash with these two hands of mine!

SELLER: My God! What are you saying?

BUYER: I'll murder her! I am not going to put up with this any longer! I've got two good hands, and that's quite enough to strangle her! You think I'm joking? I was once on the verge of it, her face was already turning blue... Well, this time I shall go through with it, it can't go on like this: I don't care if they condemn me to death and hang me!... *(Hangs up the receiver. Taking a deep breath exhausted)* So that's that. Eighteen thousand forints, plus an attempt at wilful murder. Or homicide committed

under strong provocation? A tricky juridical problem... *(Takes a drink, walks up and down)* Although the end was a bit too unexpected... Now let's wait and see... I think she's going to ring me up. *(Stares at the telephone)* Well, what next?! Didn't madam note the number—one-eight-one one-one-one?... *(Looks at his watch)* What are you waiting for, my dear Mrs. Brodarics, of seventy-four, Ferenc Avenue?! A woman's life is at stake, every second may be fatal! *(Lights a cigarette, stares nervously at the apparatus)* No... A complete failure... I rather felt the end was a bit too strong—that stuff about the strangling... *(The telephone rings)* Ah, here she is! *(Meditating)* Now, just a moment... Let it ring... What shall we have now?... *(He tries different voices)* Hallo... No, that won't do. Hallo, yes?... Hallo... *(Takes the receiver, talking with a twang)* Hullo!

SELLER *(Excited)*: Hallo, who is speaking? Is it Miss Ritter's flat?

BUYER: Who's flat, please? What number did you call?

SELLER: One-eight-one one-one-one!

BUYER: That's ours—one-eight-one one-one-one.

SELLER: May I talk to Miss Margit Ritter, please.

BUYER: I am afraid not, madam. This is the flat of Mr. Ferenczi of the National Theatre.

SELLER: I don't understand. She called me just a few minutes ago, and gave me this number.

BUYER: I am sorry, madam, but this is Mr. Ferenczi's flat. One-eight-one one-one-one.

SELLER: Who is speaking?

BUYER: The butler here. For the moment I am unable to put you through to Mr. Ferenczi, because he has just gone to shave. Who shall I say is asking for him?

SELLER: I'm sorry, I was called just now by a lady from this very number, so she said... One-eight-one one-one-one, isn't it?

BUYER: Correct, madam.

SELLER: Well, that's very strange indeed! I advertised about a piano, and that's why the lady called me, that is to say... Maybe it was only a bad joke. Although she sounded at her wits' end, and begged me to ring her up.

BUYER: And she gave you this number?

SELLER: There can't be any mistake, I have it written down.

BUYER: Oh, then it's all right! It was Mr. Ferenczi himself!

SELLER: What do you mean?

BUYER: It's his way of practising, or as he puts it, making *études*. It's a sort of training or warming up for him before the performance.

SELLER: But that's nonsense! It was a woman's voice speaking!

BUYER: Oh, that's neither here nor there: Mr. Ferenczi can imitate any voice perfectly, whether it's an old lady or a young woman, or a man or a child; his range is very large indeed. He rings up a number and improvises short sketches just like that, whatever comes into his head.

SELLER: But he gave me his telephone number!

BUYER: Yes, when it's a rather successful performance he usually leaves his number, so as to be able to continue some other time. His representations are very realistic and rich in delicate nuances. Today it was a tricky story about some piano or other...

SELLER *(Angrily)*: Would you call please Mr. Ferenczi to the telephone?!

BUYER: I regret, madam, he cannot come now. He is engaged in his *toilette*, and will have to leave immediately for the theatre.

SELLER: Then would you kindly tell your master... *(In tears)* I'm an old woman suffering from heart trouble, he should be so good as to look somewhere else for his entertainment... He really ought not to do this with a helpless old... *(Her voice falters)*

BUYER: Hallo, madam! hallo... She has hung up. *(He grows alarmed, forgets to hang up the receiver; in an uncertain voice)* Hallo...

I do hope nothing is the matter... Damn! *(Puts a cigarette into his mouth, but his fingers are trembling so much, that he is unable to light it. Then he dials nervously)* Why the devil doesn't she answer?! Lift the receiver, please! Was it the right number?... *(He looks at the newspaper)* One-four-six five-eight-oh... *(Hangs up. dials again. Drums on the table with his fingers, puts the receiver aside, takes a drink while continuing to listen for an answer)* She might have gone to the kitchen or the bathroom, after all. *(Hangs up, dials again)* Why are you doing this?! Why won't you answer? Valvular deficiency, that's what she said?! Good Lord, nothing can happen from such nonsense... Mrs. Brodarics, my dear Mrs. Brodarics, just one word, pick up the receiver, I know you are there and can hear it ringing... All right, I'll give you three more rings... one... two... three... *(He angrily slams the apparatus down. Alarmed)* Suppose I've broken it now?! *(Takes it up and tries it)* It's all right... *(Dials again)*

SELLER: Hallo.

BUYER *(Relieved)*: God, at last... Why didn't you answer?

SELLER: Who's there?

BUYER: There isn't anything wrong, is there?

SELLER: But who is speaking?!

BUYER: It's me, me again, don't you recognize me? You've just spoken with me, and earlier too, that was all me...

SELLER: Who? The actor?

BUYER: No, lady, I'm no actor. Or only on a private basis—a one-man company and a one-man audience. You see, this is my hobby... Just the same as films, concerts, football, racing, spirits and love are for others. I get home at six in the evening and then I begin to 'phone. One forint a call—not even very expensive. I pick an advertisement at random and rely upon the inspiration of the moment... I was Captain Balikó, I was Bobby, and Granny...

SELLER *(Amazed)*: That was all you?! And the doctor from Füzesabony too?

BUYER *(Laughing)*: Well no, I have no long-distance line as yet! But the rest, that was all me: Gusztáv Visincei, Margit Ritter, Mr. Ferenczi's butler...

SELLER: Well, I simply can't believe it; it's beyond me!

BUYER: I assure you, it's not at all difficult! A bit of vocal technique... *(In different voices, always using the appropriate one)* Comrade, this is Captain Balikó speaking! My respects, comrade!... Granny I want some bread and jam!... Shut up, Bobby!... It's Wisintzey talking, double W, T-Z, and two dots on the Y... No, sorry, not Wisintzey, just plain Visincei, formerly Vacek, and he never buys pianos... It's the butler of Mr. Ferenczi speaking. Mr. Ferenczi's range is very large indeed... *(Laughing)* You see how it goes?

SELLER *(Indignantly)*: Now, that's really going too far! I won't stand for such unpleasant jokes—how dare you?!

BUYER: Hallo, hallo!... Now she has hung up again!... *(Hangs up)* I'm sorry, no. No, no, no, that's definitely bad style; you can't let it finish like this—such a perfectly composed series... *(Lights a cigarette, takes a drink; meditating)* A new, slightly different approach is wanted, a qualitative change, psychological motivation and dramaturgical intensification, a final act... And how would it be, if... Just a moment! Now listen, Mrs. Brodarics! You are angry with me now, that's perfectly comprehensible, and you are going to ask the directory for my name, you want to lodge a complaint against me, or write a letter to the newspapers. Now, dear Mrs. Brodarics, I'll take a bet that you'll play the piano for me, by today at the latest! *(Takes another drink; whistling) Avanti popolo... (Dials)*

SELLER *(Mistrustfully)*: Hallo?

BUYER: Madam, I hear the suspicion in your voice. Don't be afraid, I assure you it's the last time I'll call you. And all I want is to apologize.

SELLER: Now, that's really the limit! For heaven's sake, leave me alone, will you?!

BUYER: I know, you are angry with me,

maybe you even hate me. You are right—I've thought it over, and it would really be difficult to find any excuse. All I can say is, please forgive me, do please forgive me!

SELLER: Look, how long are you going to torment me?!

BUYER: You are quite right, it was a bad joke, a foolish, wicked joke, I am a dirty dog, a telephone-gangster, a... telephone hyena... And all I want to ask you now, by way of parting, for better understanding, is just to put yourself in my position for a moment! I know I haven't the least right to ask for sympathy, and yet I appeal to you, as a wrongdoer appeals to the righteous, who forgive those that trespass against them...

SELLER: Look, if you don't mind...

BUYER: You must remember that beggar, sitting by the roadside, a stunted little cripple with a notice round his neck: "If you were in my position"...

SELLER: Why, are you ill?

BUYER: No, no, I didn't mean that, not physically at least... But just imagine. I come home from the library—I'm working in a library at present, not that it's important anyway, but it's sheer drudgery every day from half past eight to five o'clock—then I come home to this empty, eternally empty flat, say, at six o'clock. That makes fourteen hours till next morning! Ninety-eight hours a week, excluding Sundays, four hundred hours a month...

SELLER: And aren't you ashamed of passing the time with such nonsense? Haven't you a family or relatives?

BUYER: In my identity card I'm down as divorced! They might well have written: rejected... Well, yes, there was a time when I thought that loneliness was an extraordinary condition, like tuberculosis, one you can be cured of. Then I slowly realized that this was the natural form of life, everything else was self-deception. The real community, the largest on this globe is three billion lonelinesses. Didn't you ever think how the more people there are in the world, the less they understand each other? Three billion astronauts, all by themselves, drifting uncontrolled in space. There is a particular reciprocal correlation expressed mathematically as... But I'm afraid of boring you with this philosophical rubbish...

SELLER: I also live alone, but even so I don't talk like this. Because not an hour passes, not even a minute, when I do not feel the presence of God... And you are not even old, are you?

BUYER: I'm at the worst age: forty. It may be better later on...

SELLER: A young man. You might remarry perhaps...

BUYER: You know, I'm afraid I have an infectious constitution... I think my wife was right after all, when she left me. And yet, I waited for years for her to come back, I worked out a hundred complicated plans for getting her back. I never got over it. I lie here every night with this cancerous obsession, going round and round in me, always the same senseless, pointless brain gymnastics. And in the meantime she has married again and has two little daughters; we never had children... Then I made up my mind to cut her out of me, radically, mercilessly... It was hard: she was more deeply grown into my flesh and bones and nerves than I thought, a whole elaborate system of metastasis; it was a long and painful series of operations until every extension and tentacle could be removed... It doesn't hurt any more. But the strange thing is that with this operation, I must have cut out some sensorial or emotional centre too—if there was any. Because since that time I've been living in a morbid state of weightlessness, where no human attraction or gravitation acts on me at all. Sometimes I have women coming—for money or for nothing—but it all comes to the same, just a biological matter... I know it's a rather dull story: the lives I invent on the telephone are certainly more exciting, and that is why I invent them...

SELLER: Well, it can't be too easy for

you either. But look, I suffer from heart trouble, so let's ring off, shall we?...

BUYER: Oh please don't hang up! It's so nice talking to you! You are so kind, so gentle and understanding...

SELLER: There's no point to it. Ring up somebody else who doesn't mind chatting with you!

BUYER: But it's you I want to talk to! Don't hang up; I'll only call you again!

SELLER: I shall pull out the cord!

BUYER: Then please let me ring you up at some other time. Don't misunderstand me, please, in my normal voice... Or you know what?... I don't want to be intrusive, but it would be really lovely to see you... I can imagine your flat, with its fine old furniture, the lace and cushions, china ornaments, the big wardrobe, family photos on the wall... Your wedding photo is among them, isn't it? And the piano, covered with a fringed cloth, and the bust of Beethoven on it... or is it Wagner? Schubert? and the music-stand next to it... We'd have tea together, you've certainly got a fine Alt Wien set, with yellow and blue flowers; I'd bring you some chocolates, and then we'd talk about Stravinsky and Bartók, or I'd tell you the latest gossip about town, and what ships are passing on the Danube, and what's in the shops, and so on. I'd tell you the new jokes, the theatre gossip, I'd know how to make you laugh! And you'd also have somebody to wait for; somebody you could show your embroidery to, somebody to think about and who you'd be a bit anxious about if he did not come... You surely won't forbid me to call on you every now and then, will you? Don't deprive me of this, it's the last bit of rope thrown to a drowning man! And you'll play the piano again—don't sell the Bösendorfer—you'll play for me... You aren't cross any more, surely, I know, I feel that you've forgiven me, that you've understood and pardoned me! Please, don't say anything, there's something else I would like to ask you to do: don't be upset if I ask you, please, to play a little bit? Yes, yes, now—you have the piano next to you—no more than what you played before, "Für Elise"... Or something from Mozart, the Sonata Facile, you must know it... *(Whistling the tune)* It's absolutely out of tune, my whistling, isn't it?! Can you hear me? It goes like this... *(Whistling)* Hallo!... Hallo! Can't you hear me?!... *(Looks at the receiver)* She has rung off... I wonder how long I've been talking to myself? *(Dials quickly; the ringing can be heard, but the receiver is not taken up)* She really did pull out the cord... *(Waits for a little, then hangs up)* What a pity, she never heard it... That last part was really-lived. *(Rather tired, he remains motionless for a few seconds, then, slowly, lights a cigarette and exhales the smoke. He fills his glass, drinks, gets up and looks through the window)* Rain, nothing but rain—what awful weather... *(Yawns, stubs out the cigarette. Takes the newspaper and begins to scan the advertisements)*

BUYER: Hallo, were you advertising about the extermination of rats with a tame skunk?...

Curtain

GÁBOR GÖRGEY

AFTERNOON TEA

CHARACTERS:

WOMAN
HUSBAND
COOK
THE MAN

The drawing-room of a middle-class home. There is a perceptible though not excessive feeling of oppression in its congestion, in the dark brown tones and angular lines of the furniture. Although an enormous brown-stained double door can be seen exactly opposite, the room nonetheless, or perhaps on this account, has a close, sealed atmosphere. This is mainly due to the fact that no window can be seen, though this is not to be stressed in any conspicuous way. It is enough for the audience to be aware of this discrepancy subconsciously. The door, moreover, only opens with extreme difficulty: this particular characteristic makes of it an almost living creature, and a malicious, stubborn creature at that. Every time it is opened it displays an unnaturally strong resistance, it has to be pushed, banged and shaken. It opens inward, towards the auditorium. An important piece of furniture is the rocking-chair on the left.

When the curtain rises, a middle-aged, greying woman is seated in the room. She is the sort who used to be described as "carrying her years well." She is trim and tidy, dresses modestly, her hair is neatly combed, some sort of tidy domesticity, some air of meticulous care emanate from her whole being. This domesticity, this painstaking exactitude —surfacing every now and then—is to some extent ingrained, even mechanical. She sits in the rocking-chair knitting, rocking slowly and humming an old waltz.

WOMAN *(Suddenly breaking off, musingly):* That old waltz again, that old waltz—all the time... I can't get rid of it. I never thought of it before. Never. I don't know where I picked it up. When could I have heard it? It must have been years ago. I've even forgotten the middle part of it. How does it go? *(She starts to hum again, the tune wavers, becomes uncertain)* I don't know the rest. And I can't get rid of it. There I am, humming it before I know what I'm doing. It's a nuisance. Shoo, waltz, be off with you, shoo! You're a nuisance! *(Continues to knit silently, then absent-mindedly begins to hum the tune again in time with the rocking of the chair. She recollects herself, throws down the knitting on her lap with an angry gesture)* Here it is back again. I'm fed up with it!

(A bustle can be heard outside. The door squeaks. It will not open. It is clear someone is struggling with it. This piece of action is repeated each time it is opened during the course of the play. At last, panting with the struggle, the Cook appears. She is a stout elderly woman, a kind of old fixture in the house)

COOK: The master has arrived. Shall I bring the afternoon tea?

WOMAN: How many times have I told you not to say afternoon tea? If the master hears it, there'll be trouble again. He is used to—taking tea.

COOK: All right, shall I bring the tea then?

WOMAN: Yes, bring it.

(There is a struggle with the door again and the Husband—with much difficulty—manages to come in. He is a man in his sixties, obviously groomed with great care and attention, but the impression he tries to create, oppresses him more and more. There are moments when he collapses under its weight)

HUSBAND *(Glaring at the cook):* Well?

COOK: I'm bringing the afternoon tea—I'm bringing it!

HUSBAND *(Stamping angrily)*: Stupid fool!

WOMAN: Welcome home, dear. *(Rises from the rocking-chair to yield her place to her husband)*

HUSBAND: If that old witch says afternoon tea once more I'll kick her out.

WOMAN: I keep on telling her not to, but it's no use. It's stuck to her from her village days. You're tired, dear. Sit down. *(She places a cushion in the rocking-chair)*

HUSBAND *(Makes himself comfortable)*: Yes, even today I had to fight hard to keep myself above water.

WOMAN: Relax a bit. Tea will be here soon.

HUSBAND: Life's a battle-field. One has to stand one's ground. That's my job.

WOMAN: Of course, dear. But here at home you can always rest. Shall I bring you another cushion?

HUSBAND: I cannot afford to be weak, or we shall sink.

WOMAN: For forty years you have always stuck to your post.

HUSBAND: No one will ever be able to blame me. I shan't do them the favour of leaving a single thing undone. Not a single thing!

WOMAN: Don't smoke. Save your cigarette ration for after dinner.

HUSBAND: When I found myself facing them again this morning I saw that I was going to have a difficult day. But I passed the test!

WOMAN: Don't think about it now. Relax.

(Someone begins to push on the door again. The Cook enters, bringing a tray with tea and small cakes. She puts it down on a low table next to the rocking-chair)

COOK: Here you are, here is the after...

WOMAN *(While pouring out the tea)*: Don't you think, dear, that we should have this door fixed at last...

HUSBAND: No, never! They have never been able to get rid of me. I have always fought my way out of every difficulty. Out of the most frightful situation.

WOMAN: You know, it's getting worse and worse.

HUSBAND: There are things they will never learn about me. I, on the other hand, know all their secrets.

WOMAN *(With uncertainty)*: Soon you won't able to open it at all... You should do something...

HUSBAND: In all these matters the thing is to be ruthless. Never give in, or you'll be crushed! I seem to hear my dear father's words.

WOMAN: Yes, dear. Here is the sugar.

HUSBAND: No retreat. He who retreats loses the battle. That's the important thing to remember.

WOMAN *(Stirs her tea ruminating)*: You know, it's so odd... There's been an old waltz lately running through my head all the time...

HUSBAND: Of course there's a limit. One must know the limit.

WOMAN: It must be an old waltz, I can't remember the middle bit of it at all.

HUSBAND: But if once you start, you can't stop. You have to go forward, always forward. It's very hard, but it inspires one.

WOMAN: I keep on racking my brains, I can't remember where I heard it.

HUSBAND: The main thing is: concentration. To concentrate all one's energies. Without concentration the whole thing isn't worth a sou. Concentration!

WOMAN: But my concentration doesn't help, I still can't remember it. It's so strange that it should keep running in my head like this.

HUSBAND: If I hadn't had concentration all my life I wouldn't have got anywhere. That was the only way I got on in the world. And, yes, I can say, I have got on.

WOMAN: Perhaps you could remember it? Maybe you know it?

HUSBAND: But you must have special talents to do it, special talents.

WOMAN: Listen. I'll hum it as far as I can go, because I can't remember the middle part.

HUSBAND: Not to content yourself with crumbs. Hit or miss! That's my principle!

WOMAN: It goes like this... *(She starts to hum the waltz.)*

HUSBAND *(At first he seems to pay attention for a moment. Some other kind of awareness moves in his face. It lasts only a few seconds, and he returns to his own world):* I warned them, I made no bones about it—I'm sticking it. They'll meet their match in me all right. They'll come a cropper, that's certain! There's a limit to everything!

WOMAN *(She leaves off humming):* Don't get worked up. Relax.

HUSBAND *(Snorting):* No relaxing! Never! Not for a minute. *(He puts down the tea-cup, jumps up)* I must be off! They're waiting for me. *(Starts off towards the door)*

WOMAN: I wish you'd stay a little while. You ought to rest. You know your heart...

HUSBAND: I cannot stay idle, I cannot afford to do them the favour. Duty above everything! *(He picks up the bell on the chest of drawers and rings it)*

WOMAN: You'll ruin yourself, my dear. *(Entreatingly)* Stay a bit longer. Rest a little. We've been having such a nice chat.

COOK *(Enters, after the usual struggle with the door bringing the Husband's overcoat, hat, gloves and umbrella):* Here you are, Sir. *(Helps him on with the overcoat, hands him the hat, gloves, and umbrella)*

HUSBAND *(Putting on his gloves):* I stand on my own feet! That's the crux of the matter. No compromise.

(He nods shortly to his wife, puts his hat on, and exits)

WOMAN *(Calls after him wearily):* You might tell them, dear, that the door...

COOK: Anything else you want? Or can I go?

WOMAN: Is that the way to speak to me? If my husband heard you! I don't want anything. You may go.

(The Cook takes the tea-tray and exits. The woman sighs, sits down in the rocking-chair and begins to knit again. She rocks and absent-mindedly begins to hum the waltz again. Suddenly she breaks off, as if something has come to mind)

WOMAN: I've got it! I've got it! That last school ball... *(She stands up abruptly, goes to the chest of drawers, pulls out one of the drawers and feverishly starts to rummage about in it)* The dance-card must be here somewhere... In here, somewhere... *(She finds the dance-card, her face brightens. It is an old heart-shaped dance-card with art nouveau decorations, and a huge red tassel dangling from it. She opens it, musingly)* Opening dance... first quadrille... Boston... waltz... It was at the waltz he asked me to dance the first time. He wrote his name in it, yes, here it is. That's the waltz tune... *(She starts to hum it again. She doesn't stop at the middle part, she goes on humming)* I've got it—the middle part, too, it's come back to me... *(She dances a little awkwardly, then gracefully, right through the tune. She stops, breathes faster, glances towards the door, then during the slow movement)* He was good-humoured, and yet so serious. He said I was the only one in that ballroom who could be his companion for life. He said that Life was no laughing matter, that we must fight hard to keep ourselves above water. One must stand one's ground, one mustn't weaken, or one sinks. He said there must be no retreat, one has to go forward, always forward. That's what so inspiring about it. Concentrate all one's energy. Never content yourself with crumbs. Hit or miss! That was his principle. *(She tires, stops)* And he said it was only *I* who could stand at his side in this hard but noble fight on Life's battle-field. *(She sighs)* How nicely he put it, kindly, seriously, like a man. That was my first ball. *(She starts to hum again, goes back to the rocking-chair, turns the pages of the dance-card, musingly)* The first and the last. The next day we got engaged and in a couple of

months we were married. *(She rises again, goes to the chest of drawers, puts the dance-card slowly back and shuts the drawer with a struggle. It seems there are an assortment of things in the drawer, for in struggling with it dull thuds can be heard, as when the first clods are thrown on a coffin. The woman, with her back towards the audience, stands aghast. There is a long silence. Then the door begins to creak again and the Cook enters slowly. She stands in front of the door, holding something like black clothing and a mourning veil)*

WOMAN: What's that?

COOK: The mourning.

WOMAN: For me?

COOK: Yes.

WOMAN: Who's died?

COOK *(Reproachfully):* Well, the master...

WOMAN *(Embarrassed, wavering):* Yes... of course... Why, he only just went away... he went away a minute ago... I knew it, but somehow it slipped my mind. *(She goes to the Cook and stands with her back to the audience. The Cook drapes the black cloak round her, and places the mourning veil on her head. Slowly the woman turns toward the audience. She is ten years older than a minute ago)*

WOMAN *(Half absent-mindedly, in a weak voice):* Thank you.

COOK: Anything else you want? Or can I go?

WOMAN *(After a pause):* Did you tell them to come and fix the door?

COOK: Yes, I did. They told me they're coming.

WOMAN: Thank you. I don't need anything. You may go.

COOK: Well, I'll bring the afternoon tea. *(Exits)*

WOMAN *(Shuffling back to the rocking-chair with the uncertain steps of an old woman. Sits down and takes up her knitting):* He ruined himself all right, he did. He wouldn't take care of his health—I kept on telling him—but what was the use? I went on telling him. He'd just get up and be off, you couldn't appeal to his more sensible self. How I kept telling him, "take care, dear, rest a bit, let's have a little chat." But he was off. I never could manage him. He drank his tea and was off. And he never put on a scarf. I kept on telling him it's cold outside, you'll catch cold, don't go without a scarf. But what was the use? He always left it at home and what was the use my knitting new ones, he never put one of them on. The cupboard in the hall is full of scarves already. Oh, God if he'd always put a scarf on, perhaps everything would have been quite different. We got on well, though, we understood each other. We understood each other. Only those scarves, those scarves. What was the use my knitting them for him, he never put any of them on. He was up and off. He drank his tea and was off. Perhaps if he'd put a scarf on, everything would have been different. *(The door begins to shake. The difficulty in opening it has increased. The Cook enters, bringing a tray with tea and small cakes. She puts it down on the small stable near the rocking-chair)*

COOK: Here is the afternoon tea.

WOMAN: How can you go on saying it? If my dear lamented husband heard it, he'd turn in his grave, the poor man.

COOK: I always forget. *(Pause, she hesitates)* I can't help it, the young master ought to have come once to see madam.

WOMAN: Who? My son? Oh, he's very busy. He'll come when he has time. Of course, he'll come.

COOK: Well, I am only saying it, really, he ought to come to see his dear parent. It wouldn't hurt him.

WOMAN: Please mind your own business. As soon as he can spare the time, he'll come. He's certainly coming.

COOK: Well, I was only saying. Anything else you want? Or can I go?

WOMAN *(Looks at her reproachfully):* I do not want anything. You may go. *(Exit Cook. The woman pours out the tea, puts sugar in, continues to stir)* Of course, he'll come. If he has a little time to spare, he'll certainly come. He has so much to do, he has no time. If he has the time, he'll come. Of course, he'll

come. *(Suddenly alarmed, she stops the stirring)* Good gracious! I can't remember his face! It's so long since I saw him that I don't recall his face! Good gracious! *(She drinks a sip of tea greedily. It spills on her dress. She puts down the cup. She starts to rub the wet spot with a handkerchief with care and absorption. The operation is a long one and engages her whole attention. Then after a thorough examination she breaks off the rubbing, picks up the tea and her relaxed expression shows that she is enjoying the tea. Suddenly she stiffens with terror again)* Good gracious! I've already forgotten him. I don't remember his face! *(She carefully scrutinizes the spot on her dress again)* It's so long since I saw him that I don't remember him. Is he blond or brown? Or perhaps really dark? No, no, he can't be dark, why, neither of us were dark, neither I nor his father. Brown, perhaps. But may be he's fair. I don't remember. I'm trying so hard, though. Oh God, help me to remember his face! I think he's brown after all. I am almost sure of it. He's most likely brown. *(She scrutinizes the spot again, smooths down her dress. Ponders)* And has he got a moustache? I don't know whether he has a moustache. It may be that he grew a moustache since. When he was a child, I remember, he didn't have a... *(She gives an old woman's titter, ticks herself off)* Of course, of course, what silly ideas come into my mind. How could he possibly have had a moustache when he was little! Oh, oh, what a silly old fool of a woman! Why, of course, he had no moustache. He had silky hair. How soft his little head was at the back when I touched it. Like wax. His sweet round face with small dimples. When he laughed the dimples became deeper and they shone with light. Yes, they shone. I didn't care if everybody laughed at me, even my husband, I saw them shine. And his little fat legs. The tiny soft soles of his feet. I remember, yes, I remember that when I kissed the tiny little sole of his foot it tasted of milk and baby powder. Even today I can taste it. I've always remembered the taste. Milk and baby powder. And something else. I don't know exactly what. Something else as well...

(Someone begins to bang on the door. Greatly agitated, with a beaming face, the Cook enters)

COOK: Madam... madam... The young master is here!

WOMAN *(Uncomprehending)*: I don't understand. Who's here?

COOK: Why, the young master! You see... talk of the devil... The young master's here!

(A man of around thirty enters the room. He is decisive and quick of movement. At first glance it is clear that he is a very busy man. The Cook puts another cup on the table, then exits)

THE MAN: Hallo, mamma, how are you? *(He kisses his mother on the forehead)*

WOMAN: My boy, my dear boy! Welcome! Good gracious, what a surprise! How long since I saw you, darling! Let me look at you! Well, I never! How tall you are!

THE MAN *(Impatiently)*: Oh, mamma, you behave as if you saw me for the first time!

WOMAN: Why, to be sure, it's a long time since I saw you. A very long time. Let me look at you. Come nearer. Let me see your hair.

THE MAN: I don't understand you, mamma. Why are you looking at my hair? I'm beginning to grow bald. There isn't much of it to see.

WOMAN: Brown! Didn't I say he was brown! Of course, he's brown. I remembered, I did. I remembered perfectly well. He's brown.

THE MAN: I only have a few minutes, mamma. I am on my way through, I am going to a congress in Switzerland. I am representing my whole branch of science, you know.

WOMAN: He couldn't be anything but brown. It's only natural. Why, we were both brown. I don't have such an awful memory after all. A small cup of tea, son. *(She pours out some tea)*

THE MAN: Thank you. *(He drinks)* To

put it shortly, I am going to represent my whole branch of science.

WOMAN: Really? I am so glad that you are here, dear boy! It's so long since I saw you. So very long.

THE MAN: I have been very successful in my special field. I think I can say without bragging that my name is known internationally.

WOMAN: You know, I have been thinking of you so much lately. These days I always see you as a baby. As a tiny baby.

THE MAN *(Offended):* But I am no longer a baby, and I'm telling you, mother, that I have been very successful. My name is known internationally. It isn't a small thing, you know.

WOMAN: Yes, yes. You know, I'll never forget those little dimples you had. When you laughed, the dimples grew deeper and they shone. Everyone laughed at me, even your dear lamented father. But I saw them shine.

THE MAN *(Irritated):* For heaven's sake, mummy, drop it, it's so ridiculous. Doesn't it interest you to hear what I'm working on? I've made such discoveries in the field of antibiotics that every scientific journal is full of me...

WOMAN: That's wonderful. And the two little soft soles of your feet. I keep on thinking about them.

THE MAN: Please, mamma, let's talk of something else. I've only got a few minutes, I must be off soon. And I want to tell you that in all probability I'm getting a professorship. Doesn't that please you either?

WOMAN: Of course it does, of course it does... You know I always kissed the little soft sole of your foot. It tasted like milk and baby powder. Even today I can taste it. Milk and talcum powder. And something else. I don't know exactly what. But something else as well.

THE MAN *(Loses his temper completely):* Mamma, please, this is so ridiculous. Can't you talk of something else? Please understand. I'm going to be a university teacher, a professor!

WOMAN: Yes, yes. A professor, that's an important man.

THE MAN: An important man, you're right. *(Puts down the tea-cup)* And now I must run along. I just dropped in to see how you're getting on, mamma. *(He looks at his watch)* My time is up. *(Rises)*

WOMAN: You're going already? Stay a little while, my boy. We've been having such a nice chat.

THE MAN: Sorry, I haven't time, mamma. My plane is leaving.

WOMAN: You haven't even told me how you are? Are you well, are you healthy? Do you take care of your health?

THE MAN *(Prepares to leave):* Yes, mamma. I do.

WOMAN: Don't catch cold, darling, you know that you mustn't catch cold. Put on nice warm clothes.

THE MAN *(Irritated):* But it's summer, mamma. We're having a heat wave!

WOMAN: That's the worst time. One gets hot and then a bit of wind comes, it catches you, and there—you've caught cold! You have to dress warmly.

THE MAN: All right, mother, I will. Good-bye.

WOMAN: You're leaving me too soon. We haven't had time for a chat.

THE MAN: I'm sorry, I must run along. Good-bye.

(Kisses his mother on the forehead)

WOMAN: Good-bye, darling, take care of yourself. Dress warmly, don't catch cold. Take care of your health. Health comes first.

THE MAN: Yes, mummy. Good-bye. I'm off.

(Banging of the door. The Cook enters. They meet in front of the door)

COOK: You aren't going already, young master, are you?

THE MAN: Yes, I am. I just dropped in for a few minutes. My plane's going.

COOK: You could have stayed a bit longer.

WOMAN *(Rebuking her):* He can't. He must go. He has a million things to do.

THE MAN: Once more, good-bye, mamma. *(To the Cook)* Good-bye. *(He nods and walks out with firm, quick steps. The Woman rises suddenly and shuffles after him as if she wanted to say something more, but The Man has already disappeared)*

COOK: Well, the young master got it over and done with quick. He's rushed off and that's that.

WOMAN: What else can he do, the poor fellow, if he has so much to do. He's a busy man, a professor!

COOK *(Picking up the tea-tray):* Professor or not, he could have stayed a bit longer.

WOMAN: Be quiet. You don't understand.

COOK: All right. I'll keep my mouth shut. *(She goes out, carrying the tray, and closes the door)*

WOMAN *(Goes back to the rocking-chair, sits down, takes up the knitting and starts to knit):* He's sure to catch cold. They just can't take care of themselves. One has to be after them all the time, to stop them catching cold. Health, that's the most important thing. Nothing is more important in the world. He rushed off so. I'm nearly ready with this scarf though, he could have waited for it to take it with him. A bit of wind comes and there, you've caught cold. Why didn't I tell him to wait a little, anyway? Surely he'd have waited for it if I'd told him to. And while I finished the scarf we could have had a chat. Why, we hardly had a chat at all. He hardly said anything about himself. We could have talked of long ago, like when he was a child, a tiny baby, how soft his little head was at the back. Like wax. And what pretty little dimples he had. We didn't talk about that either. And how when he laughed the dimples grew deeper and shone. Everybody laughed at me, even my poor dead husband, but I saw them shine. We didn't talk of that either. And how I used to kiss the two tiny soft soles of his feet. I remember they tasted of milk and talcum powder. I can taste it even today. The taste of milk and talcum powder. And something else. I don't know exactly what, something else as well. We didn't talk about that either. Because he dashed off. He'll certainly catch cold.

(Banging on the door the Cook enters more slowly than usual, she stops before the door holding another black garment and a mourning veil. The woman rises from her seat in dismay)

WOMAN: What's that?

COOK: The mourning.

WOMAN: For me?

COOK: Yes.

WOMAN: Who's died?

COOK *(Reproachfully):* Why, the young master...

WOMAN: *(Embarrassed, hesitating):* Yes... of course... Why, he went away... I knew it, only it slipped my mind somehow...

(Walks to the Cook, standing with her back towards the audience. The Cook drapes her in the second black cloak. The Woman, as if under the weight of heavy armour, half collapses. The Cook then places the second mourning veil on her head. Slowly the Woman turns towards the audience. This new veil half covers her face. Again she looks ten years older)

WOMAN *(In a trembling voice):* Thank you.

COOK: Anything else you want?

WOMAN *(After a little pause):* Did you tell them to come and fix the door?

COOK: Yes, I did. They told me they're coming.

WOMAN: Thank you. You may go.

COOK: I'll be bringin' afternoon tea *(Exits)*

(The woman shuffles back to the rocking-chair, sits down, takes up the knitting and knits)

WOMAN: He caught a cold, didn't he? He didn't take care of his health. How often I kept on telling him, though, how often. They are all so thoughtless, a bit of wind comes and there, you've caught cold. I kept on telling him. Oh, good heavens, how one has to take care of them. But it's all of no

use now. How lucky that I had a good look at him before he went away so that I wouldn't forget him. Now I mustn't ever forget him again, because if I forget him he will never come to mind again. I took a long close look at him. Oh God. What luck, what luck! His hair... his hair... Oh, dear, his hair! I can't remember the colour of his hair! I can't remember it, oh, what will become of me? his hair... his hair... I'm trying so hard, and I cannot remember it. Oh, God, grant that I remember it. Just this once! Was he dark? No, he couldn't have been dark, why, neither of us were dark, neither I nor his father. Then perhaps brown? No, more likely fair. Yes, yes, he was rather fair. I'm almost certain he was fair. He had nice silky fair hair. It's come back to me after all, thank goodness. But I can't remember his face. Oh God, really, what was his face like? Oh, let me remember it once more! Only once! Then I would never forget it again. I promise. I would make an extra effort and never forget it. Never again! Only this once. I promise.

(The door is pushed and banged. It hardly opens, the struggle is very long. At last, panting and upset, the Cook enters. She holds a tray with tea and small cakes)

COOK: I've brought your afternoon tea. *(Pause, she is waiting for an answer)* Here you are. *(Puts it down on the small table)* Why don't you say something?

WOMAN *(Starts up):* What? What did you say?

COOK: Here's the afternoon tea.

WOMAN *(Puts her hand to her ear like the deaf):* I can't hear. Why are you whispering?

COOK *(Loudly):* I'm not whispering. Here's the afternoon tea!

WOMAN *(Impatiently):* Do speak up. I can't understand. Speak louder! Louder!

COOK *(Shouts into her ear):* I said:— here's the afternoon tea! The afternoon tea!

WOMAN: All right, put it down!

COOK *(Puts down the tray):* Anything else you want?

(The Woman doesn't hear)

(Shouting) I'm asking: anything else you want?

WOMAN: What did you say? I don't understand. Speak louder!

COOK *(Shouts into her ear):* I'm asking: anything else you want?

WOMAN: Yes, yes. Did you tell them to come and fix the door?

COOK: Yes, I did. They told me they're coming.

WOMAN: What did you say? I can't understand.

COOK *(Shouts into her ear):* They're coming.

WOMAN: All right, you may go.

(The Cook makes for the exit, turns round at the door, takes a long look at the Woman, then goes out slowly. She closes the door behind her: as if iron bolts were clanging into place)

WOMAN *(Knitting on in feverish haste):* I must finish this scarf. I don't see the stitches very well. But I must hurry because if they come again I won't be through with it and they'll just dash off again. I don't see the stitches very well. It's grown dark so suddenly. And what a strong draught there is. Why is there such a draught? Why, of course, the wind's blowing. How the wind booms! *(She listens. Complete silence)* How the wind roars. Years ago, in my young days, the wind didn't boom like that! No wonder there's a draught. *(She draws the gown round her more closely. She knits feverishly. The scarf grows longer and longer, it already reaches the floor)* And the birds! The birds are beginning to sing! How long it is since I heard them. Long, long ago. They used to sing like this on the lime tree in front of the window of the girls' room. The lime tree was full of birds. Their song always woke me. Yes, I used to listen to them; and then I fell asleep again but they went on singing through the green and golden light. Like now. Exactly like now. *(She listens. Complete silence)* These are the very same birds. Where have they come from? They've come to see

me. The birds of the old lime tree. They are here again.

Startled, she falls silent. She stops knitting, listens intensely)

Now they've stopped singing! Quite suddenly, they are silent. What has happened? Why don't they go on singing? *(She listens. Complete silence)* Where have the birds gone? Why is it so silent? Where have the birds gone?

(She listens again, then rises from the rocking-chair) I must open the window, so that I can hear them.

(She starts off panic-stricken, faltering like an old woman. As she makes her way feebly along one wall to the next, from under her gown the endless scarf unrolls. Her feet are entangled, she stumbles, the whole room fills with the endless scarf)

The window must be opened! I can't hear the birds! It must be opened! Where has the window got to? Open it, open it!

(She becomes exhausted. Again she sinks back into the rocking-chair)

I can't find the window. I shall have to wait till somebody comes in and opens it. Someone will come. I'll wait.

(She starts to knit again)

The important thing is to finish this scarf. I must hurry because if they come I shan't be ready with it again, and then they'll rush off. If only I could see the stitches better. It's so dark. It usen't to be so dark. One should ring the bell. Yes, I'll ring. It's so dark I can't even see the stitches.

(She rises and stumbling through the labyrinth of the scarf, growing and unrolling behind her, she goes to the chest of drawers and rings the bell. Pause. She waits. Nobody comes. She rings the bell again, this time more loudly. She starts to ring desperately. She stops, painting, waits, then puts it down on the chest of drawers)

She doesn't come. She's gone. Now even she has gone away.

(She fumbles her way back to the rocking-chair, wearily subsides into it, rests a little, then starts to knit again)

I must finish this scarf whatever happens. Even in this darkness. I must finish it because we'll be starting soon. Father told me to hurry up, we mustn't be a second late. The priest is waiting for us. The other girls are already all there. They are waiting for me. In white dresses before the church. Like so many white butterflies. The silks and the tulle flutter. Coming! Coming! I've put the white dress on already. I'm hungry. But I mustn't have any breakfast. I'll breakfast after first communion! I have never been so hungry before. But after it I'm allowed to eat again. Now only the veil is missing. There. We can go, father, I'm ready. We can go.

(She rises and starts off ceremoniously towards the door between the endless swathes of the scarf. She catches hold of the handle. The door does not open. She goes on trying to open it, more and more violently, but the door sticks. She starts to tug away at it desperately, gathering all her strength, but to no purpose. After a long struggle, panting and utterly exhausted, she leaves off. She whimpers) Open it... open it... I can't get out... I shall be late if you don't let me out... open it...

(Suddenly she stiffens. Facing the door, her back toward the audience, she stands erect and listens) The birds! I can hear the birds again! And the lime tree! The old lime tree is there, too! Green and gold! The lime tree is there in a green and golden light and the birds are singing! The birds are singing... the birds are singing...

(With the last sentences her voice gradually weakens, the taut figure relaxes and softly she drops to the ground. She does not stir. Around her is an endless length of the scarf. A sustained, perfect silence. Then the double doors open softly and noiselessly toward the auditorium. Slowly the stage darkens)

Curtain

SÁNDOR CSOÓRI

BARBARIAN PRAYER

Wrinkled, unrelaxing stone,
rock of mother-daylight, take
me back again into your womb.
Being born was the first error;
the world was what I wanted to be:
lion and tree-root in one,
loving animal and laughing snow,
consciousness of the wind, of heights
pouring their dark ink-blot down—
and here I am cloud-foundered man,
king of a solitary way,
being of a cindery star,
and what I join within myself
splits me at once, because it goes
quickly and only sharpens yearning...
Wrinkled, unrelaxing stone,
rock of mother-daylight, I
stand at the entrance to your womb.

Translated by Edwin Morgan

AGUE

What is this extraordinary crowding,
this seagull-torrent,
woman's screaming,
ocean-howling?
Trees collapse together
like men hit by sunstroke.
A moment ago I had a grape in my lips,
now I suck sea-ooze.
On my hand hare's blood,
frog-spawn,
silk of a night-gown are drying.
In a green coach of leaves, summer and my skull go driving.
Rain rouses me,
water stills me,
war in prospect hones the body—
Come on, I'll give even brave mouths my boot
if they hold me with their stupidity.
What is this, what is this rage, ague, change?
Poems go pounding through me like freight-trains.
Dispersed—my bones,
my vertebrae,
my brain.
My hand droops like a shot soldier
in trenches of alien beds—
Joyless fingers are busy about me,
with a blue sky they bandage me,
in the gauze of rivers they bind me,
and they carry me prone on the wind,
but where to, where?

Translated by Edwin Morgan

UTOPIA OR DYSTOPIA?

The Future of Western Civilisation and the Responsibility of the Technologists

by

DENNIS GABOR F.R.S.

I have the honour of addressing a very great assembly of creative brains, and my intention is to drive home, as forcibly as I can, the extraordinary responsibility which falls on brains of this type in our time.

I take my cue from the report of Mr. Gilbert Woodman, Chairman of the Los Angeles Council of the IEEE, which prefaces your Bulletin. He quotes: "In the period 1950–56 the body of knowledge in science and engineering doubled, and it is estimated to have doubled since then. Today 85% of the items now in production were not even in the form of experimental hypotheses in 1956. 90% of history's scientists and engineers are alive today!"

I am rather doubtful about the accuracy of these figures, but what gives me concern is not the figures but the spirit in which they are evidently expected to be received; in a spirit of buoyancy and enthusiasm. They remind me instead of the optimist, who falls from the 20th storey of a skyscraper and says at the 10th storey: "It has gone okay so far!" Or one who would even add "It is going faster and faster!"

How dare I compare a rapid fall with a rapid rise, such as we are witnessing in technology, and in particular in electronics? I dare to do it, first of all starting from the simple observation that exponential curves rise to infinity only in mathematics. In the physical world they either saturate, or they drop catastrophically. We may be able to keep up this exponential rise for some time, but not for ever, not even for a long time. But the second consideration is the more important. Is this rise in electronic technology, so long as it lasts, beneficial for the future of our civilisation? This is where I have doubts. I am certainly not the only one who has such doubts, many people feel it instinctively, but few dare to voice it, because the *addiction to exponential growth* has become the practical religion of our times. It is a creed shared by the free enterprise and by the communist countries alike.

The great idea of Progress, which originated somewhere in the seventeenth century has suffered a curious schism in our time. It started when science started to make rapid progress, and the great believers in moral progress of the eighteenth century, Voltaire, Diderot, were enthusiastic protagonists of Newton. With only a very few dissident voices, this beautiful harmony between scientists and artists remained and even gained strength, until about the first decade of this century. But just when science and technology started their accelerated rise, which lasts to this day, the artists started to turn away from the world which it created in anger and disgust. Utopia has changed into Dystopia. One can say without much exaggeration, that the whole of the avant-garde art of our times reflects our world as a despicable chaos. Recently we had the centenary of the last of the utopians, H. G. Wells. From the many reviews it has become clear that "wellsian" has now become a byword, and that anybody who dares to believe in progress is automatically dubbed by the representatives of the Other Culture as a simpleton and a philistine.

It is no good getting angry with the sneerers, because they have really understood something. They have understood, before others, that science and technology may be creating a world which will not be fit for human beings to live in.

This is a reproach which it is not easy for us to accept. Have science and technology not created a world in which, at least in the highly developed industrialized countries, hundreds of millions of people can live happy and secure lives, without fear of poverty, without fear of epidemics? A world in which common men and women can travel, see the world, and have free access to its beauty and knowledge.

Yes, we have something to be proud of if we look back, not even hundreds of years, but even as little as eighty years, the year when Bellamy wrote his "Looking Backward." The Boston of today has far more in common with his utopian Boston of 2,000 A.D. than with the poverty and prostitution-ridden Boston of Bellamy's days. And yet, there is some truth in the accusation of the Other Culture. Science and technology have defeated poverty, at least in the industrialised one-third of the globe. On the other hand, they have also created nuclear weapons which could destroy all civilization totally, in one day. They have also created the spectre of overpopulation. But perhaps worst of all, they have created as a third alternative nothing better than the prospect of universal boredom and meaninglessness.

Man is a magnificent fighting creature that has worked its way up from its low status as an animal, singularly weak in tooth and claw, to the ruler of the world. For many thousands of years man has fought an adverse

Nature, a fight for which he was wonderfully adapted by his brains and his fighting spirit. Now Nature is as good as defeated, and there is no enemy left than other humans. But War, the age-long outlet for man's fighting spirit has become a much too dangerous game. There remains no other enemy but human nature itself, and for this fight we are very badly equipped.

Are we doing enough, or are we doing anything at all for adapting mankind to the quite unprecedented situation of being a winner in the economic game? I contend that we are certainly not doing enough. This is not very surprising; the new situation has come upon us so suddenly that we are not prepared for it. Many people are not even prepared to admit that a totally new situation has arisen. Our inertia is still carrying us on in the old direction; in the traditional direction of fighting Nature and fighting men, which so perfectly suits our instincts.

*

Not so very long ago, technology was directed towards primary human needs, towards food, shelter, clothing, freedom from back-breaking hard work. Slowly but not imperceptibly, while still claiming to proceed in the traditional direction, the aims have changed. From providing people with goods which they needed, technology has changed to providing them with goods which they could be *made to need*. It has created large progress-industries which can maintain themselves only by creating something new every few years, and selling it, whether there is a reasonable demand for it or not. Of course I know the argument that common men and women cannot know that they need something until they can see it. Indeed, the common man could not desire a television set before there was one—but the uncommon man has dreamt for centuries of something with which you could see at a distance, as he has dreamt also of horseless carriages and of flying machines! But now we are reaching the stage when the uncommon man, the inventive technologist is under pressure to produce things which he himself would not desire. I have yet to meet somebody, common or uncommon, who would like to fly in an air bus with 500 fellow passengers. But let us concede that 500 passangers are not unreasonable, what will be the next step? Air buses with 1,000, 2,000, 10,000 passengers? Here again, as in population statistics, if we try to follow an exponential curve which looks quite reasonable at the moment, we come soon to absurdities.

I want to emphasize, that all these somewhat fantastic excrescences of modern technology come about not by any flight of creative fantasy, but by the most natural way of operation of the not-so-very-imaginative human

mind: When you have overcome a difficulty, look for the next one which you may be able to solve.

I will illustrate this with an old story, which used to be very current among scientists. A policeman sees a drunk looking for something under a street lamp. "What is it you are looking for?"—"I have lost sixpence"—"Have you lost it here?"—"No, I have lost it over there."—"Then why are you looking for it here?"—"Because there is light here!"

It is a good forty years since I first heard this story, but I have not heard of any better characterization of the so-called scientific policy. We are going where our lights lead us.

And what is it we have lost? First of all, the manual worker has lost all the pride and joy in the work of his skilful hands. Of course, the conveyor belt is now going out, but transfer machines can also offer only tedious and repetitive work. From this we may proceed to the push-button factory, but this will still not give back to the worker the pride in his work. One will say of course that the men who service the electronic equipment will have to be highly skilled. But if we follow the "natural" course of events, this can be also only a passing stage. In the end the mending of control apparatus will be done with test sets, which will automatically find the fault, with instructions which can be followed by morons. Moreover it has been found that morons are better able to follow set instructions than more intelligent people.

So there remains a thinking job only for the men who design the control sets and the test sets. Undoubtedly, there remains a wide scope for the top intelligences, who can design completely novel equipment. As regards the routine electronic engineer, his existence is already threatened by such wonderful inventions as the "Sketchpad." But the Sketchpad in turn can be nothing but a milestone on the way, because once it is set up for routine operations of a certain class, for instance for the design of bridges, it needs only a store of routines with a good retrieval system for anybody with a medium intelligence to extract the solution. Then it can go into the automatic machinery which will turn out the product.

*

You may object that I am here painting the nightmare of Norbert Wiener, and that we have not yet got very far with the fully automatic factories which he considered as on the near horizon in 1950. I agree, we have gone slower than the flight of imagination, but this is not an excuse. What has slowed down automation was not the wisdom of the electronic engineers

or industries, but the countervailing forces. One of these was the resistance of the labour unions, and the other was Parkinson's Law. At any rate in the United States, the second was probably more important than the first. I have a high respect for Parkinson's Law; in my opinion it has saved our civilizations from extremely grave crises. Its effect on automation was, that as soon as the factory was automated, and the number of the "on the line" workers was reduced, the office workers increased to such an extent as to make the profitability of automation rather marginal. I do not profess to understand the working of Parkinson's law in detail, I can only see its global effects. In the U.S. between 1947 and the end of 1961, the labour force has expanded from 60 to 71 million. In this time the number of production-line workers has decreased by 7% while the total production has expanded by 57%. The expansion of the labour force was due to the addition of 15 million office workers. Recent statistics in Germany show almost exactly the same picture. The position at present is that the labour force in the U.S. expands annually by 2.5 million, while automation experts assure us that instead of increasing it could be *decreased* by one million p.a. at a production increasing at the present rate.

How much longer can the Parkinsonian miracle last? I would not dare to set a limit to it, because in recent years Parkinson's Law has succeeded in an even more miraculous achievement. It has absorbed the electronic computer. There are now about 30,000 electronic computers in the U.S. A few thousand clerks have been dismissed, but many more have been taken on to operate the computers. But I cannot believe that such a formidable labour-saving device as a computer can be in the long run prevented from saving labour.

I repeat that in my opinion what has saved us from grave crises in the years in which electronics has made its triumphant entry into industry and commerce was the resistance of the labour unions, Parkinson's Law—and of course also the Moon race and heavy military engagements. This is not a record we can be proud of. Let me add that these various ingenious methods for substituting or simulating work have not only saved us from unemployment. They have also saved us from coming face-to-face with the fact that man does not work for bread alone. He also wants to work because he wants to be socially useful. Work is not just the production of goods, it is also *occupational therapy*. If a reasonably full employment could not have been maintained in the industrial countries, we should not only have economic crises, but grave attacks of *social neurosis*.

*

If now, after this diagnosis, I had nothing else to say than "behold what you avant-garde technologists are doing, mend your iniquities by stopping this dangerous progress," I would not have come before you to give this address. It is true that we technologists are highly responsible for the dangerous direction in which the world is going. It is no good trying to shake off the responsibility by saying that the Moon race and military technology will pay by their "spin-off," (which used to be called "fall-out" until its advocates remembered that it reminded people of a rather nasty fall-out of another technological activity). The "spin-off" is itself more likely to strengthen the dangerous tendencies which I mentioned. Nor is it any good saying that the responsibility is with the politicians. We are responsible, by the simple reason that we are making our living by technology. Moreover, nobody forces us, we enjoy it, as few other groups of people enjoy their profession in the present world. It is a wonderful thing to invent, to create new things, to overcome difficulties. Even if one fails often, it is a man's life!

We cannot shake off the responsibility, because we, technologists, mostly conservatively inclined or non-political people, are bringing about a social revolution, with which the politicians may be unable to cope. Politicians, the best of them, are deeply imbued with a historic education. They tend to go after historic parallels—and our situation is unique in history, there is no historic parallel to it. I am glad that I can summon as a witness for my views the eminent historian, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who has recently written a brilliant article on "The Inscrutability of History." (*Encounter*, November 1966.) No, for a situation for which there is no parallel, for creating a world which has never existed before, I would rather rely on those highly trained brains whose profession and vocation it is to create new things.

We technologists share the vocation of creating new things with the artists, and in the past the artists used to be prophets of the future. But unfortunately, as I said at the beginning, the artists are now going through a low trough of pessimism, and we cannot expect much help from them.

*

It is not very fashionable nowadays to believe in reason. We have learned too much from psychoanalysis about the depths of the human soul, and we have seen too many terrible demonstrations of unreason in our time. Yet, we cannot accept with a shrug of the shoulder what David Hume said in the comparatively peaceful eighteenth century that "reason can never be more than a slave of the passions." Reason, *our* type of exact reasoning, can still achieve something. I am particularly encouraged by the success of

cybernetics in the USSR since about 1958. The teachings of cybernetics are really very simple, in particular the main one "see what you are doing!" Yet, this simple commonsense conclusion was anathema in Stalin's time, who declared that statistics was not a science, but a weapon of the proletariat. Anybody who would have dared to advocate a feedback from the results, or something like a market, would have received short shrift as a "revisionist." It took some time even after Stalin's death until the Russian mathematicians dared to stick out their neck a little, protected by the heavy armour of Norbert Wiener's mathematics, but then their success was spectacular. Norbert Wiener has done a great service to humanity, paradoxically, not by his warm benevolence, but by his mathematics!

In my more optimistic moments I dare to hope that when the dust has cleared up in China, perhaps a Chinese General Staff, well versed in operations research, will be able to convince the political ruler, whoever he will be, that the paper tiger is not really made of paper.

No, we are not as powerless as one might think, and what is more, we are preparing a fine armoury. The new sciences of control engineering, operations research, linear programming, dynamic programming and the still somewhat vague but very ambitious new science of systems analysis are gradually appearing if not on the political scene, at least behind the curtains and in the corridors of power. (I will discount the theory of games, because it is not so much a question of playing the political and diplomatic game well, as to change the rules and the systems.) But there is still a great, a very great step to be done. These new sciences have grown up on systems composed of simple elements, with known reactions and known constraints. When the "human operator" appeared in them, it was just another element, perhaps a little more complicated than the rest. But when it comes to political systems, we must take in the human being in all his complexity, with all his partly rational, partly irrational reactions; an adaptive system with very imperfectly known adaptability. One could well despair of ever having an adequate mathematical description of him, but such a task would not only be over ambitious, but also silly. Intuitive understanding and mathematics do not go as badly together as one might think. At any rate they can go well together in human brains, if not in computers.

Of course, there will not be many human brains who can reconcile intuition with mathematics. Keynes has said that a great economist is the rarest of phenomena, because he must be mathematician and historian at the same time. Now we shall need that even rarer type of man, who can be psychologist, historian and mathematician, all in one, and what is even more important, an inventor. *

I have come now to the essence of what I wanted to say. The future cannot be predicted, but futures can be invented. Utopianism was scornfully rejected by Karl Marx, as good as killed for a long time by the satire of Aldous Huxley, and lives with us now only in the somewhat degenerate form of science fiction, but there are hopeful signs that it will be revived and made respectable by the efforts of people who have become aware of the critical nature of our times, and yet do not yield to despondency. If their efforts would be joined by as many great talents as possible, both of the intuitive and of the mathematical type, I would see a fair chance that we shall not fall a victim to the many dangers which threaten our civilization, just at the epoch of our greatest apparent triumph, just when we have defeated our old enemies, poverty and sickness. Putting an end to the "whirling dervish economy," guiding the world gently around the corner where the fatal exponential growth must stop, this is the great problem in social control engineering, for which we cannot have too many talents. This is the great challenge of our time to all creative brains.

AUTOMATION, ALIENATION, SOCIALISM

by

IMRE VAJDA

The scientific-technical revolution—sometimes also referred to as the second industrial revolution—has, nowadays, became a concept of common use, in the newspapers and in everyday talk as well as in economics. Most people think this concept primarily involves still more machines, dimly appreciating their extraordinary elaborateness and stupefying automation which even their imagination cannot keep up with; and they note with awe that "science," this frightening modern demiurge, is stronger than man himself and reduces him to a mere object. True, this revolution gives a great many things that were previously inconceivable, but at the same time it deprives man of perhaps even more than it gives. In the opinion of the narrow stratum of technocrats, the industrial revolution of the twentieth century implies an irresistibly triumphant logic of the natural sciences in the sphere of reproduction and, consequently, in all walks of life, which sooner or later, but at any rate within a short time as measured by the standards of history, will invalidate society's laws of motion, create a new hierarchy and, in fact, "extinguish" society and, in the last resort, nature too. At the outset of this process the task of technicians was to concentrate on the construction of a machine that would accurately imitate and follow the functioning of the human brain—regarded, hitherto, as the most highly refined mechanism—which enabled man to fly as a result of close observation of nature. At a later phase, however, the aim was that the human brain should adjust itself to machines, that human instincts and human society should follow and imitate machines apparently far more perfect than man and acknowledge a non-human hierarchy, the primacy of control and the principle of operative service. All this would seem utopian—a reactionary Utopia at that, to judge by our historical experience—if we did not know or at least surmise the concrete social forms it would assume and if mankind's evolution did not point to an unequivocal refusal of these notions.

The Utopia is dangerous, nevertheless, because a gigantic machinery of power and technique stands behind it and because in the development of the applied sciences there are inherent tendencies on which Utopia and those who would profit from it can rely; sometimes there seems to be no escape even from these tendencies whose dangerous and fateful nature has been recognized, and for this very reason we must treat this subject fully and thoroughly, study the phenomena as they develop and set forth the appropriate guidelines for social action.

A decade ago—in the midst of this process or rather, from the European point of view, at its outset—Jean Fourastier, an outstanding pioneer in the philosophy of the new industrial era, wrote: "The causes and consequences of technical progress are, in fact, definitely non-technical: before progress, there is man with his prejudices, habits, his way of feeling and acting; after progress, there is again man with his standard of life, his manner of living, his culture. The continuity of the problems results from the unity of man."[1]

From the unity of man? Yes, if he survives. But even if he does survive, if he does not destroy himself, what will he be like? *Alienation* is nowadays one of the most frequently discussed issues of philosophy, and nobody denies that this timely problem is related to the scientific-technical revolution. Adam Schaff, the well-known Polish philosopher and sociologist, says: "...let us consider a timely and amazing example: the man-made splitting of the atom and automation. There is no doubt that this field of intellectual creation will open up a new era in the development of mankind... These discoveries might materialize the earthly paradise of the legends, but in practice, alas, they threaten the entire human race with annihilation under given social conditions. This is a classical example of alienation: the danger is universally known, nobody wants to perish either as an individual or in his social existence, and one might logically suppose that everybody wants to avoid this danger. Nevertheless, we seem to draw inevitably closer to the verge of the abyss. Mankind has never yet found itself so explicitly and fatally in the role of the magician's apprentice. It is precisely in this that I see the state of alienation."[2]

Modern literature too shows us, day after day, the struggle of thinking man with his own creations—the convulsions, anxiety and embarrassment of the soul, the tunnel he himself has bored and in which, with a machine he himself has constructed, he is rushing leaderless in the dark... An excellent representation of today's most burning issue is given by Ernst Fischer: "Increasing masses of people, goods, arms, inventions and achieve-

[1] Jean Fourastier: *Révolution à l'ouest*. Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 1957, p. 4.
[2] Adam Schaff: *Zum Problem der Entfremdung*. Weg und Ziel, Wien, December 1966, p. 661.

ments drift with accelerating velocity towards a future the true character of which is indiscernible, with phantom features, a machine propelled by angels' wings, flashes ranging from ultra-light to deep, fearful darkness. The more precisely computers determine this future the less shall we be able to satiate this incalculable monster. The more precisely they will be able to foresee the happenings of twenty years hence the more the events of today take us by surprise. Man wanders about helplessly in the brilliantly constructed labyrinth of data, facts and information. Ariadne's clew has split into hundreds of threads; we do not know which to follow and stray from one blind alley to another. The immense mass of means has engulfed the target."[3]

Samuel Butler the prophet

Is it really true that the human mind became conscious of the dangers latent in its own creations in our days only? Is the issue really as modern as all that? This is hardly true of some of its elements. Recently, my wise friend, the writer Tibor Déry, dug out Samuel Butler's *Erewhon or Over the Range*, published nearly a century ago, in 1872. This allegedly satirical work, which was not understood by Butler's contemporaries, is profoundly philosophical, and the timeliness of his worries and ideas is the more amazing. Butler here goes into the relationship of man and machine by polemizing with Darwin's theory on the origin of species and natural selection. (Déry shares his opinion that this is a fatal problem: again and again he deals with it in his novels.) Butler's ideas were obviously inspired by Darwin, but they are directed at modern society, that is, the society whose dangers he pointed to and sought to impede. Let us listen to Butler's own words (Penguin Books, London);

"The machines being of themselves unable to struggle, have got man to do their struggling for them; as long as he fulfils this function duly all goes well with him—at least he thinks so; but the moment he fails to do his best for the advancement of machinery by encouraging the good and destroying the bad, he is left behind the race of competition... (p. 199.)

"Are we not ourselves creating our successors in supremacy of the earth? daily adding to the beauty and delicacy of their organization, daily giving them greater skill and supplying more and more of that self-regulating, self-acting power which will be better than any intellect? (p. 210.)

"The more highly organized machines are creatures not so much of

3 Ernst Fischer: *Kunst und Koexistenz*. Rohwolt, Stuttgart, 1966, pp. 34–35.

yesterday, as of the last five minutes, so to speak, in comparison with past time. But... I repeat that I fear none of the existing machines; what I fear is the extraordinary rapidity with which they are becoming something very different to what they are at present. No class of beings have in any time past made so rapid a movement forward. Should not that movement be jealously watched, and checked while we can still check it? (p. 195.)

"As yet the machines receive their impressions through the agency of a man's senses; one travelling machine calls to another in a shrill accent of alarm and the other instantly retires; but it is through the ears of the driver that the voice of the one has acted upon the other. Had there been no driver, the callee would have been deaf to the caller... may we not conceive, then, that a day will come when those ears will be no longer needed, and the hearing will be done by the delicacy of the machine's own construction? when its language shall have been developed from the cry of animals to a speech as intricate as our own?" (p. 195.)

This means, says Déry dryly though not with indifference, that Butler foresaw automatic remote control.

Fourastier is right: the problems are circuitous and continuous and man's unity—at least, as long as he exists—is obvious, too. Clearsightedness has become supremely important for both social science and social practice. A recently published book,[4] which is a real asset to Hungarian literature, analyses in detail the problems of technical advance and automation and the condition of the working class in the highly industrialized western capitalist countries, the United States of America, Great Britain, the German Federal Republic and France. This excellent study points to changes, to new developments we have to take into account if our thinking is to be based upon sound foundations and if we are to meet historical requirements—as symbolized by the collective term "automation"; at the same time, it points to the continuity of human unity as embodied in the existence and historic role of the working class, its present and future.

The working class and the automated industrial age

It pertains to the concept of continuity that in the countries referred to —in spite of hesitation and often even mutual distrust—the working class includes the continually increasing technical intelligentsia and thereby comes into increasingly closer touch with all other strata of the intelligentsia;

4 Ádám György: *Új technika, új struktúra* (New Technique, New Structure). Közgazdasági és Jogi Könyvkiadó, Budapest, 1966.

it also represents the very best part of the people, that part which some day may lose—and surely will lose—its class character but cannot lose its role as the bulwark of society. Here too, the new blends with the constant. For the role of self-preservation is constant, but there is a new and unique phenomenon, namely, that in industrially developed countries—whether socialist or capitalist—the concept of working class can never again be identified with poverty and ignorance. It is true that, in those parts of the world where the "bankers'" confidence in the pound sterling and the dollar is more important than social justice, the working class is not outside the danger zone and, in its mass, is continually threatened by the insecurity of existence, haunted as it is by the menace of sliding back on the social ladder; for many the danger is a fact, not just a psychological case, a "trauma," but a social certainty, a personal fate.

To judge by the experience of the trade unions the danger zone includes a wide circle of people: the over-specialized professionals, whose profound knowledge and qualification in a very narrow sphere have become unnecessary; the entirely unskilled, who have nothing to offer but their physical strength; the middle aged, who find it difficult to pick up a new profession; and, finally, those who work in enterprises that are declining because the competing firms have automated production. Thus there are various causes, ranging from high qualification to lack of knowledge, that bring about uncertainty. This should be a reminder for us to take up this question in due time, because the socialist states are increasingly faced with the same problems, as production becomes more and more modern and intricate.

Two new experiences of great importance may be discerned in the thinking and the daily activities of working class people in the leading capitalist countries. First, there is the fact that an earthquake-like economic crisis such as took place in the 'twenties and 'thirties and brought about misery and mass unemployment of long duration has not recurred in the last two decades and can be left out of consideration for the time being, in spite of many prophecies to the contrary. This greatly contributes to a higher sense of security among the working class in general, though the feeling of being individually endangered could not thereby be entirely eliminated. The working class did not become aware of capitalism's general crisis—whatever is meant by this concept—because it did not coincide with its post-war experiences. In the second place, the working class, due to increased knowledge, organization, importance in production, political influence resulting from mass power, has a greater say in settling its future than previously, particularly as regards financial conditions and worktime. This does not yet apply to the issues of war or peace, to international

politics, economic negotiations, or the political plots of monopolies—which could be counter-checked by the "democratic alternative"—but all the more so to matters concerning its social status.

In this change an important part was played by the forging ahead of the state within the economy and by a shift of the centre of gravity of technical and scientific progress and in the renewal of the forces of production.

In some of the developed industrial countries state monopoly capitalism includes direct nationalization of large sectors of the economy; elsewhere, notably in the United States, state ownership is less significant, yet the state has far more effective means of intervening, particularly as regards the financing of scientific research from the budget, than is the case with European states. As a matter of fact, the strengthening of state monopoly capitalism (i.e., according to western terminology, state expansion in the economy, state policy relating to business, wages and income, investment policy, extension and strengthening of social insurance, etc.) has not weakened the position of the working class in the class struggle but rather shifted it to another plane, opening up new vistas and demanding a change in tactics and the elaboration of a new strategy. A well organized, class-conscious, politically mature working class would not be willing to exchange the increased economic influence of the state of today with the private capitalist system of half a century ago, for it can now fight its class struggle on firmer grounds. There is no doubt that the state, as a highly important factor in monopoly-capitalist economy, backs the capitalist system. However, our analysis would be incomplete and fragmentary if we were to see only *one* projection of this secular phenomenon; to do so would neither support our anti-monopolistic attitude nor help us in our fight for the democratic alternative. We must clearly see that, on the path of progress, state monopoly capitalism embodies that stage in which the capitalist system is compelled to switch to an overall macroeconomic way of thinking and acting due to the appearance of new and intensive production forces the capitalist system has given birth to, despite its intentions and its often voiced "liberal" views; the capitalist system thus provides more suspicious battle positions, better suited to the social circumstances and consciousness of the working class in its class struggle on both the political and organizational level. Intention and reality come into collision almost every day; new conflicts arise, and slogans to conceal them are, of course, also voiced, for instance, the former West German Chancellor Erhard's phrase about "soziale Marktwirtschaft" (social market economy) and "Sozialpartnerschaft" (social partnership) or President Johnson's "great society" and, last but not least, the "consumers' society" so often mentioned in the West.

The scientific and technical evolution has changed the social conditions and raised new problems, which need to be dealt with and analysed because of their novel and intricate nature. Analysis clearly reveals that some of the social tensions and changes due to automation do not derive from production-property relations but from the changed relationship between machine and worker, between machine and man, i.e., they issue from phenomena with which writers and philosophers are deeply concerned. The assumption seems justified that these symptoms are recurring phenomena wherever production and administration shift towards automation. Countries that have not yet been involved in these problems but are approaching them inevitably have to prepare themselves for these tasks; further on we shall try to outline our ideas on this subject.

Everything points to the fact that western capitalist countries have not prepared themselves to cope with the new problems, either in time or scope. As the Hungarian reader will learn from the book previously referred to, the situation has been aggravated rather than eased in this respect, though the process started got under way several decades ago. In November 1966, Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, author of the famous book *The Affluent Society*, had the following to say in the course of the Reith Lectures in London: "... to a far greater extent than we imagine our beliefs and cultural attitudes are accommodated to the needs and goals of the industrial mechanism by which we are served."[5] The machinery rules over man, over the very creator of man-made machinery.

Lessons of reality

In the following I shall attempt to summarize a series of conclusions drawn from the phenomena of industrial societies in the process of automation:

The social problems raised by modern industrial development are far more intricate and partly more grave than is generally assumed. They include, among others, changes in the composition of the working class and in its role in society; the development and devaluation of its qualifications; the elimination now in process of the traditional separation between physical and intellectual work; the formation of a new working class aristocracy, on the one hand, and the sub-proletarian character of the foreign (often coloured) labour force, on the other—all these hidden behind the considerably in-

5 John Kenneth Galbraith: *The New Industrial State*. Reith Lectures I. *The Listener*, London, November 17, 1966, pp. 711–714.

creased standard of living and the growing consumption and productivity. The individual tragedies described in present-day literature are far from exaggerated but when it comes to the representation of social relations, the written word does not keep pace with reality.

The growth of production in industry and agriculture is not accompanied by an increase in employment. At the same time, increased intellectual exertion, attention and nervous stress is required of the workers. The great demand for work in the third sector (services and trade) is a transient phenomenon since automation and mechanization in this sphere started far later than in industry. The influx of manpower from the productive sectors into the third sector does not solve the problem of employment.

Modern capitalist society has been unable, merely by increasing mass production, to solve market problems, which are themselves due to high productivity and to the glutting of the market with commodities than can only be sold through the advertizing activities of the productive firms, i.e., through inordinate social squandering. Again I quote Professor Galbraith: "In the world of the large companies... these companies are at considerable pains to persuade the customer what he should buy—everyone agrees on consumer sovereignty in principle, but this does not mean that anyone trusts it in practice." War industry as well as research and development related to it, are irrational expedients; their culmination is war, which—however futile—is "useful" for consumption. What a stunning contradiction there is between the great and concentrated brain-work needed for military research, and the irrationality and futility of the use to which its results are put! How can mankind, how can reasonable beings resign themselves to such preposterousness, how can they enjoy food and comfort once they realize that to achieve a "balanced life" barbarous destruction and waste is necessary!

The vicious circle of automation–high wages–unemployment has put trade unions in a position where, though they manage to get more and more for ever fewer people, they have, at the same time, to fight for those who are out of the running; here too—as in the case of innovations—the conflict between short-range measures (utilizable innovations) and long-range issues (expanding the domain of scientific knowledge, seeking after new solutions) comes up again and again.

The organization of the professional, non-manual workers, researchers, experimentalists, scientists, etc., involves its own peculiar difficulties. Organizing the intelligentsia collides with the barriers set up by trade unions that still follow the principles and outlook of a bygone or vanishing epoch no less than with the barriers set up by the prejudices and the corruption

of the capitalist hierarchy. It will, nevertheless, force its way through every obstacle because of the growing similarity of the working processes. Without organizing, white-collar workers will not be able to hold their ground in industrial hierarchy, the organizations of the intelligentsia and of the workers will have to cooperate; their acting in common is unavoidable, though "status symbols" are obstacles difficult to surmount.

By way of capital exports, uneven technical development also greatly affects the prospects of economic growth, the situation of individual countries on the world market (and on the home market too!) as well as the status of the working class even of relatively highly developed countries.

Uneven technical development, however, has far graver consequences for the developing countries and their people. It cannot be denied that, in addition to capitalists, managers, bankers and other representatives of the "establishment" who enjoy the advantages of market unevennesses and scoop in extra-profits from them, the beneficiaries also include those wage-earners who manage to procure for themselves a share of the more than average capitalist profits, though their portion is only a tiny part of what the big ones get. The problem of the labour aristocracy within a given economic-social structure thus becomes inflated to global dimensions through the antagonism of the poor and the rich, a phenomenon that cannot be overlooked. Undoubtedly, the high wages in some industrial branches in the USA as well as the average American wage level, which exceeds by far the European one, do not derive exclusively from higher productivity or from a position of the trade unions; they are also part and parcel of the differential rent exacted by American monopoly capital outside America either directly as exporter of goods or as dominant world banker and exporter of capital. The high American, low European and still far lower extra-European wages are linked by many bonds, and this may partly serve to explain why USA trade unions play such a relatively small role in the sphere of international politics or in that of international working class solidarity, and why the "countervailing power" they are in command of—according to American theoreticians—in the internal distribution of incomes, is virtually non-existent in world politics, in the international distribution of incomes and in taking a stand against the imperialist endeavours of monopoly capital.

In its struggle for participation—and hegemony—in taking industrial and professional decisions, that is, those relating to production and to the structure of the economy and of society, the strategy of the working class is to realize the new concept of a "democratic alternative" inspired by the ideological and moral force of socialist humanism, by the existing material abundance and the almost unlimited prospect of increasing it. Contrasting

with this is the seemingly inevitable fate of hundreds of millions living in misery and famine, confined to the ghettos of backwardness; and there is the deadlock the human race has come to through the appearance of weapons that threaten to destroy human culture entirely.

Bearing in mind the past progress of mankind and the expansion of men's creative horizon, the concept of a "democratic alternative" is historically well-founded and has become an *inevitable necessity;* in essence it means the gradual and peaceful construction of a socialist society, by applying all available resources and reserves, in those countries that possess the most advanced technique and experience in organizing production and by defeating the monopoly-capitalist hierarchy and the "hidden persuaders" in its service. It has become an inevitable necessity because monopoly capitalism has proved unfit, even at the zenith of its development, to put an end both to oppression and war abroad and to class antagonism at home, to solve the international and interclass contradictions brought about by monopoly capitalism itself and intensified by its very operation, although there is an awareness throughout the world that war and poverty cannot and will not be the eternal concomitants of human life. The democratic alternative has no comprehensive programme as yet, its concept is still immature, and its followers are still unorganized. Yet the contours of the tasks ahead can already be roughly outlined: democratic control and social utilization of society's productive and creative abilities; universal international institutions of humanitarian spirit; struggle against the inequality now dividing mankind throughout the world; aid instead of arms; peaceful cooperation between countries and nations belonging to different social systems; the overcoming of every form of alienation deriving from social relations, i.e., the alienation of man in society and of peoples in the world.

Alienation and socialist society

The social consequences of the scientific and technical revolution have to be taken into account under socialist property relations the more so since the social consequences of industrialization have not yet been overcome here either. For a long time we laboured under the impression that social property in itself would assure a development free from alienation and that the latter is exclusively rooted in capitalist property relations, in the historic antagonism of capital and labour and in the division of labour realized under capitalism. Experiences, however, have focussed the attention of sociological researchers on the phenomena of alienation in our society, which is still

at the level of industrialization, that is, at a relatively low stage of economic development and a long way as yet from the scientific revolution proper. I think we can agree with Prof. François Perroux, who starting from the concept of humanism says: "It is not just capitalism but industry and political power that alienates the concretely existing subjects. Thus, it would not suffice to liquidate capitalism in order to eliminate alienation; from now on the task is to understand an alienation that is attributable to the economy and the industrial policy of the twentieth century and to work for total disalienation, though without the hope that a system relying on institutions can ever claim to monopolize the virtue of disalienation. Against alienation there is no panacea; the continuity of individual and social invention is irreplaceable."[6]

The concurrence of our opinions entails obligations. In the case of Hegel and even more so of Marx the recognition of alienation meant finding the media for overcoming the diagnosed evil. In our view the actual cause of the difficulties is not division of labour itself, which is acceptable for a man of intelligence once he is fully aware of his role in it, knows the significance of the process and is able to make it consistent with his interests (by which I mean not only material interests). However, division of labour, even at the pre-automated stage of industrial production, can easily assume mechanical and bureaucratic forms that make it impossible for some of the participants to comprehend it and dehumanizes their role in it; our experiences show that a process that is not consciously controlled and compensated is very quickly deflected toward this course. In spite of the fact that, at present, distortion is more frequent than compensation and negative experiences are far from being an exception, we cannot accept this as an inevitable social law but, on the contrary, must attribute the failures to our insufficiencies and defectively working institutions. Bureaucracy, as a tendency, cannot and does not extinguish initiative, the creative spirit, the ancient passion of man to search for the unknown, the appeal of great ventures. It does, however, limit these typical human qualities to a very narrow circle of men and seldom allows impulses coming from even this narrow circle to assert themselves, and then only listlessly and deprived of their original dynamism. In the hierarchic society of industrial capitalism initiative that relies upon individual interests can break through the minefield of bureaucracy; this, however, does not diminish the alienation of the masses and does not represent a solution. It would not mean a solution in socialist society either, nor do we search for a solution in this direction; bureaucratism should everywhere be deprived of its limiting, negative and alienating power—at

6 François Perroux: *Aliénation et création collective*. Cahiers de l'I.S.E.A. June 1964, p. 48.

the level of acting and decision taking and at the level of individuals, collectives, firms and social institutions: the machinery must again become man's servant instead of his master. The problem is manifestly not confined to the field of economy; yet we do believe that the foundations were laid by economic development, by the "industrial age"; thus, the first institutional changes have to take place on this foundation as a precondition for further changes. This first step should unequivocally aim at "debureaucratization" in the sphere of decisions and economic relations where an appropriate degree of independence should be guaranteed. We too have no panacea, and we see no other approach to a solution than by encouraging the initiative, vigilance and responsiveness of individuals and social institutions. We are also aware of the fact that industrial society day by day re-produces the tendencies towards bureaucratization; but once socialist society becomes aware of the threatening danger it will also be able day by day to re-produce the forces of resistence that are more efficient than those of capitalist industrial society, helplessly faced by an alienation it considers inescapable.

These are the problems of today. The future holds other ones in store. At the end of 1966, when these lines were committed to paper, automation, remote control and electronics requiring a highly specialized knowledge were rarely used in Hungary; their social effects can only be surmised and deduced from phenomena taking place elsewhere. For this very reason, György Ádám's previously mentioned book on the New Technique is so important and useful, for our present lag in new kinds of production and administrative equipment is only transitory. The need for a structural transformation and redirection of labour will come to the fore in Hungary too, though somewhat later than in the industrially more developed countries. Automated production decreases direct labour demand, and in view of this the Hungarian economy is getting ready to reduce the worktime in the next years. To start with, it has been decided to reduce the working week in industry to 44 working hours by 1970. At present it is generally 48 hours except in the case of some particularly exacting working processes. From the industrial statistics of neighbouring Austria it appears that 84 per cent of the workmen and about 60 per cent of the working women there worked for 45 hours or over per week in 1965.[7] Working hours will, of course, have to be further reduced when automation comes into more general use; and related to this process, there are urgent cultural tasks aimed at insuring that leisure time should not become more problematic than worktime. We repeat again: these are not our present worries but those of the looming future.

7 *Wirtschaft statistisches Handbuch 1965*. Kammer für Arbeiter und Angestellte, Wien, 1966, p. 272.

Professional training is another decisive aspect of our preparations. It is quite unnecessary for people to be victims of over-specialization or lack of skill in a society which not only plans development but keeps abreast with technical evolution. Qualitative and quantitative labour requirements can be surveyed and assessed far more precisely than many other elements of the economy. Moreover, reliable data are available concerning the age-groups entering the labour force and those ready to retire. A collectivity that allows continually developing structural worries to accumulate does not deserve to be called a society. The general programme of preparation consists of: raising the general level of tuition; laying the foundations of later professional training in due time; providing for continuative adult education up to pensionable age; and developing a broad technical middle layer which, due to the knowledge it has acquired, can quickly adapt itself to technical changes, participate intensively in experimentation and innovation and itself take the initiative in making innovations. The working methods, points of view, manner of living and social status of former manual workers operating machines and tools, on the one hand, and of technicians and engineers, on the other, who control the functioning of the machines and design the tools, are assimilated and merged in this technical middle layer.

Far be it from us to insist that the ideas outlined above suffice to solve the social problems of an industrial age becoming automatized under socialism. Several narrow bottlenecks are sure to appear, knots whose existence we do not even suspect at present will have to be unravelled. Problems may crop up which we cannot and dare not face because of prejudice, overestimation of our own forces, and intellectual impotency. However, we feel it our duty to prepare ourselves and pave the way into the morrow to the best of our possibilities and capacities, because creative man re-produces his world every day for the future, though it is rooted in the present and in the past.

DOCUMENTS

TWO SECRET REPORTS FROM THE HUNGARIAN ARCHIVES

London, 1939 and London, 1941

by

ÉVA HARASZTI

British historians are naturally interested in the role played by the pressure group, mainly Conservatives, which supported appeasement during the events which began with Hitler's accession to power in 1933 and ended with the resignation of Neville Chamberlain in 1940. I am not so much thinking of the excellent studies on appeasement by Martin Gilbert and Richard Gott[1] as of the comprehensive volume on the origins of the Second World War by A. J. P. Taylor[2] or his study of modern English history and the most recent memoirs and biographies of the period.[3] These works all discuss the scale and speed of rearmament in Britain, and its relation to the policy of appeasement. Yet it appears certain that historians will only be able to deal satisfactorily with these questions from a genuinely historical point of view, and the continuing controversy on Chamberlain's policy finally be settled, when the British Foreign Office files of the time have been opened to research.

In this respect Hungarian students of history are more favoured. The archives of the Hungarian Foreign Ministry are open to professional historians for research purposes up to the year 1945, and together with a number of other documents are to be found in the Budapest National Archives. While working on this modern material the author, who is at present engaged on a book on Britain and Central Europe between 1933 and 1939, discovered a number of papers which threw light on Britain's foreign and domestic policy, in some cases dealing with essential questions, in others adding a footnote on more secondary matters.

1 M. Gilbert–R. Gott: The Appeasers. Weidenfeld and Nicholson, London, 1963. M. Gilbert: The Roots of Appeasement, Weidenfeld and Nicholson, London, 1966.

2 A. J. P. Taylor: The Origins of the Second World War. Athenaeum, New York, 1962. English History 1914–1945. Clarendon Press, 1965.

3 Lord Avon: Facing the Dictators. Cassell, London, 1962. Ian Colvin: Vansittart in Office. Gollancz, London, 1965.

The documents which follow are two of the reports sent to the Hungarian Foreign Minister by György Barcza from London, where he was Hungarian Minister from 1939 to 1941. The first is a report, dated Feb. 9, 1939, sent with a covering secret letter which the Minister typed himself, from a Hungarian informant, on the subject of a private meeting of the British Conservatives which he attended, and which was addressed by Lord Londonderry, the former British Secretary of State for Air (1931–35).

In his covering letter Mr. Barcza, a career diplomat of the Horthy régime who had represented Hungary at the Vatican in the early thirties, wrote: "A trusted informant of mine heard a speech by Lord Londonderry which he made at a confidential meeting of a political club here. He recorded the speech from memory, and I have the pleasure of enclosing it. Lord Londonderry has the reputation of being pro-German, and for this reason has been the target of attacks here. His speech, in which he explained his pro-German sympathies and expounded his political views, is interesting, and throws a sharp light on the way even those with no prejudices against the Germans think here to-day. Certain conclusions can be drawn from this on the position of others, who outweigh them by nine to one. Since the speech has not been made public here, and only supporters of the peer were present at the club, and having regard to the person of my informant, I beg you to handle it with the greatest secrecy."[4]

The unknown Hungarian informant signed his name to the report he sent the Hungarian Minister. It is clear from the original document in the Archives that the name was subsequently scratched out, and later x-ed over with the typewriter, with the result that it is today completely illegible, and the various scientific methods at the disposal of the National Archives have failed to disclose it. Yet it should not be too difficult to identify him. He was a Hungarian not visiting, but resident in London, since he shows a nervousness lest his residence permit be withdrawn. He was obviously on social terms with a number of important Conservatives, some of whom must still be alive. Indeed, those whom he declared in his report sponsored him at this meeting must surely remember the Hungarian pro-Nazi they introduced at the very confidential meetings of the 1922 Committee, and there must be quite a number still alive who attended the earlier meeting he refers to at which he "came out strongly in defence of the Germans."

It is true that the whole story as yet rests on his unsubstantiated evidence, but it is unlikely he would quote sponsors and others or refer to matters, such as his previous speech and previous visits, which could certainly be checked, if it were untrue. Since moreover he wrote down what he heard

4 Hungarian National Archives, For. Min. Res. Pol. 1939–2–335.

from memory afterwards, the possibility of an error here or there in the reporting cannot be ruled out, but he makes a point of stressing the parts of the record which, he insists, were "a practically literal transcription," and if this report is accepted as authentic, as seems most likely, it can be regarded as a new gloss on the history of those years which is, so far as I am aware, as yet unrecorded.

The second document, to which I shall return later, is the strictly confidential report written by the Hungarian Minister after his return to Budapest, following the rupture of diplomatic relations between Britain and Hungary.

It would of course form the subject of a separate article to compare Lord Londonderry's statements with other data available. The State Document he refers to in his speech, and his statement on the reasons for his resignation as Secretary of Air, do not, for instance, quite agree with Ian Colvin's assessment of the position in the chapter on British rearmament in the air in his book on Vansittart. He quotes both Sir John Simon, then Foreign Secretary, and Sir Robert Vansittart, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1930–38, on the subject.

In April 1935 two memoranda on the state of British and German air preparedness respectively were prepared for members of the Cabinet. One was submitted by Sir John Simon, the Foreign Secretary, the other by Lord Londonderry, Secretary for Air. Sir John Simon's report reflected the views of both the Foreign Office and Vansittart when it declared that "German superiority over all first-line machines in United Kingdom aerodromes under Air Ministry control now seems to be some 30 per cent... Still more disturbing is the speed at which these aeroplanes are being manufactured..." According to Ian Colvin, Lord Londonderry's memorandum "took a less alarmed view of the German potential. It quoted an Air Ministry assessment of October 1934 that Germany would reach a first-line strength of about 1,300 aircraft by October 1936, and an eventual expansion to a first line of 1,500 or 1,600 aircraft. He thought that there is no ground for alarm at the existing situation. Whatever first-line strength Germany may claim, we remain to-day substantially stronger if all relevant factors are taken into account. But the future, as opposed to the present, must cause grave concern. At this point" continues Colvin, "the Londonderry memorandum parted company with reality, for it assumed that the Luftwaffe would remain in the strength of about 1,500–1,600 first line aircraft in 1939, and it gave the Air Staff's considered opinion that 'Germany will not be ready for and not intending to go to war before 1942'. In the light of history this was an extraordinary assertion, probably based on a calculation that Germany would reach in that year its peak of efficiency."

Sir Robert Vansittart was not particularly partial to Lord Londonderry. He is said to have been in possession of accurate secret information himself on the extent of German air rearmament, and there are a number of reports of this kind, found among his unpublished manuscripts and documents, most of which came from an official in the German Air Ministry. After reading Londonderry's memorandum of 1935, Vansittart is said to have commented that "its optimism was shared by no one else in Europe."

Nor indeed did Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, later Viscount Swinton, who succeeded Londonderry at the Air Ministry, "immediately bring the accelerated production that Vansittart so urgently desired," writes Colvin. "Scheme A, as the air defence plan was called, was still being put forward by the Air Staff in July 1935 as its accepted rearmament programme, with the final stage to be reached in 1942... In its first transition from quality to quantity in 1935, the Air Council wanted an expansion that would advance the existing programme of getting 3,800 aircraft by 1939 and push it forward to 1937. This would have produced a different strategy, and probably a different political approach at the time of the Munich crisis... The programme was scaled down to 1,500 aircraft by 1937... Rapid expansion would affect the normal peace-time economy, and that the Treasury would not permit."[5]

An interesting sidelight on the rate of British rearmament in the period following Munich is cast by two other documents in the Hungarian National Archives. The one is a confidential letter dated February 11, 1939—written incidentally only two days after the secret report on the meeting of the 1922 Committee—to the Hungarian Foreign Minister, in which Mr. Barcza reported a conversation he had had with Mr. Ashton Gwatkin, head of the Economic Department of the Foreign Office. Among other things, Mr. Ashton Gwatkin declared that "Britain's rearmament [programme] is progressing at an increasingly accelerated pace. It is no exaggeration to say today that within the foreseeable future (here they generally mean one instead of two years), it will reach a point where, taking close French and American cooperation into account, it will again be possible for Britain to have an effective say in international matters. He did not mean by this that however strong she became she would think in terms of war, for that would conflict both with Mr. Chamberlain's peace policy and the sincere desire of the whole of the British people for peace and quiet, but that at that time Britain would refuse to tolerate the unexampled use of force, as occurred last autumn, and if necessary she would give all possible aid to her allies."[6]

5 Colvin op. cit., pp. 127–129, 132.
6 Hungarian National Archives, For. Min. Res. Pol. 1939–2–137.

Almost at the same time, in a confidential letter dated approximately a month later, March 17, 1939, Count Andor Semsey, the Hungarian *chargé d'affaires* in Cairo, wrote to M. István Csáky, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, to say that the leading official at the British Embassy, Mr. Bateman (for the Ambassador, Sir Miles Lampson, was primarily concerned with questions of essential policy), had said to him that "Britain will rearm at twice the speed the Germans anticipate, and the spirit of appeasement has now ended, that is, Munich is dead. There are great decisions before Britain."[7]

The second document published in this number is György Barcza's strictly confidential final report of May 8th 1941 to László Bárdossy, Hungarian Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, written in Budapest after diplomatic relations between Hungary and Great Britain were broken off in April 1941. Although Hungary had allied itself with Germany, obtained a large part of Slovakia at the first partition of Czechoslovakia in September 1938, and signed the Three Power Pact of the Axis Powers (Germany, Italy and Japan) on November 20, 1940, she had not formally entered the war at the beginning. On April 6th 1941 Germany invaded Yugoslavia, and Barcza then informed the Hungarian Foreign Ministry that Great Britain had broken off diplomatic relations with Hungary, since German troops had attacked Yugoslavia from Hungarian territory.

The report, written on his return, is a glowing eulogy of British courage and endurance, an exaggerated and most optimistic account of war conditions, food in Britain, of the country's military strength, and a strong insistence on the British conviction of final victory, owing to the wholehearted aid of America, and their—well-founded—belief in her eventual entry into the war on their side.

One may speculate on Barcza's intentions in this report. Could he really have believed that in 1941 Britain had about twelve thousand front line aircraft, that all the Home Guards were supplied with arms, or even that on the whole the population of London were having a pretty good time down in the tubes? It is in fact equally possible that Barcza was desperately anxious to prevent Hungary committing itself to the Axis Powers, and that the report was an exercise in propaganda—a theory which gains a little support from the report that he would have liked to stay on in England, and left reluctantly when recalled, on the threat he would lose his pension if he failed to obey.[8] On his return he was retired on pension. In the spring of 1943 he went to Rome where he had an audience with the Pope. It is believed that

7 *Ibid.* 1939–2–330.
8 C. A. Macartney: October Fifteenth. Edinburgh, 1961 Vol. II, pp. 3–4.

on behalf of the Hungarian Government he tried to make contact with the Western powers through the Vatican. He then left for Switzerland, where he stayed at a health resort for medical treatment. He died in 1946.

LONDONDERRY AT THE "1922"

ENCLOSURE TO HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL REPORT
NO. 3, FEB. 9, 1939. LONDON

Your Excellency,

I have the honour to report the following:

What is known as the "1900 Club"[1] is an association of the right wing of the British Conservatives. In point of fact this is not a club in the proper sense of the word, but an association whose members meet two to four times a month for discussion of the main political events taking place at home and abroad, based on a talk given by one of its members, and the outcome of these meetings has more than once decisively influenced the Conservative Party's position on vital issues. It is from here that resolutions are put forward to the full Conservative sessions at the Carlton Club for approval. It was from here that the decision was reached on Baldwin's future as Prime Minister. It was here that the decisive position was taken on the abdication of Edward VIII. Again, the choice of Chamberlain as Prime Minister was made here. The "1900" includes Winston Churchill, Eden, Duff-Cooper among its members, as well as Chamberlain, Londonderry, Margesson, the Chief Whip, Hailsham, Hore-Belisha, Samuel Hoare and Simon, and almost all the Conservative Members of Parliament.

Outsiders scarcely ever attend meetings of the "1900." After careful checking, however, one or two guests may be admitted. Foreigners have been invited to these strictly confidential meetings on perhaps no more than five occasions. I was personally introduced as a guest to the Club for the first time last March (1938) by Sir Stephen Bull, Mr. Wickham, M.P. for Tounton (sic) and Colonel Renton. On that occasion I spoke at the direct request of my friends, trying to explain the Anschluss from the Hungarian point of view, coming out strongly in defence of the Germans, and forecasting the measures against the Czechs. After my prediction came true, almost word for word,[2] I was invited several times to the meetings. The

1 An obvious error for the 1922 Committee.

2 The previous year Hitler had claimed the Sudeten German regions of Czechoslovakia, and had taken them after the Munich Conference in September 1938 had approved his acquisition of these territories.

ROYAL HUNGARIAN LEGATION.
LONDON

3.szám. London 1939 febr.13.

Tárgy:Lord Londonderry beszéde. Titkos.
Sajátkezüleg gépelve.

K e d v e s B a r á t o m !

Egy bizalmi emberem végighallgatta Londonderry lord egy beszédét melyet egy itteni politikai club bizalmas összejövetelén mondott.A beszédet az illető emlékezetből jegyezte fel és azt csatoltan van szerencsém Neked felterjeszteni.

Londonderry ismert németbarát hirében áll és ezért itt támadásoknak is volt kitéve.Beszéde melyben megmagyarázza németbarátságát és kifejti politikai nézeteit eléggé érdekes és mindenesetre élénk világot vet arra,hogy ma itt miképen gondolkodnak még a németekkel szemben elfogulatlanul érzők is.Ebből következtetni lehet arra,hogy mily álláspontot foglalnak el a többiek kiknek száma az előbbiekéhez ugy aránylik mint 90 a 100 hoz!

Mivel a beszéd itt nem került nyilvánosságra és a clubban csakis a lord hivei voltak jelen valamint informátorom személyére való tekintetből is nagyon kérlek hogy az egészet a legtit-

20.

kosabban légy kegyes kezelni!

Fogadd kérlek őszinte tiszteletem kifejezését mellyel vagyok

Kész hived

Barcza

György Barcza's letter

Melléklet a 3.számu Titkos személyes jelentéshez.

Szigoruan bizalmas.

Nagyméltóságu Követ Ur!

Legyen szabad az alábbiakat tisztelettel jelentenem:

Az angol konzervativok jobbszárnyának egyesülése: az u.n. "1900 Club". Tulajdonképen nem tényleges értelemben vett Clubról van szó, hanem egy havonta 2-4-szer összejöveteleket tartó egyesületről, mely mindég egy tagjának előadása kapcsán vitatja meg a politikai legfontosabb eseményeket, - bel- és külvonatkozásban egyaránt, - és nem egy alkalommal döntően befolyásolta ezen összejövetelek eredménye a konzervativ párt állásfoglalását sorsdöntő kérdésekben. A Carlton Club hatalmas konzervativ ülései elé innét kerülnek elfogadásra a határozatok. Itt döntötték el Baldwin miniszterelnökségének sorsát. Itt foglaltak állást VIII.Edward trónlemondási ügyében döntően. Itt határozták el Chamberlain

Rövid konkluzióm tehát, mint mondottam, koloniák csak akkor és olyanformában mint ahogy azt kifejtettem. Air-force-unk épen pilotaképzésünknél fogva qualitásbelileg messze felette áll a németnek. Ezt,Lordok és Uraim, vegyék tudomásul tőlem, aki egykori miniszteriumommal a legszorosabb kapcsolatokat tartom fenn a mai napig. 1940 tavaszáig pedig megleszek a quantitativ egyenlőségünk is."

Eddig Londonderry marquess beszédje, annyira pontosan, amennyire emlékezetből vissza tudtam adni. Az általam veressel aláhuzott részek ugyanúgy szószerinti fordításban adják az eredeti angol szöveget.

Kérve Nagyméltóságodat, lennél kegyes ezen jelentésemet a legszigorubb bizalmassággal kezelni, mert amennyiben ez kiszivárogna, azonnal megvonnák tartózkodási engedélyemet.

London, 1939 február 9. [redacted]

[redacted]

The first and the last passage of the report

discussion always centred on the political events of the last year, viewed from various standpoints.

A meeting was called yesterday, February 8th [1939], and the principal speaker was the chairman of the Club, the Marquess of Londonderry, who chose the question of Anglo–German relations over the past six years and their future prospects as the subject of his presidential lecture. On this occasion Mr. Quintin Hogg, M.P. for Oxford, the son of Lord Hailsham, the former Lord Chancellor, who by the way was unable to attend the meeting, Colonel Renton and the Conservative M.P. for Taunton sponsored my invitation. Personally I did not anticipate very much from this lecture, for the Marquess of Londonderry has the reputation of being so pro-German that I expected him to expound the justice of the Nazi ideas, or at least briefly summarize his book "Ourselves and Germany," which was recently published.

The lecture, however, proved all my expectations incorrect. I believe the questions he discussed were of such great importance that I feel obliged to report about them to Your Excellency. Since in his introductory remarks the Chairman told the audience of some 200 to 250 members that the maximum secrecy was to be observed, I was not in a position to take notes, but I paid the greatest possible attention to what was being said, immediately after the enormously significant statements in the opening sentences, and I shall now try, as faithfully as possible, to reproduce the words of the Marquess of Londonderry. The position he adopted on the most important of the problems in any case is contained with almost word for word accuracy in this report. I have to note here that my sponsors gave me the impression of feeling definitely uneasy over my presence throughout the whole of the lecture. I must respectfully add that a gentleman called Algernon Sladen, who has for years been vainly trying to get himself adopted for a Conservative constituency, and who poses as "an expert on Hungary," to the amusement of all the young Conservatives, had warned Gordon-Lennox, one of the organisers of the meeting, about my presence. Sladen has known me for years from Budapest. Incidentally, as an "expert on Hungary," he has maintained a friendship with Béla Garzuly, an official of the Hungarian Foreign Ministry, who spent four months in London last year. I shall now proceed to give the story of the meeting, with the words of the Marquess of Londonderry in quotation marks.

By half past eight nearly 250 people were crowded into the room of the "1900" in Ryder Street, although the meeting was only scheduled to begin at nine o'clock. I was greatly surprised to hear that Londonderry's speech was expected to be sensational. The Chairman, Colonel Gretten [sic],

a Conservative M.P., was not present on account of the serious illness of his daughter. Britten, an M.P., deputised for him as chairman of the meeting. After a brief welcome the Marquess of Londonderry rose, and spoke as follows:

"Following the resignation of my friend Lord Salisbury I had the privilege of being elected chairman of this association, so important from a National Conservative point of view, a year ago. I deliberately delayed my presidential speech because in my judgement the international situation would, sooner or later, demand such vital decisions to be taken for our country that I tried to reserve my modest views for the last phase of a movement which would rally everyone. It is not my person as such that is important in assessing these views, but two very important collateral facts. One of them is that I was head of the Air Ministry as Secretary for Air in the National Government at a time when Britain held a leading position in aviation. The other is that by the will of fate I happen *to be the one person* in Britain *who made personal contact with the most important Nazi leaders at a time when no one here believed in a newly strengthened Germany* and who has regularly kept in touch with them ever since. And my reasons for doing so were primarily *intellectual and not emotional.* That I am an out and out pro-German and anti-Semite, views asserted by my enemies, is not true. I am nothing but a conservative democrat (sic)[3] by my background, inclination and family outlook. I shall now proceed to explain why I had to seek a *modus vivendi* with the Germans while I was Minister and also afterwards, when my other proposals had fallen on deaf ears! In so far as the Jews are concerned, I want to make it clear once and for all that I consider a Jew a man with the same rights as myself. If he is a good citizen he is entitled to the same legal protection from the state as I am. I cannot, however, refrain from saying that I am utterly bored by the everlasting recurrence of the Jewish question, and although I fully condemn all types of persecution, I must point out that other states have also unjustly persecuted their own citizens, as the Turks with the Armenians, or the Republicans with the right-wing Spaniards, not to mention the Red terror in Russia. I shall come back to this question later, in connection with my visit to Germany.

The National Government[4] formed in 1931, if it was really the result of a national coalition, but which I prefer to call a Conservative Government, although it was headed by MacDonald, under pressure of its Conservative

3 It seems very much more probable that Lord Londonderry would have described himself as a democratic Conservative, and that there was a slight misunderstanding in the informant's report.

4 The National Government, a coalition government formed in 1931 to combat the financial crisis, which the majority of the Labour Party refused to support. It was headed by the former Labour Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, but was predominantly Conservative in composition.

elements put the solution of one and only one problem as the first priority on its programme: this objective was the settlement of Britain's financial affairs, and the stabilization of the pound. Everything else was subordinated to this goal. That is the true reason why we then neglected our armaments, not for sentimental reasons! I was at the head of the Air Ministry at that time, and was systematically working on *what then appeared to be the ultimate goal: Britain needed 52 air squadrons! That was the time Hitler came to power. I have to admit at this point that previous to that moment the German issue had posed no problem to my Department. All our air preparations had been orientated in a completely different direction, much further to the East.* No one can deny that Hitler was helped into the saddle by the foolish short-sightedness of our Socialist Governments and by nothing else. I can honestly assert that before that time I had known scarcely any Germans. My family, social, and political leanings, my interests as an amateur historian, had been very much more orientated towards the French, Spanish and Italian historical and intellectual aristocracy than towards Berlin. Even if I did have personal contacts in Central Europe, these were among the Austro–Hungarian legitimist aristocratic families in Vienna which were close to the house of Hapsburg, or among the large landowners in Bohemia and Hungary.

Shortly after Hitler had come to power the press owned by Lord Rothermere[5] carried the disquieting news which my dear friend and, I must say here, my old brother in arms, Winston Churchill, completely accepted in Parliament, i.e. that Germany was embarking on a programme of rearmament in the air on a scale which would soon produce 15,000 front line planes. The enormously important question of aviation has always been close to my heart. That is why I accepted the Portfolio! That is why I studied day and night to train myself to be an expert! That is why I took the highest pilot test at an advanced age! I can honestly declare, my Lords and Gentlemen, that I know something about this question! Although by the end of 1918 we had achieved an annual production of 35,000 aircraft, it is safe to say that in such a short period a target of 15,000 planes is quite simply an astronomical figure. In 1918 our whole industry, apart from the production of ammunitions, was concentrated on the manufacture of two things: combat planes and tanks. And then where will they get 50,000 well-trained pilots and radio operators, and an additional 30,000 highly qualified mechanics? Although we ourselves had not been engaged in a programme of rearmament, the training of pilots had not been neglected, and in 1934 we had at our disposal 10,000 men, the personnel needed for the 875 front line planes, who, I can say in good faith, had undergone a most meticulous training. So

5 Minister for Aircraft Production, 1941.

I tried to make certain on my own account about the report in the Rothermere press and the statement made by my friend Churchill. And I did make sure, as thoroughly as possible.

I had three sources of information available:

1. the reports of the British Air Attaché in Berlin and his intelligence sources.

2. secret statistics of imports into Germany compiled by the Board of Trade in London.

3. information gathered on the spot at high cost by the Secret Intelligence Service of my Ministry.

From the information thus obtained the following conclusions could be computed, in conjunction with the appropriate section of the Air Staff, with mathematical accuracy: in 1935 Germany possessed well below one thousand frontline aircraft. However intensive the expansion in production might be, yet owing to the very limited supply of materials available, and the almost complete lack of fuel—at that time the Air Staff was already reckoning with the possible diversion of the oil output of Mexican Eagle to Germany—Germany would only be able to carry out her air rearmament programme in two stages. The first by the summer of 1938; and the second, the spring of 1940!

At the beginning of 1935, therefore, I recommended, first to the Party leader Baldwin, and then to the whole Cabinet, that despite financial difficulties the 52 squadrons regarded as necessary by the Air Staff should be set up, and the moment Germany violated the Treaty of Versailles, however small the violation, we should break Hitler's sway, by force if necessary, so that by a subsequent restoration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy the danger of German domination in Europe would be set back a hundred years. This recommendation of mine was embodied in a State Document. But it may be that this State Document was one only for me and not for the National Government[6]. In any event it is true that the Cabinet was worried by the financial difficulties, on the eve of the election. As a Conservative politician I yielded to those arguments. But I then declared that in that situation we were left with only one alternative: to enter into relations of full friendship with the Germans, and take advantage of our influence to use it to reduce Nazi-Bolshevism. For this reason I resigned, and not long afterwards I made a trip to Germany, after the British air attaché in Berlin had procured me an invitation from Goering[7]. This trip turned out to be highly instructive! The Germans in all probability thought they were dealing with an idiotic English marquess, and on the other hand, prompted by childish pride, showed me everything. An indication of their spontaneous frankness,

6 The Hungarian here is slightly obscure.
7 At that time German Minister for Air.

for instance, was when I was shown the Richthofen squadron at Doeberitz without advance notice. Or more exactly, twenty minutes after a telephone call, I landed on two military airports with General Oder and Undersecretary Herr Milch after noticing them from the air. During my talks with Hitler I remembered the report of the Foreign Secretary, Simon,[8] to the Cabinet on his discussions [with Hitler], in which he had said that Hitler, asked about the German Air Force, (at that time totalling about 700 planes) had told him that it was unrivalled! Well, Gentlemen, the German Air Force in 1935 was exactly what we and the Air Staff had thought it would be. A weapon of completely secondary importance which, with 2,000 pilots who had been given crash training, was practically unfit for action. My return home was soon followed by the first two bluffs—the remilitarization of the Rhine,[9] and the withdrawal of German rivers from international control. Then, being an old-fashioned British citizen, I rang up St. James's Palace and asked for an audience with Edward VIII. (. . . . .) who is today Lord Hankey, tried for a whole week to secure half an hour for me with the King. But Edward VIII had other business. Just at that time my young friend Eden[10] proceeded to give a lecture on diplomatic procedures to an extreme left wing, although nationalist, revolutionary Government, instead of taking strong measures. Events accumulated. Then came the unfortunate position we took on the Italian–Abyssinian problem, whose only effect was to strengthen the Germans, but even at that time, or at the moment of the Anschluss, the possibilities of successful intervention were still wide open. By August 1st, 1938 the first stage of rearmament in the air had been completed, as I and the Air Staff had estimated. Strong measures without very heavy loss of blood were now out of the question. It was then I recognized how right the policy of Chamberlain had been, of whom I had had no high opinion previously. As a result, I now support it fully, and both he and Lord Halifax have been made acquainted with the contents of my lecture today.

It is not true that we were unprepared to the extent that is often said today. The crisis[11] only took us by surprise from one aspect; this was the evacuation and civil air defence of the capital. Speaking with a full sense of responsibility I can tell you that in the event efforts for peace are not successful, the Chamberlain Government has the strength to face the other alternative, if the time comes when it is necessary: it is prepared to sacrifice

8 British Foreign Secretary (1931–35).

9 The German remilitarization of the Rhine, in defiance of the Versailles and Locarno treaties, took place in March 1936.

10 Foreign Secretary 1935–1938.

11 The possibility of war at the time of Munich, Sept. 1938.

a quarter of a million Londoners and destroy the German air force, through a hundred air raids, if need be, over a capital partly in ruins. By the end of 1939 we also shall be ready! But in order to make the broad masses of the people understand such an immense decision in a democratic state, complete national unity is necessary. National unity, however, *requires a national rallying cry. The remilitarization of the Rhine, lying close to us, the first flagrant violation of the Treaty of Versailles, could have served as a national rallying cry; but not Czechoslovakia. But when the time comes, for it is sure to come, that Hitler demands the colonies, we shall have the national rallying cry needed to face the risk, for not even a half-acre of British territory or a single coloured British citizen shall be surrendered to today's Germany; and I say this, the man who defended the rightness of the German cause when the great decision could not be taken as a result of the fault of others.*

Given German and general disarmament under international control, we shall be prepared to give international mandates to internationally organized commercial enterprises [chartered companies] *for the exploitation* of certain colonies. But *that is our final limit;* until then both this and *Danzig or Memel,* with our agreement, are out of the question.

And now I would like to say a few words on the Jewish problem with reference to Germany. I want, above all, to tell you one of my experiences. My personal relations with Goering are very cordial, or perhaps I should say, friendly. He is the only normal leader of all the leaders there. But when we have official talks neither his English nor my German is good enough to avoid possible misunderstandings. For this reason we always use two interpreters at official meetings. I know the German interpreters, Herr Schmidt and Herr Boetticher, very well. I have often talked with them. At our last personal meeting I tried to explain the extent to which the persecution of the Jews menaces the possibility of Anglo-German understanding.

As early as 1935 I had tried to bring it home that American democratic public opinion would turn against them. Both interpreters shared my opinion, both of them utterly condemned the persecution of Jews, although, you should remember, both hold strong anti-Semitic views. They asked me if I would give a most detailed explanation of my position on this issue to Goering. Soon afterwards I did so, and my knowledge of German proved to be good enough to understand how much the interpreters' own contribution to my exposition underlined my arguments. Not more than a week ago I wrote another letter to Goering, warning him that we could not remain indifferent to the extension of the persecution of Jews to the whole of Central and Eastern Europe. We cannot let it pass, merely from selfish reasons. We have no room in Britain for Jews from Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania, even for a transitional period. Goering im-

mediately replied to my letter, asking me to wait for him to return to this problem after studying it.

Unfortunately, the German Government is drifting so much to the Left under the influence of Himmler—whom I know very well—that I cannot tell whether Goering's influence may not perhaps have suffered a heavy setback. Yet, I still do not abandon the hope of soon playing host to Goering in this country. Chamberlain is aware of this, and completely agrees with me. We want to show Goering, who is the only person who seems to approach the idea of what we describe here as a gentleman, that there is also a culture and civilisation beyond the River Rhine, even if it is a democratic one.

And now a few words on Mussolini. I see the excellent Duce like the horse-coper in the story who asks me three hundred pounds for a bad hunter in the hope of getting fifty. He will be quite happy with a block of Suez Canal shares, and he has an undeniable claim to part-ownership of the Djibouti–Addis-Ababa railway.

In short, my conclusion is, as I said before—colonies only, and that in the form I have explained. The quality of our Air Force, on account of our pilot training, is vastly superior to that of the Germans. You can take this from me, my Lords and Gentleman, the man who up to the present day has consistently kept in the closest possible touch with the Ministry I once headed. And by the spring of 1940 we shall be on a quantitatively equal footing as well."

That was the lecture of the Marquess of Londonderry as exactly as I can reproduce it from memory. The parts I have underlined with red pencil give the contents of the original English speech in a practically literal transcription.[12]

May I request Your Excellency to be so kind as to handle this report of mine in the strictest secrecy, for if it leaked out, my residence permit would be immediately withdrawn.

London February 9th, 1939

[Signature now illegible.]

OL. [National Archives]
Küm. Res. Pol. 1939–2–335.

12 Reproduced in italics in the text.

ENGLAND AT WAR

SITUATION REPORT

BUDAPEST MAY 8TH, 1941
RE: FINAL SITUATION REPORT
HIGHLY CONFIDENTAL

Royal Hungarian Legation, London
2nd Political Dept.—1941.

To His Excellency Dr. László Bárdossy,[1] Royal Hungarian Privy Councillor, Royal Hungarian Prime Minister, acting Royal Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Following the end of my assignment in Britain as a result of the rupture of Hungarian–British diplomatic relations by Britain, I beg to enclose the following and concluding report on the situation there, according to the best of my judgement, based on personal impressions and conversations with official and other highly qualified or well-informed persons.

I. Military Situation

1. The military situation of the British Isles.

This is completely dominated by preparations to meet a possible attempt by the adversary[2] to occupy, that is, invade the country. Of course no one there knows with any assurance whether a direct military attack on Britain is being planned or not, but the possibility is being borne in view in any case, and every possible preparation made to face it. Such an attempt, it is openly said in London, was reported to have been made on September 16th last year, but no official admission to that effect has as yet been made. From time to time the Government issues a solemn warning to the people through the press to reckon with the possibility of an invasion, giving official instructions on the course of conduct to be adopted in that event. Informed circles in general, however, tend to the opinion that the adversary will refrain from such an attempt, since it would prove an exceedingly dangerous enterprise, and a possible failure on the part of the adversary would lead to such a fatal loss of prestige that a dictatorship could hardly survive it. British public opinion, however, shows the same somewhat indifferent atti-

1 László Bárdossy (1890–1946) career diplomat, Foreign Minister 1941–42, Prime Minister 1941–42. In 1944 he cooperated with the Hungarian Fascist Arrow Cross Party, and was subsequently executed in 1946 as a war criminal.

2 Hungary was an ally of the Axis Powers, and Barcza is very careful throughout his report to avoid referring to them as "the enemy," and always used a word which may be translated as "adversary."

tude to threats of an invasion as to all the propaganda coming from the other side.

From a military point of view the whole of the British Isles could well be compared at present to a huge military camp or fortress. It was naturally extremely difficult and delicate for a foreigner, and especially a Minister of the Axis Powers, to obtain reliable information on this subject, but according to information which I checked from several sources the actual military forces in Britain today (land, naval and air forces) can be put at around two million men. There are in addition what they call the "Home Guards," troops trained in civil defence, estimated to be about one and a half million or one million seven hundred thousand at the time I left the country. Every member of these defence troops is supplied with arms, and although their combat value is below that of the regular forces, their efficiency, taking into consideration the fact that the British enjoy a high cultural standard and are trained in sport, is much higher than that of similar organizations in other nations. The whole coastline of Britain is fortified like a stronghold, there are several rows of huge reinforced concrete barricades, underground and surface fortifications, electrified barriers, and so on. I could only observe them from a considerable distance, so I am in no position to report more about them, but it is generally known that today the whole of Britain's coastal area, particularly in places where natural impediments such as cliffs or a steep coastline do not provide natural obstacles to a landing, is fortified like a fortress. The regular British army underwent a feverish process of training and military exercises throughout the winter. Their equipment is first class.

The naval and air forces are part and parcel of the picture of Britain's defence preparedness. As far as the Air Force is concerned it is common knowledge that the British Air Force, which is at present estimated to consist of about twelve thousand front-line aircraft, has not so far been used in action in larger numbers against the adversary because it is primarily being held in reserve to move into action in the event of a possible attempt at invasion. The Home Fleet of the British Navy is also stationed in national territorial waters for the same purpose. According to a number of sources, should the adversary make an attempt to invade Britain, the greater part of the United States Atlantic Fleet would immediately hasten to British waters to come to the aid of the British Fleet.

2. The external military situation

After Britain's great military successes in North Africa everyone is aware of the significance of her military defeat in the Balkans.[3] It needs no special pol[itical] wisdom or military knowledge to be at a complete loss to understand why the British Govt. embarked on this political and military adventure in the Balkans when there was absolutely no compelling reason for it. The natural and obvious task of the British forces in North Africa was to defend Egypt and Suez, which in both military and political terms is of more vital importance for Britain than going to the aid of the Balkans, i.e., Greece and Yugoslavia. The British forces in Africa gained such a resounding victory over the Italians that they could have occupied all the Italian-controlled territories in North Africa up to the Tunisian border. In that case the French forces in Tunisia and Algeria under Gen. Weygand[4] might have been expected to join them, a move that allegedly had been prepared.

When talking to the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Eden, about the role Britain played here, I remarked I could not make out why Britain had divided her in any case far from substantial forces in North Africa into two, which resulted in the quite predictable consequences that she was forced to retreat to the Egyptian border in Africa and suffer defeat in the Balkans. Mr. Eden replied that this all happened for purely moral reasons; England had to demonstrate that she was ready to give real aid to her allies (Greece and Yugoslavia). Britain, Mr. Eden added, had been waging this war on a completely moral basis from the start. She had not attacked or occupied a single smaller or weaker state, despite the fact that such a step would have been to her military advantage, and she was therefore bound to give genuine military aid to her allies even if there were no prospect that this support would lead to success. Britain's main source of strength, Mr. Eden added, lay in the fact that, contrary to her adversaries, she was fighting this war in an unexceptionable manner from a moral point of view. By doing so she would retain the sympathy of the whole world, particularly of America—and American support, which was worth everything else, not only counterbalanced it, but would in the last resort assure final victory.

Neither off[icial] circles nor public opinion in Britain underestimate Britain's military failure in the Balkans and her retreat in North Africa; nor do they overestimate them. It is gen[erally] held that the war has only now

3 The German invasion of Yugoslavia and Greece in April 1941 forced the almost immediate evacuation of the British troops sent to the help of the Greeks.

4 At that time Delegate General of the Vichy Government in French Africa, 1941.

entered on an acute stage and that it will last for a very long time, five, eight, perhaps even as long as ten years, and that it will ultimately be decided on the sea and in the air. So all these events are considered as no more than episodes which, however unpleasant, are in effect not decisive. There is one overriding consideration for Britain: she must hold out until American aid reaches its peak, she must continue to retain the complete moral and material cooperation of America. Everything will be subordinated to this goal, for they are only too well aware in Britain that without American support is would be hopeless to continue the war. According to my information one of the principal reasons for the British defeat in the Balkans was that Turkey, despite all her pledges, simply let Britain down. Mr. Rüstü Aras, the Turkish Ambassador in London, repeatedly and categorically declared, both to me and to my Yugoslav colleague, that should the Germans attack Yugoslavia, Turkey would immediately give her military aid, since Yugoslavia, and particularly Greece (Salonica) were already part of Turkey's sphere of interest. I do not know whether Mr. Rüstü intentionally made a statement he knew to be untrue, or whether he himself spoke in good faith but was deliberately kept in ignorance by his Government; one thing is certain; the pledges made by the Turkish Ambassador were not honoured. In addition to Turkey leaving Britain in the lurch, I think the British considerably over-estimated the powers of resistance of the Yugoslav army, and their belief that the Balkan terrain would make it extremely difficult for the Germans to fight a mechanized war there also proved to be without foundation. I learnt from reliable sources that there was a sharp difference of opinion between Mr. Eden and Gen[eral] Wavell over the latter's opposition to splitting the British forces in Africa, and the Balkan adventure. However that may be, Britain's defeat in the Balkans is another link in the chain of defeats that Britain has diplomatically and militarily suffered in this war. This is equally clear to everyone in London, but this fiasco is considered to be no more decisive than the previous ones; they point out that the British Empire is still completely intact, and that the war today is not an Anglo–German war but an inter-continental war, fought between Britain and America on the one hand and Europe on the other, and that in the end it will be decided by the difference in productive capacity, that is to say, the war production of the respective continents. They also stress that the British Navy is still unweakened today, that the question of winning absolute superiority in the air is only a matter of time, and that once it is achieved it will exceed the adversary's air force several times over.

Asked how they envisaged the further stages of the war, Mr. Eden, the

Foreign Secretary, (Sir Alexander) Cadogan[5] and other leading personalities in Britain said to me as follows:

No one underrates Germany's vast military strength; it would be impossible to do so in view of the facts to date. They are also well aware that today, either openly or in a more or less concealed fashion, the whole continent is under German rule. But on the assumption that no invasion of the British Isles would even be attempted, as being too risky, or that if it is attempted, it would be doomed to failure, the war had been transformed into an inter-continental war. If the Germans failed to win the war completely that year, strictly speaking by that autumn, they would never again have the chance of victory. The programme for the future was that Britain would continue to remain on the defensive until her air force, inclusive of American deliveries, outnumbered that of the adversary several times over. Since they also knew that either an economic or an internal political collapse of the adversary, that is, of Europe, was out of the question, a military victory would have to be achieved 1) in the air, and 2) at sea. In the air by the progressive and complete destruction by air bombardment of every place in Germany itself, and also on other territories where German troops were stationed or military objectives existed. At present air raids were mainly concentrated on the seaports and industrial centres of the adversary near Britain, and were defensive in character, to prevent preparations for an invasion. At a later stage, however, they said, the Anglo–American war industry with a productive capacity about six times higher than the whole of Europe, that is, than the war industry under the control of the adversary, would pour out aircraft and all kinds of war material in such quantities that the air forces of Britain and America (which, it is anticipated, would have entered the war *de jure* by that time) would then outnumber that of the enemy five or even tenfold. And this, they said, would be certain to happen in any event, as at least four-sixths of the six times larger Anglo–American war industry was on American soil, where it was impossible for the adversary to destroy these industrial plants from the air. Both the Foreign Secretary and others emphasized to me that they were fully conscious of the terrible moral and material damage and responsibility the destruction by bombing of Germany and Europe would mean from a human and cultural point of view, but they could conceive of no other way of defeating the adversary militarily on land, with the strictest possible blockade on the seas. In reply to my remark on the unjust and terrible prospect this presented to the other European states and nations, none of whom was directly engaged in war against Britain, the Foreign Secretary and all the other officials to

5 Sir Alexander Cadogan. Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1938–46.

whom I talked said that they were very sorry, but they could think of no other solution, unless the enemy, realizing in the course of time the hopelessness of fighting, sued for peace. But even in that event no one in Britain today would be willing to talk with the present German regime. Today, Britain's naval force was on the whole intact, the losses of warships, chiefly destroyers, that had been sunk had been made up by new vessels of their own building and the ships the Americans had placed at Britain's disposal. It was pointed out moreover that 40 per cent of the German and 30 per cent of the Italian fleet, on the other hand, had been destroyed or put out of action.

Concluding the above report on the military situation, I have to emphasize that I could not enter into detailed discussions of the problem, for that is the responsibility of the mil[itary] attaché, who is certain to have his own information and ideas. So in this respect I can do no more than report the military aspects of my conversations with high ranking highly qualified officials, and the impressions I was able to obtain.

II. The domestic situation

Even today the authority of the Prime Minister, (Winston) Churchill, despite every setback in foreign policy and military defeat, can only be described, at least up till now, as intact. Judged by a continental political mentality it seems to be somewhat incredible, but none the less this is the case. Churchill himself embodies not only Britain but also the whole British Empire, or perhaps the Anglo-Saxon world. His popularity can partly be attributed to his individual qualities. He is a true Englishman, without nerves, a man who, after drinking a certain amount of alcohol and lighting his cigar in the evenings, fearlessly tours on foot the parts of London that have been hardest hit by the bombs, to the utter despair of the detectives accompanying him. He talks to the workers, has tea in the canteens and affirms his faith in ultimate victory. Next in line comes the King of England, an insignificant personality, it is true, but his residence was hit by bombs several times, like many of his subjects, and by so doing the Germans did the King an immeasurably great service in increasing his authority and popularity. Churchill himself told me last year that he could hardly wait to see the enemy bomb London, for this would at last help to awaken the British to the gravity of the situation. This has now happened: Britain has now awoken after a twenty-year sleep, and for the past year the British have been preparing, enduring and fighting with all the outstanding qualities of

their race. Mr. Eden has been under heavy attack from the press and practically everywhere else, following his failure in the Balkans, but—and this is another thing that is very hard to understand in British public life—he is still in office. Churchill backs him, and his popularity is strong enough to induce British public opinion to continue to tolerate Mr. Eden, who is not only personally not very adroit but is also an "unlucky" person, for every venture he has embarked on has invariably turned out a failure, as for instance, sanctions, etc.

The most influential and popular man in the Government after Churchill is Bevin,[6] who is said to be Churchill's most likely successor at the appropriate time. Lord Beaverbrook[7] is used by Churchill to balance a Labour preponderance in the Government. Both Houses of Parliament, even though criticisms are expressed and awkward questions asked, agree in subordinating every domestic issue completely to the prosecution of the war. This is expected to continue as long as there is no such deterioration in the war position as could threaten the existence of the Empire itself. I believe that Churchill's prestige is unshakeable. He represents the uncompromising British nation that is prepared to carry on the struggle to the very end, at any cost or sacrifice, and in face of every temporary defeat; today he is the incarnation of the perseverance, endurance and determination, and even the sporting spirit, mixed in places with humour, of the Anglo-Saxon race. He openly admits every mistake or defeat in his speeches, never promises anything, and even points out that only now are the immense sacrifices demanded by the war beginning, yet so far he has always been able to conjure up in the British nation an unswerving belief in final victory. British people with whom I discussed this question have told me quite simply that they were fully conscious of the large number of past defeats, and that many others were to be expected, but that it was impossible to defeat the British Empire as long as it is united with America in its struggle; they would therefore win, but when, how and by what means would remain to be seen. This you hear from Minister to taxi driver. Defeatism in Britain is as unknown to the people as, for instance, fear of the bombs. The high morale and devotion of the British nation are completely unbroken, even today, and their belief in the strength of the Anglo-Saxon race is unshakeable.

This is perhaps difficult for a continental mentality to understand, but those who try to judge the British from a European way of thinking set out from a false starting point, just as a person who has never lived in Britain or in the United States is incapable of assessing the racial characteristics of

6 Minister of Labour and National Service, 1940–45.
7 Minister for Aircraft Production 1940–41.

the British Empire and the United States, and the strength lying in their economic as well as in their naval power.

Here I must pay a little additional attention to the material and moral effect of the bombing up to the present. Air raids on a larger scale, mainly on London and the other industrial centres, began last autumn. There was no sign of panic, and those who were familiar with the characteristics of the British race had not even expected anything of the kind. Daytime air attacks ceased after a few weeks, for Britain's air defence had brought so many of the attacking planes down (185 aircraft, for instance, on a single day) that these massive daytime raids were of no value to the adversary. Then the night attacks started, which cannot as yet be countered effectively, either in Britain or elsewhere. This stage meant at the same time the beginning of the heroic and uncomplaining resistance of the people of London which, I think, will go down in history as a most admirable demonstration and unique example of human perseverance, suffering and bravery. While the troops, mostly stationed in small provincial towns, or even in village homes, spent their time training quietly free from danger, the civilian population of London stayed for ten to fourteen hours day after day in wet, dark and uncomfortable mass air raid shelters. Tens or indeed hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children huddled in the underground stations of "the tube" from early afternoon after dark fell until the next morning, when they set off to work again. At the beginning the Government neglected to equip those shelters, but under the pressure of public criticism facilities on a large scale were soon set up, millions of folding and comparatively comfortable beds and blankets were provided, canteens opened, doctors and nurses were employed, and both the workers as well as others living underground were consequently catered for most efficiently. Although the lower classes of the people could not sleep as comfortably as at home, they could eat and drink better than ever before, and even entertainment was laid on for them. The underground shelters were thus gradually transformed into what could be described as something like clubs where the people went to talk, eat, drink and be entertained. Since all sorts of food and drink was abundantly available, it did not represent great hardship and made up to the poorer classes for having to give up their normal sleep and their homes.

In the early stages there was a pronounced fear of epidemics, but I talked to several doctors, all of whom were unanimous that, apart from the fact that the usual wave of influenza in the winter and early spring had undoubtedly been more severe than before, no other epidemic had developed. Last autumn the London hospitals were prepared to receive fifty thousand wounded a day, but so far only a small proportion of these beds have been occupied.

The figures for air raid damage to date are as follows: there are a round 800,000 buildings in London, of which a total of 30,000 have been hit and either completely or partially destroyed, and permanently or temporarily put out of use. This amounts to three and a half per cent of the total number of buildings. The number of dead amounted to 60,000 before my departure. Considering that Britain's entire population stands at 47 million today this is a relatively low figure. It is interesting to note that in peace-time street and main road traffic casualties amounted to 250,000. The figures for the wounded are comparatively low, for experience has shown that a very high proportion of the wounds are fatal, and the rest are insignificant.

Those bombed buildings considered worth the effort are reconstructed in a very short time, while the ruins of those not worth rebuilding are cleared away. A bombed house is surrounded by wooden hoardings and left as it is. In the morning, after three successive raids, the English flag is hoisted, a notice put up on shops reading "business as usual" or another saying where a branch of the shop is open. Every Government office, bank and shop has a number of branches in London, but they have also branches in the provinces, in smaller towns, or even in the villages. So even were London to be completely destroyed by bombs, every office or major shop would continue to function somewhere else or in the country. Churchill declared that the King and the Government would not leave London in any circumstances, and none of the senior civil servants lives in the country, if only as a matter of principle; what some of them did was to move out of their smaller private houses into rooms on the lower floors of big hotels which offer more safety. All members of the dipl[omatic] corps live in the country, but all the offices of the dipl[omatic] missions work from London. Hundreds of thousands of cars drive into the city in the morning, and the evening sees them returning. Even now life during the day is completely undisturbed; people meet each other in the big hotels, and those who live or have remained in town continue to dine or dance at the Savoy or Claridge's as before; the only difference is that they wear dinner jackets instead of tails. The predominant slogan in everything is "Damn it, we'll carry on in spite of everything until we win."

I think that with this outline of the situation I have given a true picture of the high morale and determination of the British. I have tried to give a completely objective assessment of the situation as I myself saw it day by day, and to write everything I could personally check.

It is of course as untrue to say that London today is a mere heap of smoking ruins, as it is to think that everything looks like it used to, and that

there are hardly any ruins to be found. There are plenty of ruins and considerable damage has been done to certain parts of the capital, such as the City, the docks, areas in the West End, and, in the main, certain industrial quarters. I was told, for instance, that some 20% of the docks were damaged. In many streets complete rows of houses have been wiped out, while in others all the buildings are untouched. There is an acute shortage of window glass in London today, but the more prescient of the population and shop owners had the windows of their homes or shops boarded up long ago, leaving only a small open square in the middle to allow enough light to pass through. After a major air raid there are temporary difficulties with the electricity, gas and water supplies in certain streets, or even districts, but they are repaired within a relatively short time. The fire brigade (a total of 5,000 people) works fast and very efficiently, with each street having several air wardens, recruited on a voluntary basis from its inhabitants, taking turns on night duty in order to give warning of possible fires caused by incendiaries. I could drive a person in a car through the whole of London without letting him see practically a single house in ruins, but the tour could equally be arranged so that he would see plenty of them. It is a striking fact that districts in the neighbourhood of factories, railway stations, radio broadcasting stations, and so on have been hardest hit by the bombs, but it is also apparent that it is, so to speak, hardly possible to take aim at night.

The final conclusion to be drawn from all this is that it is almost impossible to destroy London or Britain from the air on the present scale of attack, nor is it possible with much more intensive bombing. It would take several years at the present rate of bombing to bring life in London or in Britain to a decisive standstill or to an end. Britain as a whole is like a huge industrial plant with such a vast number of industries, military objectives, railways, roads, etc. at the same time so dispersed, that it seems impossible to wipe them all out from the air in any foreseeable time. I must likewise declare that the high morale of the British is still unbroken, and consequently the only means of forcing the British to their knees would be a complete military occupation, that is to say, an invasion. A good many people, however, including highly qualified personalities, believe that even were an invasion of Britain to succeed, the British Empire, in conjunction with America, would carry on the war. If this were to happen the King and the Government would move to Canada, and since the war is now being fought between two continents anyway, the Empire would go ahead with the struggle from there, in association with the United States.

There has been a certain deterioration in the position of food supplies over the past few months. The primary reason for this is the increased utilization of shipping space for military deliveries, and local difficulties in distribution. At the moment the only shortages to be found in Britain are butter, sugar and meat products; the per capita ration in these articles has been reduced, but they are still larger than those in most countries on the Continent. Ration coupons are not required in public restaurants or hotels in the cities, they are only needed for the household supplies of private houses. Every sort of food and drink is available in the big London restaurants today, and the only and most striking difference is that fish and meat cannot be ordered together for one and the same meal. This, however, does not apply to lobster, oyster, caviare, savouries, meats and sweets, and bread is available everywhere in unlimited quantities, as in peace time, without coupons. As for drink, practically all foreign beverages such as German and French wines, champagnes, liqueurs, cognacs, etc. are available today.There have been some temporary difficulties in the supply and distribution of eggs.

Industrial goods are still abundant. Clothes, footwear and underwear of the best quality are available in the big London department stores and elsewhere in unlimited quantity. Stocks of these goods are, they say, enough to meet demand for several years to come. Exports are chiefly directed to North and South America, and the goods go by the ships bringing in war material in the first place and basic food supplies in the second. Three million of approximately five million cars are still in operation today.

Merchant shipping has been and is being very seriously affected by submarine warfare. In certain weeks of February and March the tonnage sunk was very substantial, and gave rise to anxiety. Despite this, however, there are no grounds at present for claiming that the blockade is effective. According to information I obtained, an average of around two hundred vessels are still putting into port daily at various British harbours, and the number of ships sunk entering or leaving port are not enough to constitute a serious threat of shortage for the supplies needed for the British economy, or to endanger her overseas connection (deliveries of war material). It is true that over one million of the original twenty million tons of Britain's mer[chant] shipping are now at the bottom of the sea, but in the meanwhile the British mer[chant] navy has been strengthened by vessels acquired from her various allies, such as Dutch, Belgian, Norwegian, Greek and French merchant shipping, by their own newly constructed ships, or those captured by the Royal Navy. It is extremely difficult to obtain even approximate figures in

this connection, for secrecy is maintained, but according to a number of people officially responsible for these matters, Britain is still today absolute mistress of the seas from both a military and economic point of view. Here again American support of course plays a leading role, and the protection of convoys from the United States is as much in British as in American interests.

IV. Foreign affairs

At present the whole of Britain's foreign policy is dominated by the single purpose of retaining and increasing the moral and material support of the United States. This has so far been completely successful, for the cruder and less successful British war propaganda has been in Europe, the more effective it has been in the United States. Britain has managed to convince both off[icial] circles and the broad sections of public opinion in that country that the Germans were planning and preparing to attack and occupy America. The success of this propaganda brought about the re-election of Roosevelt which, broadly speaking, has decided the role to be played by America in this war. The United States is today giving *de facto* support to Britain in every possible way, and the fact that she has not yet declared war *de jure* is of no practical significance any more, apart from the moral effect of such a step. It would be difficult to foretell when, how and on what occasion this intervention will take place. So far as I know Britain is laying no particular stress on this move for the time being, but it is expected to happen naturally in the foreseeable future, rather earlier than later. This event may take place unexpectedly at any time, if incidents at sea occur which would induce American public opinion to demand intervention. This might happen, for instance, if German warships or submarines sunk American ships, either deliberately or in error, or for some similar unpredictable reason. Everyone in Britain knows that Roosevelt is completely in favour of the American entry into the war, and I believe that there is a full secret agreement between the two Governments regarding the date.

So far as the delivery of American supplies is concerned the two powers are in full accord, and the United States Government has given every possible assurance that even in the event of American intervention there will be no diminuation in the deliveries of war material to Britain. The only point that pol[itically] complicates the question of American intervention is the attitude of Japan; and this is perhaps the principal reason why the United States has not yet entered the war *de jure* on Britain's side. In practice,

however, America must be regarded as a nation already at war, whose participation, apart perhaps from the entry of the U.S. Navy into action, could not at present be different or more intensive if she were waging a *de jure* war. In place of cash payments Britain is planning to settle her American debts for war material by yielding certain territories, islands, ports and military bases to the United States after the war.

The moment the United States enters the war *de jure*, the whole British Empire and the United States will constitute a completely integrated unit not only from a practical but from a political viewpoint as well, with the economic centre in America and the political centre in Britain or, if necessary, elsewhere in the Empire. At such a time America will automatically find herself in alliance with the nations now allied to Britain, and towards those at war with Britain, with whom she has broken off state or official relations, the United States will pursue a parallel course. Britain and the United States are already waging the war today as an integrated Anglo-Saxon unit, and this unity will gradually become closer, so that at the end of the war it may perhaps lead to the emergence of an undivided Anglo-Saxon Empire.

To ensure the loyalty of the Dominions, and their association with Britain, is an object on the part of the British Government second only to its relations with America. In this the British have so far been more successful than expected, and a weakening of ties can only be expected if the British Isles were to be invaded and occupied, or Britain, together with the United States, were to suffer a disastrous defeat.

In London Europe is now regarded as a territory completely occupied or conquered by the adversary. Even if they adopt certain forms of propaganda and economic methods towards various countries such as the Soviets, Spain and Portugal to keep them independent or neutral, they still hold that the whole Continent has come under the control of the adversary, geographically speaking, and consequently the war is no longer being waged against Germany and Italy, but against Europe. Attempts designed to bring the Soviets under British influence have been completely abandoned in view of the "wait and see" policy pursued by Moscow, which the Soviets would only abandon if a profound change in the military situation made them do so. The possibility that Spain will join the Axis Pact is also recognized, and I think that after the recent events in the Balkans they have taken a different, more realistic view of Turkey—the country that fed them empty promises—as an "ally." In any case it is impossible to separate the role played by Turkey from that of the Soviets, and hopes in some special Turkish action is an illusion only cherished by people unfamiliar with the mentality and policies

of the East. By taking advantage of her econ[omic] misery Spain is kept on a leash with weekly injections of food, while the rest of the European states, the still so-called "neutral" nations, are now of no interest at all to London.

Final conclusions

I. The territorial integrity of the British Empire is still unbroken, and the morale of the countries which form part of the British Commonwealth is unshaken. The loss of life sustained by the British armed forces has been small up to the present, and although the losses in war material are significant, they can be made good by war material from America. The British Navy is, generally speaking, intact, and British sea power continues to be maintained. The air force is being expanded, and its losses are not decisive. There are no signs of an economic or pol[itical] collapse. The ties connecting the Dominions to Britain have not yet been weakened.

II. It is quite clear to everyone from Churchill down to the last docker that the war today is an ideological life and death struggle between two continents, with Britain now forming a complete unity with America on the one side and Europe, the continent that has been occupied by their adversaries, on the other; in other words, between democracies and dictatorships. Everyone is prepared for the war to last a very long time, perhaps for several more years unless something unexpected occurs, but 98 per cent of the British nation are completely convinced of ultimate victory, if victory amidst a heap of ruins can be considered a victory at all.

III. Although there is a desire for peace in Britain, people stress that no peace is possible with the present leaders of the adversary. At most a *partie remise* might probably come into consideration.[8] But this could only happen if America could be persuaded to accept a peace based on compromise, or Britain herself suffered a fatal and decisive defeat. In that event, however, it is almost unbelievable that Germany would be willing to sacrifice the final victory within her reach in favour of a compromise peace. The key to the question of war and, for that matter, peace, now lies in the hands of Washington and not London. The United States is the decisive factor in every field.

IV. The economic and social consequences of a long war lasting several years will be disastrous. And in view of American support, even more so with the formal entry of the United States into the war in the future, and

8 This sentence is worded somewhat obscurely in the original Hungarian.

her vast military potential, the two Anglo-Saxon powers will, at a later stage, switch from air and naval defence to attack, and we must be prepared for the whole of Europe to be transformed into an enormous battlefield. Europe and, for that matter, Hungary, can only be saved from such an economic disaster, and subsequent social unrest and military destruction, by coming to terms within a foreseeable period. Unfortunately however, I cannot, in the present situation, see any possibility of it, or willingness for it, at least on the part of Britain and America.

György Barcza

OL [National Archives]
Küm. Res. Pol. 1941-2-281.

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JOHN WILLETT

CRITICAL JUDGEMENTS IN A CHANGING CLIMATE*

As you know, it is a bad time for the British press. We are, according to UNESCO, the greatest readers of newspapers in the world, and our papers have the largest circulations or sales, and this is of course because we are both a pretty literate country and a very compact one. But the conditions are such that a popular paper which sells less than 2 million copies is bound to be in economic difficulties, and the tendency is for the weaker papers to die or be absorbed. The News Chronicle died with a circulation of nearly $1^1/_4$ million, the Sunday Empire News with over 2 m.; the Daily Herald, half owned by the trade unions, became the Sun, entirely owned by Mr. Cecil King, and seems bound to collapse when his guarantee runs out; The Times has been taken over by the Sunday Times, the Daily Mail is obviously uneasy, the Guardian is keeping going by persuading the trade unions to work under less favourable conditions. Of the weeklies neither the Listener nor the Spectator** is flourishing, though the former should be safe enough with the BBC behind it. And of the monthlies the London Magazine a few months ago had to get an emergency subsidy from the Arts Council.

All the same, book reviewing flourishes, and the greater part of the national and local press in Britain carries book reviews every week. The usual thing in a paper of any serious pretensions—and this includes provincial papers like the Birmingham Post, say—is to have a page of book reviews once a week; the three serious Sunday papers have 2–4 pp. each; the political weeklies about half a dozen pages. This allows for a lot of reviews—anything from 10 to 50 in one paper in one week—so that it is exceptional for a book of any consequence to pass unreviewed, and there is every chance that it will get reviewed in a number of different journals, each of which will make its own independent judgement. A publisher may distribute up to 150 or so copies of a book for review purposes alone; he sends them, incidentally, to the editors of the papers concerned and not to individual reviewers. It really is quite an important process, I think. For books are still the best medium for communicating facts and ideas of any complexity; they are never exhausted; and now that there are so many of them we would be lost without accurate analytical judgements to guide us.

At present the English nation can, with luck, get a cross-section of such judgements about any given book: considered judgements (for books don't demand immediate reactions of the critic in the way that the performing arts all do). Admittedly there is a new tendency to treat the arts more like

* This is the slightly abridged version of a lecture given in Budapest, March 1967.—[Editor]

** The proprietor of the *Spectator*, Mr Ian Gilmour MP, subsequently put it up for sale. The *Sunday Citizen* died.

news, or even gossip of a rather *mondain* kind, an extension of the fashion pages, as it were. Or of the financial pages, sometimes, for there is undeniably a great interest, even on the part of the most highly cultured, in the money fetched by works of art (just listen to the conversation of any group of rare book collectors). Some people in England now believe in this kind of superficial approach, by which the artist rather than the work of art becomes the centre of attention, the writer rather than the book, arguing that it at least stimulates interest. Well, perhaps it does; the French reading public, for instance, who have long been brought up on such a system, will rush to buy the Prix Goncourt novel every year, which it is almost a social offence not to have read. But it doesn't stimulate much interest in the possibly rather better novels which haven't won any prize at all. It is a trend favoured by television and radio interviewers and the general modern personality cult, but I think that by giving so much weight to factors outside the book it falsifies the whole literary scene.

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The great problem for us in England is the enormous number of books produced—some 27,000 titles a year, of which four-fifths perhaps are new. It's an immense amount for the critics to digest; in the Times Literary Supplement's office, for instance, the books are continually flowing in to the paper and out again to critics or to the scrap-heap; there may be 20 to 30 novels alone in any one week, excluding detective stories, westerns, science fiction and stories about doctors and nurses. On top of that we get books from America, India, Australia, English-language publications from Holland, Scandinavia—and from *Corvina* and *Akadémia*—and a lot of books in other languages, particularly from Germany and France. The English part of this sounds like a pretty flourishing industry, and in many ways it is, though if one remembers that English is a world language we perhaps ought to be producing more titles in proportion to our population than does Hungary, instead of about the same. Also the English statistics include not only American titles but American books published across the Atlantic and distributed by English firms: (the contrary is also true; in fact all English-language publishing is statistically interconnected and national figures are misleading).

And yet if you look at those books moving past week by week it does seem awfully hard to say why a lot of them should have been published. I don't myself resent the pot-boilers, or the novels of pure entertainment, and I suppose there is a place for the popular biography, though it's a pity when the public choose to read it rather than the much more exciting original works on which it is based. English critics are very alert now to pounce on what we call the coffee table book: the large volume with shiny coloured illustrations and a more or less skimpy or superficial text, which hostesses leave lying negligently about to impress their friends. If anything they are too alert, because they sometimes fail to notice when a really harmonious and purposeful job has been done to gear text and illustrations together. But there are two categories of book about which the English critics seem too tolerant. The first is that curious kind of novel which aims to be a cut above mere "entertainment" but has really no merits of style or substance to set off against its lack of readability; we have an awful lot of these. And the second is the result of the practice known as "book-making," where the publisher is conscious of the need or the demand for a certain book and simply finds someone to write it. Admittedly many valuable works have been produced by this means, particularly text-books and the like. But I do think critics should be quicker to note when the initiative has *not* come from the author, because the author's initiative is what really matters, and at present, largely with his own connivance, it is being reduced.

Books are not a life and death matter in England; no government and no political party really cares much what's written or published, even though we had a publisher —Mr Macmillan—as our prime minister before last, and one or two quite distinguished authors in the present government, such as Mr. Crossman and Mr. Jenkins. Obviously this has its advantages; we are free where Hungarian writers have not always been, because literature is not regarded as having much influence for better or for worse. A few years ago one could even say that English society and the English establishment generally were philistine, that they took very little interest in the arts. Today the boot is on the other foot: the arts are fashionable, businessmen have abstract paintings in their offices (sometimes even quite good ones), a member of the Royal Family has been running the Edinburgh Festival instead of shooting grouse, the schoolboy is expected to be first flute in the orchestra where once he was expected to have his first eleven cap. The Arts Council grant has risen sharply; £60,000 was allocated for literature for the first time in the financial year now ending, and English cultural authorities have started —rather unhappily, in the view of some of us—giving largesse to authors and editors. Unhappily, because in these matters you are bound to make wrong choices, and the state can't afford to, and also because it divides people, quite unconvincingly, into *ins* and *outs*. All the same, this is only a tendency, and generally speaking books are not a matter for strong feelings, and writers are by no means felt to be the unacknowledged legislators of mankind—not that it would do them much good if they were, because we haven't got a very high opinion of the acknowledged legislators either. As a result there are virtually no major differences of policy or approach between the different literary editors, and nobody imposes such differences on them. You may well think it very unprincipled—and in a sense it is—but reviewers are not expected to conform with any particular line, and so the same literary reviewer may write in papers whose political attitudes differ widely: in the Sunday Telegraph for example, which is conservative, and the same week in the New Statesman, which is socialist. We have the advantages, and the disadvantages, of having no barricades.

In fact, we don't entirely fit into the continental literary scene. There are various reasons for this. First of all, the English public isn't much interested in translations from foreign languages—I don't know why, and I regret it, but it simply is so—at least where novels and poetry are concerned. We are what Robert Escarpit, in the study called "The Book Revolution" which he made for UNESCO, called an anticyclone country, pushing out works that other people translate, but taking in comparatively little ourselves; he told us rather sharply that we would have to mend our ways, but although I agree that we ought to be more open-minded I'd like to know how on earth this is to be achieved if the readers don't want to be. Then secondly we don't believe much in collective labels and schools. It would never, for instance, have occurred to us to label Joyce or Virginia Woolf as representative of some particular *-ism:* we judge these writers as they come, and as a result we fail to be greatly shaken by movements like the "new novel" when they arrive with a flourish of trumpets. Academics write theses about them: it's very nice and convenient to have a packaged subject, and a boost for the movement in question. But the reading public does not therefore feel there's a whole category of books it ought to be for or against. Finally, as anybody knows who has been to international literary meetings, we are not joiners. We tend to remain outside any kind of organised activities: you won't find us gathering round the camp fire. Evelyn Waugh, who was a very acute observer of our country under all his surface prejudices, conveyed this exactly when he made one of

the Jugoslav partisans reflect, in his last novel, that the Major Attlee battalion of the International Brigade never *sang*.

I must say that this independence doesn't altogether worry me; I'm glad that writers should behave like individuals, and I think books should be treated as individuals too, not as fitting some particular tendency, policy or academic pattern. The real weakness of our criticism to my mind is something different, and perhaps it may surprise you to hear it said from our end of Europe. It is that English book reviewing is conducted in too much of a vacuum, with too little regard for the standards and interests of the everyday world around. This is partly the result of the immediate post-war period and the strong reaction in our country against the cultural policies of Zhdanov, together with the works in which they were exemplified. In those days we became very averse to anything that could be called political art, and this extended to a point where critics didn't like to be thought to be making moral judgements of any sort. It wasn't just a matter of tolerating almost anything a writer chose to say or convey, but of completely disregarding it: reviewers would pay attention to all aspects of a book save what it was actually about. Conversely too with even the most daring writer there would be one risk he would refuse to take: he might cheerfully write of the most unheard-of new sexual perversions, but he wouldn't risk being thought to *preach*.

This really rather ridiculous kind of *l'art pour l'art* (if it's proper to call it *art* at all) has been aggravated by the practice of giving new novels, particularly the less important ones, to novelists and would-be novelists to review, and usually to much younger reviewers than deal with serious matters like generals' memoirs. The result has been to create a kind of inbred literary half-world where the values and standards seem quite divorced from those of ordinary people—I don't mean the proletariat or anything like that, but simply people doing other kinds of work. It's from this half-world that you get the novels I referred to just now, those which are neither entertaining nor in any way instructive or exemplary, and would only be justifiable by a far higher degree of technical skill and formal beauty than in fact they have. The present assumption in England is that such things don't do any harm. Indeed, to judge from the remarks of psychiatrists and other experts when discussing obscenity or violence, you would imagine that reading books had no effect whatever on humanity's actions and that authors who hope they do are deluding themselves. The situation has become really rather absurd. While academic critics like Dr Leavis believe firmly in the educational value of literature, in the immediate literary world the idea that books can influence people for better or worse is now an extremely unfashionable one.

And I'm afraid this is one reason why so many of our novels and books of poetry are so second-rate. Of course we are not alone in this; masterpieces seem very rare nowadays, or at least very difficult to discover among the vast flood of books from all quarters of the world. Perhaps it is partly a failure by critics and reviewers to distinguish what is really important; a non-stop diet of second-rate art does deaden the sensibilities so that the first-rate becomes harder to spot. It is unfortunate too that this should be a time when critics particularly flatter themselves about their own importance; we have heard it called a great age of criticism (by critics of course), and there is far too much disposition to overlook the parasitical nature of our industry. Such developments are discouraging for the original writer, and so is the virtual disappearance of the one-man publisher, who would pin his faith to a particular author or book and back him through thick and thin; publishing now is organised in larger and larger units, and the small employees of large units are not always remarkable for their independence of judgement. Above all, of

course, we are today a somewhat disorientated society, caught up in large transformations which we don't always understand, lacking a clear sense of purpose, and trying hard to keep in touch with the world we are accustomed to. For any writer who is content to record what he sees around him, however close the range, modern England is a fascinating place; but that unluckily is just the sort of writer who has now become rare. Anyone else must to some extent suffer from the disappearance of so many of the old faiths and certainties. There are still writers and editors who seem to be trying to preserve a sort of mandarin literature, a comedy of upper class manners, a literature of personal relationships and of rarefied sensations, that belong more to the period of Aldous Huxley and Virginia Woolf. It is one way of compensating for our present confusions, but I think it is a dead end.

But in spite of all that I've been saying our literature *isn't* dead; on the contrary we have reached a stage where one or two very hopeful things have begun to happen, though in rather unexpected corners of literature and on unexpected levels. The problem then is for the book reviewers to adjust themselves quickly enough to the new symptoms: in the first place to notice them at all, and then to pay them the right sort of attention. I don't think that literary criticism as a whole in England has begun to solve this, though I might perhaps say right away that one of the encouraging symptoms is the development of the new kind of semi-sociological criticism to which I'll be referring in a moment. There is also one aspect of our literature which is extremely good and which our reviewers do know how to cope with. This is the whole field of scholarly literature: history, archaeology, psychology, sociology and so forth. Here there are outstanding books published each year, fit to stand with the world's best, and perhaps it is inevitable that most papers should give more space and trouble to reviewing them than to dealing with the current crop of novels—with what the press and the book trade for some reason rather slightingly term "fiction." It may be heretical to say so here, but I can't help being glad that self-conscious Marxism plays so little part in England. For this is why so many of these scholars have been able unconsciously to absorb a great deal of the Marxist technique of analysis. That's to say that they give weight to many of the factors Marx would have given weight to, but without using Marxist jargon or forcing the results to fit the pattern. Again, they think in terms of movement and processes even though they would hotly deny that they were being "dialectical"; indeed they would say dialectics were too schematic a way for describing complex motions. Both these things would be very difficult if there were a strong body of official Marxist thought which independent scholars felt bound to dissociate themselves from; but at present in English scholarship the Marxist and the non-Marxist can amicably share a great deal of common ground.

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The second promising corner of English literature has become fairly widely known during the past ten years; it is of course the new drama. In one way it is the strength of the drama that it belongs in a busy and exciting world of its own; the English theatre *is* in a flourishing state artistically, and it has an urgency and a perfectionism that are much more stimulating to the writer than is the kind of literary social life, parties and so on, that faces the novelist. All the same our drama isn't sufficiently admitted as a part of our literature, plays are treated as primarily a matter for the dramatic critic to review under the immediate impression of the performance he's just seen, and the whole instinctive deadweight of journalistic tradition is against reviewing the texts at leisure until they are published, by which time they are stale news. We tried to overcome this in the Times Literary Supplement by reviewing unpublished scripts, not only

of plays but also of radio and television plays, films, and even the acts of popular comedians, which are sometimes brilliantly written. After a time the practice was dropped, partly because of shortage of space, partly because of staff changes which meant that we lost our best reviewer in this genre. But I think we were working along the right lines. Literature oughtn't to be excluded from being literature just because it is performed.

The third encouraging development is not strictly English, but we are very much bound up with it, and in any case national categories, thank God, don't count for much in our business. This is the emergence of new writers and new literatures in countries formerly under British rule. I'm not thinking of writing in the vernacular languages so much, though even this may be produced out of a British education and the study of English literature and published by a British firm. But in India, Africa, the West Indies, the Far East, there has been a very interesting crop of new writing which uses English as a useful and widely-understood literary language, and it has in effect been grafted on to our own literature because it gets published in London and is read largely by English readers; some of the authors, like V.S. Naipaul for one, have settled among us and become part of our community. Of course in a sense the whole English-language world has a common literature; it reads the same classics and sees all the same important new books at much the same time; academics in English studies move fairly freely within it, from the Antipodes to London to the United States; and the *TLS* has its American contributors and The New York Review of Books is largely written by British critics. But this new literature of the newly independent countries is particularly important for two reasons. It is helping to make history and society in a way that no English writer at home now imagines he can do, and this gives it a special energy and strength. At the same time it is enriching the language, because the writers are taking all kinds of liberties —as you *can* do in English; you can more or less make up the rules as you go along— and the sense of movement which they have introduced can't help infecting English as written in our own islands. The problem then from the reviewer's point of view is how to lend enough weight to this element of renewal without becoming over-exotic or patronising: the new writers themselves greatly resent it if they feel they are being measured with special rulers. Perhaps the main thing is for the critic to be *interested:* it's a matter of seeing the wider implications of what on the surface are just a few more novels in the weekly flood, yet judging them by high standards.

Besides this there is within England itself an important change in our approach to popular literature and to lowbrow art in general. This is visible partly in the growth of the sociologically-orientated criticism associated with writers like Professor Richard Hoggart, who is directing the new institute of contemporary cultural studies in Birmingham. There, as in parallel developments in other western countries, the barrier formerly separating "high" from "low" art is at last being broken down; both categories are being examined not only for their social effects, but also (within their own limitations) for their merits. This coincides with a new concern with popular ideas, imagery and artefacts as raw material to be absorbed into "high" art: something that is most obvious in the pop art practised by British and American (and to some extent Italian) painters, and in some of Jean-Luc Godard's films for that matter, though there are also instances in our writing, for instance in Adrian Mitchell's lyric about a dog-food called Pal. It links up on the one hand with some of the more creditable features of the Beatle phenomenon—John Lennon's books and drawings, for example—and on the other with the writing of poems for public performance, with or without jazz accompaniment, to a young audience that largely over-

laps with the audience for pop music. Perhaps the actual achievements in this direction have been as yet rather slight—where literature is concerned, that is—but the breaking-down of the old categories does open the way to works which will combine popular elements with a serious, experimental approach much as Brecht's and Weill's *Dreigroschenoper* did some forty years ago. Here is something else which demands a new open-mindedness on the part of the critic, who cannot now simply shut his eyes (or ears) to genres which he feels are beneath him. It reflects a very extensive shift in the educational and social structure of our country, which is no longer divided in the old way into "insiders" and the rest, so that the arts are able to draw both their public and their practitioners largely from classes who used not to count in this connection.

Closely related to this is something that critics have so far hardly noticed, the development of a whole decentralised, almost underground literature in the provincial cities which has scarcely yet broken the surface of London publication. As in America there are hundreds of small magazines, often running at a loss and very rarely paying their contributors, and with these go the occasional locally-published book of verse. Such books and magazines tend to seem amateurish, both in form and in content, but they are becoming less so, thanks partly to the enormous advances in what can be called *office* printing techniques. The great revolution here has come about through small offset printing machines, which a typist can operate, and which produce excellent illustrations and, given the right typewriter, a text very nearly as clear as print. A lot can be done with an ordinary duplicator too, particularly now that there is a method of electronic stencil-cutting which reproduces photographs, newscuttings, typing, drawing in pen or in chalk, all surprisingly well. The full possibilities of these techniques haven't yet been explored, but already they mean that our half-submerged literature doesn't always have to look shoddy and unsure of itself. It can be very silly and even very bad, so that strict critics, if they see it at all, dismiss it as unimportant. Yet it is something extraordinarily lively; it has already produced, in the new Liverpool poets, some quite original and appealing writers (McGough, Henri, Patten and Hawkins); and in my view it may give English writing just the kind of fresh blood and fresh voices that it badly needs.

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There is one more area where something new is stirring, and it is the one which I myself find most interesting and important to watch. This is a particular common ground between writing and visual art, where such experiments as concrete poetry are now taking place. It's difficult to define this, but anybody who follows modern painting will have noticed that there are now a lot of scattered artists who make use of words and letters in their pictures—Jasper Johns in America, John Furnival in England, Wolf Vostell in West Germany—springing from a tradition that goes back to Dada, cubism and beyond. There are also a number of poet-painters of whom Lajos Kassák is one; there is the despised but not entirely unimportant Parisian movement called Lettrisme; and there is the influence on books of a whole new visual curiosity born of cinema and advertising and television. There is furthermore a tradition of typographical experiment running back to Mallarmé, Apollinaire, Marinetti, which has suddenly become relevant in the light of new printing techniques like photosetting which liberate the book designer from the restrictions of solid metal type. Put all these elements together, and they give us a chance of evolving new forms of communication in print which will meet the needs of the electronic age. These needs are real; they are not just a product of the Canadian Professor Marshall McLuhan's very interesting imagination; on

the contrary they have already created various kinds of semi-diagrammatic notation designed to convey complicated processes and also to set them out clearly for those who need to turn them into mathematical programs. The computer's influence on literature is particularly important in this connection, and critics need to watch it with something a little more intelligent and constructive than the blank aversion so many of them tend to show for any interference by the machine. All its aspects are of immense interest: the analysis of literary texts by computer, the work done on machine translation, the mechanical compilation of concordances, the computerising of typesetting so that the basic setting of a whole book can be stored on magnetic tape, revised and kept up to date, and used again and again with different types and page sizes. Admittedly much more research in these directions is going on in America, but in England I think we may be conducting it more critically, and with more idea of where the whole process may lead.

So there are six reasons why the future doesn't seem quite as discouraging as you might think from a casual look at our books. We could well be moving into a period of very radical new developments, which are being prepared almost behind the backs of our critics. But I'm afraid we shan't be able to appreciate them, and we may easily discourage them, if we critics think we know best and adopt a contemptuous attitude to certain genres, or to literature from non-English peoples, or above all to new developments as such. Nothing perhaps is more difficult than to keep one's head when so much experimental art is going on as currently in the West. There are the old experimental trends of the period between 1910 and 1930, now being taken up with great enthusiasm by young people who seem not to know that some of it has been done before: are we to damp them by saying it's all old hat, or are we to try and see which of these old experiments were really time-bombs that have suddenly become important and actual in the light of our problems today? There is good and bad avant-garde work being turned out: are we to be prevented from saying that the bad works are bad just because we want to approve of avant-garde art as a whole? If so we undoubtedly falsify the issues. Again, how do we keep our heads and judge the works simply on their merits, without being affected by all the cultural snobbery and commercial ballyhoo which has come to surround anything allegedly new and original? How do we distinguish between those aspects of the whole business which really do seem futile and possibly pernicious, and those which look wrong-headed at the present moment but may suddenly, in some future context, prove to have been important pioneering? For instance I myself feel at present that rather too much of the work done under the influence of the "new novel" is boring and needlessly pretentious (though not nearly as much so as what some critics write about it): that the abandonment of control to chance factors, as preached by the American musician John Cage, is a desperate abdication of the artist's responsibility: that most of the writings of William S. Burroughs are a mess: that sensationalist painters like Yves Klein, who painted those uniform blue canvases, or Piero Manzoni, who canned his own excrement and sold it as *merde d'artiste*, are not worth taking seriously, not even worth laughing at. On the other hand I would bet that pop art, happenings, experiments with kinetic, permutational and concrete art, and almost any kind of juggling around with typography will be of great relevance in the future. But who can be certain? It seems to me that every judgement about so-called experimental art is to some extent a gamble; one shouldn't be frightened of making it, but one has to allow always that it may turn out to be wrong. Above all one must recognise that in every category, no matter how low an opinion one may have of it, a really good artist is liable to come along

who simply handles his chosen conventions so well that he has to be acknowledged whether one approves of the conventions or not.

But as soon as you admit that difficult, experimental art may be impossible to judge accurately at the time, except by intuition or guesswork, then all hard and fast preconceived critical standards become potential hindrances to good judgement. Art won't fit ready-made patterns; its whole glory and interest is that it keeps bursting them. And so a doctrine like socialist realism, however well meant and however tolerantly applied, seems to me likely to do more harm than good. The obvious effects of this dogma in the Stalin period we all know and deplore; probably it did more to make a gap between East and West European intellectuals than any other single factor, and the damage is not yet fully repaired, despite all our joint efforts. But there is more to it than that. As I said already, it had the effect of discouraging any kind of social or moral element in Western literature and criticism. At the same time it seems to be setting up a delayed reaction the other way in the Socialist countries which once again helps the two halves of our world to develop in rather different directions. That is to say that the effect has been to make younger people in these countries feel that what's really interesting and alive in the West must be what the old cultural politicians were most strongly against, not realising that this is old too now and has been overtaken by quite new developments, some of them certainly in the direction of more intelligibility and social awareness, not less. It would be silly if in a few years' time it were we in the West who were interested in the social content and in the whole communication aspect of the arts, while you in the socialist countries were pursuing the higher aestheticism—non-figurative painting, extreme absurd theatre, and in general art for art's sake. At present admittedly the tendency among the cultural ideologists, starting with highly intelligent Western Communists like Roger Garaudy and Ernst Fischer, is to try to stretch the concept of realism as far as possible so as to bring within it pretty well any artist or writer who is any good: first Brecht and Mayakovsky, who were certainly outside it in Stalin's day, then Kafka, Proust, perhaps Joyce and so on.* Socialist realism, it is being said, is not by any means a particular prescribed *style* but a matter of the artist's attitude and approach, and so long as this is right he can use a wide variety of conventions. This is in a sense enlightened, but it could easily be suicidal. Even if Lolita and Henry Miller and the *merde d'artiste* itself become somehow accepted as socialist realism—which isn't as impossible as it sounds—the dogma itself would remain, and it would only need a powerful enough politician to come along and say "sorry, but that isn't what socialist realism means at all" for us to be back where we all started from. It's the *existence* of the slogan that has caused the trouble; after all, when it was first officially proclaimed in 1934 nobody was even prepared to define what it meant or didn't mean. I agree with Brecht: politicians must make their demands of the arts in political terms, not in would-be artistic ones. But it has always seemed to me one of the few real weaknesses in Brecht's position that he was prepared to concede that socialist realism was good and formalism bad, even though he made it pretty clear that by socialist realism he meant an imaginative and experimental approach to art, and by formalism he meant insistence on certain prescribed forms. There is such a thing as being too clever by half.

What we are all of us concerned about, I am sure, is closer relations in literature,

* I have modified what I originally said here. I spoke as if Kafka and Proust were now being presented as instances of *socialist* realism, which, as Dr. György Mihály Vajda pointed out, was quite wrong. It is the widening of the concept of *realism*, of course, that matters, socialist realism being realism as practised by writers or artists of socialist convictions.

the arts, scholarship and so forth between the two ends of Europe. We belong together, the world, thank God, is shrinking, and there could and *must* be a lively intellectual traffic between us. But I do think we shouldn't be too optimistic as to how this can come about. The English public at large is not frightfully accessible to works of imaginative literature from abroad—there seems to be a definite disinclination to read translated novels and poems, and it isn't going to be changed overnight. Achievements like the immense diffusion of worthwhile books in Hungary (and in the Soviet Union too) ought certainly to impress us, but there's something stupefying about statistics, and only people on the inside of the book business are really likely to appreciate what great work for good literature is being done here. It would be nice to think that your classics could become successful in England too, and certainly every now and then a continental classic author is discovered or rediscovered and does actually get established in our country, as *I promessi sposi* managed to do some 15 years ago after several publishers had turned it down. But there is always one area of common ground between the active writers and intellectuals in your country and ours. And this is of course the whole field of experiment and innovation and everything connected with the eternal question of *what shall we do next and how shall we do it*. Here writers and artists are always looking for outside help, and all kinds of ideas may prove suggestive and fertile. We saw the importance of this in the case of our cultural relations with the Soviet Union: so long as men like Mayakovsky, Lissitsky, Eisenstein, Meyerhold and Shostakovitch were able to produce something entirely new their impact on our own and other Western cultures was tremendous; it is still felt today, as for that matter is the influence of Bartók and Kodály and Moholy-Nagy. Even if the mass public fails to appreciate it at first, what really links the cultures of two different countries is not respect for one another's past monuments so much as the feeling that on both sides the most go-ahead artists or writers have been confronting similar problems in similar or complementary ways; that there is something new in the air for all of us.

Here the reviewer's job is particularly difficult, because ideally he must be capable both of putting the foreign work in its own context, so that the English reader understands what it signifies there and why it is like what it is, and at the same time judging it in ours—and not in the context of our existing literature only but in that of the future. He may also need to argue his editor into giving space to the foreign work at all. I'm not thinking of our own paper here, or even of the British literary press only; the sad fact is that throughout what we hopefully call the community of letters there is a tendency not to review books in foreign languages, and nowhere is this more striking than in countries like Switzerland and Belgium which are officially polyglot; papers there, with a few honourable exceptions, seem to confine themselves to the literature of the language they are written in. There certainly aren't all that many journals in Europe like *Nagyvilág*, and literary insularity is still a tremendous factor: a kind of chauvinism attaching not to nationality but to language. What reviewers need in order to defeat this is above all an open mind, open to unfamiliar cultures and to awkward (or even despised) categories of work, and open to artistic experiment in general. They must have a certain humility, and be prepared to follow the arts rather than to try and lead. The most obvious difference between criticism and original art perhaps is that the one explores the known data and the other the unknown. So criticism is always lagging behind, being taken by surprise and having to modify its judgements. And if this weren't so then the arts would be dead; they would be museum pieces and nothing else.

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I have rambled rather a long way from my starting point, I'm afraid, and my only excuse is that the subject is such a large one, indeed all-embracing; it can take one almost anywhere. Well, I shall be setting off back to the starting point again tomorrow, because I leave on the first stage of my trip to London, at a horribly early hour, and no doubt I shall find out what heartening or discouraging developments have taken place in the British press situation while I've been away. As this is the last chance, may I say to all my friends here, both Hungarian and British, how very much any English visitor must appreciate the welcome he gets and the absolute ease of communication in spite of all language problems. You know of the short and silly fuss created in England over the part played by two Hungarians, Dr. Balogh and Dr. Kaldor, as advisors of our present government. But perhaps you didn't see the reaction of the London Evening Standard. Their gossip writer promptly telephoned round a number of well-known Hungarian Londoners to find out how they have become acclimatised. The one I remember particularly was André Deutsch the publisher: when they asked him why he had come to work in London he simply said: "Oh, I don't know. Perhaps because London's a very nice place to be a Hungarian in." I hope he's right. But certainly I can return the compliment with absolute truth: Budapest is a very nice place to be an Englishman in. Thank you all very much.

MANFRED LACHS

THE ROLE OF THE LAWYER IN THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD*

I want to speak of the lawyer's place, his part, and his tasks at a time when the world is in the process of transformation. Here I am referring to the great social revolution of our age; the creation of the socialist state, the great family of those building a new social order, who are a powerful force in history. And also to the birth of new independent nations in Asia and Africa, and the transformation of underdeveloped countries, and the accelerated process of industrialization. Not to mention the great scientific revolution, which sped from the discovery of the steam engine to that of atomic energy. But the fact that man has prised from nature her most jealously guarded secrets is no guarantee that his life will be better, or his future happier. It means something much more profound, much more important—understanding the interdependence of scientific development and the development of human society. And understanding this allows us to understand in turn that the world of nature is governed by precise laws, which can be discovered by following the process of development in our own planet and the universe as a whole.

No sphere of life—including science—is complete in itself. Knowledge of one, said Marx, does not give us the clue to the

* Part of a lecture given on February 1st, 1967, at Eötvös University in Budapest, when the eminent Polish jurist was made an Honorary Doctor of Eötvös University.

others. The modern world is proof that a close relationship and interdependence exists between the different activities of men. Among these activities law is included. And international law.

Sceptics and cynics may demur. What does international law cover, when the pages of our daily calendar are full of crimes and iniquities? One has only to open the morning paper to see that they are part of our daily life. Which is why we end up doubting or even denying the existence of such law. Some say that in a time of revolution, such as that we are now living through, there is no room for law; others feel that it is too fragile a thing to depend on; others again say that there is no one universal international law for the whole world, but only the rights and obligations of nations in different political systems. However attractive these ideas may appear in the light of current events, they are without foundation.

From the first day two states found themselves confronting each other, rules of law for the regulation of their mutual relations began to develop. The whole body of the law of nations expanded and developed in strength through the centuries. It has survived the storms of history and the cataclysms which have beset humanity in the course of its long history. Has it always been efficient and effective? Certainly not. For its efficiency by no means implies absolute observance. Every system of law has known numerous infractions—and here the laws established by man differ from physical laws.

The specific characteristics of international law explain why its rules have been more often violated than those of other systems of law. One of the reasons is that its rules were too slow in adapting themselves to the needs of daily life, that they remained too attached to the past. Indeed, all traces of certain flimsy laws have consequently been swept away by the winds of history. For, *ex factis jus oritur*. And today the facts of life stride in seven league boots; the lazy speed of the diligence, the deliberate speed of the train has had to give way to supersonic velocity. It is thus science and technology overflow into life and law. Hence the necessity of replacing our out-of-date laws by new ones; of creating new rules which do not preserve the phenomena of yesterday as petrified fossils, but are based on the present, and even more on the future. International law should develop along such lines, starting from an expert knowledge of the facts, recognizing the need for social change, taking the scientific revolution into account.

A world without law would not correspond to the needs of our time. More. International law is destined to play a part of first importance in relations between states. It cannot remain on the sidelines at a time when we are trying to solve the great questions of the day. Its role is not only to regulate traffic on the roads of the world, in the air, on the sea, and in outer space, not only to supervise the daily relations between states, men, and property; trade and finance, cultural and scientific relations. It is also the role of international law to help solve political problems, from the freedom of peoples, the independence and equality of nations, to the most important question of all, that of war and peace. That is why we observe symptoms today which are only contradictory in appearance. On one hand there are frequent violations of international law, on the other its power is extending on a considerable scale—both horizontally and vertically—covering ever larger regions of international relations. These two facts are due to closer contacts between states, the constant additions to the fields which form the subject of international exchanges, to the quickened rhythm of social development, to the confrontation, more intense than ever, between the forces of progress and conservation, the defenders of the past and the spokesmen for the gifts of the present and the promise of the future.

In these conditions, the significance of international law, far from being confined

to the periphery of life, is constantly growing, both in respect of bilateral and multilateral relations; in international organizations and outside them; in relations between states and in all matters concerning the peoples of the world aspiring to independence as a state. In order to understand its role, we must first admit two premises:

1. We must recognize the realities of the present world—the clock of history cannot go backwards, the hands inevitably advance; socialism has become an important historical force.

2. All the differences and conflicts between states can be dealt with through negotiation: they can and therefore should be settled peacefully through discussion.

As long as the interested parties maintain their different points of view, and their different philosophies, it is their duty to reach settlements by negotiation.

"To cede to the demonstrative logic of exact reasoning is not an avowal of inferiority. To renounce an unjustified claim after a thorough and courteous discussion, is neither an incapacity to make one's rights respected nor an encouragement to future aggression." These words of the great French jurist Henri Bonfils, written more than 72 years ago, are far more relevant today than at the moment when he said them.

The subject-matter of negotiations and discussions are of course determined by politics, economics, or military strategy, but they are based on law, and their results take a legal form. Hence the important role of the lawyer in diplomacy and international relations at the present time.

For it is precisely here, in the indissoluble marriage of international politics and international law, that the latter has a word to say. And an important word. Law must stop being the poor relation of politics; to play its proper role it must be up to date in all questions of the modern world. And the lawyer also.

What, then, are his tasks? He must play an active part in forging the instruments of mutual understanding and help to eliminate the metaphysical myth in politics. The negotiator will often refuse to face the realities of the situation; he overestimates his opportunities, his picture of the situation is distorted, irrational factors get the upper hand.

This is where the jurist must come to the rescue—suggest solutions. But his functions and his tasks are still greater. It is for him to emphasize the role of law, to educate those who are active in this field, to hammer home to them the significance of law, not only professionally in the matter of treaties or the analysis of other documents, but in the formation of a new, modern diplomacy. The methods of Talleyrand, Napoleon III or McKinley are now outdated, just as the methods of a more recent past, the instruments of the cold war.

The legal advisors attached to the Ministries of Foreign Affairs are faced with increasingly important tasks. Daily they must answer dozens of questions from other sections of the Ministry or the Embassies; they must follow the activities of their Ministry colleagues scattered over the world, analyse the treaties and other international documents prepared in other capitals. And every day, somewhere in the world, an international agreement is signed which brings something new, which marks an advance or a regression in the development of law.

In other words, the international lawyer has a double task; that of translating the interests of his country into legal language, in a spirit of cooperation, careful that the documents he prepares do not conflict with generally accepted principles of law and its development.

At the same time he must make his own contribution to the new chapters of law being written. He has a special part to play at international conferences and in international organizations. A new type of document has made its appearance—the resolutions adopted by the organs of these organizations. There is no need to go into a detailed analysis of their character or their merits. Numerous

commentaries on them exist. However that may be, they belong to the realm of law, and some of them form part of the system of law being created by international organizations. And in drawing them up, considering them with care, and bringing them into existence, the lawyer plays a vital role.

There are also the votes passed in the international organizations. They are different in character. They express in numbers the existing balance of forces, the trends and changes occurring within these organizations, and form an important barometer within the organizations themselves. It is also an important barometer of the international situation. For these votes show the position of the different states and groups of states. The voting results are consequently the raw material which, subjected to historical analysis, enables us to decide whether the time is ripe for a further step in the creation of new laws and regulations, whether it is advisable to take action to improve on an already existing law, whether we are advancing or standing still.

Quite as many important tasks await the lawyer when drawing up proposals on the eve of a conference or a session.

This is equally true of the suggestions and the proposals prepared in a more limited context. Their chances of success, how to assure them the largest possible support—all this needs to be prepared very carefully, and to be formulated in the best possible way both in form and content. A proposal of this type, carefully prepared, was put forward by the Hungarian government for the codification of commercial law. Since time immemorial trade relations have created links between states with similar or different systems. Rivier very pertinently pointed out that they are in fact the reason for international relations, and Richard Cobden spoke of the part they play in world peace.

The Hungarian proposal, presented at the right moment, received wide support, and was, as we know, adopted unanimously.

The field of action open to those who deal with international law is consequently vast. At present they have a special task to fulfil: they cannot remain on the fringes of the key problem of our time—the problem of war and peace.

Humanity has had a long road to travel before it reached the point where force as a method solving disputes between states was condemned, and war outlawed. The road has been long from the time when Horace, referring to Achilles, said: *"Jura negat sibi nata nihil arrogat armis"*—through the concept of *"jus ad bellum"* as expressing the sovereignty of the state and on to the words of the great Emeric Vattel: "War is that state in which rights are pursued by force" down to what we can today call the *"jus ad pacem"* of all the countries and peoples of the world. The history of Europe is enough—187 wars, 2,400 battles during the last five centuries.

War is banned. From now on, it is an anachronism. But the rules governing the prohibition of the use of force have still to be made effective, and made obligatory on all, without exception, in disputes between states.

In this process, in the creation of rules providing a solid framework for the security of states which would effectively prevent threats to peace and swiftly eliminate points of conflict, the role of the jurist is today of prime importance.

His profession is to strengthen the edifice of law, to improve its rules, to hasten its progress; to construct the elements of peaceful coexistence. To prove to cynics and sceptics that international law is no myth, but a real force; that it is not exclusively concerned with a world of hypothetical situations, but with the living reality and events with which life confronts us.

The lawyer is always looking for new answers; he must adapt the law to the needs of the time, to the challenge of modern life. International law is the common heritage of our civilization, and with the aid of the solutions and rules it provides we can save the world from disaster.

It is on this account that the role and the functions of international law are so important in the formation of contemporary international relations. It is reinforced today by a powerful background, consisting not only of the events of history, but also of the human conscience, a powerful force in the contemporary world.

This is due to the adaptation of international law to the needs of countries and peoples, with a view to peaceful cooperation. It takes us a little nearer the day when states will become increasingly aware of the fact that the violation of the rights of other states will not bring them the advantages they expect, but will, on the contrary, expose their vital interests to grave danger. Already today international law fulfils an important civilizing mission. And we have every reason to believe that it will contribute to the building of a brighter future.

The pendulum of history, however, is irregular, and its laws do not function automatically. And therefore the laws of objective reality must be helped to eliminate the obstacles in its way, avoid dead ends, and progress in the right direction. This is the task of man. And in the field of work we are here discussing, it is the task of the man dealing with international law. To fulfil it, he must be deeply committed on the right side and be emotionally involved; and he must take a broad view of things and events; he will thus be able to refute the reproaches and accusations heaped upon our profession, and rehabilitate it in the eyes of the world. He will brush the dust of the past behind him and find himself at the very centre of events. And only then will he find himself a part creator of the events themselves.

This is a debt he has contracted towards his profession, his country, and the forces which have become the decisive factor of history, the forces of the future.

GYULA TÓFALVY

THE DIARY OF AN ENGINEER

The following notes—taken from the 1966 January number of a Budapest journal called Valóság *(Reality)—were written by the chief engineer of a Budapest factory. From these events jotted down in a laconic and personal style, a dramatic struggle unfolds before us, even if it is perhaps not of great importance. The struggle is fought by a talented, creative technician, backed by a small like-minded team, against anarchy, lack of understanding, impotency and red-tape and, against outdated non-competitive economic methods that jeopardize the primary economic interests of the country. It is the engineer and his colleagues who win the day at last, but it costs them a lot of energy, annoyance and self-denial, and who could guarantee their victory next time? We publish this diary in its original form, leaving out only some technical side issues and changing the names of certain persons and factories. We hope it will illustrate and explain why the introduction of a new economic mechanism became necessary. This new economic mechanism is expected to make sure that talent, creative energy, enthusiasm and professional knowledge will not be used up by such struggles in the future.*

JANUARY 1, 1965

I spent last year getting acquainted with the activities of European industry by means of trips to Paris, Warsaw, London, Moscow, Vienna, Munich and Berlin. The only project we completed in Hungary this year was the television antenna at Salgótarján. Other endeavours proved to be sometimes unpro-

ductive and senseless, sometimes successful: 1957—defeats, rock bottom; 1958—won the Grand Prix at the Brussels World Fair; 1959—awarded the Kossuth Prize*; 1960—success in building the transmitter at Kékes and in ionosphere research equipment; 1961—rock bottom again; 1962—building the transmitter at Kabhegy; 1963—antennae at Miskolc and Ózd; 1964—rock bottom; and 1965?

The frequency of barren periods increases dreadfully.

JANUARY 3

Today I issued the drawings of the new balun (component of the television transmitter). Will it prove to be good? Shall I succeed *now*?

JANUARY 4

Dumbfounded! Today I suddenly realized that the special salary I've been drawing recently has invalidated one of my best arguments. The argument which, up to the present, brought me immediate victories, has lost its meaning. People do not appreciate any sacrifice or self-denial made at a salary of 6,000 a month. With 3,600 a month, all that still had a value. I cannot deal strictly any more with anybody in money questions. I can't forget the faces of the people when it was announced that no premiums were to be drawn for the "fulfilment" of last year's plan.

JANUARY 6

Today the bomb exploded at the technical meeting. We quarrelled over the antenna at Tokaj. I insulted M. "People," I said, "who don't know the first thing about this business should not meddle in it. I refrain from being rude only because of my respect for M." "My Lord," said the chief engineer, "and what would you say if you had no respect for him at all?"—Everybody is merely out to fulfil the plan. People just don't care whether the factory turns out waste, as long as the plan is fulfilled.

JANUARY 7

We calculated and took steps to see that the plan was, after all, "fulfilled." At least on the face of it. A thought-provoking act!

JANUARY 9

More drudgery, paper work. An "administrative struggle." This day is not worth recording.

JANUARY 10, SUNDAY

All day I was working on a study of the unmanned transmitter, i.e., remote-controlled equipment working without any direct human intervention. Some television transmitters abroad have already been built on this principle, thus saving millions that would have had to be spent on the construction of roads to insure permanent and reliable connections between the closest settlement and the distant, high hill-top as well as on buildings to accommodate those attending the transmitting station. When a technician has to inspect the equipment only every half year or even less frequently, he may reach the top of the hill in a jeep or by helicopter.

In unmanned projects, aesthetic and safety aspects and comfort are no longer decisive factors. The equipment requires nothing more than the practical assembly of parts and components. Funny things they are. Projects, designed by man, having no regular, direct contact with human beings any more. The contact can only be indirect. Such transmitting stations are no longer places to work in. Our present transmitting station is a smart, glossy series of cabinets. Each chromium-plated handle-shape is particularly and specifically designed and also constitutes, at the same time, a safety component. When the handle is turned to open the door, it also deadens the equipment. The control desk

* Kossuth Prize: the highest prize awarded yearly by the State to the most successful workers in science, engineering, medicine, art, teaching, and in social and economic activities.

is an up-to-date, comfortable sort of table accommodating many coloured signal lamps. We have spent weeks hunting for a nice armchair to go with this desk. Homes, welfare establishments and roads costing many millions were built near this transmitting station.

For the unmanned transmitting station all this is unnecessary, but, on the other hand, automation must be realized at a very high level since the equipment is quite self-contained, and even regulates its own temperature. The whole station must comprise parts and components working at high reliability, and the necessary spare parts must be provided so that difficulties in operation should practically never occur and the services of a maintenance man should in fact be required only very rarely. Otherwise the whole installation would not be justified or reasonable. For the time being, I don't believe that it would come cheaper than the classical transmitting station, but it would still be advantageous in one respect: with this transmitter, it would no longer be necessary to send people into exile to live on distant mountain tops where human conditions of life cannot be created, however much money one spends.

JANUARY 11

People from Austria arrived. They intend to place an order with us for a television transmitter to be built at Jauerling. What they want is a vestigial-sideband diplexer and this should be mounted on the ceiling. I've got to dash off to arrive at the official dinner in the Hotel Duna.

JANUARY 12

Visited the transmitter at Kabhegy with the Austrian clients. Roszkopf, the technical manager of the station, had been lying ill in bed for several weeks and the condition of the station showed this. The reflectometer coil was broken. The instruments were covered with thick dust. The picture proved to be of poor quality owing to the poor condition of the monitors. Hospitality was excellent even so. The Austrian experts measured some parts of the equipment. The guests were attracted by the design. Success!

Success?—perhaps not real success. As a matter of fact we could only offer a delivery date in a year's time. Capitalist suppliers sometimes offer a few months. Marconi stipulated three months, our enterprise one year. We are competing on unequal terms, how can we hope to win? All our efforts, the superiority of the design are in vain. While we sweat and toil to meet the delivery terms, business may easily go elsewhere.

No, we can never succeed by these methods. It was all for nothing that Mr Niessner phoned to Vienna in my presence and expressed a favourable opinion of our transmitter. I do know that the market and international competition cannot tolerate incompetence.

JANUARY 14

The storm broke over the antenna at Tokaj. People have just realized that the antenna won't be completed by July 30th. There is only one chance left. Transmission must be started with a temporary aerial system and the final system mounted before September 30th.

JANUARY 15

The Austrians left. Negotiations are terminated. Records are closed. All is over, I feel. The order will be placed with Marconi and not with us. Marconi can deliver in three months and their products are as goods as ours. When they learnt that the Austrians were in financial difficulties, they at once offered credit.

A galling experience: in business, the standard of the design is by far of secondary importance. I cannot rejoice any more in this good and fine design—we missed the bus, we let the opportunity slip by. Or, perhaps we had no chance at all, perhaps I only thought we had?

JANUARY 16

It's no good, we don't get anywhere! Television transmitter No. I has been out of action for months. The diplexer (one of the most intricate units of the transmitting equipment) is still a totally unknown quantity. The antenna at Tokaj is still only on the drawing-board. We have no measuring tower. We have to worry about instruments. I cannot get the antenna change-over switch from the workshop.

JANUARY 18

Today the department heads held a conference. The plant's previous business year, the unreliable parameters of the plan were discussed and the mask was pulled off, the blunt facts of our work were clearly exposed. The only argument against slack discipline in work, carelessness, and incompetency was again nothing else than stopping the bonuses. A late and poor argument this! The coffee making, listening to the radio during work time, the squandering, disorder, confusion and apathy were all dragged in again. People just smiled on hearing about reduced bonuses. The present system offers all the advantages to the calculating, low-principled, uneducated and work-shy people.

JANUARY 19

The new internal arrangement of the diplexer is completed. Fifteen days were needed for this small conversion. Lack of experienced mechanics—half the battle is lost like this.

The d. c. measurements on the transmitter at Tokaj have begun.

JANUARY 21

The diplexer was assembled. The capacitors are all jammed. It is impossible to move them. The assembly work was carried out by one of the best fitters in the plant. What would have happened if the worst one had been asked to do the job?

Is there some deep-rooted trouble in the background?

I finished the first scheme of the temporary aerial system to be erected at Tokaj. It's going to be a nice structure. I like it already. This is the first day in many months that I have been able to spend happily on real development work.

A good day's work!

JANUARY 23

The first signs of life from the diplexer have already appeared.

JANUARY 24

I was busy the whole day with the calculations of the antenna transformer of Tokaj. Results are encouraging; if only the work was not so difficult!

JANUARY 25

The diplexer! Crosstalk attenuation and the 3 dB fall to different frequencies. Today we were busy only with the external, "cold" measurements. Tomorrow we have to dismount the equipment again.

Today somebody popped in on me or rather ran into my room. She stopped for a moment, took a deep breath and declared, "Sir, I've fallen in love with you!" And then she darted out again with a blazing face. She is twenty. A delightful memory. She is an admirable girl. This unexpected display made me ponder for a long time.

JANUARY 26

After 1,500 revolutions, a wear of 2×0.5 mm was measured on the antenna change-over switch. We had to look for new materials to be used. Phase correction work was started on. The new parts for the diplexer are in production. The transmission line had to be separated from the 3 dB balun since the measurements yielded contradictory results. All these measurements are taken under the threat of a fine amounting to ten thousand forints a day. Do you understand that? Every single day lost will cost us 10,000!

JANUARY 27

Today costs another 10,000!

JANUARY 28

A thought-provoking matter. After having developed and realized these ideas starting from absolutely nothing, we have to carry with us the atmosphere of the fine of ten thousand forints daily.

The ceramic body broke on December 23rd. I issued the new drawings on the first workday of January and the experimental workpiece passed through the administrative side and the workshop as late as January 21st. Nobody then counted the days each of which might have cost 10,000. This is applied only during the measurements and the development work. Nobody counted the consequences a year ago when I fought for the experimental diplexer, though that was the time when the penalties for days lost began. A worker can dawdle away not more than eight hours a day, an executive hundreds and hundreds.

JANUARY 29

The cross-talk attenuation in the diplexer fails to coincide with the 3 dB. It sounds just like a damaged, cracked groove in a phonograph record. Results are just the same every day, whatever we do:

cross-talk—3 dB—input impedance—
90 degs.
cross-talk—3 dB—input impedance—
90 degs.
cross-talk—3 dB—input impedance—
90 degs.
penalty—penalty—penalty—penalty
cross-talk—penalty—3 dB—penalty—
90 degs.

Siemens from Munich are asking us to submit a new tender—I already know in advance that, on account of the delivery terms, we have no chance.

JANUARY 30

Difficult days.—Today we were told that in addition to the daily 10,000 forints' fine, the interest-free loan expired. From February 15th on, the interest in arrears in addition to the fines are due to be paid to the bankers. Funny, but this had a soothing effect on me, and now I've calmed down. The nervous system cannot be loaded infinitely. This was the last straw.

JANUARY 31, SUNDAY

This month is over; all we can say—some encouraging results have been attained but the final solution of the diplexer is still out of reach. Again I had to realize that the bases of our former fine achievements have vanished completely, and it was all the more miserable to feel that in the course of this wild-goose chase, indifference and lethargy took root in our spirits.

For years we worked with dedication and gave up nearly everthing to achieve results, and now we just don't care about penalties, deadlines and delays. We shrug our shoulders indifferently and even defeat does not hurt so much now. The development engineer is indifferent to delay. Even if a small part requiring not more than four or five days of production is needed, there is a fine only after 15 days and the rest of the time is spent on paper-work.

FEBRUARY 2

On the milling work, the flat line of the balun was heavily recessed. This hurts indeed.

FEBRUARY 5

The recessed diplexer line has to be patched up. (I'd really like to utter some strong oaths—and like a trooper!)

FEBRUARY 11

Today's result with the diplexer: minus (X).

My wish to include USW (ultra-short-wave) in the antenna at Tokaj seems to remain unfulfilled. There is no time even for the most necessary things, much less for the "fancy" ones. Misi Kopácsi is going to

tell me that in four to five days, but the fact is already taking shape.

FEBRUARY 13

I handed over the parts early in the morning in vain. The foreman misunderstood the instructions.

What I regret most is that it would not do any good at all to make a complaint about the two days thus lost. The production manager would just say "Tut-tut, take it easy."

FEBRUARY 14

This was a week of set-backs.

FEBRUARY 17

We are in mid-February and the further development of the television translator has only just been announced. How much work was wasted! Laci Falus has to fight alone. We can meet only for a few half-hour discussions. Now the transmitter, the antenna and the diplexer overshadow everything.

We are also fighting a psychological battle. For all that, we have to show that things are going to take the shape we want them to. We are advancing slowly, surmounting obstacles, conquering stupidity, inertia, fatigue and eliminating mistakes and difficulties.

FEBRUARY 23

Two minutes to midnight.

The diplexer is assembled after all, at least in a cold state.

We still don't dare rejoice. The lower test is stipulated for tomorrow. (I am completely exhausted and fed up.) Laci and Sanyi kept their fingers crossed, together with us, all through the night. Pali Szalay and Jóska have been joining in the fight for the diplexer for weeks.

FEBRUARY 24

One hour before the power test. I'm quite confident.

The power test was started in the afternoon. Three times snags appeared. Once in the video-stage and twice in the high-voltage circuits. But finally we could switch on the power. There was not enough room at the measuring stand. Everybody drew back, only Laci Varga, Pali and I remained there. Nothing happened—the contractors in two subsequent stages operated, the instrument pointers fluttered and then dead silence...

Laci was the first to inaugurate the diplexer: he slapped me on the back first and then I slapped him on the back.

Suddenly the suspense relaxed. Hell broke loose. People embraced each other. Greetings, congratulations followed.

Rupi was working in the shed. A chap asked him how the test had gone. "Everything is O. K. They are already slapping each other on the back," he reiterated.

Just before switching on, Pisti muttered to himself rather than to anyone else: "The third time in our life," and Pali exclaimed: "See, brother, we lived to see that!"

The whole day—lightning and thunder!

FEBRUARY 28, SUNDAY

I left for Vienna with the results of the measurements. The boss was already waiting for me. I had the jitters, just as in 1958, before the exhibition at Brussels. Shall we ever have another success like that? I'm not sure but just now an order from Siemens would be a more important economic result than the Grand Prix was for the ionosphere observing instruments.

A joint measure taken by the Ministry of Foreign Trade, the Ministry of Metallurgy and Machine Industry and the Central Planning Board eliminated the disproportion between the delivery terms offered by Marconi and by us. Now our chances are equal, though there are some factors which serve to their advantage and others to ours.

I do not fear any comparisons between the two makes. The disadvantages originating from the difficulties with the parts can be compensated for by the design. When an

executive of the Siemens Works was asked about the quality of the Hungarian transmitter, he declared: "You may safely buy the Hungarian transmitter, you can't get anything better." And this was a decisive argument. I'm quite confident. In a few days the matter will be decided.

March 5

We returned from Vienna—for the time being, with empty hands. Siemens promised to answer by March 8th. Until that time, we have to wait in suspense. The Siemens Works are acting as agents for our enterprise at the Austrian Radio Company. In the train I sat at the window, opposite the boss.

After an hour's travelling, I gave myself away:

"What do you think, shall we be successful?"

"We are sure to get the order," he said firmly.

"And what would people say at home if..." I asked, still troubled.

"They wouldn't say anything."

"Does it matter so much only to us whether we succeed with this equipment in international competition?"

"I don't think so."

That was all. The conversation was not resumed. Night had fallen in the meantime but I had not seen more of the scenery during the daylight than now, in the dark.

I'm afraid of a disappointment. It would be too far to fall if we don't succeed now. I'm very worried.

March 7

A day of suspense.—My dissertation progresses slowly.

It's a difficult life but there is no other solution.

The mathematical part has already been compiled. The machine computations must be carried out and then the final text can be put into shape.

If I want to work well in ten years' time, preparations have to be made now just as I had to think about the present ten years ago. No laxity can be permitted. The longer the radius, the more intense the centrifugal force.

Decision about the transmitter at Jauerling is due today in Vienna.

The testing of the transmitter goes on all through the night.

March 16

The order for the Jauerling transmitter was decided in our favour. We rang Siemens in Vienna and they also confirmed the decision.

It seems that the carrying through of the order can only be prevented here, at home. I got out my compasses and India ink and plotted a red circle to mark out our transmitter on the map on a hill near the bend of the Danube between Krems and Melk at an altitude of 970 metres.

The evening was spent planning the measurements—the transmitter should be adapted to the possibilities at Jauerling. Tomorrow we set to work on the job.

March 17

Planning up till late at night.

Both Jauerling and Tokaj! Even one of the two jobs would be quite enough and now both have to be tackled.

Ricsi, Laci, Laci Kékes, Pali, Boldi, Gerő, I wish I had two or three of each of them! Each designer works from 12 to 15 hours a day.

Lunacy?

March 19

At last, the first Jauerling drawings were passed on to the workshop. The boys all work wonderfully...

And I? In the evenings, I also do quite a lot of good work.

The daytime is all taken up by unproductive work, negotiations, discussions, conferences.

MARCH 20

Our enterprise was made the home of transmitter production in Hungary. That is from April, 1965 on—another of our hopes has reached fruition. The first television transmitter was completed in 1960.

MARCH 21, SUNDAY

No success at all today. I made calculations from morning till evening and in the evening it struck me that it was no good at all.

The first day of spring.

Having so many troubles, I could not make any progress in my dissertation. Very regretful. After 12 or 14 hours of work, it's difficult to concentrate on calculations. A bit of leisure would do me good.

Beware! The best is yet to come!

MARCH 23

Springtime! The sun shines. Everything is so bright and the kids, too, are full of the joys of spring. In the evening I was left quite alone. A quick wash, dressed at 4 p.m. and out they rushed. The tea kettle was left on the kitchen range. All this was quite nice and pleasant but did not promote work.

MARCH 24

A visit to Tokaj. Agreement reached on the terms. The temporary antenna will be completed by June 30th. The final structure should be up by September 30th. Experimental transmitting is due to start on June 30th.

Even the promise was made with difficulty but the execution...!

MARCH 25

Siemens und Halske cabled from Vienna:

WIR FREUEN UNS IHNEN
MITTEILEN ZU KÖNNEN...

Wien/R 1490 101/98/24 18 : 30.* Thus the deal is finalized, we beat Marconi.

* "We are glad to inform you..."

MARCH 26

A few words about Ricsi (Richárd Bernhardt). We have been working together for ten years. At that time, he was an apprentice technician and I a newly fledged engineer. During those ten years, the first peak appeared in his work by 1960. An indefatigable chap, shouldering all tasks, often bringing back only the right answers.

I'd got quite used to Pali Szalay, Laci Varga, Laci Falus and Gergely Szabó always offering their whole-hearted cooperation with all their knowledge but now, with Laci ill in bed, all details had to be handled by Ricsi and he again worked with the spirit shown in 1960. I rejoiced secretly in his work!

MARCH 27

On switching on for the first time, more than 7 kW output was obtained from the 20 kW output stage of Tokaj transmitter. (At Kabhegy we got no more than 1.5 kW at first.) The control desk was set up. The assembly of the diplexer was also started at Tokaj. The Tokaj transmitter is now a real spectacle. It grows and gets prettier every day.

MARCH 28, SUNDAY

When I grow old, I'll tell the driver to drive me to the places where I worked in my life—to Kékes, Salgótarján, Miskolc, Ózd, Tokaj, Kabhegy—the whole country will be full of memories.

MARCH 29

The 20 kW output stage had to be altered. The output exceeded the required value but the air-cooling proved to be insufficient and the input circuit was not properly tuned.

Tomorrow we continue here.

MARCH 30

20 kW was measured but only for seconds as the drive was too low, the input circuit was not tuned properly and the bandwidth

was also questionable. The transmission response was similar to that of the transmitter at Kabhegy.

Night-shift begins today (quite early), for the time being, at the control desk.

The Ministry of Metallurgy and Machine Industry requested me to submit my papers for my appointment as chief engineer. I spent the best ten years of my life in this position. I remembered how hopelessly my career began in room 211. I had unfortunate experiences. After having graduated from the University, I had to do clerical work in a factory.

MARCH 31

A beast of burden has nothing but the soil in front of him.

APRIL 1

From this day on, our factory is to be called The Factory of Transmitting Equipment.

APRIL 2

We had to dismount the cathode circuit of the 20 kW stage. "We couldn't tune it properly," Laci Varga said sheepishly. "Such is development work," I said, "things like that cannot be avoided"—though I had to think anxiously of June 30th. Tokaj has to transmit by that time!

Vendel marries. Évike gave birth to a girl.

APRIL 4

Today we didn't get anywhere with our work. I felt all day long as if I could have a good cry. A voice, a picture, an accent, a movement would have been enough to make me burst out crying.—How good it feels to bear this trouble in a reasonable way. I won't abandon myself to despair any more. I'm fully aware of the excessive strains carried for so many weeks and months. I had a good rest. I listened to music and poetry. Next job—negotiations in Vienna.

APRIL 5

Vienna. We drove immediately to Siemens und Halske, to make up the week's programme. On Friday we'll have a joint conference with the Austrian Radio people and with Siemens.

I felt thick when we arrived but I didn't tell the boss. He was troubled enough.

On our arrival we were informed about the struggle for the tender. The world-famous firms of Western Europe finalize their contracts at the cost of great sacrifices. Philips also submitted a tender, as we came to learn. Their price was higher than ours, Marconi's lower.

APRIL 9

Jauerling. We inspected the site where our transmitter would be mounted, close to a good Telefunken transmitter. The equipment will be controlled by a likable bearded engineer and capable operators are to be appointed.

The transmission room is bright, with a lovely view of the mountains, forests and the sky, as far as the eye can reach. We marked out the location of the equipment on the floor.

APRIL 10

Home again. Troubles and more troubles.

When I started for home, Boldi called after me, "Boss, I'm sure I can design this variant of the diplexer even nicer than the earlier ones. You just come and see on Monday!"

Work is going on even on Sunday. This is Boldi's fourth variant and he still works enthusiastically. That's what I call efficiency. The boss is to leave on July 31st. By that time we want to find a solution for both Tokaj and Jauerling. It should be a nice farewell party!

APRIL 13

This evening I'm as tired as a dog and maybe I'm also down-hearted but I've done everything I could.

APRIL 14

There's no rest, things are going on. I have to deal with 15 to 20 problems a day, some-

times in succession and sometimes with several simultaneously. And it will go on like this for a number of weeks. No striking results are to be expected in this period.

APRIL 15

They fined me! The first fine amounted to 1,800 forints and then a second decision was reached, fining me another 400. There's no mistake about it: in 15 minutes a penalty amounting to 2,200 forints was imposed upon me.

Reasons deduced: 400 forints for the delay connected with the diplexer and 1,800 because the solution of the master-oscillator was not presented on schedule.

The others in the laboratory were also fined.

A stupefying experience!

We are abused by people who just don't care how we work. The laboratory workers are embittered. Utter blindness! To punish people engaged in working on two huge projects, Tokaj and Jauerling!

APRIL 29

Tokaj transmitter.—The 20 kW output stage and the bandwidth were also satisfactory. The power test of the diplexer is due tomorrow.

We refused to take delivery of the radiators of the Kékes antenna system from the manufacturers. What do these people take us for in delivering an order of such a quality?

The dead-line fixed for Tokaj and Jauerling begins to harass me!

APRIL 30

Today we proceeded with the power test of the diplexer for Tokaj. It was simple engineering work. Neither Pali Szalay, nor I interfered with the tuning. The entire equipment was tuned by Laci Varga. This was the first diplexer he had tuned in his whole life. Nothing particular happened. The contactor snapped twice, the instruments deflected. The transmitting station did not notice at all that it was working for the diplexer.

None of us did any moaning.

MAY 2, SUNDAY

Boldi came to work on the diplexer for the Jauerling transmitter.

MAY 3

Questions about the Tokaj antenna were settled.

A new lesson: not only should the work be done well but documentation too must be thorough. This is an aspect of technical education. In this respect we are evidently behind the times. The audio-frequency transmitter was erected with a silver-plated finish. Just like a jewel! It looks wonderful!

Work on the ventilation for the Jauerling transmitter is still at a standstill. There is no satisfactory solution at hand and the sands of time are running out.

MAY 5

These days begin with the rising of the sun and pass away without leaving any trace at all. We work 16 hours a day.

And on the next day: But we'll make it!—Despair!—Cancerphobia!—Fright!—Give it all up!—and happiness again.

There's only one really wonderful thing in this world: LIVING!

MAY 6

I simply don't know what happened today. We now feel what the difference is between work and drudgery. The penalty imposed on me on April 15th was answered by my director with a reward of 1,000 forints.

MAY 8

Got to knock off. It's 6 p.m. I only began work today but am unable to complete it. I'd rather come in tomorrow as well.

MAY 9, SUNDAY

I'm working. I'm alone in the plant. Silence is all about me. I'm trying to fathom out the weeks to come.

I can't figure out what's happening to me. Whatever questions or troubles crop up in work, during the day, I'm quite determined and take all the decisions as usual. I always break down when silence descends upon my surroundings, when I am left alone.

The mere presence of others is helpful. I just go all to pieces when I'm alone.

MAY 10

Again in Vienna. Subject: discussions on the air-cooling at Jauerling—spare parts and materials, single-sideband demodulator, on the circuit schemes and working plans of the translator. It would be nice if the Austrians ordered this from us too. The development work already completed is a good preparation for this task.

Dinner at Oberswald's restaurant. Music, everyone in fine fettle, funny stories and... Siemens Works has already abandoned the development of an equipment which is still in the phase of development with us. Astounding. I knew that one day I would have to stumble upon this. Wonderful vistas of technical development, work here and at home—the old tune, considered by our competitors, as they tell me quite frankly outworn and obsolete. They did not want to hurt me, it just came out when talking... Their working group engaged in the type of work I'm doing at home is dealing only with the new idea. And how much trouble we still have with this old development work!

My neighbour noticed that I was no longer paying attention. "I believe, we troubled you," he told me.

"No, no, that's not the point." (If I could stay here now...! It was the first time that I had heard of an invention I had not read about before. At home it was not published... A novel solution of intercontinental transmission... I was disturbed.)

MAY 15

Home. Other Austrian experts came to examine the transmitter once again. These people were also satisfied!—This apparently straight path leading to the goal makes me nervous since there are often unpredictable difficulties in the background.

A number of difficulties have to be dealt with. Everybody who came to see me either wanted me to do something for him, or complained, or whispered some information into my ear. I took all this with perfect indifference, just like a try-your-strength machine at a fun-fair.

The Ganz-Mávag Works broke off the contract for the erection work at Tokaj. The planning work of the building is at a standstill. A series of spurious resonances occurred at Jauerling. The transmitter assembled fails to supply any trace of output. How can one remedy the scarcity of instruments? The dead-line for the transmitter at Tokaj approaches threateningly, delays expected.—Menacing shortage of machine capacity...

We have already tried to convince the lathe operators but they won't hear of two-shift work.

MAY 17

In the morning somebody stopped me at the gate. "It is impossible to get the material you wish. What can be substituted for it?"

And another fellow came, and another one, relentlessly.

When Marika submitted the mail that had piled up during the past week I thought I'd fall from my chair.

Nothing I've done today during 14 hours of work is worth mentioning. I just do my utmost. If it can't be done easily, it must be done by will-power alone. The finished work does not indicate whether you have done it effortlessly or only after much struggling. I remember now the posters seen in the Austrian factories: *Erfolg entscheidet*—Success decides. *Nur Erfolge sprechen*—Nothing but success is important!

MAY 21

I've been considering for weeks whether I should continue this diary. I won't put

down anything until I regain my equilibrium. I'm tired. I'm at the end of my tether. I'm hardly able to fulfil my daily duties. It occurred and not once, that I worked 20 hours. I can't study. I've no time, nor strength for anything that's nice in life. I'll draw a line across my life to forget what I don't want to remember. Three nights long I was working even in my dreams. I can't stop. I dreamt that we didn't finish the work by the dead-line, calculations yielded poor results, cables broke. I drip with sweat at night.

May 24

Tokaj transmitter ready for the measurements in the workshop; preparations for the assembly work at Tokaj have just begun.

May 30, Sunday

The week closed with a new upset: the distributor to the temporary antenna at Tokaj was kicked about in the office though it was an experimental object.

By May 6th the construction was completed, then handed over to the department of technology on the 8th and there the people just gaped at it for two weeks.

We had two months for the whole work and the first drawing arrived at the workshop just yesterday!

Nothing new can happen to me any more!

May 31

About István Kucsera or as we call him, Pisti! His work is really worth mentioning. We always took it for granted that he was an efficient worker but his activities during these last few days have been quite extraordinary, even for him. In organizing work connected with the assembly, finishing, mounting and erection at the site and with transportation he did a wonderful job.

Such days as we are having now make gifted people really grand!

Now Pisti has proved to surpass all of us!

June 3

This evening Laci Varga knocked off at 6.40 p.m. Ever since I have known him, he has never walked out on us in the midst of such an important job. He was quite broken and exhausted. Tomorrow everything is going to turn out all right, only let's stick it out now!

June 11

Tokaj transmitter completed!

June 13

It's Sunday. The transmitter is packed. Sanyi is already assembling the equipment for Jauerling. Boldi is in, working. Laci Varga had to return home to bury his grandfather. Pali is measuring the diplexer to the Jauerling transmitter. Ricsi is having a day off to celebrate his wife's name-day. Laci Kékes is in full action out in the country, at least he promised to go there.

June 16

A few remarks on technology. The parts of the diplexers to be delivered to Jauerling and Tokaj have already begun to go rusty. We had them chromium-plated again and, as a result, the threads had to be cut once more, sliding surfaces repolished and at the moment we have rough surfaces on the elements which are again liable to corrosion.

For want of expert knowledge and means, hit-or-miss actions characterize our technology. Just before delivery, the whole assembly had to be dismounted, checked and repaired.

June 17

A shift lasting 41 hours! In the morning we began with the tuning of the diplexer for Jauerling. The work lasted the whole day and night and also throughout the next day up to the late evening hours.

Tonight I reflected upon my part in this work. Pali Szalay is an old hand at his job, Laci Varga too. Pista Muskovics was now initiated. Why do I have to work at night?

It was Ricsi who answered the main point of this question. His statement went something like this: Under the present circumstances, if a leader wishes to turn out something that's nicer, better or superior than the national norm, his command is not "forward" but "follow me!" This, of course, is not valid for all cases but it definitely applies to our work.

JUNE 21

Morning. The acceptance test of the Jauerling transmitter is due to begin today. The transmitter is ready. We still have a few problems of lesser importance but these will not hinder the acceptance.

I'd like to be three days older!

Afternoon—The buyer's representatives have just arrived at Budapest East Station. We drove them to their hotel, took them out for a walk and to the Gerbeaud coffeehouse. I rushed back to the factory. My thoughts were all concentrated on the transmitter. Work was finished half an hour before midnight.

JUNE 22–23

40 hours fight against defeat!

At 9 o'clock:

Transmission begins.

At 10 o'clock:

Picture transmitter heating up, pulse-transmission becomes inoperative. Retuning.

At 11 o'clock:

Picture transmitter again detuned. High spirits are over, initial confidence lost. The heat is terrific, the ventilator cannot cool the transmitter efficiently.

At 13 o'clock:

Measurements interrupted. Lunch-time.

At 15 o'clock:

Switching on again—everything tunes off. The testing had to be interrupted as we all had to go to Elektroimpex.

At 15.30:

In the office of Elektroimpex, the Austrians declared that their first impression had been excellent, the second, however, not so at all. Anger and tears bottled up. Politely masked statements, unexpressed views. After five years, the danger of defeat threatened me again. (These few minutes confirmed the perfect storing ability of the human nervous system. I encountered the first great danger of defeat in 1960, at Kékes. Today I felt the same funny taste in my mouth. Heat rushed to my head and limbs, my system sensed the same shock as in 1960.)

I submitted the real, effective technical arguments in a collected way but I felt there was no conviction in my words.

The conference terminated in this sultry atmosphere. I tried to escape our clients as soon as possible to return to the factory.

At 18 o'clock:

It was decided to get some more air for the tests. The wall in front of the suction ventilator was broken down and the old ventilator was also connected up. All this was done rather by instinct than by reasoning.

At 19 o'clock:

There's sufficient air at our disposal. We begin putting right the faults.—Ricsi and Laci work on the picture transmitter, Tóni and I at the sound transmitter. Palika, Csiriz and Sanyi rush everywhere they are needed.

At 21 o'clock:

Trouble in the sound transmitter located!

At 22 o'clock:

No, no, a blunder!

At 22.30:

Trouble located once more.

At 23 o'clock:

Missed again! The trouble comes and disappears. A horrible night! Do I have to expect refusal? I drank three pints of raspberry juice in an hour and a half. I ought to go

to bed but I simply could not take my eyes off the instruments. I took my decision. I'm going to solve this or... I had hardly started pondering over this before I began to loathe myself. There was but a single possibility: the problem simply had to be solved. It was maddening—we could search for the trouble for not more than a few minutes and then it simply vanished. I sent Tóni to the laboratory to have some rest. He put down his glasses, his head dumped forward on to the table and he fell asleep at once.

From 1 a.m. to 3 a.m. the sound transmitter performed marvellously, without any intervention at all. I won't give up!—The transmitter failed again and then improved.

At 5 o'clock:

We began all over again. Improved.

At 6.15:

Down again. My heart sank. For two years we had worked for what we were about to lose. We had just one hour and forty minutes till the buyer's people arrive. No solution could be found during that time.

8 o'clock:

We put back the FM modulator in its place, just as it was, we couldn't repair it. We gave up. In the bottom of the bag, we heated it up once again to the temperature where the trouble occurred, and—we succeeded! The trouble did not occur any more during the whole acceptance test. What was that? Mere luck? Chance? Incomprehensible.

Forty hours passed: the test is completed.

JUNE 26

We had a sweltering heat today! I was streaming with perspiration all day. Was it heat or exhaustion?

This rush alienates me from everybody. I didn't bring home father's medicine. I haven't seen him for at least six or seven weeks. All my shoes are worn away, I haven't more than one pair left. I won't describe all the troubles of my private life during these harassed months.

JUNE 27, SUNDAY

Tokaj. The usual view in the transmission room. People are repairing improper connections, omissions. All units are alive individually but not as a whole.

It was a pleasure to see this huge confusion full of promise.

JUNE 29

The testing was due to begin in the morning; however, when we started to measure the antenna, I nearly fainted.

Disaster! We rushed at once to the top of the tower. A stunning sight! The 40/16 cable head was full of water. The terminal was fitted improperly; they had failed to tighten it (was it Sanyi or Pista?).—The distributor outlets protruded by 2.5 millimetres.—At the panel, it was impossible to pull up the union.—The input of the balun slid to and fro; it got displaced angularly.

We had to dismantle the whole antenna system. We had to begin all over again. I thought I'd lose my reason. To carry out repair work at the top of the tower!!! Tools had to be made to fit the terminal on the 40/16 cable and mounting had to be carried out while suspended from the tower, in the air! (Sanyi suffers from fear of heights. I had to take him up the tower in spite of all arguments. Pisti rang me from Budapest and implored me not to do that. But I simply had to.) In the evening, after the broadcast transmission, the first test at Tokaj was due. My heart was in my mouth. We started our tape recorder and finished the transmission after midnight in 5/4 rhythm.

After having switched on, Nyíregyháza, Miskolc, Tokaj, Emőd, Debrecen, Záhony* reported one after the other on the phone. The transmitter's life had been detected!

When I was driven home, I fell asleep at the first bend of the road.

JUNE 30

Assembly and erection at Tokaj completed. Transmission is due to begin today.

* Towns in Hungary.

In the morning, the transmitter was fully assembled. The ventilator failed to perform perfectly. Everybody rushed and scrambled about the ventilator. By noon it had to be ready.

At 11 o'clock:

An outrageous carelessness! We opened up the ventilator bearing: they omitted to drill out the lubrication hole! There was no grease inlet to the sliding surface! We had just one hour and fifty minutes before the transmitter had to be switched on. I was filled with anguish, fear gripped my heart.

Day is beginning to break—we got over it.

The History of June 30

17.00 — Interval signal — 17.06 Kodály: Kállai duet — 17.15 to 18.19 — Dance-music (monoscope transmission) and then, up to 22.41 Television broadcasting.

We succeeded in transmitting a perfect picture of good quality.

That was the boss' farewell. A nice farewell party. That was what we wanted.

JULY 1

I've been appointed chief engineer.

JULY 10

They refused to grant the boss a passport for a journey to Austria. Why? The Deputy Minister refused to sign his application. We rushed from pillar to post. Either we were not received at all or thrown out on our necks. What's going to happen to the Austrian deal?

One official said: "I won't pick a quarrel with the Deputy Minister." The other one: "I'm sorry I can't help you, from tomorrow on I'm on leave." They all failed to understand the urgency of the matter or to feel any responsibility at all.

And the deal hangs by a single thread in this indifferent atmosphere.

JULY 13

I too had to stay at home as I was not granted the visa today.

JULY 14

At 5 p.m. I received my passport. Rushing to Budapest South Station.

JULY 24

The transmitter for Jauerling is all packed up in cases. The test room is empty. Black letters on the new wooden cases: *NICHT STÜRZEN! VORSICHT! HIER ÖFFNEN!* KREMS-JAUERLING!*

JULY 29

Assembly at site in Jauerling began.

AUGUST 11

Troubles with the antenna at Tokaj. The distributor was machined defectively, palm-sized rusty patches appeared on the antenna elements.

AUGUST 12

The September 30th dead-line for the antenna at Tokaj is entirely out of the question. The antenna has to be zinc-plated once again. Defective spots in the zinc-coat were patched up with silver paint. And they even dared to put forward explanations!

Everything has to be started up again!

AUGUST 13

More unpleasant surprises, also with internal parts.

AUGUST 16

Phone message from Vienna: I am expected to go there. No passport.

AUGUST 17

Vienna rang me again. I still don't know anything.

AUGUST 19

At last I could start for Jauerling. The passport was handed over again in the evening.

* NO TILTING!—TAKE CARE!—OPEN HERE!

AUGUST 21

Assembly work on the transmitter at Jauerling has been going on since the beginning of the month. The transmitter has to be handed over within a few days.

Everything is in utter confusion. There's no night and day any more. The only fixed points in time are the meals. (From here on up to the August 31st, the diary was completed from my memories.)

We started with the suppression of the high-frequency noise which occurred here and the work lasted three days.

The need to succeed at any price seized us with fear. We masked our utter confusion by swearing, often without any reason at all. When we calmed down for a few minutes, we were stupefied by our behaviour. In the small hours of the morning, we had to pile up tables to crawl into the hotel. We did not fit in at all with the holidaymakers and the other guests in the hotel.

AUGUST 23

Acceptance testing at site began. The buyer's representative was Herr Lenitz, chief engineer. Work was begun at the diplexer. The unit had a nice appearance. With the sound transmitter too, everything was O. K. Herr Lenitz, however, with his new measuring method, measured our value of 0.2 as 1.8. Here the measuring was stopped. We had a nice programme for the evening again.

On account of our negligence at home, this evening had to be spent working.

AUGUST 24

I had already done work a few times before at fever pitch but never as I did now. Stakes were as high now as at Kékes and in Moscow, 1960. I gave a jump whenever somebody asked me a question or when something fell on the floor and I could not concentrate on the foreign language. Only the sentences spoken by the quality control man came home.

AUGUST 25

Today the acceptance tests on the picture transmitter began. At 10 p.m. we went to sleep, we could not go on working any more. Tomorrow we'll put our shoulder to the wheel and make a great effort.

AUGUST 26

At 14.54 transmission from Jauerling started!

At night, while we had dinner the mains voltage suddenly rose, the oscilloscope broke down, the transformer of the audio-monitor burned off. When we returned, we were confronted by a view of devastation. We almost thought that our troubles were over when all this fell on us.

We again worked into the small hours—the night was very short—but we succeeded in tidying everything up by the morning.

AUGUST 27

The transmitter was taken over.

AUGUST 30

Inauguration. Celebration, congratulation and what's more, the real success, our hosts began to talk about the next order.

This month concluded the first period of a half year's unremitting effort. The transmitter succeeded, was taken over and we earned the Austrians' appreciation.

A new path, a new possibility is already wide open—the only thing required now is that the transmitter should show stable performace and, of course, the technical level of our equipment must be improved constantly.—We are still a bit worried.

This Jauerling transmitter—our first transmitter operating in foreign parts—is not more than a first step. On the technical level there are a lot of deficiencies. Telefunken's USW transmitter, the new television transmitter by Siemens are warnings: up-to-date design, ingeniousness, reliability!

SEPTEMBER 1

Home again. Ricsi and Laci left for holidays. Both were extremely exhausted. I'm here only out of sheer spite.

The antenna at Tokaj still fails to function. News from Tokaj: the diplexer is heat-sensitive.

SEPTEMBER 2

The antenna for Tokaj is to be zinc-plated on Monday.

SEPTEMBER 6

A big zero. That was today's result.

SEPTEMBER 7

No progress with the antenna. Troubles with zinc-plating still persist.

SEPTEMBER 8

In Tokaj. Evening: the measuring results are contradictory.

I run short of ideas. Perhaps tomorrow. It was a nice, hard-working day. How nice it was to struggle the whole day with the material, heat, voltage and output!

SEPTEMBER 11

The Budapest factory proposed to stop and postpone the zinc-plating. The Tokaj antenna is again a hopeless proposition.

SEPTEMBER 13

Antenna—Antenna—Antenna. The factory is still putting off the work.—New hopes. Somebody told us there is a small plating at Szekszárd. Perhaps we could ask them to do the work instead of those Budapest chaps!

SEPTEMBER 15

It was again confirmed: the Budapest factory could not start with the zinc-plating before October. No antenna for Tokaj even by October 31st.

SEPTEMBER 16

Nobody can manage these people in the plating-works. Others also tried to intervene. What's going on there?

SEPTEMBER 17

However absurd it is: the elements of the antenna system for Kékes that were spoilt in the Budapest factory, are to be repaired in Szekszárd. These elements as a matter of fact were also plated improperly.

At one time, good plating work was done even by the Budapest factory—*for extra bonuses.* (See the antennae for Kabhegy, Miskolc, Ózd, Salgótarján.)

SEPTEMBER 22

The antenna for Tokaj is a defeat for technology and design work. Our contribution to the waste produced by the Budapest factory includes the following: four errors in the design of the balun—three faults of a technological character in the balun—a number of errors in the sizes—the balun cannot be fixed at its place; the bores are in the webs of the double-tee and angle-sections.

Horrible!

SEPTEMBER 23

A completely worthless day.

SEPTEMBER 24

Chief engineer or constructor?—I put this question everyday to myself.

It pains me to watch from afar how the fellows struggle away in the laboratory and I can hardly tear myself away during the daytime to help them. I am overwhelmed by the old, tedious organizational troubles, and staff problems and can assist them only after the normal working hours.

The lesson I have learnt up till now while holding the chief engineer's position: if I abandon the development work, I fail as chief engineer.

SEPTEMBER 29

The specimen was zinc-plated perfectly by the Szekszárd people. An honest piece of work. These chaps from Szekszárd are no profiteers. As for those working in Budapest, let *them* decide that.

Since September 9th there has been no transmission from Tokaj. We still cannot get on with the diplexer. Inquiries and claims by mail rush in daily.

SEPTEMBER 30

At last the diplexer at Tokaj works!

The elements of the antenna for Tokaj are too big for the plating bath in the Szekszárd factory. What can we do now?

Evening: news from Budapest—zinc-plating resumed in the Budapest factory. At last!

OCTOBER 1

The diplexer was again mounted in place at Tokaj. (This work was the installation of Pisti Mosonyi, the new technician.)

We arrived in the evening. We were already awaited impatiently by the rest of the fellows. First we were surrounded by about 15 men and later on, when the spectacular work was over, they slowly cleared out from the transmission room. Only members of our team remained there.

The work was then divided: Laci Kékes, Kazi, Csiriz and the car driver were to go to sleep. Laci Varga, Sanyi, Pisti Mosonyi and I had to be on duty till the morning and then the others were to take over. (What naivety!)

At 1 a.m. it turned out that we were unable to tune out the stray capacity of the new series condenser. We had to modify the anti-resonant circuit. Exasperated, I already wanted to take the filter back again to the factory when Laci Varga bucked me up. "Let's try at least, there's no telling what can happen, at least no harm will be done." It was past 3 a.m. when it turned out that machining was required. We had no cutting machines there! Sanyi Nagy, our tool-maker, disappeared for a few minutes and, coming back, reported happily that he knew about a machine in the next town, Nyíregyháza. Let's pack up and rush there!

This Sanyi, a grand fellow! He pulled the driver out of his bed and at 3.15 a.m. they were on their way, along the meandering road to Nyíregyháza. We just planked ourselves down and sooner or later each of us dropped off to sleep, utterly exhausted.

It was already morning when Sanyi returned. With a tired face and hollow eyes but in a loud voice and happily he told us about the obsolete lathe they had given him in Nyíregyháza and made jokes, laughing about the primitive method he had used in machining the waveguide. Then he slumped into an easy-chair and fell asleep.

By noon everything was wonderful, except for the image interference that was terrible, 26 dB. I alone insisted on beginning it all over again. We still had four hours until the transmission. Perhaps we could still do something. Even Ricsi and Laci Varga tried to dissuade me.

The instruments were switched on and all gave satisfactory signs. We measured again and again, switched on and off and eventually we realized that the equipment was perfect and it was the measuring that was faulty.

The transmitter at Tokaj was finalized. The boys had a good bath, changed and we all started home tired in a good mood. After all, we had succeeded.

Laci Varga accompanied me. We went down to the river, to the Tisza for lunch. A fishing-boat drifted down the river. We just kept silent, like husband and wife after many years of married life.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

ARION

A more appropriate way of saluting the International Poetry Days of Budapest* could hardly be found than the publication of the collection bearing the symbolic title of *Arion*, a title suggestive of the power and international character of poetry. In this collection, or almanac**, as it is called, a number of poets and translators have written on the problems—sometimes apparently insoluble—of literary translation, while at the same time affirming their belief in the need for such work and some of their poems are published here. They include the French Roger Caillois, Guillevic, Alain Bosquet, Jean Rousselot and Charles Dobzynski, the Belgian Robert Goffin, the Russian Martinov, the Italians Quasimodo and Gianni Toti, the Spaniard José Luis Cano, the German Enzensberger, the Slovak Jan Smrek, the Rumanian Veronica Porumbacu, the Polish Artur Miedzyrzecki, the Greek Yannis Ritsos, the American Keith Botsford and a number of Hungarian poets.

One of the underlying assumptions of the conference was that translation amounts to a form of critical assessment. Not, of course, the kind undertaken by Brunetière or Arnold, but the criticism of Coleridge or Eliot. Eliot somewhere ranges the question "what is poetry?" under the category of criticism, a statement of some importance in this context. Although speakers at the International Poetry Days stressed the need for meticulous accuracy, it was admitted—mainly by the French group—how often translations fell short of this requirement. It was generally felt that if some sort of compromise was unavoidable then the incidental or secondary elements of the poem, in the first place rhythm and rhyme, should be foregone. T. S. Eliot has warned us that each new work means a shift in world literature, and what he says corroborates this view of translating priorities. After the poetic revolution represented by Apollinaire, Cendrars, Pound, Eliot, Reverdy and Éluard, Sainte-Beuve's declaration of his love for rhyme, the theory and practice of Banville, or Verlaine's "*de la musique avant toute chose*" appear outworn and out of date. "We can see," wrote Eliot, in a harsh criticism of Symons, "that Mr. Symons, trained in the verbal school of Swinburne, is simply anxious to get a nice sounding phrase: we infer that all that he found in Baudelaire was a nice sounding phrase. But Baudelaire was not a disciple of Swinburne: for Baudelaire every word counts." This criticism dealt a decisive blow to the poetic theories of the Romantics and Symbolists, a blow which up to the present has seemed irreversible, though it may be that the years to come will prove exactly the

* See The N.H.Q., No. 23.

** Arion, An International Poetry Almanac, Editor: György Somlyó, Corvina, Budapest, 1966, pp. 233.

opposite. Yet even Eliot's views on Baudelaire changed: his approach was first influenced by Dante, then by Goethe. Such changes of approach also point to the cardinal problem of translation: what we consider the substance of a poem, that which must be rendered by the translator, not only changes with time, but varies with the individual poet, even with his poetical experience.

There is a long tradition of translation of poetry—centuries-old—in Hungary. Hungarians have consequently a great deal of experience to back them in their belief that translation is very much a question of critical interpretation. In the course of time an increasing number of even the most outstanding translations become obsolete. Yet it is not the language, nor the poetic technique nor atmosphere that is obsolete; it is our outlook which has changed. A single example. In 1921, on the centenary of Baudelaire's birth, *Les Fleurs du Mal* was published in Hungary in the translations of Mihály Babits, Árpád Tóth and Lőrinc Szabó. The first two were leading representatives of the first generation of *Nyugat*, a literary review which led the reform movement in Hungarian literature in the twentieth century. The third, Lőrinc Szabó, aged twenty-one at that time, was already recognized as an important figure of the succeeding generation. Their translations are a series of brilliant poems, and are still fascinating. But if we turn back to the original, bearing in mind both the opinions expressed by Valéry, Apollinaire, Soupault, Eliot or Butor, and the poetic practice of the last fifty years, both in Hungary and abroad, most of all that of Lőrinc Szabó, then those translations impress us as something out of date, or, at the least, as something different from Baudelaire himself. Montaigne said that the good reader will discover in the book he reads values which the author never suspected. We should not forget it. The reader always projects himself into the poems he reads, and this goes for translators too. If Guillevic, one of the major post-surrealist French poets, considers that rhyme is the element most easily relinquished in a poem, he is probably guided by the experience garnered from his own poetry: the paradoxical experience that his non-rhyming poems are much more difficult, constructed more strictly, than his sonnets. Quasimodo told us that in his interpretations of classical Greek poetry he used the poetical language of his own mature work, and that his own poetry had not been enriched by anything new springing from these translations.

This attitude is quite common nowadays, and it is very much to be regretted—on grounds of contrast—that one of the most important statements on Hungarian literary translation, Babits's introductory essay to his lesser translations (*Pávatollak* "Peacock Feathers," 1920) was not included in the collection of *Arion*. It is true that we are here concerned with a conference of living poets: László Kardos, László Kálnoky and Gábor Devecseri have a fine record of some score years or more as eminent translators, and Zsuzsa Rab joined their ranks in recent years. In the last fifty years, when the rich originality of Hungarian poetry no longer needed external inspiration, translation became a means of giving rather than taking, of assimilating rather than discovering. And yet we cannot help regretting the omission of Babits's essay, which might have demonstrated the changes that have occurred in attitudes to translation, and might have thrown better light on the present situation.

We want to quote a characteristic passage of his introduction, but first we want to say a few words about Babits. There is no point in trying to assess his achievements in translation and poetry here; failing the poems themselves, the reader can only take my word for it. Babits (1887–1941) begun his career as a disciple of Swinburne, and, while remaining faithful to the author of "Atalanta" throughout his life, none the less was the first to call the attention of his contemporaries to T. S. Eliot. He translated Shelley, whom he described in his "History of

European Literature" as one of the supreme giants of poetry, yet in the same work he discussed the poetry of John Donne with quite as great an enthusiasm. While he considered Coleridge's "Literaria Biographia" the major work of criticism of the nineteenth century, he also published a volume of translations of Oscar Wilde's poems. Babits translated "Oedipus," the "Divine Comedy," and Goethe's "Iphigenia" into Hungarian, as well as "The Tempest," which he did during the First World War, as a form of expressing his innermost feelings in time of war. Perhaps these examples, chosen at random, give an indication of his wide-ranging responsiveness and unquenchable interest. His characteristics as a poet were of the same order: he was responsive, and eternally interested; always eager to learn, a restless, modern classic.

Here is the passage from his introduction to "Peacock Feathers": "This is my latest volume of poetry," he wrote. "All foreign poems. Yet it is mine, altogether a Babits book, nothing else. It does not 'represent' anything, not any 'foreign poetry'. Perhaps it represents my own apprentice years, since the bulk of it was done then.

"Part of it I call translations only because I do not dare to call it original poetry. When I translated Dante or Shakespeare, I tried to meet all the requirements of literary translation. But these I did for myself. I worked out my apprenticeship on them. I experimented, wondering how this tone or the other would sound in Hungarian, what sort of a poem would it make in Hungarian?"

Those attending the International Poetry Days unanimously voted against pedantically accurate translation, claiming the right of poetic licence, and their Hungarian colleagues completely agreed with them.

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Arion also contains poems by Hungarian poets translated into foreign languages, and foreign poems translated into Hungarian. In so far as the former is concerned, it gives an account of the process of how Hungarian poetry came to be known abroad, an achievement of the past ten years. I do not feel qualified to judge the translations, I think it would be presumptuous to try to imagine how the English or French reader reacts to these poems, even though English and French poets have been among my daily reading for some fifteen years or more.

There can, of course, be no original or primary sensation for me as far as French translations of Hungarian verse are concerned, for I cannot help murmuring the Hungarian original to myself while I read the French version: to be able to judge them with some measure of authority, I should have to forget my mother tongue for a while, or at least the language of Attila József. On a number of occasions I have read Guillevic's translation of a nineteenth-century Hungarian ballad by János Arany—not included in this collection—before Hungarian audiences who did not know French. In the majority of cases, the listeners recognized it. Guillevic therefore, as can be seen, respects rhyme and rhythm whenever he considers it essential to the poem, but in other cases both he and his colleagues ignore them, basing their rejection on a series of theoretical arguments.

I believe that foreign interpretations of a national literature are of capital importance in adding to the body of literary self-knowledge. As, for instance, Taine's "History of English Literature," Henry James's essays on French writers, Stefan George on Baudelaire, or Eliot's translations of Saint-John Perse. For literatures like the Hungarian, which have met with hardly any response throughout their history, foreign translations are of vital importance. Isolation can easily lead to two different, but equally harmful attitudes. On the one hand, that our national literature is unimportant and provincial, on the other, as a sort of compensation for wounded national pride, that Hungarian poetry is the best in Europe. As far as I can

judge by what I have read, it seems that the English, French, Spanish, Italian, Soviet and Czech poets are also entitled to consider themselves first, or have been considered so, and I suspect, somewhat vaguely, that the same applies to German, Polish and Swedish poetry. I cannot but think this sort of competitiveness indicates a certain narrow-mindedness; the translations are evidence of something much more to the point. Obviously, the whole association of ideas latent in any mother tongue is bound to get lost in translation. I repeat, that though I cannot tell what these foreign versions of Hungarian verse published in *Arion* convey to the foreign reader—I know that, stripped as they are of the associations and undertones which affect a Hungarian ear, they still impress me, in their French or English versions, as poetry. (I have even less authority for judging the German, Russian and particularly the Spanish translations.) The principal merit of *Arion* is that these poems remain poetry, not just a form of information or documentation.

Some of us here like to complain of the small number of foreign translations of Hungarian verse. I think such complaints are not quite justified. What we lack is not just translations, but inspired translations. The translation of one poem by a good poet is preferable, I am sure, to the unpoetical, poor translations of some fifteen or more, although the history of such translations from Hungarian seem to indicate that even poor translations may get a poet noticed in a foreign country. On occasion—and that is still more important—it happens that even the translation of a very few poems may save a poet from oblivion. I was astonished to read that José Luis Cano, who as a young man translated Rupert Brooke into Spanish, referred to him later as a forgotten poet. Brooke was translated into Hungarian by Lőrinc Szabó; Antal Szerb, a Hungarian essayist killed by the fascists, included it in his fine anthology of world poetry called "A Hundred Poems." As a result, Brooke entered into and became an organic part of Hungarian literary culture.

To go back: if translation is to be considered a kind of interpretation, a criticism, what, then, is the touchstone of a good translation? Value is obviously a historical category, yet with all due reservation, I think I would say that a good translation is one which impresses the reader as poetry. An accomplished—ideal—translation, however, should make us realize that what we are reading is an interpretation, not an original poem. On the other hand, what kind of poetry *will* impress the reader as poetry?

We find it reassuring that most of the Hungarian poems included in it still read as poems, even in their foreign versions. The editor of the almanac, György Somlyó, excellent poet and translator himself, one of the first to translate and popularize a great many contemporary classics of world literature, and—together with Gábor Garai—inspired organizer of the conference, was trying to make it as complete as possible as far as living Hungarian poets were concerned, and naturally availed himself of existing translations. None the less three or four prominent poets were omitted, which somewhat impairs the value of the volume.

The collection—or almanac, also contains a number of foreign poems translated into Hungarian. Guillevic's *Adossé* as rendered by Ágnes Nemes Nagy belongs, I feel, in the first rank of Hungarian translation, with its uncanny accuracy and expressiveness, except I must add, for a few lines which are scarcely comprehensible, perhaps as a result of her passion for complete accuracy. The poems by Quasimodo, Vosnesensky, Enzensberger, Kostra, Levintansky, Vasco Popa, and Guillevic also read as poetry in their Hungarian dress.

The almanac is designed with a foreword by the publisher, followed by an essay by Gyula Illyés, discussing the tendency which he finds a common characteristic of modern poetry—the juxtaposition of despair and its conquest. Pál E. Fehér discusses the effect of Attila József abroad, András Sándor writes on foreign criticism and assessment of

Hungarian poetry, and György Rónay deals with the history of Hungarian literary translation.

It is much to be hoped that this occasional publication will develop into something appearing regularly. If so, some of its technical imperfections ought to be put right. It is difficult to survey it as a whole in its present form. In the absence of an index, it is hard to discover and sum up the various references to any given poet. Guillevic's name, for instance, appears in eight different places, as a participant in the conference, as a French translator of Ady in an article of the late László Gara, as a translator of other poems, and as a French poet translated into Hungarian. Another flaw: it is not quite clear why some of the prose is given sometimes in one, sometimes in several languages, or why certain translations are accompanied by the original poems, and others not. And, finally, may we hope that the much to be desired next issue of *Arion* will be uniform or at least consistent in its choice of type, and that the nice cover design will be less Picasso-inspired...

LÁSZLÓ FERENCZI

ETHNOGRAPHY AND FOLK POETRY

The new or revised books of Gyula Ortutay give a good picture of Hungarian folklore and Hungarian scholarship on the subject.* Hungarian folk culture is complex, and involves a large number of problems created by the coexistence of different peoples in Eastern and Central Europe. Many different kinds of peoples, languages, religions and types of society have coexisted in this part of the world, sometimes peacefully and sometimes locked in the conflicts inspired by the politics of the Great Powers, but always interacting on one another and advancing at a more or less uniform rate of progress. Social progress and national independence came late to these parts of Europe, and together. And in these parts men of letters, like Gyula Ortutay, feel themselves called upon to accept a greater sense of responsibility. "The true research worker," he writes, "...does not simply want to extend his knowledge; he regards it as a creative and modifying factor through which to give greater breadth and authenticity to his own narrower home and the wider world. If men of letters have a responsibility, this is the essence of their responsibility."

The two works of his now published show that he has accepted this responsibility from the beginning. That is one of the reasons why his works are constantly republished, and why they rarely need revising, except to incorporate the results of recent scholarship. And this despite the fact that some of the essays were originally written some ten or twenty years ago.

Gyula Ortutay is not only an ethnographer; he was once Minister of Education. Perhaps that is why he is so successful in popularizing scholarly work—he is serious about it. In the introduction to the first edition of *A Short Hungarian Ethnography* he wrote: "Books of popularization somehow seem to suggest that the writer looks down upon his readers... Perhaps the writer looks down upon his readers...

* Ortutay, Gyula: *Kis magyar néprajz* (A Short Hungarian Ethnography) 4th revised edition, Budapest, 1966, 192 pp. *Halhatatlan népköltészet* (Immortal Folk Poetry) *Ethnographic Sketches*. Budapest, 1966, 511 pp.

Perhaps the most correct method is to discuss, in all seriousness, the problems that arise."

Ortutay makes no attempt to avoid any of the problems raised by recent Hungarian history and recent developments in the life of the Hungarian people. In his *Immortal Folk Poetry*, which is in fact a history of ethnography, he writes colourfully and sympathetically about the outstanding figures of Hungarian ethnography of the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, accurately sketching the social background of the times, comparing and contrasting them with the development of ethnographers in other countries. His gallery of portraits is brought up to present times, and contains many references to neighbouring countries and even more distant lands as well as to Hungary. He writes about Samuel Tessedik, the eighteenth-century reformer; about János Kriza, the Hungarian Bishop Percy; about János Erdélyi and Arnold Ipolyi, disciples of the Brothers Grimm; Lajos Katona, the eminent folklorist of the turn of the century; István Györffy, an investigator of folk artefacts, and about the contributions to ethnography made by Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály.

In the book reviews, prefaces, introductions and the shorter papers reprinted in this volume Ortutay deals with such controversial issues of ethnography as transmission and assimilation from foreign sources, tradition and innovation in folk art, analyzing these problems against the background of their development. He deals with the double role of the intelligentsia in their relations with the people, as at once reformers and romantic enthusiasts; he disapproves of the artificial opposition of "pure" science and applied science; and investigates the distinctions between the eastern elements in the culture of the Hungarian people, who settled in Hungary some thousand years ago from the far eastern verges of Europe, and their European development. He gives an objective summary of the disputes on each of these controversial subjects, and follows up each significant trend. He devotes himself with special interest to the early amateur sociological writers of the Populist movement, important in the critical years of the 1930's, pointing out that owing to the delay in industrialization the peasants constituted the great majority of the Hungarian people, and therefore research concerning them was important, for the fate of the peasant masses has played a decisive part in the destiny of the entire nation.

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His conclusions have stood the test of time. He discusses the laws of transmission and assimilation throughout the entire field of folk culture, including questions of scientific method and approach, and thus presents the national and international aspects of folk culture as not antagonistic but complementary. He resolves the duality of individual and community characteristics, and questions of the modern transformation of folk traditions too.

A Short Hungarian Ethnography is not a collection of information, nor a series of lists, but a bird's-eye view incorporating all that is essential. The substance of the theme: here we have a people in the centre of Europe, the Hungarians, who migrated here a little over a thousand years ago and to this day have retained a language which, belonging to the Finno-Ugrian family, is entirely different from the rest of the Central European languages. Their different language, however, has not prevented this people from becoming a Central European people like others, even though they preserve some of their Oriental heritage. He produces clearly-worded and valid arguments against the erroneous theory of Hungarian "isolation," and against the romanticism veiling the true life of the people. He takes the reader through practically the whole territory of Hungarian folk culture (songs, ballads, customs, superstitions, decorative

art, etc.) pointing out the richly creative power of the people, and at the same time, quietly, without propaganda, indicates the darker tones, the miserable social background frequently existing behind this wealth of colour. As he wrote during the Second World War: "... I wished to make people familiar with the subject and invoke their admiration not by parrotting jingoistic slogans but rather, in practically every chapter, by pointing out the deep compassion and humanism existing in peasant culture and the struggle of peasant society against a hard life. This humanism and this struggle make up the essence of peasant existence; they saved for us the folk-song, the folk-tale, the peasant weaving and the whole rich fabric of the Hungarian past. If we think of the peasants, this is what we are to remember first of all; when thinking of the magnificent folk-songs we should always see the girl toiling through the heat of harvest who sings it; when we read the cunning folk-tales we should hear the voice of the broken-down old labourer who tells it..."

Ortutay's works enable readers—both Hungarian and foreign—to acquaint themselves with the realities of the recent past and the Hungarian present in all their depth and their interrelationships.

IMRE KATONA

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

NATIVITY IN MEDIAEVAL HUNGARIAN PAINTING
Dénes Radocsay

FRANZ ANTON MAULBERTSCH
Klára Garas

HUNGARIAN GRAPHIC ART
Judit Szabadi

THE SPIRIT OF DIALOGUE
Miklós Hubay

THEATRE, MUSIC AND BOOK REVIEWS

ARTS

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

The Mediterranean, the Italian countryside, the beauty of medieval cities have attracted Hungarian artists as those of other European countries. From the early nineteenth century to present times a great many Hungarian painters and sculptors have found their way to Italy and brought back a nostalgia for classical art. It was in the eighteen-thirties in Italy that István Ferenczy, the father of modern Hungarian sculpture, first recognized his vocation, and the subject-matter of the best works of Miklós Barabás, the representative Hungarian painter of the first half of the nineteenth century—water colours, with an occasional quality recalling English painters—is frequently Italian.

Hungarian Painters in Italy

This spring the Hungarian National Gallery organized a large-scale exhibition of pictures by Hungarian artists painted in Italy. The exhibition, somewhat heterogeneous in its composition, embraced almost every trend of contemporary Hungarian art, although, as was only natural, at certain periods the Italian experience played a more important role. By far the larger part of this exhibition was consequently taken up by neo-classical landscape painting, as represented by Károly Markó, a painter of some importance; indeed, up to the end of the nineteenth century, the landscape of Campania, peopled with mythological figures, remained a favourite theme of the Markó school.

In the early twentieth century Hungarian painters in search of the new turned to Paris rather than Italy. There still remained, however, a few modern artists on whom the impact of Italy was decisive. First among these were Tivadar Csontváry and Lajos Gulácsy. Csontváry spent his life searching for "the sublime subject" and in the course of his search found his way to Pompeii, the Bay of Naples and to Taormina, where he painted one of the *chefs-d'oeuvre* of his post-impressionist period: his great vision of the ruins of the Greek theatre, the Bay of Catania and Etna. To Gulácsy, a refugee from modern life, Italy meant escape and escapism. He dreamt himself into the Italian Middle Ages, finding his happiness in surroundings where the spirits of Dante and Beatrice still walked. Unfortunately only a few of the canvases of these two painters were on exhibition, although their connections and relations with Italy were intimate, and highly significant in terms of their art.

In the 'thirties, following the cultural policy of the government, came the official establishment in the Italian capital of what was called the "School of Rome." Its representatives were connected with the neo-classicism of the Italian *novecento*. In their paintings the Italian countryside is no more

than scenic decoration; their classicism was not based on the genuine inspiration of Mediterranean antiquity, constantly renewing itself, but was contrived, artificial—dead. The Italian landscapes of Aurél Bernáth and József Egry, painted at that time, had something more to them. Bernáth painted a great many pictures of the region round the North Italian lakes, and their logical spatial construction and cold values became important components of the mature style he developed in the early 'thirties. Some of the pictures Egry painted in Italy—*Isola Bella* or *Among the Mountains of Taormina*—are among the best of Hungarian paintings between the two World Wars. Egry, however, was so closely linked with the misty atmosphere of his native Balaton area that he found the sharpness of Mediterranean light and colour disturbing, and after a short stay in Italy found himself drawn back to Lake Balaton.

The final rooms of the exhibition are devoted to the influence of Italy on modern Hungarian painters. But the selection appears hasty, without careful consideration, and as a result the most recent paintings—with a few exceptions—are inferior in quality to the pictures shown in the other rooms. And the whole arrangement of the exhibition is not very satisfactory.

The Primitives

It has become something of a tradition in Hungary that the best exhibitions of contemporary Hungarian art are put on at the István Museum in Székesfehérvár, an hour's drive from the capital. In recent years exhibitions of the work of Csontváry, Gulácsy, Dezső Kornis, Béla Kondor, Erzsébet Schaár and Tibor Vilt, as well as collections representing the Hungarian "modern style" and the early avant-garde, were held there, and this is where the selected works of the "primitive" artists of Hungary were exhibited in April.

The first wave of interest in primitive, or neo-primitive art reached Hungary between 1930 and 1940, and an exhibition under the title "Hungarian Primitive Artists" was held in 1934. It is true that the peasant painter Péter Benedek was already known, but none the less, although the press gave generous coverage to the exhibition, the Primitives soon sank into obscurity, and only a few sharp-eyed collectors pursued their further fate. In recent years, influenced by the strong international recrudescence of interest in the style, a similar interest in the work of their "primitive" painters began to be shown in Hungary as well.

These paintings display the international characteristics common to all practitioners of the style throughout Europe and elsewhere, but even so certain specifically national, even what one might call ethnographical features can often be seen. The great international exhibitions held in the past years have shown the sharp distinction between the Primitives of Western Europe and the Central Europeans. The reasons are social. The primitive painters of Western Europe were small townsdwellers, who, whether they wished it or not, had absorbed and been influenced by the great cultural traditions of art. This can be seen most clearly with the French. From the lucidly composed paintings of the post office employee, Louis Vivian, or Bombois to Utrillo, who stands on the borderline of naivety and consciousness, is a straight line leading to French classicism. And the tendency to "kitsch," demonstrated in some of the Belgian or West German painters, is likewise one to which the Primitives of Western Europe are perilously prone.

Central European primitive painting—with the Yugoslav school at its peak—is rooted in peasant culture. Its exponents are either peasants or village craftsmen; its themes and subjects are drawn from village life. The style is akin to folk art, whether it be the stained glass common in Slav peasant art, or representational decoration. With the Yugoslavs the figures are often related to the myths of folklore and folk ballads, with a

touch of surrealism, while the work of Polish and Hungarian Primitives is a more epic translation of their rural surroundings, even though the work of the Hungarian, János Gajdos, has also something of the vigorous simplicity of old ballads.

The Primitives of Hungary remained peasant painters, even though they found their way to the capital and some of them worked in factories there. Just as the first generation of workers coming to town from the country remain rooted in the feelings, customs and outlook of their native village, so the blacksmith's assistant Elek Győri came from Tokaj, the shoemaker János Gajdos from Geszteréd, the peasant's son Péter Benedek from Uszod, working as a day-labourer in city and town alike, and the peasant basket-weaver Süli, all equally impregnated with the attitudes and outlook of their native villages. The influence of urban culture soon left its mark, particularly in the first three. Péter Benedek soon lost his instinctive naivety, and Gajdos and Győri likewise frequently combined elements of naturalistic genre-painting with the natural patterns of folk art style and the imaginative and instinctive expression of their own personalities. Süli remained most closely linked with traditional composition and peasant art, which is perhaps why his art is the most homogeneous and aesthetically convincing. Péter Benedek was the nearest thing to a professional painter among them, and he is therefore a borderline case. The work of Gajdos is distinguished by a mixture of vigour and fantasy, and Győri is an unashamedly narrative painter. His paintings are anecdotes with a point, but without becoming merely illustrative. Had these painters lived half a century earlier they would have expressed themselves in the traditional media of folk art. But as peasant society began to disintegrate and folk art with it they were left to their own devices, and their elementary need to express themselves manifested itself in a style halfway between peasant art and realistic painting.

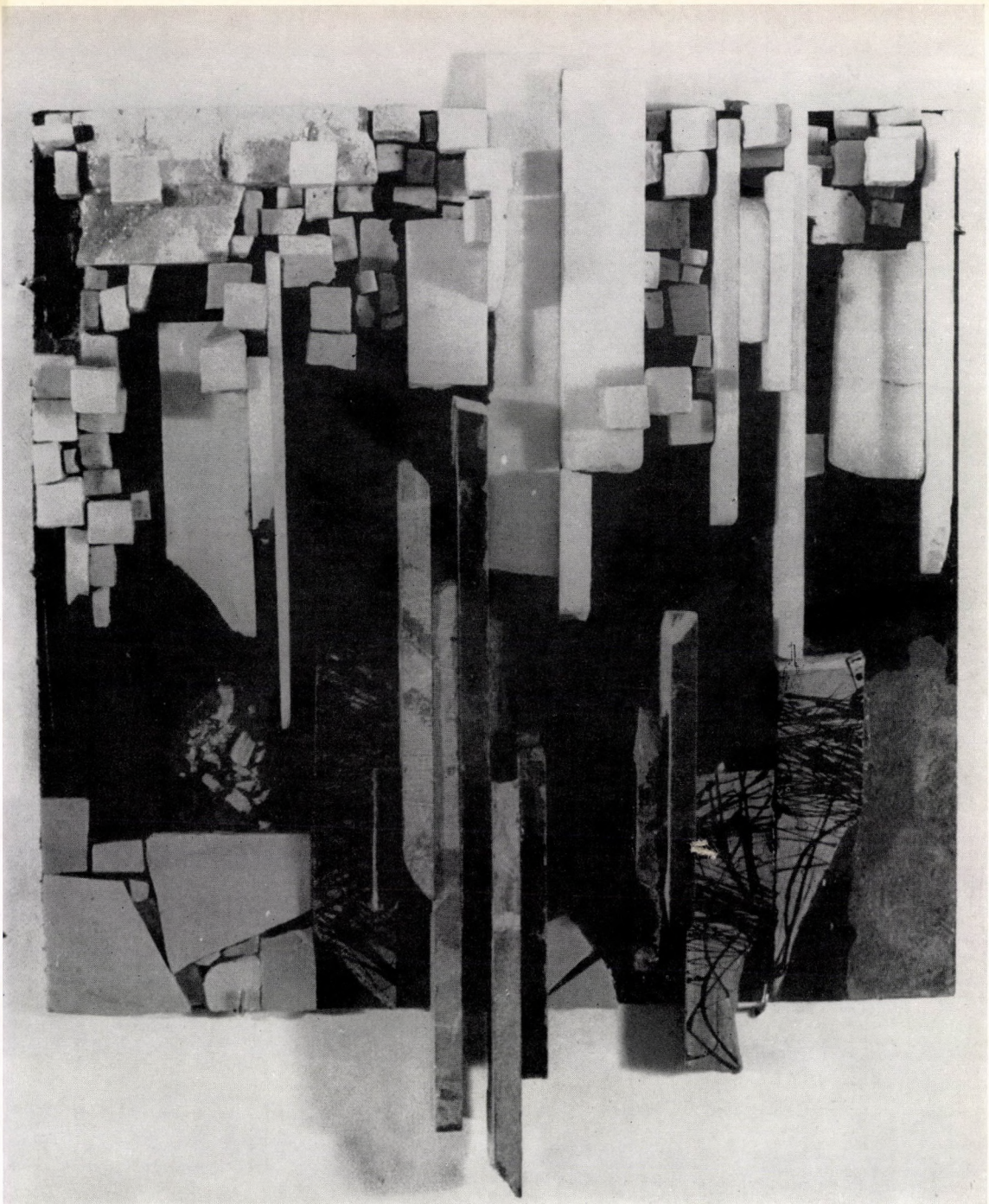
The Hungarian "primitive" flourished in the inter-war period. The Second World War disrupted the closeness of the peasant world, and after 1945 those who wished to paint were attracted to the free art schools provided and became amateurs. Hungarian primitive painting cannot be revived, but as a product of peasant culture it deserves attention.

Representational and Abstract Artists

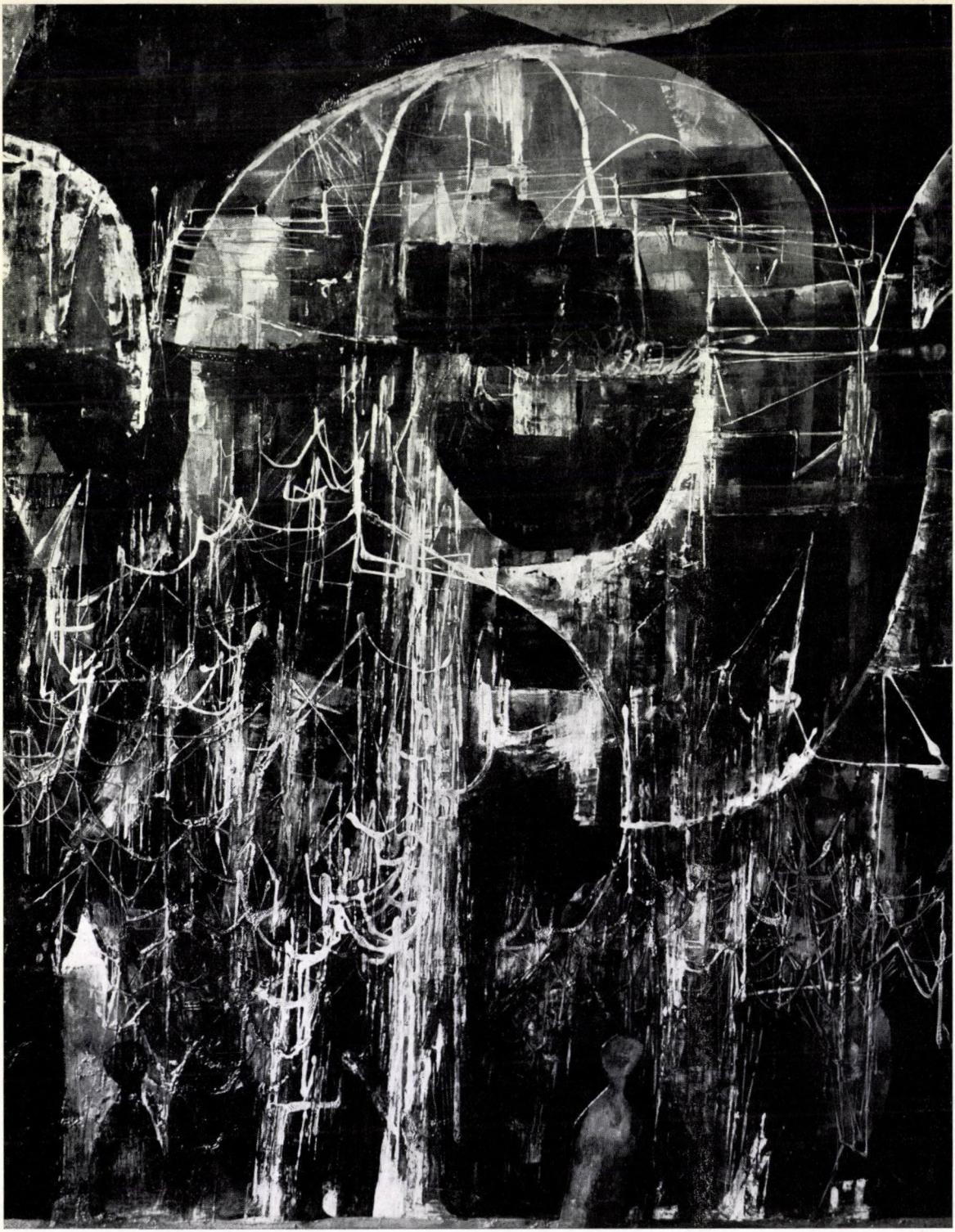
There were some remarkable one-man shows this spring. The exhibition of László Holló and of József Németh in the Ernst Museum provided an occasion for interesting comparisons. Both are characteristic members of the "School of the Great Plain," a style which plays an important role in Hungarian painting. But while Holló is one of the older generation, Németh is a younger painter, one of those shaping the style of the "Hódmezővásárhely School," which can be regarded as the successor of the Great Plain style. László Holló's work still stems directly from Mihály Munkácsy's romantic realism, although expressionism takes a more important place in it, and the influence of El Greco cannot be ignored. His composition, based on staccato contrasts of light and shade, represents a transition between romantic realism and expressionism. József Németh is a painter of monumental serenity and decorative shorthand. With him the peasant world still represents the first, pristine union of man and nature, of human relations in all their purity.

The biggest surprise was produced by the exhibition of paintings by László Dombrovszky, an artist of Russian–Polish origin, who has lived in Hungary since 1921. Dombrovszky, now over seventy, used to be known as a fine painter of impressionist landscapes; a new aspect of his talent was now revealed.

Dombrovszky was born in 1894 at Orguly in Bessarabia. He studied at the



András Rácz: Marble Composition



ANDRÁS RÁCZ: BLACK FIGURES

LÁSZLÓ DOMBROVSZKY: COMPOSITION ▸

Miklós Káplár:
The Puszta at Dawn

Overleaf:

ANDRÁS SÜLI: BOATS ON THE DANUBE


ERCSI
VÍHAR

Julian Academy in Paris and spent a long time in Scandinavia and Italy, and had consequently seen and absorbed a great deal before he settled down in Hungary. Although Dombrovszky had turned to painting in Paris, in Hungary he became one of the painters of a specifically Hungarian tendency, that of the post-Nagybánya school. With Róbert Berény and István Szőnyi he helped to found the Zebegény artists' colony in 1924. His French training differentiated him from others of that school in that, from the very beginning, colour played a greater part in his work than with contemporary Hungarian artists. But at a certain point he had gone as far in this style as was possible, and from about 1950 onwards his style of painting underwent a slow change. Structure took on increasing importance and so did a certain decorative transcription of motifs. I use the word "transcription" deliberately; Dombrovszky was searching for a specifically calligraphic style in which the forms follow the arabesque-like rhythm of connected letters; the artist paints and "writes" his pictures at the same time. And yet it is not graphic art, which has inspired this style since, just as in his earlier impressionist and post-impressionist paintings, the freshness of the colours predominates. Contours do not separate, they connect; the rhythms of colour and line live together.

In his new period Dombrovszky has not only broken with naturalist, figurative painting in his manner of interpreting the subject; he has transcended, gone beyond all the primary, impressionist aspects of it. He paints still-lifes, interiors, women; but the subject-matter is organized into a singularly decorative and plastic arrangement. The composition—the rhythm imbuing the whole surface of the painting—is built up from motifs transcribed into plastic symbols. In some way this is similar to the synthesizing phase of Cubism, despite the fact that Dombrovszky is not particularly attracted to a geometric approach. He is too subjective, too romantic and lyrical a personality to find an interest in a strict constructivism. The standards he acquired in his French schooling, however, have saved him from indulgence in random and romantic self-expression; there is a balance and harmony in his painting between the rhythm of spontaneous writing and conscious composition.

Dombrovszky remained within the boundaries of naturalist figurative painting. The other successful painter of the season, András Rác, has crossed them. Rác is a well-known artist in mosaics, and several of his decorative and monumental mosaics can be seen in different parts of the country. The new style of his canvases has been closely connected with architecture from the very beginning. It was after his study tours in Italy, and more particularly England, that Rác began painting his series of Gothic cathedrals. They were not at all naturalistic or impressionist; what the artist was exploring was the intricate pattern of the building as an organism, what he tried to express was what he had experienced through architecture. His first pictures bore recognizable references to the world of towns or cathedrals, but as the emotional experience intensified it came to be increasingly realized in colours and form abstracted from nature. The gleaming, half enamel colours, the forms erupting upwards, are intertwined into complex patterns which reveal the extent to which Rác, the worker in minute mosaic, is soaked in an architectural approach. A number of paintings, half marble mosaic, half marble relief, of a quite original style, were on show. The streaks of marble glued to the surface created the impression of mosaic; but the cubes and stripes on different levels recalled reliefs as well. These marble tablets represent a transition between the plastic arts and painting, and seem peculiarly suited to the decoration of contemporary buildings.

A young painter, Ferenc Horváth, exhibited his pictures in a small gallery on the outskirts of Budapest. His brilliantly composed, surrealist pictures project a crudity and horror unusual in Hungarian art. They

are structurally vigorous and technically skilful, dramatic, ascetically self-tormenting, haunted with a primitive coarseness and an almost cynical sense of satire. A philosophical as well as a socially-critical approach, a neatly constructed universe of his own, and an almost pathological self-exposure are also revealed in his painting.

A number of exhibitions of graphic art add interest to the season. The Dürer Gallery is designed to be the show-room of graphic art and it was there Oszkár Papp exhibited his work. Papp is primarily a painter of both representational and abstract pictures. In his graphic work he covers much the same field. He displayed a variety of related work, from drawings made with a felt-pen to Chinese ink drawings, descriptive of the structure of plants or frost patterns, poetic translations of the same themes, and completely abstract work.

The other exhibition of graphic work presented etchings of János Kass, one of the best Hungarian book illustrators, and his illustrations to Imre Madách's dramatic poem *The Tragedy of Man*. Kass is a consciously intellectual artist. His illustrations are also first and foremost intellectually conceived, in which pride of place is given to a crystalline structure and a purity of line. His symbolism and his sensibility to classicism recall Hans Erni, but of the two Kass has a surer touch and a more constructional approach.

LAJOS NÉMETH

THE GLASS COLLECTION OF THE BUDAPEST MUSEUM OF APPLIED ARTS

The collection of glass in the possession of the Museum of Applied Arts in Budapest has been built up partly by transfer from the former Department of Applied Arts in the National Museum, and partly from donations. After the Museum of Applied Arts took over responsibility the various collections began to improve considerably, both in quantity and quality. The glass collection was augmented at the end of the nineteenth century by important purchases made at the Paris and Vienna World Exhibitions by the Frenchman Dellamare Didot, and Miksa Hirsch, and later by generous gifts made by private collectors.

The great variety of exhibits in the Museum makes it possible to follow the development of glass in its technical and technological as well as purely artistic aspects down the years.

Fifteenth Century Stained Glass

The steady growth and improvement of techniques enabled increasingly sophisticated glass with a growing variety of shape and decoration to emerge over the centuries. Middle Eastern glass—largely objects for personal use—was made to serve practical needs rather than express creative fancies. Roman glass was also mainly practical in purpose, but signs of some approach to art were apparent. In medieval Europe glass still played a minor role as material for a form of art. The only exception, perhaps, was the Gothic stained glass window. With the importance attached to lighting effects in Gothic architecture, stained glass windows —especially in churches—were bound to increase in importance. The Museum contains an interesting stained and painted glass

window made in the late fifteenth century in South Germany. It was bought for the Museum in 1925 from Drey of Munich. The size of the window, composed of several pieces of coloured glass, is 63.5 cm by 35 cm, and shows St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar. In accordance with the legend as transmitted by Voraginus, the saint, mounted on horseback, is cutting off only one end of his cloak—not half of it—for the beggar, who wears a ragged tunic, the stump of his left leg ending in a primitive sort of wooden leg from the knee down. His right hand clutches a crutch, his left is raised in an imploring gesture towards the soldier-saint. On the left is a shield charged with a black raven *(Corvus coras)* facing right and holding a gold ring in its beak. This device is known to have been the coat of arms of the Hunyadis, the family into which King Matthias Corvinus was born. By a letter patent of the King of Hungary in 1453 the arms of the County of Beszterce (a crowned red lion holding a second crown, on a white field) were added to the original royal arms. The earliest Hunyadi coat of arms, however, to be seen in Vajdahunyad Castle, the seat of the Hunyadis, shows only the black raven, as in the stained glass picture. On this evidence we should be inclined to believe that the glass picture was made in the first half of the fifteenth century, especially as the son of János Hunyadi, a successful military commander and Regent of Hungary, was Matthias (1458–1490), elected King of Hungary in 1458, and he invariably used the more elaborate form of the Hunyadi arms quartered with the arms of the County of Beszterce. It is possible that János Corvinus, the illegitimate son of King Matthias, might have been the man who commissioned the picture, since he too was entitled to bear the Hunyadi (Corvinus) arms. This theory, however, seems to be ruled out by the picture itself, for despite the formalized design, the characteristic features of King Matthias are clearly to be recognized in St. Martin's face. This indicates the great Renaissance ruler as the man who commissioned the picture. And the picture is dated even more precisely by the shape of the shield. This type of shield, with a semicircular depression on the right to hold the lance, was only introduced into Hungarian heraldry during the last quarter of the fifteenth century. One further detail argues for a date in the last decades of that century; the shield is not painted flat, in two dimensions, with a simple outline, but is represented three-dimensionally and given depth.

Venetian, Dutch, and Bohemian Glass

Like all the arts and crafts of sixteenth century Italy, the revival of glassmaking drew freely on the achievements of ancient Rome and the Middle East. After centuries of unsuccessful effort to produce colourless glass that would lend itself to cutting, the sixteenth century glassmakers of Venice—or more precisely, of Murano—discovered a method of adorning glass with incised decoration. At that time no way had yet been found of producing glass suitable for cutting; so these craftsmen began to cover the surface of the glass with designs engraved with diamond point. A specimen of this technique in the Museum's collection is a small hexagonal bottle. Another, a goblet in the *façon de Venise*, engraved with the image of a three-masted sailing vessel, is the work of a Dutch amateur in the seventeenth century. A stippled wine-glass with a cut glass handle is an eighteenth century variant of the same technique. Colourless glass suitable for deep cutting was eventually produced in Bohemia about the turn of the seventeenth century. The discovery is associated with the name of Gaspar Lehmann, a Prague jeweller in the service of the Emperor Rudolf. He was the first craftsman to produce crystal-cut glass. Bohemian and Silesian crystal-cut glass ended the hegemony of the Venetian glassmakers, who, as can be seen from mirrors in the collection, attempt-

ed to copy the style in an effort to keep pace with their rivals. The Museum owns a considerable number of remarkable and even outstanding specimens of sixteenth century crystal glass. A bottle of this type bearing the arms of Prince George Rákóczi II of Transylvania (1648–1660), which is in fact the property of the Hungarian National Museum, was shown at the glass exhibition mounted at the Museum some while ago. A commemorative goblet bearing the portrait of Ferdinand IV (1646) and a similar beaker with the portrait of Charles III (1711–1740) of Hungary, are perfect examples of engraved glass. An ornamental goblet made by Friedrich Winter, a Silesian master craftsman, is a magnificent specimen of Silesian glassmaking.

Hungarian Glass

The Hungarian glasshouses turned out numerous fine pieces as early as the seventeenth century. One on the estate of the Batthyány family in western Hungary was indeed already in existence in the sixteenth century, and another on the estates of Tamás Nádasdy in the same region. In 1630 the town council of Selmec in northern Hungary set up a glasshouse at Újbánya, which started operations the same year. One of the oldest in Hungary was situated at Száldobány, on the Károlyi estate, long before the establishment of the glasshouse of Parád in 1748. The engraved bottle of Prince George Rákóczi we have already mentioned, as well as a bottle made in 1963 for Mihály Mikes and Druzsina Bethlen, must have been made in one of these glasshouses. A cylindrical glass decorated with figures by József Piesche and an iridescent commemorative cup bearing a portrait of Ferenc Deák, the famous Hungarian statesman of the mid-nineteenth century, are rare relics connected with Budapest.

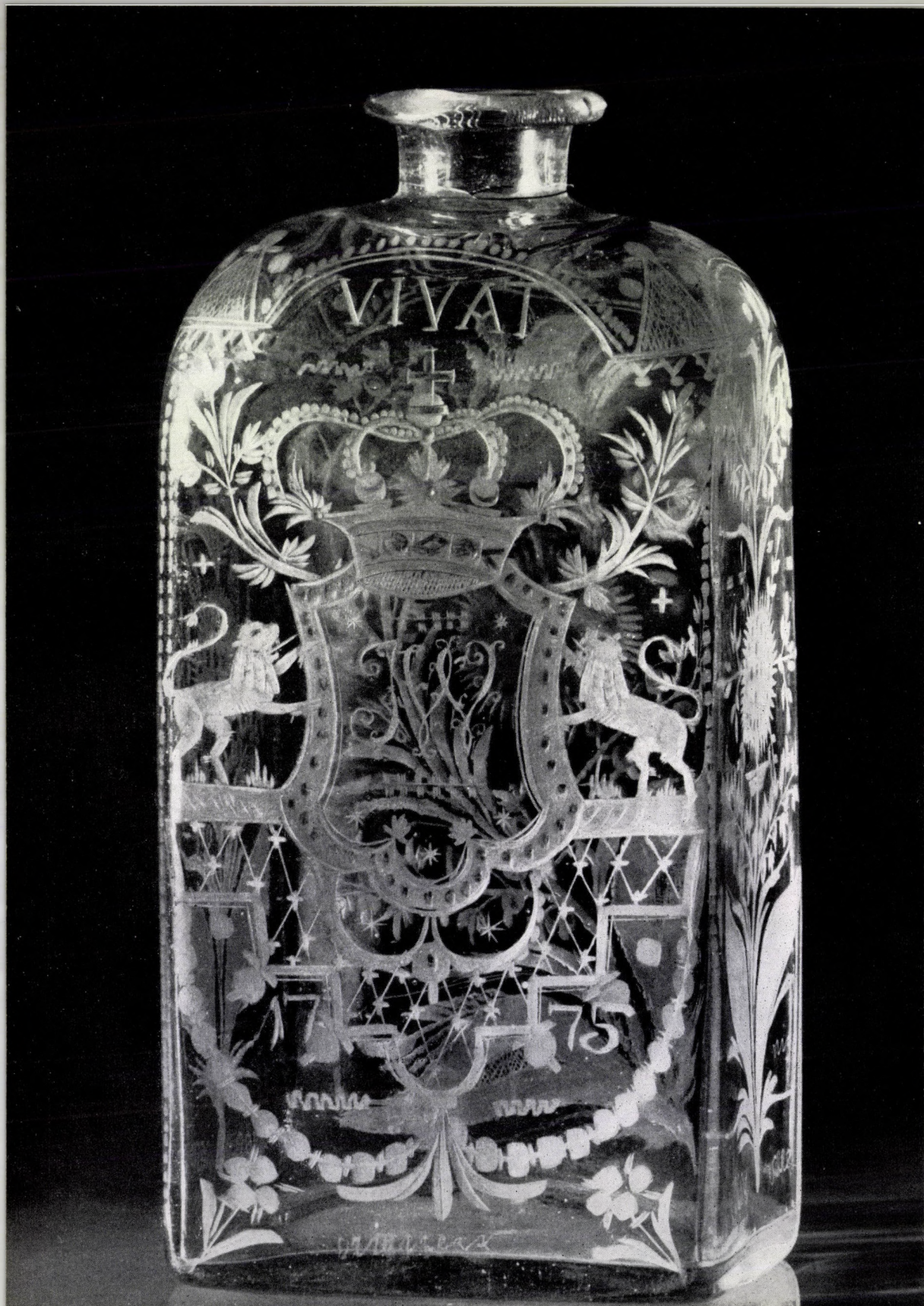
The Museum also owns a number of eighteenth century Bohemian gilt double-walled glasses. Six such pieces were bought for the Museum in 1966. Tradition connects these glasses with Prince Michael Apaffy II of Transylvania (1692–1697 and 1711–1713); he is believed to have made a gift of them to the steward of his estate István Récsey, whose descendants preserved them. These double-walled glasses, decorated with coloured battle scenes, are exceptionally beautiful. The collection also contains a number of finely cut decanter-shaped travelling bottles for wine. These vessels were once carried by every traveller. The arms and initials of the owner or user were usually painted or engraved on one side—or opposite each other. Recent research has shed light on the owner of a number of these bottles. One such bottle has been shown to have belonged to János Reisem, a brewer of Tata. It is believed to have been made in the glasshouse of Szentlélek, in the County of Esztergom, which, on the evidence of contemporary records, was still working at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Austrian glassmaking is represented by sets of crystal-cut beakers made in the celebrated Lobmeyr shop in Vienna, while an English glass beaker bearing a portrait of William I of Orange, is an example of Desprez ware—the portrait-medallion made of a porcelain-like substance embedded in the crystal-glass. Another group of glassware includes painted tankards imitating porcelain; especially interesting are the specimens decorated with images of Hungarian horsemen. The collection includes examples of glass resembling marble and natural stones, and nineteenth century commemorative cups which include a large covered goblet engraved with a picture of the Hungarian hero, Miklós Zrínyi, making his famous last sally against the Turks, the work of József Oppitz. There are also a number of the souvenir mugs which used to be sold at watering-places in Hungary and elsewhere. A few finely-painted Kothgasser glasses complete the collection of Hungarian glass.

Saint Martin shares his mantle with the beggar (stained glass, 15th century)

Overleaf:

Hungarian bottle (18th century)


VIVAT
1775

Tiffany and Art Nouveau

Glass as an art form took on renewed vigour at the end of the nineteenth century under the influence of Art Nouveau. The revival of various historical styles was greatly in fashion. Glass—above all iridescent glass—equalled crystal ware in popularity. Iridescent glass was invented by Leó Pantocsek (1812–1893), and represented an attempt to give glass the nacreous lustre and forms found on antique glass. Side by side—by way of contrast—a type of crystal-ware, which owed its beauty to the diamond brilliance of its lines, gained popularity. In Hungary, as in other countries of Europe, workers in glass attempted to revive and adapt Renaissance techniques and shapes; the glass of the period also carries more than a hint of the glassmaking craft of ancient Rome. A spherical vase from Stourbridge is cameo glass, made to resemble the technique of the famous Portland vase. On the other hand the twisted greenish-brown vase, made in the Glasgow workshop of Cooper and Sons around 1880, seems strikingly modern.

Far Eastern influences are in evidence in the highly individual, complex technique that marks the glass made by the French painter and decorator Emil Gallé. The Museum contains several pieces by Gallé and craftsmen of his school. Particularly interesting are several by the New Yorker Louis C. Tiffany. They are frequently fantastic in shape, but always appropriately designed for their material; it was the golden-tinged, rainbow lustre of his glass that earned it its great popularity. Tiffany's most mature period coincided with the flowering of Art Nouveau, and it is small wonder that his forms are strongly influenced by it, as the accompanying illustration makes clear. Among the Hungarian workers in glass in those years István Sovánka is probably the most important. He achieved considerable success both at home and abroad in his use of new techniques and by the great formal variety and invention of his work.

The Museum also contains a selection of modern glass, from which the various trends of glassmaking in Europe today emerge, more in dim outline indeed than as a fully documented spectrum. In the contemporary home glass objects are acquiring fresh importance with fresh functional uses, and it is this changed functional role which stimulates the modern glassmakers to new concepts and new heights.

IMRE KATONA

THE FANTASTIC WORLD OF PHOTOGRAPHER KLÖSZ

In all probability the photographer György Klösz, who lived in the second half of the last century, would never have understood the above title. Worthy and reliable mediocrity was the keynote of his life and work; how on earth could anyone associate him with anything "fantastic"?

Beginning as an apothecary, Klösz later decided to become a photographer. He was among the first who, influenced by impressionist painting, gave up the studio for open air photography. His principal subject, to which he devoted several hundreds of photographs, was the capital, but we know that he worked in the country as well. The paper *Fővárosi Lapok* (Metropolitan Journal) wrote about the pictures he took during the 1878 flood: "On the Hatvani Street wall of the Franciscan Church Klösz is exhibiting twenty-four photographs he took of the flood

disasters at Eger and Miskolc, to be seen through a stereoscope. A great many people stop to look at the pictures, sad and fascinating: wrecked houses, bridges torn apart, ruined churches; eye after eye peers into the viewfinder of the stereoscope. For children, however, the spectacle brings only disappointment; in vain they stand on tiptoe, the stereoscope is too high for them; they will have to wait another two or three years at least before they can look into it. But they are not going to wait; outwitting fate like the lame leading the blind, they climb on one another's backs to look."

With the wet *colloid*-process negatives, taking photographs in the open air was an extraordinarily painstaking and arduous job. The light-sensitive coating had to be poured on to the plate before the photo was taken; the plate had to be developed immediately afterwards by the light of a red kerosene lamp before it dried. The photographer had to take along not only his camera, which weighed some thirty to fifty pounds, but the tripod, all his laboratory equipment, chemicals, trays and the darkroom itself. When taking photographs "on location" photographer Klösz took a carriage for himself and his two or three assistants.

But the business was worth the trouble: it not only brought him a good profit, but solid recognition as well. Klösz often published his work; in 1896, the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the Hungarian state, he published a luxurious album entitled *Ezredéves kiállítási emlék* (Millenary Exhibition Souvenir); some years later he produced an illustrated brochure, the *Próbanyomat* (Pilot-Print) in which he recommended the use of photography to record objects and drawings, and the reproduction of these photographs in print. He was thus one of the pioneers in Hungary of photographic reproduction. The body of work produced by this practical-minded photographer was extraordinary; a look at the hundreds of photographs he took of Budapest proves it.

All of them are plain, full views of the city; the details are clearly defined, underlining the fact that every element of the picture was of equal importance to him. The result is an amazingly total picture of Budapest at the turn of the century. This admirable photographer lived at various times in different parts of the city and, in the course of several years, took hundreds of photographs of buildings, streets and courtyards. The Great Boulevard, one of the most characteristic features of the city, the view from the Citadel on Gellért Hill, the bridges, the Danube embankments, the shopping districts, the Tabán District—pulled down in the early 'thirties—which consisted of quaint little houses nestling against the slopes of Gellért Hill, meandering, cobblestoned streets, the Avenue, now Népköztársaság útja, about two miles in length, Váci Street, the most elegant shopping street in the capital, the Danube ports, as yet unregulated, leafy Margaret Island, the City Park—the largest park in the city—the Opera House, built on the model of the Paris Opera House, Kossuth Lajos Street, and so on, were all included in Klösz's album.

He recorded and bequeathed to us all these views—all the views he considered important—of Budapest at the end of the nineteenth century, already emerging as a great metropolis. He recorded the whole, and within it, so many parts, so many details. There is the nodding cabman, the lady with the parasol, the street vendor, the girl daydreaming under a tree, the man with a walrus moustache plunging into the water, the top-hatted gentleman leaning on his cane, the innkeeper in his apron, the nurse taking a baby in lace and frills out for a walk, the maid with the shopping basket, the carved signboard, the bent wooden chair in a café, the horse-drawn omnibus and the elegant gas-lamp. There is nothing extraordinary in all this, it is all absolutely everyday; and yet, the mere enumeration today conjures up a singular mood. Photographer Klösz did not wonder at what he saw, nor was he really interested in the genre-pictures he recorded:

he only wanted a complete picture of the metropolis. This solid, positivist need for completion, for comprehensiveness, made Klösz's work willy-nilly a part of the gigantic literary tableaux in fashion at the period. In his pictures everything is in its place and yet, none the less this is their least important characteristic for us. In the body of his work taken as a whole, what is natural, humdrum and simple becomes fantastic and extraordinary; it becomes a medium with innumerable levels. The psychology of this tremendous shift in approach is the most exciting experience the present day traveller in the miraculous world of photographer Klösz brings back with him.

The photographs themselves have suffered.

In the first place, from technical defects. The harmony of pictures designed as sharply defined photographs with all their details in perfect focus is disturbed by the ghostly presence of evanescent figures, figures which did not stand still, or simply walked away. As a punishment they were turned into ghosts; whereas the stolid butchers, cobblers and clerks who patiently refrained from twitching a muscle before the time of exposure was over were rewarded by "immortality." Because of his involuntary movement the gentleman in a morning coat and top-hat talking on the Danube embankment is dematerializing, and so is a street vendor; the lower part of a peasant woman's body is dissolving, a street urchin is fading into thin air in the middle of the street and a horse is merging into the road. They do not simply represent a form of movement in this otherwise transfixed, motionless world; they pervade it as ghosts. And it is this technical imperfection which has added the irrational touch of poetry to Klösz's pictures. The child could not bear to stand still, the horse could not be stopped, the gentleman in the top-hat was not sufficiently interested in photography to be induced to pose; the reasons are clear. And yet, in the enclosed world of György Klösz, fixed and completed once and for all, these figures appear as elements of the irrational, independent of the cause. They substitute something changing, transparent, floating in place of the solid, the real; they imbue the substance of a self-confident, deliberate enterprise with something that cannot be foreseen or named, with something due only to chance.

Ghosts on the common scene of workday life? The photographer was not at all pleased with these manifestations disturbing the harmony he desired, as can be seen by his irritated efforts to get rid of them. He tried to rub and scratch them out, regarding them as so many blemishes. But all his efforts only achieved the opposite result: in those places he attacked so vigorously with chemicals and brush, white featureless ghosts appear. The ghost of a man with a wheelbarrow has found its way among people lounging in front of the Opera House; the white outline, beside a nurse with a baby in her arms, has faithfully preserved the impression of movement; the wheelbarrow has escaped erasure. The figure stands as a phantom in the company of the black, white and grey figures depicted in all their naturalistic detail.

The whole collection has also been subject to the attacks of time. The fate of the Klösz empire was also lost in a second darkness; in the course of the past seventy year its remains found their way to the cellar of a block of flats in Budapest, where they were recently discovered. Lying in the cellar, the glass negatives were attacked by the insidious parasites of this subterranean world. There are negatives where a piece was broken off; its place is now a black spot on the print; there are others crackled with gossamer-fine lines. But it was mould which had its way with most of them, turning the picture of the Buda Kiosk with a gentleman in a straw hat and his long shadow into a *pointilliste* painting, covering one of the photographs of the Hungarian National Museum with a fancy network of the most exquisite scrolling.

Technical defects and the craftsman's

stubborn endeavours to eradicate them impair the homogeneous surface by revealing, below the first level, something concealed behind the objective and superficial reality and appearance. Defects which mar the completeness of this world, complete it. The worthy photographer was concerned with completeness, precisely on account of these defects. This is the first paradox in the fantastic world of photographer Klösz.

The rest of the paradoxes are, however, not part and parcel of his world: they are added by the spectator.

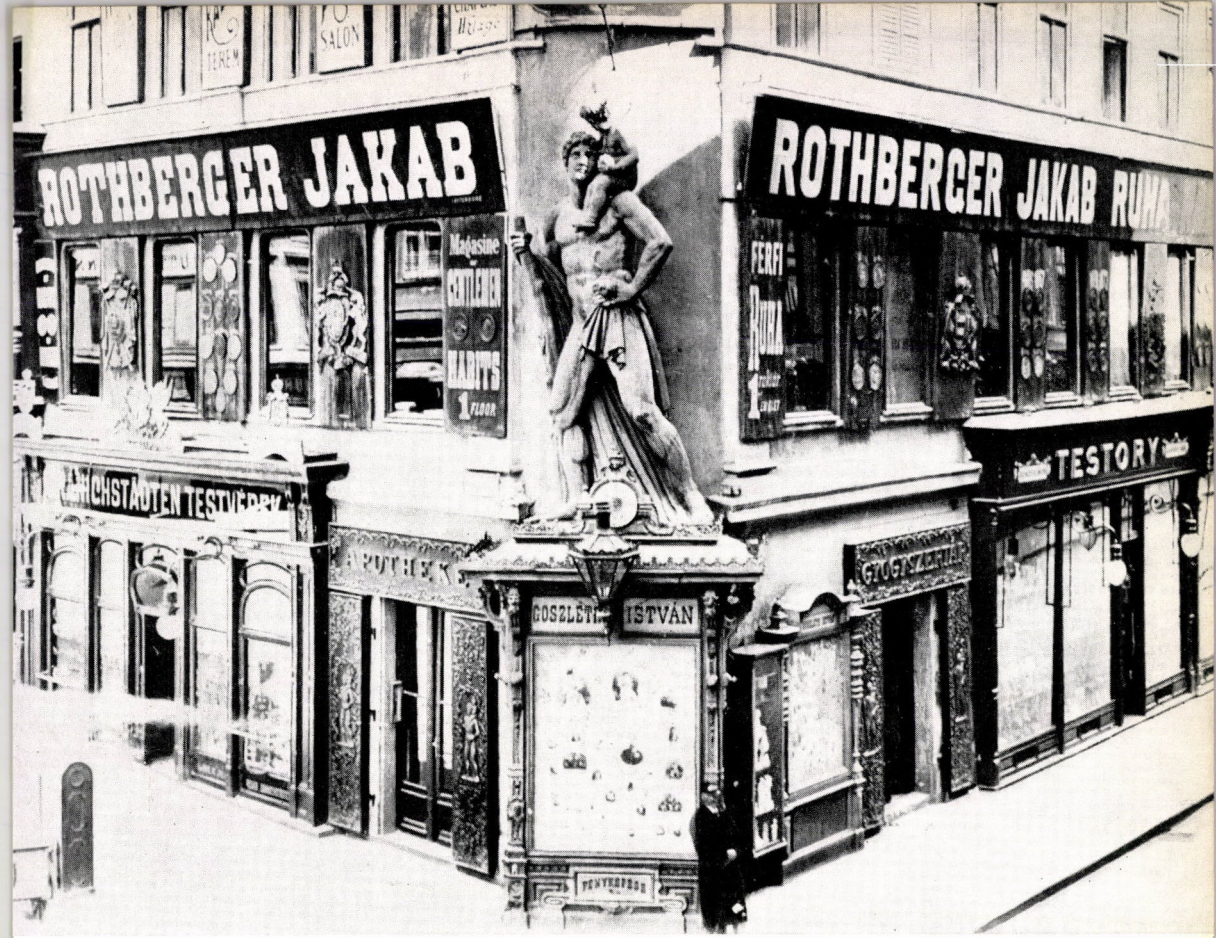
As a result of the increased predilection for documentary shown by the public—for reasons which may well be analysed from a philosophical angle as well—this unquestionably authentic world immediately aroused widespread and fascinated interest. Photographer Klösz did not dissect his reality; he simply communicated facts in a reliable way; he was not at all infected by the disease that taints photography with so many complexes, false compensations and misunderstandings: the embittered struggle for artistic status. He did not want to create works of art. The idea was so remote from his mind that he made no use of any of the interpretive devices of photography—different planes, tricks of focussing, and so forth. He only wanted to inform with the greatest possible objectivity. Luckily for us, works of art of that period, even if produced by a genius, were inevitably expository in their character; the greater the genius, in fact, the more the exposition; but photographer Klösz's material is full of loose ends. He did not explain, but his works can be explained.

Just like reality itself.

Anyone who arrives at the Klösz empire with a definite purpose in mind—whether he be historian, economist, sociologist, architect or dress designer—can improve his knowledge by means of these pictures. In that case his study tour will be useful. But it will also suffer from this very purposefulness: the wish to investigate, to explore something definite narrows the possibilities inherent in the pictures, prevents the magic from unfolding. This magic shows itself rather to those travellers who only want to look, to live for a while in this medium, to submit to its attraction. They need no other baggage than a magnifying glass. Bending over the prints, they will find themselves in this other world with laws of its own. They will find themselves among fishmongers, on Budapest promenades, on the Danube quays, in the women's swimming pool, in the Café New York or on the ice-rink. The first superficial thoughts which emerge are not important: the shock at the idea that the little boy leaning against a fence—if he is still alive—must be about eighty now; nor that ramshackle cabins occupy the place of the big market-hall; the world itself that is preserved in this manner, frozen in its completeness, this is what is important.

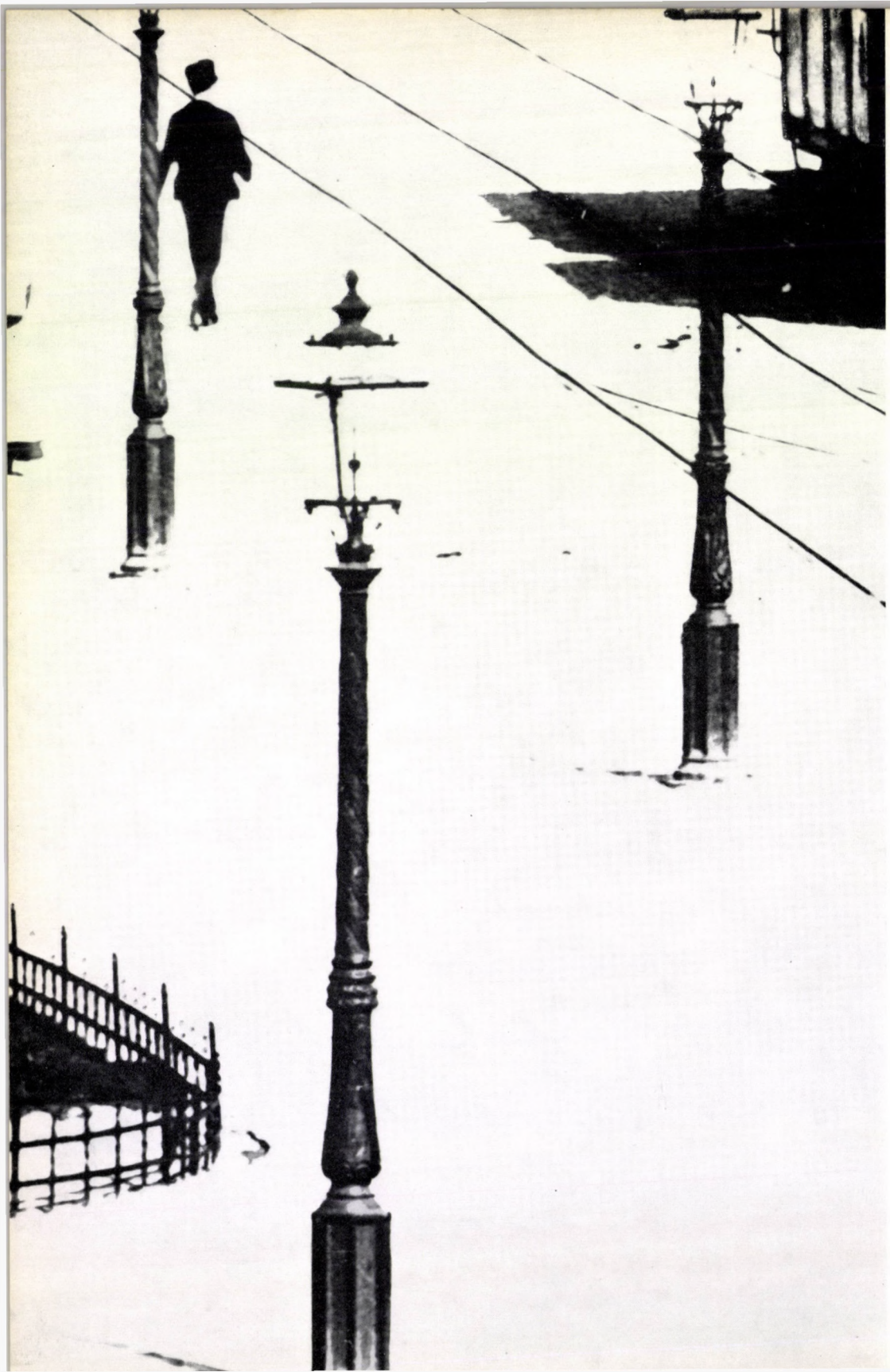
The pictures reveal themselves on innumerable levels, some of which were never noticed by photographer Klösz in his own world, and which time has since taught us to notice. The world of detail, the pattern of flaking plaster, in which we can see so many meanings; the fragments of signboards, lines, curves and scrolls which are so meaningful for us; the texture of cobblestones. What was ugly has become beautiful: set pieces made up of litter, that once were regarded as shameful, old locomotives and machinery, delight our eyes.

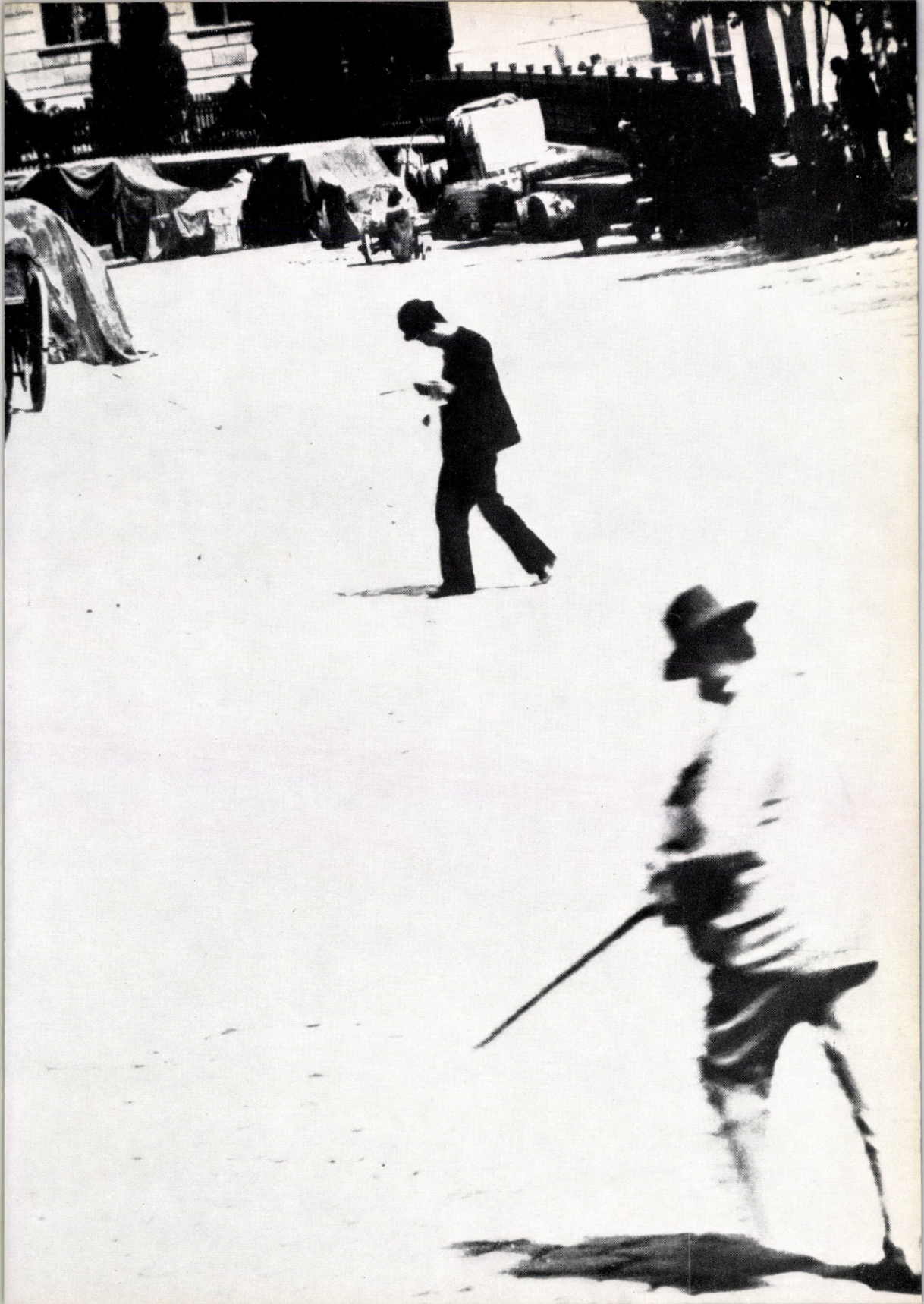
And we have learned something from *cinéma vérité:* we are enchanted by the authenticity of attitudes and behaviour caught unawares, such as the scene in the market-place with its several hundred figures, or pictures of squabbling vendors, haggling housewives, children hanging on to their mothers' skirts, the gentleman bending, the cabman turning away to relieve himself, the man reading a paper in the window, the young man following a group of girls, the woman walking beside bleak partition walls, the walker on the Svábhegy hill enjoying the sight of the cogwheel railway, the man with the hat looking over the city from the heights of the Gellért



György Klösz: Photos of Budapest around 1896

1. The crossing of Kristóf Square and Váci Street
2–3. Street Scenes (details)
4. Courtyard of a block of flats in Duna Street





Hill, the company drinking wine in a Tabán courtyard, the priests standing together in the garden of a monastery, apprentices staring, the stout wench on the terrace of the pub, people praying before a crucifix, the big, hulking policeman, the puny, frightened waiter, the officer lounging before a door, the beggar woman squatting before the Basilica, the maidservant peering behind the tarpaulin of a shop window, the petty bourgeois sitting on a bench with his ugly daughters in their Sunday best, the woman with the umbrella veiled in the smoke of a train, the chatting, idling, gazing people, perhaps a thousand of them. Nearby every photograph is a genre-picture with details, crying out for enlargement.

It is the absolute authenticity which enthralls the eye trained by *cinéma vérité;* but what is most interesting is that, at the same time, the reverse of this approach is provided by the same material.

For whereas everything is in its place and is absolutely concrete, the whole remains incomprehensible; every detail is authentic, self-explanatory, and all are directly connected, each with one another. Only the connections have sunk into oblivion; the chain of cause and effect motivating and holding together the whole has been lost. Of course, we know the main connections of the period; sociology, history and economics have crystallized them into axioms, but we are hampered by lack of details in turning the axioms back again into concrete forms.

One either lives within these details, and then the axioms become incomprehensible, or one looks at them impersonally, from outside, and then the magic has gone.

The circle is complete. The world before our eyes eerily imitates the methods of surrealism: exactitude of detail and incomprehensibility of the whole. The moment in the life of each of the characters here appears to be purposeful, only the purpose can no longer be grasped or apprehended. The movements are characteristic, but they are half-movements, they are recorded without their motives. We do not know where the horse-drawn carriage is coming from or going to, only the moment when it stands in front of the eating house is important; only one fact about the child with the straw hat is important; it has fallen down; how it fell and whether it will get up does not matter; who knows how the respectable gentleman in the bowler hat got into the ring of cattle in the slaughter-house; or how the dandies got on top of the fence; the man walking in a long coat among the Roman ruins of Aquincum watches something through field-glasses, but for us he only gazes into a void beyond the limits of the picture; the girl like a mermaid in the women's swimming pool has become an abstraction to us; the interiors are all solid objects in a world incomprehensible in its very comprehensibility.

The passage of time which transmutes that most objective of worlds, the world of recorded facts, into the most transcendental, that is the basic magic of all old photographs.

GYULA MAÁR

THEATRE AND FILM

THEATRE REVIEW

Last time I reviewed the new Hungarian plays of the 1966–67 season; now I shall talk about foreign plays. Let me however first go on talking about Budapest theatres: I have talked about the National Theatre (No. 25) and the Vígszínház (No. 26). Today I want to talk about the Madách Theatre.

Although this is one of the most important theatres of the Hungarian capital it is by no means easy to discern a continuous line in its history. Imre Madách, after whom, in 1919, the theatre was named, was the outstanding Hungarian dramatist of the mid-nineteenth century. He wrote few plays, and under the conditions prevailing at the time not even these were staged. His principal work, with which he became an immortal figure of Hungarian literature is the dramatic poem The Tragedy of Man. In 1919 the Madách Theatre first opened with an excellent avant-garde repertoire, but after only one season it had to close down. During the Second World War, another Madách Theatre appeared again, in 1940, on premises originally meant to house a cinema (in the same building where the Madách Little Theatre is housed today). A year later it was taken over by an eminent drama critic, who really deserves to have his name recorded: Andor Pünkösti. Under the tremendous political and economic difficulties of Hungarian and German fascist oppression, he tried to stem the tide. His excellent and courageous productions of Pirandello, Shakespeare, and of contemporary writers were highly appreciated by the public. For a while Pünkösti was able to maintain his own in the embittered struggle against oppression and violence; but finally, in 1944, he committed suicide.

After the Liberation a new Madách Theatre was opened in the same place. For a short time it was again the home of an avant-garde, experimental theatre, and then the stage was turned over to the Academy of Dramatic Art. It became the first nationalized theatre, in 1947, two years before the other Hungarian theatres were nationalized; the National Theatre had already been state-owned for over a hundred and ten years. Not in style and repertory, but in continuity, today's Madách Theatre dates back to that time. It put on world classics, new Soviet plays, works related to the contemporary social situation, performed in a popular, realistic style with a strongly socialist tendency.

But the Madách Theatre is the Hungarian theatre which has undergone more changes than any of the others. In 1951 it moved to another, bigger building and then followed its first period of success. Most of the eminent actors on which the prestige of the theatre still rests, joined the theatre during that period. But of course there have been quite a few changes in the company as well: some of the actors who made the

theatre's name are now playing in other theatres, others have died. The success of that period was also due to an excellent management, which vied with the National Theatre, and prided itself as being unquestionably "the first theatre of the country." In the rather stereotyped and essentially naturalistic style of acting which was *de rigeur* in those years, it was out of the question to employ other styles or engage in dramatic experiments. But even in the prescribed style of acting the Madách Theatre maintained higher standards on its own terms than the National Theatre, and indeed acquired a high reputation. After 1956 the relatively calm period in the history of the Madách Theatre came to an end. As in other theatres, managements changed practically every year. Nonetheless, the standardization which had oppressed the theatres before came to an end, and every theatre began to evolve its own style. In the Madách Theatre three directors, still young at that time, happened to meet, and their personalities and activities left their mark on the big Madách Theatre, and on the Little Madách attached to it. It had in the meanwhile once more acquired the building of the original Madách Theatre, which has been its Little Theatre ever since.

Ottó Ádám, who had attracted attention not long before with a very successful production of a Soviet comedy in a provincial theatre, was appointed senior director. Ádám's first real success there was the *The Diary of Anna Frank*. His style was already characterized by a kind of puritanism, an extraordinarily thorough analysis, great insight into the details of the play, and great care in the production. His cool, though by no means impassive interpretations, have more or less become the hallmark of the Theatre. The other director, László Vámos, is the opposite of Ottó Ádám. He is at his best in spectacular and elaborate productions, with a lot of music, dancing and colour. But at the same time he also demands of his actors a high level of performance. The third director, Géza Pártos, has a flair for Hungarian plays, those which are old, and long forgotten. By 1961, when the Madách moved to a new theatre on the Grand Boulevard, it was already the leading Budapest theatre. During the previous season two productions of Ottó Ádám's, Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle* and Miller's *View from the Bridge* had deeply impressed critics and audiences alike. The following season, in the new building, two particular successes were *A Streetcar Named Desire* and the performance of Miklós Gábor in *Hamlet*, two productions of László Vámos, two Hungarian plays by Imre Sarkadi: *Az elveszett paradicsom* (The Lost Paradise) and Milán Füst: *IV. Henrik* (Henry the Fourth) directed by Géza Pártos, also contributed to the theatre's growing fame. In those years, thanks both to the high level in the choice of repertory and of its performances, the Madách Theatre was virtually considered *the* Hungarian theatre.

In recent years the situation changed somewhat, and the Theatre began to lose its popularity. Although the critics continued out of habit to praise its performances, they were becoming more and more academic—in fact, dull. Now and then the "old" values would reassert themselves, but somehow the theatre itself seemed to have grown old; the public stayed away, it had the biggest deficit of all the Budapest theatres. This season the critics joined in the irritated attacks on the Theatre.

But why this decline? The highly talented directors and actors are the same who scored the tremendous successes a few years ago. The change in the directors' attitude, the distortion of their approach and their choice of plays throws some light on the matter. The Madách Theatre acquired its position with plays—with the exceptions of Hamlet—which had not been performed in Hungary before, and were all controversial. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle, A Streetcar Named Desire, View from the Bridge, Yerma.* (And even Hungarian plays such as "Henry the

Fourth" and "The Lost Paradise" belong to this category.) But in the past two years the spirit of discovery seems to have died out in the Madách Theatre. One revival after the other, not a single original work or interesting experiment. And the admittedly subjective interpretation by this critic that the directors have become somewhat too self-assured is borne out by statements made by the directors themselves on questions of principle. In recent years Hungarian theatrical life has been very lively. One after the other theatres and directors are branching out with new plays and new methods of production. Out of these fights and these debates an excellent new theatre (currently no doubt the most original theatre in Budapest) the Thalia, has made its appearance. It was during this upheaval that the senescent National Theatre, which had been unable to cope with its difficulties, was finally reborn, and our most popular theatre, the Vígszínház (Gaiety Theatre) entered on a period of rejuvenation. Only the directors of the Madách Theatre have failed to look for anything new. When the Theatre was at the height of its success Ottó Ádám declared they were not interested in discussing new tendencies or plays; that they did not want to make pronouncements on present or future trends; that they would only put on the plays whose merits had already been established by time. This aristocratic and academic attitude may explain the number of old plays recently included in the repertoire. While other theatres orientated themselves towards more modern works, even including the theatre of the absurd, one of the Madách directors, László Vámos, violently attacked modern drama at the Conference of the Federation of Theatrical Art. He said that modern drama had been a world failure, and defended the idea of some kind of "realistic" theatre, which he termed "popular theatre." This contribution elicited enthusiastic applause from conservative elements, but for those who are aware of what is going on in the contemporary theatre the answer is unequivocal; they simply do not go to the Madách, which only a short time ago had been so brilliantly successful.

The other subject of this report, the production of contemporary foreign plays, seems to have already illustrated what I have said above. The theatres have tried to select foreign contemporary works which have not been performed in Hungary before. Faithful to its theory of "classical values" the Madách Theatre presented: G. B. Shaw's *Saint Joan* and Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*.

The plays were produced by László Vámos, and Saint Joan was played by Irén Psota, an actress of highly original talent, but although the production promised to be a great success, the premiére was a great disappointment. The audience was bored and the critics unanimously and passionately critized it. And yet, the performers had faithfully interpreted Shaw's witty dialogue, the situations were still amusing; nor had anyone forgotten that these witticisms are meant to convey something more serious. Not once did they make a false step: every one of them played the part as Shaw had written it; what, then, went wrong?

At a recent meeting of International P.E.N. in Holland, a sharp dispute arose; to whom did the stage belong today, the director or the author? The debate continued in Hungary, where the Hungarian P.E.N. Centre, held a public debate in April. In protest against the arbitrary interpretations of the director, several speakers demanded that the director be nothing but the dramatist's humble servant, faithfully interpreting the writer's message; he is not to indulge in any interpretations of his own. To advocate with such fervour a principle such as this is evidently nonsensical. Not only because on its present level, directing demands more and more originality, but also in the interests of the play itself. Suppose a director wants to produce Shakespeare, say *Richard the Second* or *Titus Andronicus*. How can he know today what the author wanted to convey in his own age?

He can read a number of books, each of which will be in contradiction with the others, and will finally form his own picture, which will be different from all the others again. In any case this will at least be his own view. But there are even greater difficulties. We may know exactly what are the author's intentions, where he may have put them down on paper. But what if the message the author addressed to his own age has lost its topical importance? After all, the wheels of history have turned, the situation as it was in the author's time has changed. Or the original message may now be hackneyed. On the other hand, the work may have certain eternal dramatic values, in its language, poetry, theme or construction, so that it cannot be left unperformed. Every single pearl may be here, but the string on which the pearls are strung is tattered. What can, what should the director do in that case? If he is an artist he will re-thread the pearls on the string of his own interpretation, on his own relationship to the work, the world, the age and the audience, and will convey it to the public as an experience of his own. A really good director cannot do otherwise. And it was precisely this very subjectivity, this "independent" interpretation, which was missing from the Madách Theatre's production. And without it the play—even if it is played by the best actors—is nothing but a museum-piece—even if a beautiful museum-piece. Nor can it be anything but a failure.

After *Saint Joan* the Madách Theatre presented *Our Town*. I do not know what effect this play of Thornton Wilder's would have now in America. Even today the idyllic atmosphere, the peacefulness, the simplicity of the small town create a certain nostalgia amidst the worries, social and financial, of great cities, amidst the ever-abiding threat of nuclear war. Here, and I think in other parts of Europe too, the feelings expressed by another of Thornton Wilder's characters is more understandable. Roderick Bayard, in *The Long Christmas Dinner* says: "Great God, you gotta get drunk in this town to forget how dull it is." Possibly, apart from wanting to stage a recognized work, the Madách Theatre was also motivated by a nostalgia for peace when it chose this play. The performance was directed by a new very young director and had an excellent cast, and yet, the sentimentality of the poetry, the naiveté of the intentional triviality of the work, could not be overcome. That is why the very audience to which the Theatre owed its rise and popularity, an intellectual audience with high standards, got no pleasure from it. A characteristic reaction was that of an eighteen-year-old girl whose letter was published in a theatrical weekly. The girl, who had just passed her matriculation, wrote that she had seen the play with her parents. On leaving the theatre her mother had said she was very much moved because the production reminded her of the time when she had first seen the play twenty years ago. Her father, rather annoyed, remarked that he was depressed by the performance, which was much poorer than the one they had seen twenty years ago. For her part, she said, she had not understood the argument. For her, although she found no fault with the performance, the play "did not mean anything," it had left her cold. One can only hope that the Madách Theatre, which suffers from continual changes in its management, will draw the necessary conclusions from this year's fiascoes, and that in the coming season this theatre will set out with more original and courageous plays and a new approach.

Weiss and Miller in the National Theatre

The air around the National Theatre is much fresher. Having finally overcome its difficulties, this theatre is getting better and better. It owes its vigour to new and bold experiments. Last year's success of the *Marat/Sade* was the turning point, and now the National Theatre has also produced

another play of Weiss, *The Investigation*. This dramatist is constantly experimenting. *Marat/Sade* was an experiment, and so is his musical produced in Stockholm *Der Gesang vom lusitanischen Popanz* ("The Song about the Scarecrow from Lusitania"), and *The Investigation*, the drama written between the two, is also an experiment. The character of the play is mainly documentary, and the emotion is created in the first place by the actual and factual truth of the dialogue and its underlying implications. This may account for the fact that *The Investigation* offers no opportunities for spectacular and ingenious production, as does *Marat/Sade*, and its performance in the National Theatre therefore does not reach the same dramatic pitch as *Marat/Sade*. True, the director did not make full use of the dramatic and stage possibilities inherent in the relationship between the witnesses. Even so the production vibrates with tension and can be considered a success. *The Investigation* was not produced by the director of *Marat/Sade*, but by Tamás Major an outstanding man of the theatre in Hungary and head of the Madách in an earlier period.

The director of *Marat/Sade*, Endre Marton, continued his series of successes with a revival of an old Hungarian play (reviewed at the time) and now he has again carried the day with his production of Miller's *After the Fall*. The play was performed in various theatres in Europe with varying success. In the Budapest production it is highly effective. Its subject is responsibility. In Miller's work responsibility is a recurring problem, and for this very reason the performance was not concerned with his own personal problems, his family life, the Marilyn Monroe tragedy, in short: gossip. It was not seeking sensation but it tried to generalize Quentin's self-examination: to what extent is the individual responsible for crimes committed in his own life, and to what extent is he responsible for the crimes of society? And if he is guilty, has he any hope of amendment or change? Is not change a mere self-delusion? Can he ever be allowed to promise anything to anyone, or will he not deceive himself and others alike? Although the performance does not try to "alienate" the audience from Miller's person—the mask and the dresses of the actress playing the part of Maggie are, all for example, reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe—the whole play takes the problems very seriously. The writer had the occasion to see Elia Kazan's production of the play in New York. Compared to the New York production the Budapest production has more austerity and depth. The New York one is more familiar, closer to humanity and, here and there, more intimate; in its stage design the Budapest production is more monumental, the acting more emotional and tense. Even so the performance was very successful and the work of two of the players highly praised: György Kálmán, who plays Quentin, and who last year played Marat, and Hédi Váradi, who plays Maggie and in the Weiss play Charlotte Corday. So the National Theatre, which not long ago was considered our most conservative, and frankly—dullest—theatre is winning back its former reputation.

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

The Vígszínház also had two successful foreign productions. It has put on Tennessee Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. For a long time the play was on the theatre's schedule, and had been published in Hungarian several times. Yet it was never produced before. The Vígszínház chose another translation instead of the somewhat sugary one which had appeared in print stripped of its coarseness. The third act moreover, over which at the time Elia Kazan and the author had fallen out, was not played in the Broadway version, but in Williams's original one. And finally, István Horvai, the director, instead of having it played in the "Chekhovian"

slow rhythm, which is William's usual fate in Hungary, produced it at breakneck speed. Horvai is among our best directors. He brings out every detail in a play, is somewhat abstract in his approach, and his production of his actors is untheatrical. (His recent successes included *Incident at Vichy*, *The Physicists* and the production of a Hungarian play discussed in our previous number *The Devil's Advocate.)* With so devoted and thorough a director the swift rhythm did not lead to superficiality, but resulted in a performance of signal effect, and in personal success for several actors. First and foremost for Antal Páger, who was awarded the actors' *Grand Prix* at Cannes three years ago, and who now holds the audiences spellbound in Big Daddy's role. The other important success was scored by Iván Darvas in the role of Brick. He is one of the most popular and interesting of Hungarian actors (he took the lion's share in *Luv* and *The Devil's Advocate.*) Incidentally, after an accident, he played Brick with a real cast on his broken foot, instead of the false one called for by the script.

In addition to the plays mentioned above other contemporary foreign dramas presented at the beginning of the season, such as *Luv*, *The Period of Adjustment* and Sean O'Casey's *Purple dust* are still playing. Apart from these foreign plays of lesser importance, or even "box office" plays, farces, thrillers, and musical comedies are also being shown, particularly in the little theatres, whose standards are not so high—and these plays are often very successful and have long runs. However, instead of discussing them, it may be worth while reporting on another very interesting première.

Provincial Theatres

Apart from the capital, eleven Hungarian towns have independent theatres. Although in general, the level of these theatres does not equal Budapest, most of them are fairly good, and every one of them tries to raise their standard by producing something original, something outstanding. Thus the Pécs Theatre whose *Measure for Measure* we reviewed in our previous number, tries to "discover" for its audiences every year a contemporary foreign play which the Hungarian audiences have not yet seen. The Pécs Theatre was the first to perform Brecht's *Antigone* and *The Exception and the Rule* in Hungary; moreover, they performed it successfully; and the first to produce Sartre's *The Flies*. Then, they embarked upon a very special venture, *More Stately Mansions*, one of the plays of O'Neill's drama-cycle, which was planned as eleven dramas but remained unfinished, was completed but supposed to be re-written. On the basis of the dramatist's notes this drama was edited, abridged and published with the writer's original drawings of what he thought the settings should look like. O'Neill has always been more popular in Europe than in his own country. This play of his was also performed in Europe, first by the Swedish Royal Academy Theatre, which has a special position with regard to O'Neill's plays. Apart from that it has only been performed at the Salzburg Festival. The Pécs Theatre decided to put it on. It was a very difficult task; although the play presents O'Neill at the height of his powers as a playwright there is always some exaggeration, some over-explanation in the psychological passions of his characters, and they therefore never ring quite true. For such weaknesses he was often criticized in his lifetime; the burden devolving upon the artists representing his characters on the stage is tremendous. Even in the form it was published *More Stately Mansions* is too long. This meant the text had to be cut. What is more, the drama is practically entirely played by three characters, and the Pécs players were not yet of the stature needed to interpret these figures with the full range of passion that was necessary. The Pécs Theatre nonetheless undertook to produce the production, and the result exceeded

expectations. The Budapest papers reviewed the production. There were critics who strongly criticized the play and were not sure whether the Pécs Theatre had been right to choose it; but there were others who gave it praise. As a matter of fact the experiment of the Pécs Theatre came off; it was a success. This was achieved by giving the roles to young actors, whose ambition and enthusiasm made up for the lack of great and experienced stage personalities. The director, moreover, imposed an extraordinarily simple and muted style of acting upon the actors, and by this enhanced the inner heat of the play itself. I believe an American production of the play is now being prepared in Los Angeles. In any case this Southern Hungarian town gave an excellent example of how great drama should be appreciated.

One more first night should be mentioned here. Although the play is the work of a Hungarian, not a foreign, dramatist, it was one of the most significant events of the current season. It was put on at the Thalia Theatre. The head of the theatre, Károly Kazimir, is the most independent personality in Hungarian theatrical life, and one of the boldest of all the theatrical directors. His remarkable personality is reflected best in the choice and in the manner of production of contemporary foreign and Hungarian plays, in both his successes and his failures.

István Örkény's tragicomedy entitled *Tóték* (The Tóth Family) was originally published in the form of a short novel in one of our periodicals. It is no means by chance that, like the other great Hungarian success of the season, Gábor Thurzó's drama, *The Devil's Advocate*, it was dramatized from a novel. There are very few playwrights in Hungarian literature today who think in dramatic terms from the beginning, and would cast and write the work primarily as a play. Thus the theatres are obliged to watch the novel, and if they find suitable dramatic material, they try to persuade the writer to dramatize it. That is how some years ago Károly Kazimir persuaded Endre Fejes to write a highly successful play from his excellent novel *Rozsdatemető* (Scrapyard). He wanted to do the same this year with Fejes's *Mocorgó* ("Fidgety Phil") but neither the play nor the performance were satisfactory. The stage version of *Tóték* was more successful.

Although István Örkény,* author of "The Tóth Family," is fifty-five, he is, as he says himself still experimenting. In the period of the personality cult he could not find himself, although then he seemed to be one of the most original short story writers in Hungary. After 1956 he was silent for some years, then, with an astonishing surety of touch, he struck a tragi-comic, grotesque note in tales ranging from very long stories to "short shorts," not humorous sketches like those of the Hungarian Karinthy or the Polish Mrożek, but genuine short stories of only some few lines or so. "The Tóth Family" is also a grotesque tragi-comedy. Practically every moment of the play is funny, the audience laughs unrestrainedly, and yet the overall effect of the play is moving and gives food for thought.

The play takes place during the war in a small Hungarian village in an isolated mountain region. The Tóth family live contentedly within its petty, but relatively peaceful world. The head of the family is the leader of the local fire-brigade. With his wife and his adolescent daughter he would have enjoyed his prestige in the village and his peaceful family life if their happiness had not been overshadowed by the fact that their only son was a soldier on the Russian front. They are anxious for him, far away amidst unknown dangers, when suddenly a letter from him brings unexpected excitement. The letter says that the son's Commanding

* See his short story The 137th Psalm in No. 26 of The New Hungarian Quarterly. A passage from the above play, with an introduction by the writer, is to be published in a forthcoming number.—Ed.

Officer, the major, is going home on leave and that he, the son, in order to improve his position on the front, has invited the major to his parents' house. There the major would be able to rest and relax and get rid of the tension induced by fear of the partisans. The Tóths are happy to be able to help their son. They stake everything on winning the major's favour. The major arrives and first starts torturing the family with his innocent whims and then with crazier and crazier demands. The Tóths agree to the most fantastic nonsense in order to save their son from future trouble. The tragic aspect is that the audience knows, though the Tóths are ignorant of it, that the son had died in action long before. Finally Tóth cannot endure it any longer and grotesquely cuts the major to pieces. The diabolic satire of the play, condemning and yet compassionate—at times surrealistic—is levelled at opportunism and the way tyrants are created. It is a great success. The standard of the performance—although it is good—does not come up to the level of the play. But one piece of acting particularly stands out, that of Zoltán Latinovits, a young actor who is no longer one of the most promising young men on the Hungarian stage, but now one of its greatest actors.

JÓZSEF CZÍMER

A *NOUVELLE VAGUE* OF HUNGARIAN FILMS?

When the films of a nation suddenly make the international headlines, calling attention to a number of outstanding talents, a question immediately presents itself: what of the follow-up? Will there be any followers who make use of the favourable wind to consolidate the success already achieved?

Experience of different new waves in the past makes one a little sceptical. Brilliant and sensational first films have been too often followed by disappointing second and third ones, as though every original and ingenious idea had been spent at the outset. Some remarkable producers, such as Chabrol or Astruc, soon cured us of any propensity to look forward with interest to their next film. Even the tiresome game of self-repetition soon proved too much for them: they ended in the same conformity as so many others.

Before the success achieved by Miklós Jancsó, András Kovács, István Gaál and István Szabó, our pride has been intermingled with a certain anxiety: what next? Who next?

The second film of István Szabó, the "Father" *(Apa)* is at last finished—and left us with all our questions and expectations in the air. The whole film is indeed crammed with the sparkling, delicate, gay and lyrical inventions of István Szabó's exuberant fancy, but when we tried to enjoy the good thing given us on a mere profound level, "suddenly, like good things do, it vanished."

Maybe we handled it too roughly and this is why it fell to pieces. Or did it initially lack the vital cohering force? None the less, we had to think about it. We might like it or hate it, but it occupied our minds.

The "Father" is unquestionably the continuation of his first successful film of "The Age of Daydreaming"*—not in its subject, but in its range of thought. The first film dealt with the dreams and disappointments, the troubles and compromises of the very young adults while struggling to find their place in the world. The "Father" goes a step further back, to what one might call the historical sources of these attitudes.

* Reviewed by the author in No. 21 of The N.H.Q. It ran this year in New York under the title "Age of Illusions."

It is again the personal, obsessed lamentation of a generation: why are we what we are, what false illusions nourished our ideas? Where did we miss our way? When did we find our feet? And when do we create our own face? How long are we subject to external forces? When do we break away from them, living under our own laws, ruling our own life?

The "Father" is about a small boy, who, under the influence of his own childish solitude and adult hypocrisy, makes an idol for himself of his father, a protective divinity, a shelter guarding him from everything dangerous or wrong. He surrounds the figure of his father with the aureole of legendary and imaginary heroic deeds. And the legends become more and more detached from reality. They no longer represent the father, the hero, they represent the son, the admirer, since the colourful embroidery of memory is selected and shaped by his needs. Obviously such defensive illusions are fragile. Life is only too quick to shatter the idol and destroy the illusion.

The child's loneliness is replaced by the more complete solitude of the adult. An outer support to buttress him will be ultimately forcing him to develop his own inner self-confidence as an adult.

The sub-title of the film ("Diary of a faith") suggests a generalized theme under the telling of an individual story. The somewhat vague concept of faith is meant to sum up the mental and emotional attitude of the fifties—of a whole period: an almost religious fanatism for certain ideas, their unavoidable petrification, and the painful disappointments which follow and which are natural and salutary, leading to further development at a painful price.

The tale is told in the form of a diary and the structure of the film changes arbitrarily to encompass it. This results in moments of exquisite detail, such as the obstinate recurrence of some fragmentary and pitiful remembrance of the true facts in the common past of father and son. It is nothing, the silly heart-warming tenderness of a gesture, but it still represents a secret reserve of strength for him. Or somewhat later, the first experience of Liberation, seen half-realistically, half mythically, through a child's fancy: the first tram coming along the wrecked tramway lines after the war, symbolizing in a single picture the delicious joy of resurrection.

A special virtue of István Szabó's has always been his exceptional sense of rhythm. Like his favourite producer, Truffaut, he likes to express feeling and atmospheres through dynamic shots and swift movement. The fresh pictures, shot with the enchanting alertness of the strolling camera, the delicious landscapes, the inextricable mixture of truth and fantasy, produce their effects primarly through pulsating, half-quiescent intimate rhythms. The light and air of an Impressionist painting breathing through the picture is due to Szabó's intuitive skills, aided and abetted by the imaginative photography of Sándor Sára. But the small mosaics are not homogeneous enough, not strong enough, not profound enough. The details are better than the whole. The single episodes, the isolated moments live an unintegrated life, independent of their place and function in the construction of the play. I think that the delicate poetical approach is not naturally fitted to the subject. Theatrically it should be possible, but it is more difficult when a general thesis, symbolically simplified, is involved. In this film the logical implications are neat and concise, and have no organic connection with poetry and fantasy, and this may finally account for the failure in integration. What is as a matter of fact a series of brilliant shorts is not about the implied subject. It includes ironical and grotesque sketches caricaturing the formalism of the fifties, or tragic parable in the role played by student extras, forced to don official and mental uniforms and adopting forcibly its inner substance—but on the whole unconnected with the main theme.

If we compare István Szabó's second film with his first, the result is a certain amount of unjust criticism. Unjust—because the "Father" is a good film, and the acting is talented and warm; and yet—there is nothing essentially new. The gaiety and the poetry of his first film made us accept the attitude of the adolescents, now bitter, now happy. But two years later we are somewhat disappointed. Why the same plaintive voice? Why the pained revolt, the provocative sentimentality, the arraignment—only excused on the grounds of adolescence, the reproach to the world for being as it is? Is there no risk of stereotyped repetition? The difficulties of growing up, the emotional confusion of puberty recur in every generation; but if adolescent sensitivity develops into self-pity, the result will be not a more profound self-examination, but a one-sided defiance, an adolescent weariness more fashionable than heartfelt. I think the audience will want more than what is revealed in the pages of a secret diary, however sincere. It is all too much of a private affair; we should be excused from butting in.

Ten Thousand Suns

The "diploma" film demanded from students of the Academy of Theatre and Cinematography gave the original impulse to "Ten Thousand Suns," the first full-length film of Ferenc Kósa.

It is a most unusual enterprise, with nothing in it of the light-hearted gaiety associated with students. It covers the whole space of life and changing ways of living, and the director has evolved a new genre in Hungarian films.

It is a peasant tragedy dealing with an age-old attitude of peasants. A firm and obstinately consistent peasant, whose whole life has been concentrated on the acquisition of land, prefers death to the co-operative, and hangs himself.

The film is on two planes: on the one hand, it goes back in time to the misery, humiliation and defencelessness of the pre-war past, where human fidelities can only be maintained at the cost of a defensive and self-imposed seclusion, which in turn distorts them and breaks their natural harmonies. Bitterness, a blind egoism and distrust spring from innocence as the leaf breaks from the stem. The roots are the same, human values are maintained and destroyed by the same causes.

The second plane deals with the complications and relationships between man and society in the present day.

The method of handling the subject is paradoxally enough extremely interesting: they make drama into description and description into drama. The film is an interminable series of self-contained micro-plays, with neither the antecedents nor the continuation known. But this very detachment gives a transparent lucidity. It is the structure we see, and the structure invites our attention to all the more important connections and relationships. It is not an arbitrary sequence of individual acts we are watching, but through them a generalized human attitude.

This generalizing force lends the film a particular passion, a noble dignity. I can hardly remember anything comparable to it in beauty. The composition of each scene is even stricter and more full of poetry than "The Round-up" of Jancsó. The landscapes are enchanting, the precisely ordered gesture and word suit with unerring certainty: the whole is welded into an unity.

The producer Ferenc Kósa, and his co-author Sándor Csoóri, a well-known poet*, and the cameraman, Sándor Sára, equal co-author in the script, decided not to use the chronicle method in telling the story. The mere recording of a series of events could not offer anything original; it is not the happenings in life which are important, but their human implications.

* *Cf.* Poems of Csoóri on p. 84 of the present issue.—Ed.

The makers of the film were interested in investigating just these human implications, and they chose an abstract and formal method of doing it. Instead of using the accidents and hazards of daily life to make up a coherent whole, they chose to transpose it on to a poetic level of interpretation like the concise and staccato form of a ballad.

I did not mention the form of ballads by chance. Picture and dialogue deliberately make use of it. The real model for these young authors, according to their own confession, was Béla Bartók. At the beginning of the century, Bartók set off with his phonograph to roam through the Hungarian countryside to discover and record the music and poetry of an almost lost culture; Kósa and his friends set off with the more advanced technical tools of the day—the tape recorder and the camera—to record the sorrows and joys of thirty years. They accumulated material for ten films, first through the more informal and objective method of recording everything they found, and subsequently by selecting the characters and personal relations pertinent to the subject of the drama.

The film is thus unimpeachably authentic. Everything in the film is made up of genuine experiences. The real value however lies in the authenticity of the events and the experience together. And this is woven into a complicated composition which emerges with the bare simplicity of a ballad, everyday events formalized into a half-abstraction.

Thirty years is a long period to handle. It has had its effect on the rhythm of the film. The usual method of concentrating on given key points in a gradual crescendo, followed by a diminuendo on a strong, slow rhythm. Its sustained flow militates against dramatic spontaneity and instant effects, but the film can afford to maintain a certain distance between itself and the spectators.

And indeed almost every shot is literally taken from a distance, there is hardly a situation where man is shown as distinct from his environment. Like so many Renaissance portraits, the figures stand against the landscape, amidst the very stuff of their surroundings and their daily world, which are not so much their background as the expression and explanation of their fate.

Due to the composition of the film and its superb geometry, the form and sequence of the scenes appear inevitable. At last we have a film, where human tragedies are not described in words and phrases or even in in simple actions, but where all is foreordained, where necessity dictates, that is, where the implacable artistic judgment of the film makers appears in every stroke, every touch of its ordered arrangement and composition.

YVETTE BÍRÓ

THE DIRECTOR OF *THE ROUND-UP* TALKS ON FILMS

Miklós Jancsó's film *The Round-Up* was first shown in Hungarian cinemas in January 1966, and since that date has been shown all over the world: after making a sensation at Cannes without winning a prize, it ran for weeks in the cinemas of Paris and London, and at the end of 1966 it won the prize of the English film critics. If we skim through the reviews of the film in the foreign press, it is fair to say the Hungarian cinema has very few if any successes comparable to *The Round-Up*.

The film critic of *Filmvilág* (Film World) interviewed the director in Budapest upon

his return from his latest trip abroad, and asked him about his past films and future plans.

"What do you think about the public reaction to your film? Does the feeling that a lot is now expected of you after the success of The Round-Up stimulate or depress you in attacking your next job?"

"It's very hard to speak of my own film, because though I have definite opinions about the work of others there are very few people who can judge their own from an unbiassed point of view. I am a film producer, one of the many who tell stories on film. And through these stories I try to express my own views and opinions about the world, or rather not only mine—all my films express the opinion of at least two of us: that of the writer, Gyula Hernádi, and my own.

"The foreign reviews and the world-wide success of *The Round-Up* are—I think—a little overemphasized by the Hungarian press and by professional opinion. I had the privilege —owing to the good offices of the Hungarian and French governments—to spend a few months at the end of last year on a scholarship in Paris. Luckily those very weeks and months were just the time when my film was showing there, so I could hear and watch the reaction at close quarters. Among those films which have made an international success *The Round-Up* should rather be put as yet on the list of 'films having a successful run,' and though it is true that a lot of enthusiastic and exaggerated praise appeared, there were a number of more critical reviews as well. It would be very nice to concentrate exclusively on the first sort—but the two different reactions are needed to give the proper overall picture."

"Are you being so modest because you are afraid success might be a heavier burden for a creative artist than failure?"

"Nothing is farther from me than modesty—and I can still judge more or less, at least one or two years after a film is finished, when detachment and dissociation come, what I have made. The thing is simply that Hungary is a very small film-making country with her twenty films a year, and she seldom plays a role in the international field. With a few exceptions the most the Hungarian films of the last twenty years could do was to get through to the art cinemas, or to private performances for small audiences. So consequently we have every reason to be pleased—and naturally I am the one who is most pleased—that a Hungarian film has found its way on to the world market. But it's got there, no more, and there is no question of its playing a particularly important role there. What has happened at best is that *The Round-Up* is among those fifteen to twenty films that in the opinion of the international professional world were considered most worthy of attention in 1966."

"That's no small thing, either... Why, owing to the success of The Round-Up the English have also bought your previous film, 'This Was My Path' and you are now preparing to go to London yourself. Incidentally, you did a lot of travelling last year, didn't you?"

"I have no desire to be a travelling ambassador. It's true I very much enjoy seeing the world, but I like to work and make films even more. Although some reviewers have discovered me as a rising young artist, I am afraid that unfortunately the epithet is not very suitable. I am over forty-five and up to the present I have altogether produced four big feature films. So I don't have too much time to travel. I am afraid the human spirit cannot go on producing works of great value for very long—especially in a profession which makes such demands on the brains and nerves as films. In a few days I shall be leaving for London, not just to exchange civilities, but to work. The London film distributor who bought *This Was My Path* made the condition that I cut it a bit."

"Is it true that in London The Round-Up was also running in a cut version?"

"Yes, it was. With my approval they left out a few scenes which I myself have come

to feel superfluous. The sketches from the early part of the film were left out—you know, the historical explanation which introduced the film—the search for lanterns in the yard at night was omitted, and we cut the military training bit preceding the beginning of the campaign. That made it two hundred metres shorter. I think the cuts inproved the film. Last autumn I saw *The Round-Up* in Warsaw. Quite a lot of it bored me, certain parts of it quite definitely irritated me, and there were other scenes I felt I would do quite differently if I were shooting it now. But I think everybody feels that way about an earlier work. I am lucky with Zoltán Farkas, who cuts my films; he is the very first critic of all my finished work, and he has an excellent feeling for the right judgment on my views as translated on celluloid. At the time he wanted to leave out of *The Round-Up* just those very parts which a year and a half later I myself realized were unnecessary, and which I cut from the copy shown in London. Farkas will have a good laugh when he learns that I have also cut from the London version of *This Was My Path* just those parts which he wanted to leave out three years ago. But immediately after the shooting is finished a man is liable to cling to all his cherished ideas, to every frame in the film, even to his mistakes."

"Last year you were in Moscow several times. I understand you are preparing to produce a Soviet–Hungarian joint production. Can you tell me about it, and how it all came about?"

"The provisional title of the film is: *Men with Stars, Soldiers*. It's set in Central Russia in 1918. The main characters are the Hungarian war prisoners of the First World War who fought in the international units of the Red Army during the civil war. The scenario was written by three of us: Georgi Mdivani, a Georgian writer, Gyula Hernádi and me. Mdivani, by the way, is one of the best-known Soviet scriptwriters and dramatists; eight of his films are running simultaneously at present, and he is the author of more than thirty-five film scripts. The cameraman will be my old friend and constant co-worker, Tamás Somló, the first assistant will be Zsolt Kézdi-Kovács. Zahariadze, one of the better-known Soviet actors, will play in the film—the Hungarian public has seen him as the leading character in *The Soldier's Father*—and another is Bulgakova, whom we have seen playing the lead in *Wings*. If they can manage to fit in the filming with their other engagements we hope to have the collaboration of several well-known Hungarian actors as well, and also some of those who played parts in my earlier films. According to the plans we shall begin shooting at the end of May.

"As for the first plans for the film, the idea of such a cooperation has been in the back of my mind for a long time. For years, for instance, we have been thinking about a monumental historical film with a huge cast, on the Turkish Janissaries—which would cost too much for the Hungarian motion picture industry to make itself. Now it has come up again and maybe we'll make it later in a joint production with the Georgian studio. But we shall produce this comparatively inexpensive subject first. The story of how the film came about is merely that when the idea of coproduction came up in a concrete way and I was asked, I put forward four possible subjects. Our Soviet partners and the head of our studio group chose this one, and I began to work on it with very great pleasure, since it is as much my own theme as the other three, and like the scripts which I and Hernádi have written together since *The Round-Up* was finished. Or rather—they're not scripts—not in the usual sense of the word, because they are much shorter than an average script; we are cultivating a special genre halfway between the film story and the script; my working-method doesn't need a description of the imagined film in minute detail; for me the film is first and foremost a spectacle, a succession of images which are very difficult to formulate in words."

"Can I ask you to tell me about any of the

intellectual and dramatic problems which you have to face in your new film?"

"The script as far as I know will be published this summer in *Új Írás* (New Writing) in Budapest. I can't really talk about it, or rather I don't want to, because there's no point in a producer explaining his views about his own film beforehand, or afterwards, for that matter; its effect may very well be entirely different on the screen. And even more I don't believe in any preliminary explanations of the concept of the film. When the job is done, then one can judge it and discuss it."

"Up to the present all your films have expressed a very definite basic idea which might be formulated in a single sentence."

"Oh, yes. I can still formulate in a single sentence what I want to say with the film. And that is that war in all its forms is bad, but there are still causes in life for which one must die, for which it is worth while dying."

"And in what way is your new film connected —intellectually—with The Round-Up?"

"It transposes it in a curious way. What particularly thrills me in this story is that it is about one of those historical moments when we Hungarians tried—within the limits of our possibilities—to take a hand in the shaping of history. One of the saddest lessons of Hungarian history is that at times of great historical change we always adopted —we adopted for centuries—a passive, wait-and-see attitude, it was only in the rarest cases that we took the field voluntarily ourselves; for the most part we let ourselves be driven there, as many a sad chapter in our history shows. Nevertheless Hungarian history has a few rare great moments when we did not behave like that. For instance, in 1848, and in 1919. *The Round-Up* explored the human predicament in an epoch when the very last remnants of the exceptionally great and active historical moment which had preceded it—the revolution of 1848—were finally liquidated and destroyed, with the consequence that a further submergence in another fifty years of passive waiting and non-intervention in the course of events followed. *Men with Stars, Soldiers* on the other hand attempts to catch that next great moment of Hungarian history—with a certain perspective, seen from this peculiar viewpoint, when our forefathers once again reached such heights humanly and socially; when after the descent into the abyss that separated them from the revolution of 1848 they rose again to try, with sincerity and vigour, to intervene in the course of history, accepting all the struggle and the risk which it entailed. In the new film we are trying to investigate the inner meaning of this human and social upward leap, with all the many and bitter contradictions it involved."

"How does the idiom of the film differ from that of The Round-Up?"

"Anything I can say is only a working hypothesis. This film is also an experiment, and it is by no means certain that the final effect on the screen will be what we imagined. In *The Round-Up*, for instance, the interrogators—the men with black cloaks—are always different persons, not to flood the film with a sort of Kafka mysticism, but because if we chose one single man to personify the oppressors, then the whole thing would lose point, it would simply become a personal drama—whereas it is not the person of the executioner that is interesting, but the mechanism of the system itself. *The Round-Up* retained two of the three classical unities—the unity of place and time—it was only the story that broke the uniformity. The new film ignores all three of them, and we are dispensing with the *résoneur* as well. We think this is a rather daring experiment, and that's not the least reason why the job is so exciting.

"The dialogue in Men with Stars, Soldiers is almost exclusively made up of orders, simple sentences, snapping words of command—and this, too, is fairly uncommon."

"We have to maintain a consistency in the type of story—and this story demands that sort of dialogue. Several critics of *The*

Round-Up, for instance, said and wrote that there were two different styles in the film: a television-like directness and a decorative pattern. According to others many of the scenes of the film border on the sentimental. The film as a means of expression is still hampered by a great many limitations, even though it is busy trying to create a new film language, even though the producer is called Godard, even though the method is *cinema direct*. The film as an art is still not sufficiently intellectual, and it can hardly be denied that compared with other arts, such as literature and the fine arts, it really does very often border on the sentimental.

"The language technique of *The Round-Up* is an experimental style which we worked out pretty thoroughly. This new, accepted script is a completely new experiment for me—it may very well be that it is only a new experiment for me, of course. I knew well in advance very precisely what I was going to make in scripts written in the style of *The Round-Up*. Here I know it less. The style of this film most resembles *This Was My Path*, only without its poetical overtones, if, indeed, it *had* poetical overtones..."

"That means you are not afraid that those who were most enthusiastic about The Round-Up might talk of self-repetition after the new film, as often happens?"

"What is self-repetition? If someone has a real point of view, a world of his own, then he does nothing else all his life than—on different planes—repeat himself. In Paris I got to know the work of two producers much more thoroughly; the one is John Ford, the other is Godard. Ford does the same thing over and over again in his fifty films; if you like, he 'repeats himself.' Godard has two tones of voice: every second one of his films is similar in style. One type of Godard film is *Au bout de souffle;* the other is *Masculin et Féminin*. Within these two main themes his films are so identical that Godard even goes so far as cutting into a later film a sequence left out of an earlier production. In *Vivre sa Vie* there is a bar scene which is broken by shooting in the street. This scene was originally meant for the *Le Petit Soldat*, but at that time—in the tense political situation created by the OAS—the censorship cut it out. Godard put the whole censored strip into his next film, and no one realized it didn't belong there.

"Of course, we keep a sharp eye on ourselves to see whether a producer is repeating himself or not. Because, comparatively speaking, we make very few films. Many people assert that Antonioni has been constantly repeating himself since *La Notte*, that *L'éclipse* is only a cheap copy of *La Notte* and that *Deserto Rosso* is nothing but an Antonioni mannerism. I'm biased because I am a passionate admirer of Antonioni, and in my opinion *Deserto Rosso* has opened up entirely new vistas for the film. And yet they kept on telling even Antonioni that he was repeating himself until he decided to go to London and make films there. Maybe that was his way of trying to break out of that magic circle which one or two successful films can create around the person of a producer; work with totally different actors, in other places, in a world which is perfectly alien."

"Please, finally, tell me something about the connection between the locations chosen and the film as a whole."

"The final version of the script was decided by two factors: partly by the idea of the Soviet co-author, partly by the fact that in the meantime we had visited the location where the film was to be shot—which in turn reacted on the script. In other words, we didn't look for locations to fit a story written in advance, but they themselves helped to shape the story."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"It was such a rare, unique Russia that these places revealed, almost untouched by the centuries. No German feet had ever touched the soil of Kostroma, nor Napoleon; no Tartars had ever laid the land waste. Here, at the upper flow of the Volga, in the old harbour and old commercial district of

Kostroma, the houses built in the time of Peter the Great are still standing, the magnificent, recently restored Ipatevski monastery is still standing, the forest, field and river form a natural unity in an individual atmosphere such as I have scarcely ever seen in my life. On the night of our arrival, after we had strolled along the old quay of Kostroma, I wrote the short story which served as the basis for the script in four hours. We have been working on this material ever since, and during writing the exact place of every one of the scenes is constantly before our eyes, with the help of photographs as well."

"You hold script-writing to be such an extremely visual art?"

"For me it is. The plot of the film hadn't really taken shape, yet I already knew exactly the different lengths of the shots, the close-ups, the camera angles and particularly the whole internal rhythm of the entire material. Or rather, where I do not yet definitely feel the rhythm of this scenario, which is supposed to be finished, it means that there the script is probably not yet good enough; at those points it has still got to be polished. And there is one more, apparently secondary factor, which has profoundly determined the scenario: the zoom. Up to the present I have never been able to work with them because Hungarian film studios don't have the equipment. The classical visual composition of *The Round-Up* is chiefly the result of the fact that the zoom was not used; we had to compose the successive stage-settings throughout. This new film will have—not least on account of the zoom—a completely different visual and dynamic composition."

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MUSICAL LIFE

BENCE SZABOLCSI

MONTEVERDI

The seventeenth century is the great century of the Romance peoples of Europe; it is not only the "French century"; it is the Italian and Spanish century as well. These three cultures reached their perfection under differing conditions: the French organized their autocratic state, and within it—the classic monarchy and the classic drama—their great literature, the Spaniards arrived at the peak of their own baroque art and literature, and the Italians opened the new epoch in European music. Common to all three was perhaps the extraordinary dramatic tension to be found in them. Spanish and French classic drama, the baroque arts of Spain, France and Italy are all alike the offspring of this climate. The great historical plays and the arts are saturated with the doom-laden emotional tensions of man. The deep antagonisms and contradictions of the epoch explode equally in El Greco and Velásquez, Lope de Vega and Calderon, Corneille and Racine, Caravaggio and Bernini, nor are even the scientists and philosophers of the time immune from the incessant beat and vehemence of that dramatic rhythm. No, all of them, in the whole of their personal life, are part of it, from Caravaggio to Salvator Rosa, from Galileo to Campanella. And the great composer who, in the strictest sense, is one of them: Claudio Monteverdi. Monteverdi also experienced in his own life and fate the same whirlwinds of destiny in which his heroes are engulfed. If in that epoch the birth of an epochal new form of art was due, it could be no other than the musical drama —the opera—and the re-creation of a complete musical language.

It appears that the revival of a musical language assumed special importance in precisely those countries which had up to that time failed to achieve a unity of people, land and country, and which consequently became a nation for the first time in their music.

And here we pass beyond the frontiers of the Latin world. In the seventeenth century the Germany of the Thirty Years' War devastated and torn apart, the misery of an Italy divided among various foreign powers, had reached their lowest ebb: and precisely then did German and Italian music, German chorale and Italian opera, take on importance, helping to unite the country within and spreading without. As if offering a form of compensation, a safety-valve for all the suppressed and distorted energies of the two countries.

Italian opera and Italian musical drama was one of the elements uniting the country and its culture, and at the same time, breaking new ways for the world to follow. Looking at the personality and art of Monteverdi today he seems to have appeared at one of the great flash-points of history, when the tensions and contradictions of the epoch explode into the highest point of ebullition in the arts.

When yesterday is dying and tomorrow is coming painfully to birth, a sense of transience predominates. During the seventy-six-year span of Monteverdi's life people felt, were bound to feel, the passing of an entire era. The pattern of cultural history: late Renaissance—Mannerism—early Baroque—and high Baroque—indicate only in general terms the experience of Monteverdi's contemporaries. He himself was capable of expressing it all; what we call the musical renaissance, impregnated with such rich confidence in the progress of man; the chaos and darkness, wars and brigandry which followed, in which it was Monteverdi who struck the chord of baroque heroism, of man alone against the world; and finally the reconciliation which he effected between this half wild and tense tone, this *stile concitato*, and the demand for a broad and romantic brilliancy, new and dramatic qualities embracing the richness of life. His own great series of human tableaux seems a counterpart to the series of paintings ranging from Titian to Salvator Rosa, the chiaroscuro and trappings of Caravaggio. Rarely had the world of experience been so condensed, and so condensed in its changes as in that epoch. The generation of the Quinquecento, crying "I want to live" had been followed by a new generation crying "let me die," more in love with the beauty of death than the beauty of life, and finally by the third generation, which solved its problems in terms of power, form, decoration and melody.

Thus it is no mere chance that this sense of transience and man's mortality was one of the central themes of Monteverdi's dramas. His first teacher, from his twenties on, had been the courtly world: the famous court of the Dukes of Gonzaga in Mantua. For more than twenty years he was in the service of this court, and during this time he watched the combinations and intrigues, the "who's in, who's out" of the court, and the characters of the men who thronged to it; in 1595 he took part in the war in Hungary along the Danube, and became acquainted with an oriental musical world new to him, with Turkish, Magyar and Gipsy music. Service with the Republic of Venice followed, from 1613 onwards, at St. Mark's, and in this city of the lagoons the study of a form of metropolitan life new to him. And all the while a thousand other experiences were crowding in on him; personal hardship and struggles—for the new madrigal style, and the beginnings of a bitter dispute over it; for the performance of the first operas, the development of the new dramatic structure, the creation of a new musical apparatus, the growth of a new musical public; and for a new style in sacred music in Mantua, Rome and Venice. There were the public tragedies, the destruction of Mantua, the plague in Venice; and his private tragedies, the loss of his wife, his struggle for the release of his imprisoned son; there were the half-hidden contacts with the intellectual movements of the epoch, ranging from free-thinking through alchemy to ordination in the church; and, last but no least, the presentation of his last masterpieces in completely new conditions in this city of the sea, before a new public, in a new ambiance, completing the road which took operatic music out of the old aristocratic court into the bourgeois city world, into the new society arising.

Such a life was a lesson imprinting the sense of unceasing change, the transience of things, on the artist's mind. It ran consistently through his art: it obscures and destroys the happiness of Orpheus, Eurydice, Ariadne, Tancred and Clorinda, Otto and Ottavia; it acts as a test of character, a touchstone in the life of Orpheus, Odysseus and Seneca; as the judgment of time on the desires and purposes of man.

The simultaneous maturity of the artist and his art meant the re-creation and replacement of the entire language of music, and all its forms. The madrigal of 1640 is no more the madrigal of 1580, the Venice opera of 1640 is by no means the same as the operatic drama of Florence of 1590, Rome of 1600, or Mantua of 1610.

And yet the same road of development led from one to the other. Side by side with the puritan declamatory opera of Florence came Rome's oratorio opera with its religious character and greater splendour of setting and accessories. Monteverdi's Mantuan masterpieces, composed in 1607 and 1608, the *Orpheus* and *Ariadne*, brought the old musical drama on to the stage, only based on a modern psychological approach to the characters, with greater instrumental resources, a new musical resonance and colouring; for the *Orpheus* employs an orchestra unmatched in size until the Romantic period, whereas the *Ariadne* gives extreme dramatic importance to the role of the soloist. In two works, the composer said, warding off a court commission for a very banal libretto, Orpheus had inspired him by being a man, and Ariadne by being a woman. And it is true that here the tragic human passions and the destiny of man rise to musical-dramatic height for the first time in European history. There were still two further steps to be taken: one was the oratorio *The Combat of Tancred and Clorinda*, with scenery and gestures to Tasso's text, a modern innovation, written between 1620 and 1630 and composed when he was already in Venice; as well as Homer and Tacitus put on the stage and re-shaped to a musical drama: the *Return of Ulysses* and the *Coronation of Poppea*, dating from the composer's last years in Venice.

It was probably with this last piece that he made his greatest advance, at the age of 74 or 75, as had his successor Verdi at 74 and 80 respectively with his *Othello* and his *Falstaff*. The background was nominally the Rome of ancient times, but in point of fact it was the teeming, intriguing, aggressive and sinning society of the modern city, the court and the middle class. The apparatus is as complete as in the much earlier great scene of "Orpheus" where ruin and the shadow of death sweep human happiness away at the most splendid moment of the feast. But there the poet faced the challenge, even if finally he suffered defeat: here rebellion is doomed from the start; sin gains the victory—the amoral spell of the senses; in the court of Nero virtue must needs come to grief, be it Seneca, Otto or Ottavia. Violence wins the day and wins prettily, for youth and rapture are part of it.

This is indeed a startlingly "Latin attitude," the view of life held by Suetonius and Tacitus, proclaimed amidst the lights of a celebrating modern city, with its theatres (these were the years of the first public opera house), and its crowds avid for spectacles. A contradiction, and yet no contradiction, for the work was destined for Venice, and speaks of Venice, a world without illusions, like the aging Shakespeare, at once ancient and modern. Ancient Rome is merely the pretext; the cast, from emperor and philosopher to common soldier, page and peasant-nurse, are all loving, suffering, hating Italians of the seventeenth century.

What then were the moral principles of this musical drama? That "the people are right," when what the composer was proclaiming was the same as the moral of the most profound folk poetry: that justice and tragic greatness are the fate of man. It was one of the concepts of the time that human life was like a play; the prime mover, the agent, was seen in fate, or love, or power. All these elements are present in Monteverdi's dramas; fate, and love, and power, and in his last works power transformed to fate, love becoming fate. And yet it seems as if the true axis and agent in all these dramas is suffering or passion, the two attributes which make life worth living, and give man the dignity to defy fate—the essential, the *verità*, the truth. Truth is that foundation upon which modern music is built, wrote Monteverdi is his *Dichiarazione*, published under the name of his younger brother. He is intent on serving truth, and when a new truth about the human soul is revealed, he had to discover new means to express it. In this way the *stile concitato*, the "half wild" style, conceived as a means of expressing a

heightened incandescence of passion, was born, and an almost new vocabulary emerged, accompanied by the appropriate means of musical expression, ranging from the *tremolo* to the *pizzicato*, the deep colour of the wind instruments and the organ to the varied returning, basic motifs or the colour-scale of the Venetian *ostinato*, to the free use of dissonances based on modern principles. The new composer had to know the possibilities of his instrument, the stage, but in particular the capabilities of the human voice, for in the new style, the *Seconda Prattica*, "speech is the master of music," and the composer had to comprehend the full value of the word, and all its secrets. The Florentine musical reformers of the end of the sixteenth century had discovered that human inflections constantly change according to person, character, type, and mood; this law, later to be utilized by Lully, Gluck, Wagner, Moussorgsky, Debussy, Bartók and Kodály, was already to be found in the stage dramas and madrigals of Monteverdi. This music is all discovery: the discovery of new laws.

There were, and still are, many to whom the shadowy background of Monteverdi's music dramas recalls El Greco, Caravaggio, and Rembrandt. Perhaps Michelangelo is nearer to the mark; the chiselled dignity of Monteverdi's figures against a background of anguish and struggle, and the poetry, the tragedy that springs from strength, all remind us of Michelangelo. In the latter part of that century these characteristics become rarer; as Monteverdi in the seventeenth century, despite all the new and revolutionary qualities he brought to his music, represents an attitude which by that time was already on the defensive, a sort of spiritual rearguard action: the humanist man of the renaissance coming late to a world that had become baroque, a typical borderline situation.

Contradiction and conflict: the key to the musician's personality and the course of his development and his destiny. It becomes clearer and clearer that he "marched with his time" in both senses, that he not only introduced new innovations for the coming day, but also defended a yesterday already vanished. He stresses individuality, invention, truth, personal experience, in an era to which all this was both no more, and not yet, important. The counter-reformation was more concerned with common factors, with the crowd, with man as a social being, than with the problems of human freedom and responsibility. In the seventeenth century, the age of the baroque, the latter was resistance, as with Giordano Bruno, Galileo, Campanella, Descartes, and Spinoza. Their heirs appeared only later, at the time of the dawning Enlightenment. But between the Renaissance and the Enlightenment came the period which made captives if not martyrs out of such heroes.

Opposition and fulfilment; this is the main characteristic of Monteverdi's last stage, as with Haydn or Bartók. His late madrigals are characterized by the increasing use of solo arias and the orchestra (even a concerto-playing orchestra): solos and orchestra, orchestra and concerto-playing: all this proclaims the advent of the growing densely texture taste of the Baroque against the choral polyphony of the Renaissance, even then beginning to fade. I have already said that his late operas with their romantic colours, their songs and their *bel canto* opened a way to this new taste.

Two further traits are apparent. Gesture and movement belong to the baroque stage as later to the art of Gluck, Wagner, and Bartók. The ballet is already an important element in *Orpheus*, the *Ballo di Ingrate* and *The Combat* are already half pantomime drama, while *Ulysses* and *Poppea* incorporate the dramatic movement, in the music itself.

And again, we know each epoch has its genuine discoveries and inventions, and we know each epoch likes to hark back to some historical past as predecessor and justification. In such a case the important thing is not the awkward imitation but what part of the real or imagined model provides genuine

inspiration for the present, however factually mistaken. Even out of error some valid impulse of history, some kind of truth emerges. The Renaissance turned to antiquity, Wagner to German mythology. The predilection of the Florentine reformers of 1600 for classicism and Hellenism was more a romantic game; with Monteverdi this connection with antiquity was a matter of the utmost seriousness, more serious than the fashionable baroque diversions with classical culture, for it brought into the open a deep inner kinship, the continuation of a great inheritance. Here again the two main features of Monteverdi's position as an artist were present: opposition and fulfilment. Most of his contemporaries undoubtedly felt that he represented their victory: the new requirements triumphing over the old. We today feel it otherwise: here is an art linking old and new in the same intensity, opening the way to the next trend, following on its heels, beckoning to that which was to follow only long after.

The youth of Monteverdi was the golden age of the Italian madrigal, the classic madrigal of Marenzio; Monteverdi, however, the romantic poet who experimented with it as Beethoven with the piano sonata, dramatized it; by this he brought it to the final point of its development, and killed it. His operas on the other hand, starting from the *recitativo* opera of Florence and Rome, launched the *bel canto* in his last works. It was this that the generation immediately following took and carried further, with perhaps the single exception of Carissimi, who transplanted the dramatic qualities of Monteverdi into the field of the oratorio. But this was not the ruling trend: the elaborate Italian opera of the sixties of that century, the opera of Cavalli and Cesti, conquered the whole of that Europe which Monteverdi never reached.

FERENC BÓNIS

IN THE CONCERT HALLS

1967 opened with the first performance of two Hungarian works in the concert hall of the Budapest Academy of Music. One of the most gifted of the younger generation of Hungarian composers, Sándor Szokolay, born in 1931, produced a cantata; a respected representative of the generation which followed Bartók and Kodály, Pál Kadosa, his sixth symphony.

Szokolay's Cantata

Szokolay, whose opera *Blood Wedding*,* to the words of Lorca, has already been played abroad as well as at home, has now written a cantata in three movements for solo contralto, mixed chorus and a symphonic orchestra which includes a large number of percussion instruments and two cymbalums, to the words of a Cuban poet, Nicolas Guillen. Its composition dates from 1962 and can be regarded as a preliminary study to the Lorca opera. Both are set in an "exotic" framework, respectively Negro and Spanish; in both instances Szokolay has filled them with a feeling of primitive and surging life. The oratorio on Ady and the Lorca opera both revealed Szokolay's main goal, which determines the content of his work and the appropriate form in which he clothes it; to bring to the surface the half-dormant passions and forces seething in the

* Reviewed in No. 18 of The N.H.Q. See also an article by the composer, "At Work on a Hamlet Opera," in No. 25.

unconscious. This obsession is the source of certain virtues and certain shortcomings in his music. Virtues in that the impression it always leaves is one of a spontaneous and uninhibited sincerity. Permanent fury, continuous or practically uninterrupted ecstasy, however, as in the *Negro Cantata*, are apt to tire the listener, blunt its proportions, and obscure the true climax, unlike the great twentieth century masters of the "dynamics of ostinato," such as Stravinsky and Orff, who are well aware that the peak looks highest from the valley. The three movements of the *Cantata*—The Whip, Flight, Rebellion—provide no opportunity for telling contrast; this obsession of his leads to a certain monotony. None the less, considered in the light of Szokolay's compositions, particularly the Lorca opera, these three sections of a workshop study written with utmost care are very important links in his development: the experimental methods used here matured into assured control in *Blood Wedding*.

Another item in the same concert, which aroused considerable interest, was Chopin's *Piano Concerto in F minor*, played by Erzsébet Tusa. In early days people with a passion for classification labelled her as a Bartók player —she had played Bartók's *Scherzo for Piano and Orchestra* at its first performance in 1961—and then as a Liszt player. By now they have discovered that she is simply a pianist *tout court*, and one whose every performance deserves the closest attention. She recently impressed us with a very sympathetic, modern interpretation of Tchaikovsky; now we wondered what she had to say about Chopin. Her performance was highly skilled and intelligent; she solved a great many of the musical problems effectively in what was none the less apparently an uncongenial medium. Erzsébet Tusa has proved herself a first-rate Liszt player and an exceedingly well-trained virtuoso, capable of a fine, ascetic and tender interpretation of Liszt. Her performance, however, lacked certain characteristics essential to Liszt—and to many other of the great Romantic masters—namely unstrained brilliance, a certain pathos, a caressing, melting tone. This was equally apparent in her reading of the Chopin concerto. The best of it was the warm, heartfelt interpretation of the poetry pervading the nocturne of the slow movement; the fast movements impressed her hearers more by their polish and sure handling than by variation of colour and sparkle.

Kadosa's Sixth Symphony

A few days later we heard the first concert performance of Pál Kadosa's* *Sixth Symphony*, played by the State Concert Orchestra conducted by Miklós Erdélyi. (The work had earlier been broadcast by the Radio Orchestra under the same conductor.)

This new work of Kadosa, finished in 1966, consists of four movements. As the composer had explained some days before the performance, the principle underlying its construction cannot be described either as "orthodox" or "free" dodecaphony. A thorough knowledge of the "Second School of Vienna" seems to have left its mark on his musical thinking. This individual and highly personal variant of dodecaphonal writing carries with it an unmistakably Hungarian overtone. The emotional approach of the work bears little relation to Kadosa's earlier compositions: it contains few traces of hardness or stridency and equally few of the wry humour which is so characteristic of his personality. The *Sixth Symphony* is lyric poetry—"most musical, most melancholy."

The first movement opens with dramatic impact. The solemn invocation inspires a sense of Greek tragedy; and, indeed, all through the composition echoes and pictures of tragic destiny succeed one another. Of chamber music delicacy, it begins with a flute solo, and broadens into a translucent meditation, occasionally ruffled by out-

* About Pál Kadosa see the author's essay in No. 15 of The N.H.Q.

breaks of a darker mood. This alternation of relaxation and tension lends emotional balance to the movement, which ends on a note of sadness. The scherzo-like second movement is dynamic and resilient, not gay or witty; unlike the preceding movement, it makes use of the full orchestra (with a recurrent alternation of solo and tutti). It is in fact sombre, dramatic music, in some ways reminiscent of Bartók.

The slow movement follows as a logical sequel, gently expatiating upon the themes of the opening movement, embroidering and developing them from different angles. The chamber music impression left by the slow movement is likewise a counterpart of the first movement. The theme carried by the brasses, like a solemn chorale, fading to piano at the end, is again reminiscent of Bartók, this time his *Concerto*. Its length in proportion to the rest of the work makes it indubitably the central movement of the *Sixth Symphony*. The finale is again a fast movement, played with full orchestra. One feels this conclusion is the most featureless movement of the work. It brings no resolution, it contributes nothing to the concepts of the preceding movements. There is a noticeable mellowing in Kadosa's music, which is accompanied by a certain relaxation in form, and this perhaps explains why the *Sixth Symphony* did not startle the public in the same manner as the *Fourth Symphony* a few years before.

Two anniversaries of János Ferencsik

The concert season of last winter also brought the celebration of a personal anniversary, the sixtieth birthday of János Ferencsik, the musical director of the Opera House of Budapest and the State Concert Orchestra, and the chief conductor of the Budapest Philharmonic Society. The event was celebrated at the Erkel Theatre, where Ferencsik conducted a Beethoven evening with the State Concert Orchestra.

1967, as a matter of fact, marks another anniversary for János Ferencsik as well, who has been active in Hungarian music life for forty years, since he became a member of the Opera House in 1927. A whole article devoted to the subject could not begin to cover the concerts and operas which Ferencsik has conducted, so let me mention only a few of recent years. These include a highly successful first performance of *Wozzeck* in Hungary, the première of numerous Hungarian compositions, the revival of Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande*, a particularly moving and beautiful radio recording of one of Gluck's operas, the performance of Schubert's great *C Major Symphony*, Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and Schönberg's *A Survivor from Warsaw*, as well as his collaboration with Sviatoslav Richter, Yehudi Menuhin, and Artur Rubinstein, and a number of fine Bartók concerts, with a splendid recording of the *First Suite*. And not least the humility and perseverance of his never-ending struggle to penetrate the inner depth of the Beethoven symphonies in full, of which we are all the grateful beneficiaries.

There are in fact two approaches to Beethoven, even when both are successful; the routine performance "for weekdays," and the approach which results in an exceptional, rare and rewarding experience. Even the greatest conductors only rise to the heights of such great, triumphal interpretations in their mature years. For several decades we have watched Ferencsik attaining his goal slowly and laboriously, movement by movement, symphony by symphony. He began with the *Seventh Symphony* and the *Pastoral*, then came the *Fifth* and the *Eroica*. Quite recently, at his birthday concert, he gave a magnificent version of the *Fourth Symphony*.

His superb interpretation of the *Fourth* has proved that the sixty-year-old master is still young, with new things to say. The magistral performance of the *Fifth Symphony* which concluded the concert, reflected the full maturity, the full understanding he has laboured so many years to acquire, and the

enthusiastic ovations of the audience reflected the admiration and gratitude of the many he has delighted.

Stokowski in Budapest

The recent visits of two foreign artists were especially interesting: one was the grand old man Leopold Stokowski, and the other, the grand young man, Daniel Barenboim.

The great majority of the Hungarian public had never heard Stokowski in person before. Unlike other illustrious conductors travelling unceasingly all over the world, he surprised musical circles by arriving in Budapest two weeks before the date of his concert. He wished to meet Zoltán Kodály, he said, and to hear good gipsy music. Some may feel a contradiction between these two desires: Hungarian musical culture, as embodied in the person of Kodály, has nothing to do with gipsy music intended for sheer entertainment. The interests of the 82-year-old musician from America, however, are wide enough to embrace them both.

He visited Kodály frequently while here; one wonders whether either of the two men guessed that this first time would also be the last.

One of the secrets of virtuoso success is constant vigilance, constant practice. With the pianist this aim is served by daily five-finger exercises. The *D-minor Toccata and Fugue*, Bach's work for organ, transcribed for orchestra by Stokowski himself, which he conducted as the opening item of his concert at the Erkel Theatre, is just such a five-finger exercise. Stokowski, who at one time had been an organist, made this transcription at a later date, when he had already become a conductor, because he needed an orchestral exercise which laid stress on orchestral skills. There was a time when he began every rehearsal with this *Toccata and Fugue*. Since the transcription gives a highly exacting task to every instrument of the orchestra, it is a very useful exercise. There is not much to be said for it in terms of musical worth; the clarity of Bach is exchanged for the ultra-romanticism of the nineteenth century, endeavouring to outshine the original by heightening every colour and effect. Considered as an exercise for the orchestra, it may be said to have served its purpose in warming them up for the rest of the items on the programme, though the overworked State Concert Orchestra failed to give an impeccable reading of the transcription itself.

Its effects could be felt at the very beginning of Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*. Here the orchestra gave a uniform and disciplined performance. A certain tense promise was given to the introduction leading in to the principal movement, with its swift dancing pulse full of colour and verve, and highly convincing. From this moment on the atmosphere of the evening quickened, the series of variations enchanting the audience with the melancholy of its poetry. The second movement with the 'cello theme, the bold line rising towards the apex of the movement, the sombre gesture of farewell, with its intimations of infinity which closes the movement, were of supreme, unforgettable beauty. Stokowski caught with marvellous understanding the double mood of the scherzo; every minute subtlety of the linking passages, or the dramatic function of a modulation were carefully phrased to give them their due importance. The finale was magnificent, a fit revelation of the dynamic power and stature of the man who conducted it.

The orchestral interlude from Moussorgsky's opera, *The Khovansky Affair*—selected by Stokowski to open the second half of the concert—plunged his audience right into the middle of the tragic atmosphere of ancient Russia. With a single gesture he made every single member of the audience aware that the scales were poised between life or death. The other piece of Russian music—Stravinsky's *Petrushka Suite*—came as a well-contrasted relief after the tremendous tension of the Moussorgsky interlude (for the tragic

elements of Petrushka are for the most part left out of the Suite). The audience was dazzled by this delightful series of dances, hypnotized by all the rhythmic and instrumentational finesse and bravura of Stravinsky's music.

The young pianist Daniel Barenboim, living in Israel and England, appeared in Budapest for the first time at a concert of the State Concert Orchestra conducted by György Lehel, where he played Mozart's last piano concerto, the *Concerto in B flat major*. From the moment he touched the keys he impressed his audience with his extraordinarily fine touch and exquisite passage-work. His capacity to develop and enhance the whole effect, reminiscent of the construction of the great Mozart opera finales, made it clear that his approach to Mozart's music is not purely as a vehicle for the piano; it can be seen that he is a conductor as well. He is fully aware of the profound sorrow of the sections written in a minor key, and the dramatic role of their shadow on the mood of the music after the radiance of the major elements. A pianist with a southern temperament, his notes singing freely in richly flowing lines, but at the same time a pianist with great energy and immense self-control, knowing the value of silence, the secret of the pause. The slow movement of the concerto in particular was of outstanding beauty. Perhaps the interpretation of the gay, glancing rondo-finale was rather more melancholy and unclear than one would have wished. There can be no doubt however of the extraordinary talent of this young pianist.

New works by Petrovics and Szervánszky

And finally we have two new Hungarian works, by Emil Petrovics and Endre Szervánszky respectively. Petrovics, Szokolay's contemporary—who made his name a few years ago with his one-act opera *C'est la guerre*,* set in Budapest during the Second World War—has this time composed a major oratorio. He has taken as his libretto the very moving poem called "The Book of Jonah," written in 1938 by Mihály Babits (1883–1941), on the Biblical theme, in Biblical language, but addressed very explicitly to his own age.

The poem is a magnificent work of art in itself; the writing of this poem at that juncture was an act of courage. The parable speaks with immense poetic power and authority on the responsibility of the intellectuals, the need to fight for right even when faced with inevitable failure: it called for great bravery to voice such thoughts in Hungary in the year 1938.

To compose music to such monumental words demanded a wholly different kind of courage from the composer of the present age. Petrovics found himself compelled to adapt the form of a widely known masterpiece and recast it in a new mould, designed to intensify the effect of the words by reinforcing them with the power and beauty of music.

The lingual dexterity of Babits may have been Petrovics's model in evolving his musical idiom. The poem was born of the fusion of the austere language of the Bible and a reaction to contemporary life. Petrovics has followed a roughly similar pattern. There are certain archaic overtones in his music, but it is none the less clear how closely this musician is bound to both the Hungarian and the non-Hungarian traditions of European music, and with what imposing assurance he makes use of the polyglottal musical dictionary of twentieth century Europe to devise the musical *mot juste* for each of his needs. It was from Kodály the composer learned—echoed—the epic Biblical tone of the opening; the stormy picture of nature

* The libretto of this opera, Miklós Hubay's one-act play entitled *Three Cups of Tea*, appeared in The N.H.Q., No. 4. A Hungarian recording of the opera was broadcast by the BBC in February 1967.

which follows could hardly have been conceived without the *Cantata Profana*, and the Viennese masters. The monologue of Jonah in the belly of the whale is also inspired by the Cantata; the vision of Jonah rushing into the desert reminds the listener of the headlong urgency of Orff and Ravel, and the appeal of the helmsman, at breaking point, evokes the figure of the mentally disturbed Wozzeck.

Petrovics has made the most of the contrast provided by his material, handling it with skill and dexterity to bring the theme to a fitting climax. His dramatic gift has once again displayed itself convincingly, both in his contrasting pictures—a storm at sea, and the violence of nature subsiding—and in his juxtaposition of the various traditional elements of oratorio (narrative, drama, comment). He is as competent in the great scene as in the graphic illustration of a word or a picture; the distressing dissonance accompanying the word pain, the realistic treatment of the vomiting of the great whale, the inarticulate indications of the "horrible curse" in Jonah, the "accentuation" of the towers of Nineveh by a single sforzato, and many other similar points. The voice of the Lord is sounded by the bass and tenor soloists singing together, giving a simultaneously human and inconceivably superhuman quality to the part. The gentle reversion to calm after violent outbreak (the end of the first picture and the fourth) is composed with warm, delicate and poetic feeling. Where the words deal with no specific event, the musical tension is not always up to the level of the passages giving a more dramatic sweep. Some parts of the composition may have suffered in performance through an unfortunate accident; the soloist who was to sing the part of Jonah fell ill before the première.

In March we heard a new work at the Academy of Music from one of the generation of Hungarian composers who followed Bartók and Kodály: at a concert of the State Concert Orchestra Szervánszky's *Clarinet Concerto* was played, a work which imposed equally difficult tasks on the orchestra, the soloists, and the conductor.

To judge from the concerto written two years ago, the composer is still following the way he hewed for himself in 1960 with his *Six Pieces for Orchestra:* he expresses themes of suffering and lyric sorrow in a form akin to the modern Viennese school, while maintaining his own individual visions; the tremendous percussion effect of the *Clarinet Concerto* recalls, not Webern, but the closing movement of the *Attila József Concerto.*

The composition opens with percussion effects, from which the clarinet solo emerges, arising from a thread of sound, floating, vibrating on the air. The attention is soon attracted by the peculiar use of the strings: pizzicato sounds in association with the "heavenly" register of the violins. The increasing bleakness of the music seems to suggest the cruel forces of nature, through which the "anxious" monologue of the clarinet conveys the struggle and solitude of man. The third movement appears to be one single passionate shudder. The three movements follow one after the other without a break, and provide little scope for contrast; this, however, may have been the deliberate intention of the composer. Nevertheless, however brilliantly Szervánszky handles the clarinet, whatever variety the various ranges of pitch and modes of expression may display, the length of the traditional concerto can hardly accommodate this kind of musical material which would appear to be more suitable for something with briefer, more compressed movements.

ECONOMIC LIFE

MARKET RESEARCH AND PROBLEMS OF ITS APPLICATION IN HUNGARY

When Hungarian market researchers first participated in ESOMAR (European Society for Opinion and Market Research) at its Autumn 1961 Evian Conference, the author of this article was asked many times what use market research could have in a country with a planned economy. Since then several articles and trade books that deal thoroughly with the role and application of market research in a planned economy have appeared. But little has as yet been said of the development of market research in the socialist countries and of the results achieved in this field. It is to fill this gap in part that I wish to summarize here briefly the more important stages in the development of market research in Hungary and some of the problems it faces.

From the end of World War II to the mid-1950's there was in Hungary no market research worth mentioning, apart from the Market Research Group of the Public Opinion Poll which continued only until 1949. In that period, the primary task of factories and of state-owned and cooperative trade was to satisfy the population's basic needs for food and industrial products. Owing to war reconstruction and inadequate production and import of consumer goods, the available goods at best corresponded to the demand in volume, but shortages of many commodities developed as a symptom of wide differences in the composition and selection of available goods. A number of factors, in addition to the shortage of raw materials and productive capacity contributed to this situation; namely, the rigid system of financial guidance and the fact that managers and workers in the productive enterprises lacked adequate incentives toward satisfying internal demand. In that period market research in Hungary was limited almost exclusively to the study of unsatisfied demand and to the determination of the range and volume of shortages.

After the mid-1950's, the accelerated rise in the standard of living on the one hand, and the expansion of capacity and production in numerous industrial branches on the other, sharpened the contradictions between goods supply and consumer demand. As a result large surplus stocks which were difficult to sell piled up and the amount of money accumulated by the population increased. These developments stimulated the interest of internal trade in market research. To satisfy this interest —but primarily as an experiment in methodology—one of the directorates of the Ministry of Internal Trade established a market research institute, which carried out ecoscopic investigations, and also began to gain experience in the practical application of demoscopic market research methods. It was then that the first experimental consumer information panel, comprising about 2,500 households, was set up

in Hungary, and in 1955–1957 several successful market-research investigations were carried out on a nation-wide scale.*

The nation-wide wage increases of 1957 and subsequent years and the growth of real income resulted by the late 1950's in an incomparably more differentiated demand than had earlier been the case. At the same time there was a boom in the production and import of consumer goods. Large quantities of goods were marketed that had not figured at all in the supply of earlier years or only in very small quantities as measured against demand. Simultaneously, owing to the collectivization of agriculture, i.e., the transition to large-scale farming, the subsistence farming of the peasantry decreased and the purchases of the village (agricultural) population at state and cooperative shops increased considerably. All these circumstances affected supply and demand in a most complicated manner and brought about such changes in trade and demand trends that more intensive market research became imperative in order to make observation of these trends and projection of their probable development possible.

In order to solve these problems, the Market Research Service of the Budapest University of Economics was established at the beginning of 1958, and in April of the same year the Market Research Bureau under the guidance of the Ministry of Internal Trade. These two institutions went beyond methodological experiments to play an active role in the solution of practical problems. They carried out only investigations that had been commissioned. Organizations authorizing investigations included industrial enterprises, producers' cooperatives, wholesale trusts and enterprises, and national institutions like the Ministry of Food, the National Planning Board, the National Savings Bank, etc.*

In 1959, the Market Research Bureau merged into the then newly-established Research Institute for Internal Trade, which deals with not only market research but also many other problems of trade requiring scientific research.

In the early 1960's new institutions that engaged in market research, among other things, were organized. The Cooperative Research and Business Organization Bureau, which is primarily concerned with investigating the special requirements and demands of the village population, began operating. By the end of last year it had carried out approximately twenty investigations. The Business Cycle and Market Research Institute, specializing in market research for foreign trade (exports), was formed. The Market Research Group of the State Advertising Enterprise was established to investigate the efficiency of advertising. We should mention here that several institutes have been conducting public opinion polls in recent years; namely, the Public Opinion Poll Section of the Hungarian Radio and Television, the Institute of Public Education, the Sociological Research Group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, the Central Statistical Office, and the Research Institute for Internal Trade.

Between 1960 and 1965 approximately two hundred market research investigation and public opinion polls were carried out,

* Development of the demand for confectionery, 1935.—Demand for men's woollen clothing, 1955.—Supply and demand for clothing, 1955.—Demand for household chemicals and cosmetics, 1956.—The habit of giving presents, as a factor influencing trade, etc., etc.

* The most important researches of the Market Research Service were directed towards the probable development of the demand for such goods and services as deep-frozen foods, consumer durables, synthetic detergents, margarine and books.

Nation-wide market research by the Market Research Bureau included investigations into present and future demand, and the absorptive capacity of the market for milk and dairy products, semi-cooked meals, ladies' shoes, picture postcards, roofing materials, lamps, radio and television sets, pots and pans, stationery, film projectors, fuel, cars, drawing materials, cutlery (in chronological order).

for the most part on a nation-wide scale. Additional investigations were undertaken by the staffs of industrial and trading enterprises. The Research Institute for Internal Trade, which is under the guidance of the Ministry of Internal Trade, produced the largest volume of market research. The tasks of this institute include:

1. Carrying out national market research investigations commissioned by central organs, institutes and industrial and trading enterprises.

2. Supporting the market research activities of retail and wholesale enterprises, and at their request organizing continuous market research on the enterprise level.

3. Developing market research methods (experimental research).

Nation-wide market research investigations

The specialized market research investigations of the Research Institute for Internal Trade may be divided into four groups:

a) *Market research concerning specific articles.*

The majority of the investigations consist of research of this character. Its aim is a wide analysis of the market, and the exploration of consumer trends to ascertain the volume and composition of probable demand. In recent years, specialized market research was carried out concerning the following articles: milk and dairy products, confectionery, coffee, childrens' clothing, men's and ladies' shoes, textile piece goods and ready-made clothing, carpets, synthetic stockings, television sets, radio sets, home electric appliances, stoves, kitchen ranges, articles for car-care, cameras and photographic goods, percolators, paints, articles of hygiene, fuel, furniture.

Market research investigations about some articles led to a number of interesting sociological discoveries important for understanding the standard of living, behaviour and mentality of the population. Let us cite a few examples:

The investigation into the demand for television sets was extended to the question whether or not buyers or prospective buyers were forced to save to pay for the purchase and, if so, on what. This was the result (in percentages):*

* *Source:* Sándor Ferge: "The population's demand for TV sets in 1965–66." Report No. 134 of the Research Institute for Internal Trade, Budapest, 1965, p. 34.

Is (was) it necessary to save, and if so, on what?	Those having TV sets	Those intending to buy TV sets
It is (was) not necessary to save	52.2	53.5
It is (was) necessary to save	47.8	46.5
The latter group saved on:		
clothing	17.2	13.1
clothing, entertainment	5.5	6.4
clothing, food	4.3	5.9
entertainment	4.8	3.7
travel, recreation	5.3	4.3
other sundries	3.5	2.0
everything in general	1.5	6.9
unknown	5.7	4.2
Total	100.0	100.0

The facts about buyers who already have television sets, and the opinions of those who intend to buy them, are practically identical. In not quite every second household it was (or is) necessary to save on other things to buy the set, and saving was (or is) overwhelmingly at the expense of clothing.

In the investigation of the demand for children's clothing, the proportions of custom-made and ready-made clothing and of alterations (inheriting by one child from the other) were noted. It turned out that, for 56 per cent of children between the age of five and twelve and 76 per cent of those between thirteen and sixteen, the parents had the clothes made, although only 12 to 14 per cent of the parents complained that they could not get satisfactory ready-made clothes for their children. At the same time the proportion of altered inherited clothing was negligible.

b) *Investigations of consuming and purchasing habits*

A number of investigations into the consuming and purchasing habits of the population, or of some strata of the population, were made, either at the Institute's own initiative or at the request of certain national organizations. Studies were prepared of the food-purchasing habits of the city population; the utilization of catering establishments; the nutrition of the agricultural population; clothing habits; the circumstances and income of people moving into new accommodation; the purchasing and consuming habits of young people.

The subject of this last investigation is similar to that of investigations carried out in recent years in England and in Western Germany. Among other things, young people's supply of clothing and utilization of their income were studied. The results are revealing. The following data show, for instance, the clothing supply of young women in the cities:*

The salient point is that there is hardly any difference between the various categories. Owing to scholarships and parental support, the students are in no worse position than the wage-earners.

c) *Investigation of problems of trade organization*

In Hungary in recent years much work has been devoted to ascertaining the efficacy of regional commercial centres. These investigations aim at defining the extent to which the networks of shops in certain cities or towns supply the population of the surrounding area and of more distant villages with different lines of merchandise (food, clothing, electrical goods, etc.). This overall survey, which takes into consideration regional development (e.g., the establishment of new towns, the concentration into larger settlements of dispersed homesteads in the Great Hungarian Plain) provides a realistic basis on which to work out guiding concepts for the development of the state-owned and cooperative retail networks.

The Institute has been commissioned by

* *Source:* "Structure of expenditure and purchases of young women." Report No. 96 of the Research Institute for Internal Trade, Budapest, 1963, p. 32.

Category	Supply per head		
	coats	frocks	shoes
Secondary-school girls	3.19	8.55	5.16
College girls	3.22	9.12	5.44
Single wage-earners	3.33	9.11	5.49
Married wage-earners	3.13	9.61	5.49
Married non-earners	3.18	8.12	4.82

The structure of the expenditure of young people is also interesting:*

Category	Percentage breakdown of expenditures	
	young women	young men
	living in cities	
Rent	6.3	6.7
Food (incl. meals in catering establishments)	24.1	26.5
Clothing	24.6	20.1
Industrial products	18.2	11.5
Drinks, tobacco, and entertainment	5.6	14.5
Sundry expenses	9.4	7.6
Savings	14.8	13.1
Total	100.0	100.0

* *Ibid.*, p. 9.

the Ministry of Internal Trade to carry out thorough investigations of this kind in several counties and cities.

A survey has also been made—on the basis of representative studies—of the effect of home and foreign tourism on retail trade, and of the possibilities of its further development.

d) *Public opinion polls related to trade problems*

Several public opinion polls are commissioned every year, mainly by the Ministry of Internal Trade. Investigations in the last three years tried to ascertain public opinion about these questions among others: alterations in consumer goods prices; the range of goods available on hire-purchase and its extension; the supply of children's clothing; the easing of women's household work. Polls were also carried out to determine the aims of owners of savings accounts; customers' opinions about end-of-season sales; the opinion of residents in new housing settlements about the supply of consumer goods; the opinion of clothing store managers about the quality of industrial production and its variety; camping requirements; the supply of seasonal merchandise of Christmas 1965; and the effect on consumption of the wage-and-price measures introduced on February 1, 1966.

We present here two rather interesting features from these many-sided public opinion polls.

One of the questions in a Budapest public opinion poll in 1964 asked consumers to name the commodities they considered to be most expensive. A comparison of the answers with the income brackets of the people who replied revealed a significant correlation.

In the first three income categories lard took the first place, but it is interesting that even for those with a higher income lard was still important. As income grows, the mention of meat and shoes is reduced, whereas that of household appliances grows.

In January, 1966 five thousand households throughout the country were asked their opinion of the standard of retail supply in December as compared to the same period the year before. The evaluation of the answers by residence, occupation, income, and major types of commodities gives a clear picture of the opinions of the buying public. Here is the evaluation as regards the clothing supply:

Proportion of the four types of goods found to be most expensive by categories of income (per cent)*

Type of goods	Monthly per capita income in forints			
	under 800	801–1,200	1,201–1,600	over 1,600
Lard	53.4	46.3	38.6	35.0
Meat	45.5	38.8	30.1	26.1
Shoes	36.1	34.6	31.8	30.0
Household appliances	23.9	28.6	35.8	38.8

* *Source:* "Opinions of the population of Budapest about the price reductions introduced on January 1, 1963." Report No. 83 of the Research Institute for Internal Trade, Budapest, 1963, p. 8.

By residence	Views on clothing supply in percentage of all households**					
	much better	better	same	worse	not known	total
In Budapest	9	43	22	9	17	100
Other cities and towns	12	41	25	9	13	100
In villages	13	44	21	9	13	100
By occupation of head of household						
agricultural worker	14	40	20	11	15	100
other worker	12	48	22	8	10	100
intellectual	9	45	27	11	8	100
self-employed	13	41	26	11	9	100
pensioner	13	39	19	5	24	100
By income (ft)						
— 600	13	43	20	7	17	100
601—1,000	12	44	24	8	12	100
1,001—1,400	11	46	26	9	8	100
1,400—	10	45	23	10	12	100

** *Source:* "The Christmas 1965 goods supply as reflected in the opinions of consumers." Report No. 164 of the Research Institute for Internal Trade. Budapest, 1966.

Market research by retail and wholesale enterprises

In recent years, differentiation of demand has induced a growing number of industrial, wholesale, chain-store and department store enterprises to pay more attention to studying consumer demand and to market research. Either with the assistance of the Research Institute for Internal Trade or on their own initiative, almost all enterprises engaged in the sale of clothing or other manufactured goods today carry out market research periodically or occasionally.***

*** This does not extend to investigation of the development of income and savings or to projection of production and purchasing trends. These data are obtained by the enterprises from the Ministry of Internal Trade prior to the drawing up of their annual sales plan; in the future, however, the sphere of this activity will be enlarged in this direction, too.

This activity consists mainly in organizing merchandise displays and exhibitions where public opinion polls are taken. But the number of enterprises that carry out complex investigations of demand and prepare turnover forecasts is also on the increase. All enterprises send one copy of each report on their market research investigations to the Institute, which publishes all kinds of information bulletins in order to disseminate knowledge of the best methods and results. The Commercial Review (*Kereskedelmi Szemle*), a quarterly published by the Institute, and the Market Research Review (*Piackutató Szemle*), started this year, devote a lot of space to discussing methodological problems.*

Development of market research methods and experimental research

There is an extremely rich international literature on market research methods. Study of this literature, especially of English, French and German standard works, provided an adequate foundation for developing methods of market research most suitable for use in Hungary. This basis was expanded by study of the experience and practice of well-known experts and numerous foreign market research institutes, and not least by wide experimental (methodological) investigations in market research carried out in Hungary. Here are some of the most important of these.

a) In order to ascertain the extent of household ownership of consumer durables and the probable purchasing trend in these goods, six thousand families were questioned verbally in 1960, using the quota-sampling procedure. The interrogators were carefully selected. Eighteen months, and then again three years after the original poll the same families were again questioned in order to ascertain the changes and also to verify the answers given earlier concerning probable purchases. This investigation proved valuable for practical study of the particular methods of questioning the population through interrogators.

b) By random selection from the data of the 1960 population census two nation-wide consumer information panels were established. The first contained 2,500 households, and the second, which was formed early in 1966, embraces 5,000 households. Members of the panels are questioned five to six times annually. The establishment of the second panel makes numerous checking experiments possible.

c) A number of experiments have been made, mainly by ecoscopic methods, in medium-range forecasting of the consumption and demand for food, beverages and tobacco, and consumer durables.

d) A number of experiments have been carried out to discover the methods most suitable for chain- and department-store use. Among others, these included experiments to determine the possible use of information gathered from branch managers in market research and to develop the most efficient methods of taking public opinion polls at exhibitions and displays.

e) Wide preparations have been made for nation-wide investigations concerning the observation of consumer behaviour, which are to be carried out later this year.

The training of market research experts

It is a precondition for awakening a demand for market research and for widening its professional application that industrial and trade experts and university, college and specialized secondary-school students should become thoroughly acquainted with the potentialities and methods of market

* The Research Institute for Internal Trade publishes detailed reports of all its investigations in 400 to 500 copies, and these are bought by all the interested trade authorities and enterprises.

research. To insure this, important measures have been taken:

In the last two terms at the Faculty of Commerce of the Budapest University of Economics—in the day, evening and correspondence courses—market research is a compulsory subject. In this subject there is, in addition to the lectures, an optimal opportunity to acquire practical experience in market research.

In all retail and catering schools, theoretical and practical training in market research is regularly given.

To a large extent the fundamentals of market research are also present in the curriculum of commercial secondary schools.

In order to acquaint those already engaged in wholesale and retail trade with the methods of market research, two-term courses are organized by the University of Economics. In the past three years, two courses were held in Budapest and three in other cities.

Problems of the application and development of market research

Side by side with the noteworthy achievements which have been described above, market researchers met numerous difficulties which—even though temporarily—often presented problems that were difficult to solve.

In the past the majority of industrial enterprises did not show any particular interest in market research. This may be explained by rigidities in the relationship between industry and trade caused by the over-centralized guidance of the economy and by the fact that the productive capacity of industrial enterprises was insufficient to meet differentiated consumer demand. For the same reason, trading enterprises that carried out or commissioned the market research investigations were not always able to apply the results when placing their orders with industry.

Although market research is carried out by several institutes, their combined capacity is still small. Many difficulties are caused by bottlenecks in data-processing, which unnecessarily extend the time needed to complete investigations.

At present, nation-wide experiments are being made to modernize economic guidance. These are expected to result in the production of much more elastic methods, which will be manifested, among other things, in far greater independence for the enterprises and higher material incentives. In the future neither the producing nor the distributing companies will be given plan targets "from above"; they will work out their programmes corresponding to market conditions themselves. This process of modernization will substantially increase the demand for market research and will lead to radical changes in this field. Symptoms of these changes are already noticeable. A growing number of industrial enterprises, both in the producer- and in the consumer-goods sectors, establish independent market research groups, which supply management with a complex evaluation of home and foreign market information. Market research experts have begun to elaborate an interconnected national and enterprise market research system which will meet the new requirements, and to organize a large-scale market research institute, which—in addition to carrying out the investigations for which it is commissioned—will give efficient help to the industrial and trading enterprises in the development of their independent market research organizations.

László Szabó

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LAMBILLIOTTE, Maurice. Belgian Journalist, writer, founder and editor-in-chief of the international review *Synthèses*. As rapporteur of the 1958 International Exhibition of Brussels, he was the initiator of several of its projects. The Exhibition furnished him with the opportunity of organizing an East-West Discussion *(Colloque Orient-Occident)* called: "Mutual Appreciation of the Cultural Values of East and West." Since 1946 has used *Synthèses* as a platform for voicing what is best and most profound in contemporary thinking. He is a member of the Belgian Socialist Party, and Councillor in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Author of *Grand Problème* (an essay), *Sens du Divin* (a play performed in Brussels and Liège in 1947 and 1949), *Marie du Peuple* (a play performed in Brussels in 1949). See his "Humanism and Socialism" in No. 9 and "Open Europe" in No. 14 of The N.H.Q.

NAGY, László (b. 1925). Poet. Born in a small village in Transdanubia, Western Hungary, he came to the capital after the war and studied at the Academy of Art to become a painter. Later he read Hungarian for a few terms at Eötvös University; his first volume of poems, published in 1949, established his place among the leading members of the post-war generation. Since then he has published eight volumes of poetry and numerous translations; his collected volume, *Arccal a tengernek* ("Facing the Sea") appeared in 1966 and earned him the Kossuth prize. His poetry is a remarkable blend of folksong and sophisticated modern imagery, occasionally verging on surrealism. He considers himself a spokesman of the people, destined to express their deepest passion and pain. Some of his poems have appeared in German, Bulgarian, Russian and Rumanian. See also his poem *Bartók and the Beasts of Prey* and an interview with him in No. 23 of The N.H.Q.

HUBAY, Miklós (b. 1918). Playwright, screen writer. Until 1949 was head of the Hungarian Library in Geneva and a delegate to the *Bureau International d'Éducation*. After returning to Hungary after the war wrote films scripts and plays. A collection of his plays was published in 1965 under the title

Hősökkel és hősök nélkül ("With and Without Heroes"). See his play *C'est la guerre* (published as "Three Cups of Tea") in No. 4, his one-act play "The Crocodile Eaters" in No. 14, and "Authenticity of Action on the Modern Stage" in No. 22 of the N.H.Q.

KARINTHY, Ferenc (b. 1921). Novelist, short story writer, son of Frigyes Karinthy, the great humorous writer who died in 1938. He started his career as a philologist. His stories and novels show an—often amusing—intellectual approach, sharp wit and humour and a strong sense for realistic detail. His works include *Kentaur* ("The Centaur"), *Budapesti tavasz* ("Spring in Budapest,"—also in English), novels; *Szellemidézés* ("Necromancy"), *Kék-zöld Florida* ("Blue-Green Florida") collections of short stories, as well as numerous volumes of reports and plays, film scripts, etc. See also his short story "Autumn Fishing" in No. 9. of The N.H.Q.

GÖRGEY, Gábor (b. 1929). Poet, playwright, translator. Studied German and English at Eötvös University in Budapest. Has published three volumes of poetry and a number of translations from German, English and American poets. Recently won a prize in a playwriting competition with a satire entitled *Rokokó háború* ("Rococo War"). Runs a regular column of radio criticism in *Magyar Nemzet*, a Budapest daily.

CSOÓRI, Sándor (b. 1930). Poet, journalist. Began his writing career in the early 'fifties. His poetry reflects a deep sympathy for and identification with the working people, especially the peasants. Recent poems show an almost desperate search for new, more modern ways of expression, as well as his struggles with the uncertainties and the solitude of city life. His literary journalism has of late attracted considerable attention. Has published five volumes of poetry and two collections of articles. See his essay on Péter Veres in No. 26 of The N.H.Q.

GABOR, Dennis (b. 1900). F.R.S., electrical engineer, Professor attached to Imperial College of Science and Technology at the University of London, Department of Engineering. See also "The New Trahison des Clercs" in No. 2, and a short anniversary contribution in No. 25, of The N.H.Q.

VAJDA, Imre (b. 1900). Economist, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, professor Emeritus at Karl Marx University of Economics in Budapest, member of the Editorial Board of, and a frequent contributor to The N.H.Q. After returning in 1945 from emigration, which had lasted nearly twenty years, he held various important posts, including Minister of Foreign Trade, President of the National Planning Bureau, U.N. delegate, etc. His main field of interest lies in foreign trade and international cooperation. See his "The Changing Role of Hungary in the International Division of Labour," "Economic Growth and International Division of Labour" and "Brakes and Bottlenecks in Hungary's Economic Growth" in The N.H.Q., Nos. 19, 22, and 25.

HARASZTI, Éva. Historian, research worker at the Historical Institute of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Her main sphere of interest is that of Anglo–Hungarian relations in the 19th century and of the Chartist Movement. A comprehensive work of hers deals with the role of British foreign policy at the time of the 1848–49 Hungarian War of Independence. See also her "Hungary at the Great Exhibition of 1851" and "Széchenyi and England" in Nos. 5, and 25 of The N.H.Q.

WILLETT, John W. M., writes of himself: "Born 1917, left Oxford just in time to join the Second World War. Have been a lieutenant-colonel (to everyone's surprise, particularly mine), a leader-writer on foreign affairs for the *Manchester Guardian*, and Assistant Editor of *The Times Literary Sup-*

plement. Author of *Popski* (biography of Lt.-Col. Cladimir Peniakoff), *The Theatre of Bertolt Brecht*, and *Art in a City*. Compiler of *Brecht on Theatre*. Co-editor of the forthcoming U.S. and British collected editions of Brecht's works."
The essay we publish here is a slightly abridged version of a lecture he gave at the British Embassy in Budapest, March 14, 1967, during a visit to Hungary which was part of the cultural exchange agreement between the two countries.

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KATONA, Imre (b. 1927). Art historian, head of the Ceramics and Glassware Department in the Budapest Museum of Applied Arts (not to be confused with the ethnographer of the same name who wrote "Ethnography and Folk Poetry," printed on p. 171 of this issue.) Has published numerous articles about ceramics and a study of the work of Mihály Munkácsy, the 19th century Hungarian painter.

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Vígszínház theatre, a psychologist by training. Has translated plays by Anouilh, Tennessee Williams, James Baldwin, etc. In addition to two collections of articles, has published numerous essays on the theatre. See also his "Letter to London," and "Visiting the New York Theatres" in Nos. 15 and 18, and Theatre Reviews in Nos. 25, 26 of The N.H.Q.

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SZABOLCSI, Bence (b. 1899). Musicologist, Professor of Musicology at the Liszt Ferenc Academy of Music in Budapest. Member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Director of the Bartók Archives. A member of the Editorial Board of this review. Has written important works on general and Hungarian musical history, Mozart, Beethoven, a History of Melody, Franz Liszt, etc., which are widely read. A number of them have also been published in foreign languages. Discovered a number of previously unknown works by Vivaldi when in Italy after the war. See his essays on Kodály and Bartók in Nos. 1, 4, 8, 11, 20, as well as parts from his book on baroque music in No. 10, and "Folk Music, Written Music and the History of Music" in No. 17 of The N.H.Q.

BÓNIS, Ferenc (b. 1932). Musicologist, head of a department at the Budapest Bartók Archives. Has published numerous studies and articles on musicology. See also his "Pál Kadosa" in No. 15, and his Music Reviews in Nos. 15, 26 of The N.H.Q.

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KATONA, Imre (b. 1921). Ethnographer, lecturer in Ethnography at Eötvös University in Budapest. Studied at the University of Szeged, taught for a time in a secondary school. The field of his research includes folklore and social anthropology. Has published numerous studies and books in these fields and edited collections of essays. See his "Trends in the Transformation of the Hungarian Peasantry" in No. 4 of The N.H.Q.

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