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EUROPEAN SECURITY — FROM THE BALANCE OF STRENGTH TO THE BALANCE OF REASON

by

TIBOR PETHŐ

On August 2nd 1970 the peoples of Europe remembered the 25th anniversary of the Potsdam agreement. This agreement contained principles that were designed to arrange the affairs of post-war Europe. Unfortunately it proved impossible to put these principles into practice, and the two parts of Europe instead of coming closer to each other, moved further apart. The West German state was established with the approval of the victorious western powers, and soon afterwards the German Democratic Republic was proclaimed. Ever since the relationship of the two German states has been one of the central problems not only of the German people, but of Europe as a whole.

A most important turn of events happened in the summer of 1970 precisely in the relationship between West Germany and Europe. On August 11th in Moscow Alexey Kosygin, the Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, and Willi Brandt, the Federal German Chancellor, signed an agreement renouncing the use of force and agreeing to respect European frontiers. The August 1970 agreement is significantly more important than Adenauer's 1955 Moscow negotiations and the agreement then reached. The new agreement means that Europe is approaching the end of the post-war period. The agreement sets the course of European politics in the right direction, it shows the way along which the continent may reach a firm and institutionalized security system, and it is a considerable help towards a proper ordering of the relationship between the German Federal Republic and socialist countries. It is an encouraging start, but a whole series of questions is still awaiting solution.

The following European problems are in this category: 1. The final recognition of frontiers as they took shape after the war, bearing in mind that the German Federal Republic, in the Moscow Treaty, accepted the Oder–Neisse frontier and the frontier between the two Germanies. 2. The problem of the two military alliances that confront each other in Europe,

the problem of the Warsaw Treaty and of NATO. 3. The recognition of the GDR as a sovereign state. 4. The status of West Berlin.

The territorial aspect of these points can be summed up as the recognition of the realities that took shape in the post-war world. Europe has in practice carried on for twenty-five years tacitly accepting them. Even when conflicts were at their sharpest all responsible parties were conscious of the fact that upsetting the apple-cart might lead to thermo-nuclear war.

At the time of going to press (August 14, 1970) European and world public opinion is preoccupied with the effects of the signing of the Moscow Treaty and the negotiations between Soviet and West German statesmen which followed. People are well aware that the ratification of the treaty by Bonn may still produce its own problems, but the atmosphere has certainly changed for the better. This is therefore an appropriate time to survey the present state of negotiations concerning a European security treaty, to look at the initiatives of the Warsaw Treaty countries, to examine the contribution made by Hungarian diplomacy, and to outline the attitudes taken by NATO countries.

The essence of the initiative of the Warsaw Pact countries is that on the one hand the situation is ripe now for recognition to replace acceptance, and that furthermore it is possible to initiate further development in other relations. The first initiative was the Budapest Appeal of March 1969 which suggested that all the states of Europe should join in finding the ways and means to overcome the division of Europe by military alliances, and to ensure the peaceful cooperation of states and nations. The suggested European conference was meant to serve this purpose.

The second initiative was the Prague Declaration which was issued by the Foreign Ministers of the Warsaw Pact countries towards the end of October 1969. In their communiqué they established that, examining the situation realistically, one could move step by step towards a comprehensive arrangement, in view of the fact that the western countries did not consider it possible to deal with all the principal questions at the conference. It was therefore suggested that the two less controversial questions, the mutual renunciation of force and the growth of trade relations, should be placed on the agenda of the conference. At the same time they emphasized that any other question proposed by the western countries could also be included in the agenda.

The next step was the communiqué issued by the meeting of Prime Ministers and party leaders of socialist countries held in Moscow in December 1969. A European conference, to be held at Helsinki, was once again proposed, and they also expressed the hope that the proposals would

find favour with the NATO foreign ministers, who were meeting in Brussels at the time. As is well-known, this did not happen.

Hungarian public opinion thought that it could discern a possible change of attitude in the statement issued by Mr Stewart, British Foreign Secretary at the time, when he returned from the CENTO meeting in Washington on May 16th 1970. Mr Stewart said that the talks had dealt primarily with East–West relations, and that they had come to the conclusion that a more elastic policy would have to be pursued, one which made use of opportunities to ease tension without at the same time weakening the NATO defensive system. True enough Mr Stewart continued to oppose the convening of a European Security Conference, but he suggested that a permanent committee be established that would deal with East–West relations.

The Hungarian People's Republic, recognising that the smaller European countries could make an active contribution to an improvement in the atmosphere, urged bilateral talks with both member countries of NATO and others outside it. János Péter, the Foreign Minister of Hungary, paid an official visit to Brussels between February 24th and 28th 1970.* The communiqué issued following talks between Mr Péter and Pierre Harmel, the Belgian Foreign Minister stated that the two ministers had exchanged views on questions connected with European security. In the opinion of the two ministers a carefully prepared meeting in which all interested states would take part would help to bring divergent views closer together, and to harmonise efforts. Such a meeting would be a means towards strengthening peace and security, and towards strengthening European cooperation. This meeting could discuss concrete problems and lead to useful agreements. Between April 8th and 11th Mr Péter was in Stockholm where he discussed relations between the two countries and European security with Torsten Nilsson, the Foreign Minister of Sweden. Similar discussions took place between the Hungarian Foreign Minister, and Joseph Luns, the Netherlands Foreign Minister when Mr Péter was in the Netherlands from April 26th to April 29th 1970, shortly before the Rome NATO meeting. Mr Péter and Mr Luns held detailed discussions on the possibility of a European security conference.

Both parties expressed the view that serious efforts would have to be made to ease tension in Europe. Special attention was given to the question of disarmament and to the possibility of calling a European Security Conference. Both parties expressed their readiness to cooperate in preparatory

* "European Security", an address delivered by Mr Péter while in Brussels, appeared in The N.H.Q. No. 39.

work in order to ensure the success of the conference. They also agreed that all countries directly interested in European security should take part at the conference. The two parties also expressed their views on the sort of subjects that they thought should be discussed at the European Security Conference.

Aldo Moro, Foreign Minister of the Italian Republic, stayed in Budapest between May 13th and 15th and held discussions with the Hungarian Foreign Minister.

In the course of examining the international situation they gave special attention to questions of European security and cooperation, especially in connection with the proposed European conference. They emphasized that their governments endeavoured to create an atmosphere of mutual trust both through bilateral and multilateral contacts. The two ministers expressed their conviction that talks at various levels between countries with differing social systems who were interested in European security and cooperation would have a positive effect on the lessening of world tension, and on the growth of an atmosphere of mutual trust and understanding between the nations of Europe.

Looking at later developments one feels justified in maintaining that these talks were all useful. The Belgian, Dutch and Italian foreign ministers very likely reported in detail to the Rome NATO meeting in May on the views which the Hungarian Foreign Minister had expressed and conveyed to them. The tone and content of the NATO communiqué already noticeably differed from the previous one issued in Brussels in 1969.

These were the preliminaries of the meeting of the foreign ministers of the Warsaw Pact countries which was held in Budapest on June 21st and 22nd 1970. The Budapest memorandum was a prompt and positive answer to the Rome communiqué of the NATO ministers.

The memorandum established "that in the course of bilateral and multilateral consultations and exchanges of views the positions of the interested states have grown closer on a series of important questions relating to an all-European conference. The balance of consultations and exchanges of views shows that the proposals made in Prague in October 1969 have laid the foundations for the preparation of an all-European conference to be placed on a practical basis in the near future, and, in addition to bilateral negotiations, to be switched over to multilateral forms. It is desirable that the interested states should directly participate in all stages of the preparation and organization of an all-European conference in such forms as will be considered appropriate, including preparatory meetings between representatives of these States.

"The question of participation at the conference has been clarified: participation is open to all European states, including the German Democratic Republic and the Federal Republic of Germany on an equal footing with each other and with other European states, as well as the United States of America and Canada. A positive response was received by the initiative of the Government of Finland suggesting Helsinki as the venue of the conference. There is an understanding that the convocation of the conference shall not be made subject to any preliminary condition.

"Many countries share the view that the success of the first all-European conference—the preparation, organization and realization of which ought to be a result of efforts by all interested countries—would pave the way for a joint discussion in future of other European problems, particularly those of creating a solid system of European security, and that, in this connection, it would be useful to hold a series of all-European conferences and to establish an appropriate organ of all interested States to deal with questions of security and cooperation in Europe.

"In an endeavour to reach an agreement on an agenda for an all-European conference, acceptable to all interested States, the Governments of the People's Republic of Bulgaria, the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic, the German Democratic Republic, the Hungarian People's Republic, the Polish People's Republic, the Socialist Republic of Rumania and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics recommend to add the following item to the agenda already proposed:

"Establishment by the all-European conference of an organ to deal with questions of security and cooperation in Europe.

"The Governments adopting this Memorandum believe that the interests of lessening tensions and bringing about security in Europe would be promoted by a discussion of the question concerning the reduction of foreign armed forces on the territories of European States. In order to ensure, within the shortest time possible, most favourable conditions for the discussion of related questions at the European security conference and to bring to fruition the discussion of the question of reducing foreign armed forces this item might be taken up by the organ proposed to be established by the all-European conference or in any other form acceptable to interested States."

A diplomatic situation took shape after the Budapest Memorandum which was new in a number of ways. NATO in Rome took a number of tentative steps forward with the reservation that the mutual and proportionate reduction of armed forces could if necessary be used to frustrate the calling of the conference, or at least as a brake on the course of negotia-

tions. The NATO ministers were convinced that the Warsaw Pact countries would not accept the Mutual Balanced Force Reduction Plan anyway. But this was not what happened. Instead of rejecting the Mutual Balanced Force Reduction Plan in accordance with western expectations, the Budapest Memorandum included it in the agenda of the future European conference, more precisely it suggested that the question be discussed by the organisation to be there established. This placed the ball once more into the NATO court, and once again led to a *Denkpause*, a pause for thought, an expression which gained currency in European diplomacy following the Kassel meeting of the heads of the two German governments.

The following questions await examination in this *Denkpause*. 1. What sort of a situation was produced by the discussions of Bonn representatives in Moscow and Warsaw? 2. What can be expected to take place at the next conference of the heads of the two German governments? 3. What can be expected from the Four Power talks in West Berlin? 4. What kind of bilateral and multilateral talks appear to be realistic? 5. When can a western reply to the Budapest Memorandum be expected, and what is it likely to contain?

These questions, as can be seen, are closely interconnected. It is not a matter of indifference however whether they are examined is a real or an imagined context.

Thus it is self-evident, as regards the July–August Soviet–West German talks, that the agreement to renounce force which also includes the respecting of European frontiers, has a direct effect on Polish–West German talks on the Oder–Neisse frontier, and also affects the relationship of the two Germanies. When Walter Scheel, the Bonn Foreign Minister, paid lightning visits to London and Washington prior to the Moscow talks and obtained the open approval of the two Anglo-Saxon powers for this Eastern policy, he was also warned that the West Berlin question must be linked with that of the renunciation of force. This sort of link however is a distortion of the system of interconnections. What took place in Moscow were bilateral talks, to link them directly with a multilateral problem, what is more one in which owing to the special legal relationship of the four powers West Germany is not even represented, in no way served the success of the Moscow discussions. The Soviet Union was perfectly entitled to insist that bilateral talks could in no way anticipate the result of negotiations between the four powers.

Placing this false connections in the general formula of European security one might outline the argument in the following way: a) the success of

negotiations at present in progress is a precondition of the convening of the European Security Conference; b) the Moscow Soviet–West German negotiations can only come to a successful conclusion if the Soviet Union shows itself ready to make advance concessions over West Berlin c) since this did not happen the Moscow agreement must be called a half-success and as such it does not improve the prospects of a European Security Conference.

There is no reason whatever why European public opinion should make the views of the right-wing of the CDU-CSU its own when it comes to evaluating the Soviet–West German negotiations. One can say without exaggeration that the Soviet–West German agreement is more important from a general European point of view than Adenauer's 1955 trip. It had a beneficial effect on Warsaw–Bonn and Berlin–Bonn relations, it improved the prospects of negotiations on West Berlin, and it opened the door to the ordering of the relationship between the German Federal Republic and the other socialist states, and it created a more favourable atmosphere for the convening of a European conference.

That is about all one can say about the first three of the five questions enumerated earlier. One might add as regards relations between the two Germanies that Kassel cleared the air to some extent. In my opinion bilateral and multilateral talks are the central question at the present stage. The composition, level, agenda and role in the preparation of the preliminary meeting of the standing body suggested by the British government awaits clearing up in bilateral talks. One ought not to forget either that NATO in Rome did not bless this plan, it was merely mentioned as a possibility. A standing body would no doubt be a significant step in the development of East–West relations, but it also carries the seeds of a certain kind of danger. Every page in the history of diplomacy tells of committees where important questions are buried beneath a heap of files, and not only of committees, but also of bodies that were meant to be important such as the Council of Foreign Ministers established at Potsdam. Bad precedents cannot on the other hand prevent the establishment of the standing body. The essence is that the standing body must work out an appropriate basis for the preparatory conference within a determined time. The composition of the standing body is not as essential from this point of view —that is whether ambassadors or special envoys should be its members— as its location. The capital city concerned must be one where the two Germanies are represented at the same level.

Getting back to the Budapest Memorandum it ought to be said that it contains a number of formulations that come close to various points in the NATO communiqué. The foreign ministers of the Warsaw Pact

countries proposed two questions for discussion at the European conference when they met in Prague last October. Their number has now grown to three: 1. The establishment of European security, renunciation of the use of force and of the threat of force in the relationship between European states; 2. a widening of trade, economic, technological, scientific and cultural relationship that are based on the principle of equality and that serve the cause of political cooperation between European countries; 3. the establishment of an instrumentality that will deal with questions of European security and cooperation.

As can be seen the 2nd point was widened by including cultural relationships which figure in the NATO communiqué, and the establishment of an instrumentality dealing with European security and cooperation was included as a 3rd point. Why should such an instrumentality be established? The 7th paragraph of the memorandum deals with the reduction of foreign armed forces, in this too getting close to the proposals made by the Rome NATO meeting, occasioning no small surprise to the NATO governments and suggests that this question should be discussed by the instrumentality to be established by the conference. In this way the question of the reduction in armed forces would not be separated from the European security conference, and it cannot be separated from it, but at the same time partial results achieved by the conference would not depend on the state of negotiations concerning the reduction in armed forces. One can take it for granted that the whole series of questions connected with the reduction in the armed forces will cause the greatest difficulties. The solution may well be the result of a lengthy process. Most likely an agreement on this question will have to be preceded by one on the renunciation of force, on the growth of political cooperation, and on the widening of economic, technological, scientific and cultural relations.

Many questions still await clearing up, that is why bilateral talks are still necessary as a preparation for multilateral negotiations. Hungarian diplomacy will do its share in the future, just as it has done in the past.

European diplomacy is thus characterized by forceful activity. As regards the last question, the expected western answer can hardly be expected before the December 1970 Brussels NATO meeting—I am writing in August. The principal objective is the establishment of institutionalised security on the continent. This would mean a change from the balance of terror to the balance of good sense. This would prove that Europe is truly able to look a long way ahead and to give an example to our age as regards peaceful coexistence and cooperation.

PROBLEMS OF PROFITABILITY AND INCOME DISTRIBUTION

by

REZSŐ NYERS

It would be a mistake to think that income and profitability as economic categories are the private preserve of capitalism, that they derive from private ownership and are alien to the system of public ownership. Such views were fairly widely held early in the evolution of socialism, but practice has not confirmed them, nor has such a theory been proved right.

Earned income in Hungary appears in two forms: personal income that the recipient can freely dispose over, and payments in kind "outside the pay envelope" intended for definite purposes. Personal income includes wages and salaries, bonuses and the share in profit, rewards for innovations and also the income of peasants from household plots and supplementary incomes derived from keeping animals etc. around the house. State grants in cash, old-age pensions, family and child allowances all belong to this category. Add to these free public education, free or reduced-rate health and social services, as well as state subsidised rents and repairs. All these taken as a whole make up the total income of the population.

National income is the source of personal incomes and also of that part of enterprise profits and public revenue which is devoted to investment.

The category of income, both as gross and as net income is essential to enterprises both in planning and operation. The gross income of enterprises, that is the difference between receipts and outlays, covers wages, taxes and profits. If, therefore, prices are good and the gross income of the enterprise in question is not augmented by state subsidies then this income category expresses the amount of the enterprise's contribution to national income. Gross income is a combined expression of the degree of employment and profitability but cannot be the basis of pecuniary incentives where the management is free to determine wage costs. The net income of the enter-

(First part of a lecture given to the Political Academy of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party in Budapest on May 21st, 1970. The concluding part of the lecture will appear in the next issue of The N.H.Q.).

prise is its profit. In calculating this wages also are considered as expenses and are thus deducted from receipts. Socialist society requires that enterprises make sufficient profit to enlarge as far as possible the sources of investment and of other social needs. Since profit is the most comprehensive expression of economic efficiency, it is a pivotal factor in the system of incentives; under the Hungarian economic mechanism the increase in profits is a prerequisite for an increase in wages and personal incomes in general.

Two different systems of income distribution

How does the distribution of national income take place? According to what system is it carried out in Hungary and in the socialist countries in general?

To begin with I wish to point out that the basic structure of income distribution is centrally and effectively regulated by the national economic plan which also influences the way this income is spent. Thereby a regulating influence is exerted on production and on the flow of products. Distribution of goods *in natura* is in the process of being restricted in Hungary as in most of the socialist countries. Central distribution of other consumer goods or of the means of production is essential to socialism, it occurs where there is a shortage of certain products. But shortages are temporary, they are not part of the way socialism operates, nothing is worse than confusing methods dictated by necessity with principles. Experience in Hungary shows that the state had to centralize the allocation of products more rigorously at times when income distribution was carried out according to a mistaken method or the regulating force happened to be weak, that is apart from the period of economic reconstruction. Under the present system of economic guidance central planning takes into account, together with money incomes, also the actual processes of production and trade, and—there being no fundamental disproportion in the economy—it is able to harmonize the distribution of incomes with the circulation of production.

It must be stressed also that in Hungary, as in every socialist country, the distribution of national income is in accordance with the interests of the working people, while in capitalist countries it ultimately always suits those of capitalists. Unlike the capitalist system with its devolution to private owners our system is centralized on principle. Relying on the socialist ownership of the means of production, society itself disposes over national income in Hungary (as the state does over the social net income). That is the reason why it is possible in socialism to apply a system of

obligatory regulators of incomes based on the national economic plan, where they play a great part in the central planning of the distribution and utilization of income. In capitalism, by contrast, central income policy has a comparatively narrow scope, its enforcement is more limited, because, owing to capitalist ownership of the means of production, it is the capitalists who in the last analysis dispose over national income (and in a more direct way over surplus value). Although state influence is growing stronger, income distribution is basically a spontaneous process into which the state can introduce at most certain elements of planning. The struggles and temporary compromises of social classes and groups based on the operation of the economic laws of capitalism play a great part in determining the structure of the distribution and utilization of national income.

In a socialist national economy the central plan divides national income, in accordance with the general social aim, in two parts: the consumption fund and the social investment fund. The system of planned income distribution then transmits this general ratio, through various economic regulators, to the economic units, leaving it mostly to them to achieve the social aim in the most efficient way possible and to pay wages and a share in the profits and make investments in accordance with their own plans prepared for one or more years ahead.

State—enterprise—family

There are, strictly speaking, three levels of decision-making in the use of national income under socialism: the state, the enterprise and the household. The state determines the general principles, the social pattern and the regulators of distribution, and decides on the ratio of investment and consumption, the distribution of personal incomes among classes and social groups, and the main directions in the use of incomes, but it does not finally share out the whole of national income item by item. Decisions at the enterprise level are made on how the investment fund, the wage fund and the profit sharing fund are used in compliance with state regulators, and the amount and use of credits. State decisions, therefore, determine the main outlines of enterprise decisions but give reasonable scope to the autonomy of enterprise management. The state regulates personal incomes but does not interfere in the way they are used. If and when the socialist state assumes the function of decision-taking at lower levels, or takes too much of it upon itself, then we are faced with a situation which we may call a typical socialist bureaucracy, one which is always costly and morally wrong.

To avoid this the state in Hungary surrenders part of the social net income to enterprises, allows considerable initiative to local government councils and leaves a decisive part of the movement of products to the price mechanism.

The role of central planning

National income in the socialist system is put to four uses: personal consumption, the enterprise investment funds, the state investment fund and state expenditure on public administration, national defence and international commitments. Economic policy aims to ensure that national income be properly distributed among the four categories. This is no easy task since the proportions must be centrally fixed by the national economic plan before the income itself is produced. Consequently central planning always involves the risk that in a given plan period the national economy consumes more than it produces, and that it has to cover the balance by imports which, as a matter of course, must be paid for sooner or later.

Another risk is whether one can, and to what extent one can, harmonize the distribution of incomes with the needs of production. This harmony can be brought about only if the enterprises carry out the centrally set plan targets in such a way as to provide the best possible services to one another. If they fail to do so, there can be no optimum harmony between the incomes distributed in cash and the use-values produced on a national scale. This disharmony is expressed by surplus stocks and shortages of goods even when national income consumed does not exceed national income produced. The optimum utilization of national income, therefore, requires an organic connection between central planning and the autonomy of enterprises.

The proportions established by central planning must prevail in the entire process, not merely in planned production and consumption. Even if the growth in production is smaller or greater than planned, the income proportions must be enforced, they ought to be liable only to slight changes, otherwise harmony between material and monetary processes is destroyed. One of the fundamental mistakes of the old mechanism, called the system of "mandatory plan directives", was just that although it regulated, even excessively the consumption of income in respect of the amount of planned production regulation became ineffective in case output was either above the plan or fell short of it; the distribution ratios changed, and this had various negative effects upon the national economy. In the long run, however, though the administrative system of "transmission" was stringent, the under- or overfulfilment of plans occurred as a spontaneous process. There-

fore, our present system of planning and guidance is intended to regulate more firmly than before the ratios of distribution and utilization of incomes with regard to the whole of production and trade, including production that exceeds the plan, but it leaves the reasonable use of incomes substantially to the enterprises.

Income distribution and political democracy

The concrete system of the production and distribution of income has an influence on political democracy. Those of us who consciously act as citizens of the socialist state, wishing to make use of our rights as co-owners of the socialized means of production, have to think and to orientate ourselves simultaneously on three levels of management: in individual households, as an aspect of work and finally in terms of the national economy. It is an illusion to imagine that such a degree of understanding of the social processes by the masses can come about straight after the establishment of socialism. The socialist economy would then be very simple and easy to operate, which it is not. But we are on the right track toward achieving this end.

Mistaken beliefs and an erroneous world view inherited from the capitalist productive relations are losing ground all the time in Hungary, and are surely on the way out. But what socialism demands is still more, that is that the broad masses should understand common questions of economic policy. This requires further improvement in three fields at the same time: 1. development of both poles of economic planning, strengthening of the scientific foundation of central planning, a more advanced system of enterprise planning; 2. a rapid growth of social consciousness, intensification of politico-economic studies to enable people to understand the social processes; 3. growth of socialist democracy in the national economy, publicity of cost accounting and in the system of popular control.

In the light of all this, income policy and income distribution are simultaneously and equally important from the economic and political point of view. Economic rationality and political requirements, however, do not always coincide nor do they do so automatically. The object of economic policy is to bring about harmony in this field, to serve economic expansion well and to satisfy the political expectations of the people.

Marxist—Leninists, who proclaim the principle of historical materialism, find it natural—and do not think of it as chance—that nowadays economic questions play a great part in politics, or that economic life generates a considerable part of political problems. Neither is it accidental, or inappropriate, that the "key issues" of economic life—taking care that they

really are key issues—are considered to be political questions and decided bearing in mind political responsibilities. The interdependence of economics and politics is general all over the world, and the socialist system has as one of its great advantages that it is capable—to use the language of dialectics—of always directing the strong and continuous interaction of the two spheres toward a new unity, thus aiding social progress with conscious foresight.

Aspects of the international class struggle

What new economic facts have to be taken into account today as political factors?

First of all, that a new wave of scientific and technological progress stimulates and accelerates economic growth and a peculiar "climate of expansion" is beginning to take shape. Since the period of post-war reconstruction, for twenty years now, we have lived under conditions of continuous economic development in liberated Hungary, production and trade have increased year by year, and so have income and consumption. A technological revolution took place at the same time, investments grew, new and new demands emerged and relatively swift changes occurred in the structure of production and consumption. This happens not only in Hungary, this is so in a great part of the world. Expansion is rapid and steady in the socialist countries, the rate of growth is similar in some of the non-socialist countries, and the economies of the majority of capitalist countries develop, though cyclically and amidst contradictions, yet without major crises.

Further we have to take into account that the significance of international connections is increasing. Some of the national economies become interwoven and a strengthening of international relations in the scientific and technical fields as well as in international trade and in currency and monetary matters is taking place in almost all national economies. The integral world economy taken in the old sense is already a thing of the past. There are countries belonging to opposed social systems and there is a third group of states, comprising part of the developing countries, in whose economies socialist features intermingle with non-socialist aspects. Relations between countries having different social systems have not been broken off, they still exist and will continue to exist. Hence the world economy with its antagonisms and new relations of forces is in a peculiar, in many respects unregulated state.

The confrontation of socialism and capitalism is of really world dimensions, at present there is practically no corner of the globe unaffected by it.

The confrontation manifests itself on the ideological plane, in the labour movement, and in relations between political systems. Opposed to one another within and outside national boundaries are two ideologies (scientific socialism and the bourgeois world outlook), two political movements (that of the communist and workers parties and that of a whole gamut of different bourgeois parties), and two effectively functioning social systems each in particular groups of states. There can be no doubt that ideology, movement and social system must be taken as an integral force from the point of view of both imperialism and socialism. The struggle between socialism and imperialism is therefore a sort of global warfare fought on several planes, and although state systems also are opposed, the struggle cannot be decided by armies and by force of arms, victory will be won by the class forces which will have the broader mass base and the better political organization.

It is evident that the international class struggle is a long-distance race. A long contest for the minds of the masses can be expected on the ideological front; in politics it is fought for power, for security and peace, and for systems of alliances. A long period of competition between the two economic systems can be expected. Economic performance is of paramount significance in the rivalry of the two systems, but it will be of equally decisive importance which of the two systems gives the broad masses more in terms of politics, basic freedoms, democracy, security, culture and public morals.

It is in the light of all these factors that the communist parties, the Hungarian party among them, have to develop their political tactics in the international class struggle and in the building of socialism at home. The revolutionary strategy of Leninism is justified and confirmed by the present situation. However, well-considered changes are needed in methods and practical steps. That is just why two tasks have to be solved at the same time: on the one hand, the movement has to be strengthened ideologically while keeping the strategic goal in view; on the other, tactics have to be developed, methods suited to the situation have to be found, and practice has to be improved. In this respect too the example of Lenin has to be followed who ingeniously pursued the strategic goal in his own time, while applying flexible tactics, sometimes even in a way perplexing to some of his contemporaries—but he was right, history has proved him so.

A sound basic position has to be taken up in the interest of the final victory and the rapid advance of socialism, both strategically and tactically, with regard to economic competition between the two systems, their mutual relationship, the character of the development of the socialist economy and the interrelation of national progress and the international struggle.

The competition of the two system in the field of economic growth

How must the present situation in the economic competition between the two systems be evaluated?

As regards the rate of economic growth, especially the expansion of industry, the socialist countries have rather long surpassed the capitalist economy. In the socialist countries political stability has a stimulating effect on development economic stability is far superior to that in the bourgeois world. The only exception for the time being is China. Capitalist society is still gnawed at from inside by the insoluble contradiction between capital and labour, economic disequilibrium is constant and political crises are recurrent. Hence it is not accidental but necessary that, taking the capitalist world as a whole, the socialist countries are today better off than most of the capitalist countries.

On the other hand, some of the most advanced capitalist countries occupy a special position being at a high level of economic development with economic indices superior to those of the socialist countries. National income per head of population in those capitalist countries is 50 to 100 per cent higher than in Hungary, the difference is still greater in comparison with the United States. This is indicative of the difference in labour productivity. Those capitalist countries are ahead in many fields of scientific and technical development. Average national income there is also higher than in Hungary; besides, the most advanced capitalist countries provide a greater choice to the consumer than socialist countries. All this is of course eclipsed by a great many antisocial, inhuman and immoral things, by-products of capitalism, which make it impossible for capitalism to offer the working masses an alternative to socialism. Nevertheless, one also has to analyze those aspects of economic performance in which we are still lagging behind.

The most advanced capitalist countries, it seems, possess three special kinds of resources which put them in a better position:

—The first is what I would call the "historical time advantage" obtained in the past, meaning that the most advanced capitalist countries had become industrialized earlier and had reached a high level of technical civilization when the countries opting for socialism were still at a low or moderate stage of development. This time advantage acquired in the growth of the forces of production is given expression in the scientific and technical competitiveness of the leading capitalist countries, in the per capita value of "accumulated labour", in the higher degree of productivity, in the magnitude of national income per capita. For those trailing behind catching

up is possible only in the long term, and this is and will for long be a considerable factor.

—The second is what I would call the "international factor", meaning that the leading capitalist countries make good use of international economic cooperation as a stimulus to growth and as a means to overcoming the problems of the market and money relations. They allow wide scope for the interflow of scientific and technical achievements, national boundaries are becoming less and less an obstacle to trade among them, and the handling of international finances also secures them additional resources. That is what prolongs their period of economic growth, ensures them a standing in the world economy, and is largely profitable to them politically.

—The third is what I would call the relative advantage in the speed of penetration and propagation of the new technology, meaning more precisely that in the leading capitalist countries theoretical discoveries penetrate economic life more quickly for the time being, they are turned into new products or new technologies more quickly than in the socialist world. That is to say, they are more successful than we are in taking a shortcut from science to production. Our results are considerable in the realization of centrally designated goals and in the horizontal propagation of the new technology, while the flow of science into production is still slow in Hungary.

I would like to add that the developing countries and a good number of capitalist countries do not profit by the aforementioned factors, a considerable portion of the capitalist world is also debarred from these advantages, that is the leading capitalist countries fail—and hardly wish—to turn disequilibrium into international stability. But national income in the leading capitalist countries is high and continues to rise, and this is a trump card they use also in the international class struggle, since they are able to keep average personal incomes on a high level, on a higher level than the socialist countries can ensure in their present state of development.

What conclusions can be drawn from all this?

—First, equalization of income levels between countries differing as to their past economic history, their technical and technological base and the size of their national wealth is a task that takes decades rather than years to be realized. Hungarian income policy can best serve to accelerate the process of catching up if meanwhile we do not fail to do better in satisfying human needs. Therefore, our income policy has to steer a course towards a swifter growth of profitability, so that in the long run we might increase consumption and improve the social services further.

—Secondly, with a view to success, the disadvantages in the historical

time factor should be opposed by an economic policy and socialist economic mechanism by an organization of conscious socialist construction work, which would turn the time factor to our advantage as regards the technical application of scientific achievements, and the extensive and rapid propagation of the new technology, in order to surpass today's international technical standards in some sectors. That is how we can convert the advantage of the socialist relations of production into a steady and vigorous growth of national income.

—Thirdly, the socialist countries should make much better use than today of the international factor to promote their aims in the field of scientific, technical, commercial and financial cooperation. One way to do this can be the shaping of a socialist economic integration which, even though it might possibly take a long time, we must not cease to build up. Another important method is increasing activity in the vast arena of the world economy, in trade and production cooperation and in financial relations so that we also might profit by these additional possibilities for expansion.

The laws of socialist economic development

The Soviet Union already has more than fifty, Hungary and other socialist countries more than twenty years of accumulated experience in the expansion of the socialist economy. What characteristic features of that period can be considered as laws of development?

We have to realize that the quantitative increase of output is not the only decisive characteristic of planned economic development: the change of the economic structure toward higher profitability is of equal importance in the long run. This requires, under Hungarian conditions, a change in the proportion between industry and agriculture, between basic and processing industries, in the pattern of generation and consumption of energy, in the ratio between dynamically and gradually developing sectors, in the importance of foreign and domestic markets for the economy, and so forth. Hence, the country's capacity for economic growth is largely dependent upon its capacity for change, and the situation is similar in the other socialist countries.

One has to realize that the socialist economy has its own peculiar stages of development, including extensive and intensive ones, with different economic possibilities which can be exploited in different ways. During the period of extensive growth national income can be increased by expanding the volume of production even if efficiency remains unchanged. In the

intensive stage where a rapid increase in labour power is no longer feasible, the fast growth of national income is dependent upon the productivity of labour and the increase in the efficiency of social capital. Increasingly important factors are the improvement of the services sector and, in investment policy, the development of the infrastructure, of the backyards of production, and the expansion of the whole reproduction process.

We have to realize furthermore that during the progress of the socialist economy not only the productive forces but also the concrete forms of the relations of production are developing, and that is what we call the economic mechanism. People and the forms of human cooperation have to develop *pari passu* with technology, together with planning, management and control, the responsibilities of executives and incentives for workers. This process must be observed and controlled in the sphere of politics, either by the improvement of functioning institutions or, if need be, by reforms.

We have to realize also that in the socialist economy central planning is a tremendous force, but it is not all-powerful, objective economic laws are working and operating, and these are not really mastered by the central planning authorities except in the sense that they are taken into account in planning. The laws of value are working and operating in the socialist economy, it has to be built into the planning and management system, in contrast with capitalism where it operates spontaneously. In our system side by side with the laws of value, the laws of planned balanced development and the laws of distribution according to work operate as new laws. The three exert a combined influence but not in such a way that the latter two override the laws of value. It must be stressed that economic laws are by nature what are called "stochastic laws", which appear as statistical averages, according to the law of great numbers, in phenomena occurring *en masse* and not in individual cases. They provide sufficient scope for human action, planning and control to mould events for the benefit of the community. But neither economic policy nor planning can disregard economic laws.

And finally we have to recognize that the socialist economy is the collective economy of our entire people. It does not incorporate the individual but lets him have the freedom of choice, and this even in two respects. Partly in the free choice of work and place of employment, partly in the freedom of consumer decision. Only by relying on these and striving to satisfy them can planning function well and to general satisfaction. Surely this is no small task, but it is not insoluble. It would be a major mistake to believe that individual freedom in a planned economy would be an anarchical factor likely to disturb socialist planning, and that therefore it ought to be limited by administrative measures even in normal circumstances.

Both in the choice of the place of employment and in consumer choice the mass action of individuals is a most normal procedure, which can be recognized, planned and influenced. In our days the socialist countries are on the right way towards more and more satisfactory solutions.

The socialist economy and internationalism

How does the interconnection of national progress and international struggle come up in economic policy and income regulations?

Between the two World Wars the maxim "socialism in one country, communist movement in many countries" indicated the nature of the international communist movement. Today there is "socialism in fourteen countries, and the communist movement all over the world." The same essence, the same idea, is functioning in a different form and shape in different countries. This is not a sort of deformation but accommodation to real life, and it demonstrates the viability of our idea. However, it raises the question of the nature of identity and difference.

Socialism is an international idea, and this means that socialist productive relations must be established on identical principles in all countries, regardless of the different state of development of productive forces and the difference in national circumstances. If we gave up this principle, we would degrade our international movement to a national one. What are the common principles? First, the interests of the working class as a whole and of all working people must be made effective. Secondly, socialist productive relations must become absolute, society must dispose over productive forces and national income. Thirdly, central planning and state guidance must secure the planned development of the whole economy. Fourthly, regulated commodity and money relations must bring into harmony the central plan, enterprise decisions and personal action. These are the guiding principles in every socialist country. Their joint application must be aimed at, if one of the four fails to prevail the remaining three will also be impaired.

In what sense should we promote the process of internationalization in the socialist economy? By developing the system of the international division of labour and by gradually levelling the differences in the state of development of the socialist countries. We cannot aim at any forced and mechanical uniformity in economic policy and in the system of economic management since the structure of the economy is different in each country. It is a mistake to aim at equal industrialization, since the potentialities

of agriculture are different from country to country, and we have to value agriculture just as highly as the various sections of industry. The pattern of industry can be made uniform to a still lesser extent since an improved division of labour requires differing patterns of industry. The pattern of personal consumption cannot be made identical since this is necessarily different in each country.

The process of levelling must therefore not lead to identity in a technical sense, so the principal method cannot consist of the exchange of already applied technologies.

The profitability of production will be fought out in the field of the level of employment, and finally expressed in terms of per capita national income. This can take place step by step, so that the levelling is done "upwards" and not by lowering the higher level to the average. A more efficient international system of planning, accounting and trading will be needed so that this process can take place in a desirable way, as regards socialist countries.

The growth of national income

In analyzing post-liberation economic progress we have to distinguish the stage of reconstruction from the period of development. Though an extremely fast growth rate is possible in the stage of reconstruction the national economy approaches an income level already attained earlier, the period of development aims to attain a new, higher income level.

In Hungary we lived through a longish period of reconstruction from 1945 to 1950. War damage, tremendous losses in fixed assets and a fall in production were made up for. The pace of reconstruction was swift, especially after 1947, when the first three-year plan was launched. Hungary went through another period of reconstruction later, in the years 1957—58, when the decline caused by the counter-revolution had to be overcome. That was also successfully done. It should be noted, however, that even successful reconstruction must not be mistaken for expansion, in the meantime the economy underwent only relative development; taking a long term view the results of reconstruction are not visible, nor do they appear in statistics, looked at them subjectively, one also tends to neglect them. In statistics of long-range development this should be taken into account.

The period of development can thus be reckoned from 1950, when the transformation of the economic structure was initiated at the same time with the establishment of socialist productive relations and the two measures jointly resulted in speeding up the growth of national income. The average

annual growth of national income in the inter-war years was below 2 per cent, between 1950 and 1968 it rose to nearly 6 per cent, that is to say, it grew three times as fast as during the Horthy era. On a comparative basis one can say that Hungary developed more rapidly in the past twenty years than the capitalist countries but more slowly than the majority of socialist countries. Considering the last ten, however, Hungary keeps level with the development rate of the countries of the Council for Mutual Economic Aid.

Per capita growth of national income

Country	between 1950 and 1968		Average annual increase	
	1950	1968	Percentage change	
			1951–1968	1959–1967
Hungary	100	273	5.7	5.7
Czechoslovakia	100	290	6.1	5.7
Poland	100	344	7.1	4.6
Soviet Union	100	459	8.8	5.3
Austria	100	237	4.9	—
Great Britain	100	166	2.9	—
France	100	219	4.7	—
Italy	100	—	4.9	—

Faster economic development in Hungary takes place in the context of faster structural changes. The change in the economic structure is reflected in a strong shift in the distribution of income sources, especially since 1950. The largest source of income before liberation was agriculture, since then industry has taken the lead.

Production of national income by economic sectors

	Percentage distribution			
	in 1938	in 1950	in 1968	in 1970
Industry	23.5	28.1	42.7	42.5
Construction	5.5	9.0	11.3	11.7
Agriculture	70.0	56.3	21.9	21.3
Other	1.0	6.6	24.1	24.5
	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0

The true importance of agriculture in Hungary's economic life could not be demonstrated properly on the basis of the former, 1950 and 1959, price systems, at the time price fixing by the state allowed relatively little net income in agriculture, relatively much in industry, and consequently the statistics of the time showed industry to be a larger source of income than it actually was and agriculture to be of less importance. The price reform of 1968 essentially did away this situation, and calculations at today's prices show that industry contributed 43 per cent, construction 12 per cent, and agriculture 21 per cent to national income. Calculated at current world market prices, industry produces 40 to 42 per cent and agriculture 24 to 26 per cent of national income. As regards employment, agriculture assumes a somewhat greater importance still. Nevertheless it is evident that in twenty years Hungary has changed from an agrarian-industrial country into an industrial-agrarian one.

If we examine the various factors in the twenty-year growth of national income, we can see that in the whole of the national economy the amount of both "live labour" and "embodied labour" has increased. The number of active earners has grown from 4 to 5 million and amounts today to 50 per cent of the population; this means that Hungary is among countries having the highest level of employment. The value of total fixed assets has risen from 480 to 980 thousand million forints during the same period. A result of socialist progress is that the potential productive capacity of the country has become actual and, what is more, it expanded.

The role of industry

Industry being the most dynamic factor in Hungary's twenty-year long progress largely determines the character of development. The Hungarian policy of industrialization has led to a considerable growth in employment. A considerable part of the social investment fund was used for this purpose. A 25 per cent increase in the number of active earners has led to an increase of 110 per cent in industrial employment. This process tied up a good portion of investments, since the establishment of every new place of employment requires a specific amount of investment, which is steadily increasing in consequence of technological progress. An average place of employment complete with all the necessary equipment can be established with an investment outlay of 40 to 60 thousand forints in the labour-intensive industries and 100 to 150 thousand in others. Under such circumstances Hungarian investment policy left a restricted scope for the objective of raising productivity.

Factors in the growth of national income in industry

	Increase between 1950 and 1969	
	in 1950	in 1969
Employment	100	210
Fixed assets	100	400
Production	100	484
Productivity	100	231

In industry, therefore, 45 per cent of the twenty-year increment in production came from the rise in employment and 55 per cent from the rise in labour productivity. This ratio is impossible to maintain in a stage of intensive development, the character of industrial expansion must therefore be changed.

Trends in foreign trade

In the Hungarian national economy foreign trade plays a considerable role in the production of national income; commodities worth about 40 per cent of national income are exchanged for other goods in international markets. It follows that if foreign trade expands dynamically and effectiveness is adequate, economic development is stimulated. If, on the other hand, the volume of foreign trade increases slowly or its effectiveness is inadequate, then economic growth slackens. Both occurred in the past. It is just because of this that foreign trade has considerable repercussions on the growth rate in Hungary and plays a determining role in shaping the composition of production and investment.

Since 1950 the volume of foreign trade has been growing at a faster rate than production. The increase is faster not only in exports but also in imports, and this is wholly justified by the high demand for imports on the part of industry. Figures show that a 10 per cent increase in national income brought with it a 12.5 per cent rise in foreign trade turnover during the period of the first five-year plan, between 1950 and 1955. From the early 1960's onwards, since greater efforts were made to take advantage of the international division of labour, there has been an increase in the export of finished industrial products, so that in the years between 1960 and 1967 every 10 per cent increase in national income was accompanied by a rise of 18.4 per cent in the volume of foreign trade. As a result of growth the Hungarian national economy is fast becoming "externally oriented", more

and more export- and import-sensitive: foreign trade is no "residuum" in Hungary.

Now as before Hungary is primarily interested in trade with socialist countries but is strongly interested also in trade with non-socialist ones. Twenty years of progress have produced a considerable increase in the importance of trade with socialist countries, as a consequence of which we can consider the present relative ratios as being stable, as being adequate to the potentialities of Hungary. The system of bilateral trade among the socialist countries was one of the main factors of the vigorous growth of their trade at the time when it was possible and necessary to "transfer" capitalist trade turnover. This "transfer" is no longer feasible today; it is the specialization of production that promotes the flow of socialist foreign trade. But since the system of bilateral relations makes this possible to a limited extent only, it will become necessary in the future to switch over to a multi-lateral system and at the same time to the convertibility of currencies. However, all socialist countries are not equally interested in this as yet.

The distribution of Hungary's foreign trade turnover by groups of countries
(in per cent)

	1949	1955	1969
With socialist countries	50	63	68
With non-socialist countries	50	37	32
	100	100	100

Trends in income and consumption between 1950 and 1969

During the period in question the value of both real incomes and consumption rose two and a half times. This is a substantial rise as compared to developments in the past, even if we consider that it was achieved in a period when the share of investment increased considerably. In 1938, in the Hungary of old, only 7 per cent of national income was allocated to investment. As a result development was slow. In 1950 this share was raised to 18 per cent; in the early fifties moreover, those in charge raised it above a feasible level which had to be given up because of the economic disproportions produced. Since 1957 the share of investment has been about 24 to 28 per cent and that of consumption about 70 to 74 per cent.

Income and consumption by the population from 1950 to 1969

	Percentage change				
	1950	1956	1960	1965	1969
Per capita real wages of workers and employees	100	105	154	168	191
Per capita real income of workers and employees	100	118	168	198	246
Per capita consumption of the farming population	100	110	143	161	202
Total consumption by the population	100	—	—	205	250

In the long term, the rate of increase in consumption was in conformity with Hungarian potentialities, though one could criticise fluctuations recurring year by year, the definite neglect to ensure a rise in real wages, and the unsatisfactory relation between demand and the supply of commodities.

If we compare the twenty-year long increase in consumption with the growth of national income, we can see that from time to time there have been diverging ratios, consumption was not properly adapted to the growth of national income, it did not increase in proportion with it, and this fact generated a number of problems. The rise in consumption per 1 per cent increase in national income since 1950 has been as follows (in per cent):

Average	1950–1955	0.7
Average	1956–1960	1.0
Average	1961–1965	0.8
Average	1966–1967	0.6
Average	1968–1970	1.0

Thus the average annual increase of consumption in Hungary between 1950 and 1967 was 4.2 per cent. This rate cannot be considered wholly satisfactory by international standards, it is low compared with that of many other countries. It is true that, as regards the sixties, Hungary surpassed the growth rate of consumption in the United States, and Great Britain, but these countries are on a much higher level, thus 1 per cent represents more commodities there than in Hungary. On the other hand, in the rate of growth of consumption we fall behind many a socialist country, and also some of the capitalist countries. Since 1968 the weight of consumption has grown within national income and is at present in harmony with Hungary's potentialities and development. Demand shows of course

that a still more rapid rate would be desirable, but for the time being full use is made of possibilities, an increase would be made feasible only by a faster increase in national income.

How does Hungary rank internationally? As regards the principal indices, Hungary is at the middle of the scale among the European socialist countries: some socialist countries are more advanced and others less developed than Hungary, and this applies also if we compare our situation with that of non-socialist countries.

National income per capita in Hungary, calculated at comparable prices, is about $ 750, as against $ 1,200 to $ 1,700 in western Europe, $ 1,000 to $ 1,200 in Italy and Austria, and $ 500 to $ 700 in Spain, Portugal and Greece, $ 60 to $ 100 in liberated former colonial countries and $ 200 to $ 300 in the less developed capitalist countries.

If we look at twenty years of economic progress in Hungary in order to find out whether or not in the meantime we have come closer to the production level of the most advanced capitalist countries, we can say that Hungary certainly has, in respect of the volume and organization of production, thanks to taking advantage of the way society is organized. In terms of employment and social services we have surpassed most capitalist countries.

In the field of labour productivity, enterprise organization and per capita consumption, the twenty years old gap still separates Hungary from the most highly developed capitalist countries. Hungary has not fallen back, but neither has it lessened the gap. The fact of the matter is that, although national income in Hungary has grown faster, yet development was of necessity extensive, with a slower rise in the productivity of labour compared to the most advanced capitalist countries, with a larger share of investment and a comparative magnitude of per capita consumption. Such a comparison is made between countries carrying on intensive development, on the one hand, and countries engaging in extensive development, on the other, thus the worth of the Hungarian performance is heightened. I wish to emphasize that extensive development cannot be regarded as a mistake, at most it can be said that the switch-over to the intensive method was a little slower than necessary. If we wanted to discuss major mistakes then we ought to speak about the unrealistic notions of the early fifties and the negative aspects of the "zigzag period".

Hungary possesses an economic potential which can, with a right policy of development and planning as well as through efficient guidance and by a better utilization of the resources of enterprises, produce and provide considerably more for the country and for the people, and continue to do so. This is the next major class and national objective in Hungary.

LENIN — THEORETICIAN OF PRACTICE

by

GYÖRGY LUKÁCS

In the chain of democratic revolutions in modern times two types of leaders, poles apart, made their appearance, embodied by men such as Danton and Robespierre, in both reality and literature (for example in the works of Georg Büchner). Even the great orators of workers' revolutions, for example Lassalle and Trotsky, show certain Dantonesque features.

Lenin is the first representative of an entirely new type, a *tertium datur*, as opposed to the two extremes. Even his reflexes were characterized by the sort of high degree of consistency of principle which could only be met with in the great old revolutionary ascetics—although there was not an ounce of asceticism in Lenin's personality. He was brimming with life, had a good sense of humour, he could enjoy everything that life had to offer, from shooting and fishing to playing a game of chess or reading Pushkin and Tolstoy, he was able to devote himself to and identify himself with real people. The consistency of principle intensified to relentless hardness during the civil war, but there was no hatred in Lenin. He fought against institutions and this, naturally, meant that he also had to fight against the men who represented those institutions—if necessary to their annihilation. But he always considered it a humanly deplorable necessity even though it could not be avoided or disregarded under certain concrete conditions. Gorky recorded Lenin's very characteristic words spoken after he listened to Beethoven's Appassionata Sonata: "I know the Appassionata inside out and yet I am willing to listen to it every day. It is wonderful, ethereal music. On hearing it I proudly, maybe somewhat naively, think: See! people are able to produce such marvels!" He then winked, laughed and added sadly: "I'm often unable to listen to music, it gets on my nerves, I would like to stroke my fellow beings and whisper sweet nothings in their ears for being able to produce such beautiful things in spite of the abominable

hell they are living in. However, today one shouldn't caress anybody—for people will only bite off your hand; strike, without pity, although theoretically we are against any kind of violence. Umph, it is, in fact, an infernally difficult task!"

It is clear that even such a spontaneous display of feeling is not a revolt of the instincts against the "way of life" forced onto them and that Lenin in this respect, too, only followed his own worked-out ideological principles. Many years before the scene described by Gorky, when Lenin was a young man, he wrote polemic articles against the Narodniks and their legal Marxist critics; analysing their articles he showed that their methods were objective when they asserted that "a certain order of succession in the course of events is a necessity," and that objectivism entails the grave consequence that "it degrades to the position of an apologist for facts." In Lenin's view there was only one way out avoiding the dangers involved: Marxism has to be applied more consistently to help to understand that facts and the real social bases have to be detected in the facts themselves. This conclusion shows the superiority of Marxism as against objectivism, for a Marxist "asserts his objectivism more profoundly and fully." This stepped-up objectivism brings about what Lenin called partiality, i.e. "whenever an opinion is formed on events one has to take up a position linked with a particular social class directly and openly." Thus, for Lenin a subjective stand always derives from and reverts to objective reality.

Conflicts arise when contradictions within reality intensify into mutually exclusive differences and those living amidst such conflicts have to deal with them themselves. However, conflicts in which convictions rooted in reality and based upon the objective conditions of individuals clash, theoretically differ from the ones in which an individual's innermost human nature is imperilled. The latter case never happened with Lenin. Hamlet's greatest praise for Horatio is: "...and bless'd are those / Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled / That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger / To sound what stop she please." Blood and judgement: their contrast as well as their unity only derive from the biological sphere as the direct general basis of human existence. Assuming concrete shape both express the social life of man: harmony or dissonance as a relationship of man and a certain historical moment, both in theory and in practice. Blood with judgement blended well in Lenin for the knowledge of society he had acquired concentrated on the action needed just at that moment, since his practice was always the necessary consequence of his system and of the aggregate of true knowledge he had accumulated.

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There was nothing in Lenin to suggest introversion, success didn't make him over-confident, nor did failure depress him. He denied that there were situations in which man could not react in practice. Lenin was one of the few great men who succeeded in much, in all the most essential things, and precisely in practice. And yet—or maybe just because of that—there was scarcely another man who looked on possible or past mistakes so soberly, so free of any kind of pathetic attitude. "Not he who never errs is clever. Such a man does not and cannot exist. A man is clever if he doesn't commit too vital mistakes and, in case he has made one, knows how to rectify it, quickly and with facility." This highly matter-of-fact opinion on the lot of active man expresses more clearly the essence of Lenin's attitude of mind than any statement full of pathos. His life consisted of continuous action and uninterrupted struggle, and what is more, he acted and fought in a world in which—according to his deepest convictions—there was a way out of every situation for him and his opponents as well. For this reason his guiding principle was to be prepared for action, and for the right moment to act.

This was the reason for the effect on the masses of Lenin's sober simplicity. He was an unmatched people's tribune but even the shadow of a rhetorical attitude was incompatible with his personality; in this respect, too, he was a contrast to the earlier type of great revolutionaries (let us in this connection too bear in mind Lassalle and Trotsky). Both in his private and public life he had an aversion to phrase-mongering, to anything bombastic or exaggerated. It is characteristic of him that the political and human repudiation of "exaggerations" was supported by an objective philosophical basis: "Should truth be exaggerated or the bounds of its real validity transgressed... it might change into absurdity, moreover, under such conditions it must inevitably change into absurdity."

This means that even the most general philosophic categories did not, for Lenin, belong to a generalizing contemplative and abstract sphere, for he considered them to be means ready to hand to serve the theoretical preparation of practice. When fighting against Bukharin's equivocal, eclectic, intermediary position in the discussion on trade unions he had recourse to the category of totality. The way Lenin applied a philosophical category is highly characteristic. "In order to get thoroughly acquainted with a subject one has to apprehend and study every one of its aspects, relations and what it 'conveys'. Although we shall never reach this completely, the requirement for many-sidedness will safeguard us from making mistakes and becoming rigid." The way in which an abstract philosophical category—supplemented by epistemological reservations as to its applica-

bility—can be applied purely as a guiding principle for correct practice is very illuminating.

This attitude of Lenin's was even more striking in the discussion on the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk. It has become a historical commonplace that as regards *Realpolitik* Lenin was right as against the leftist communists—who wanted to support a future German revolution on the basis of internationalist considerations—when they clamoured for a revolutionary war thus risking the survival of the Russian Soviet Republic. Lenin arrived at the right practical solution by a thorough theoretical analysis of the actual state *(So Sein)* of the overall process of revolutionary development. World revolution—Lenin said—precedes all partial events but this can, according to Lenin, only become a genuine (that is: practical) truth "if it is not left out of consideration how long and difficult the way is which leads to the complete victory of socialism." And in view of the then concrete situation he added: "Very abstract truth becomes an empty phrase if it is applied in the case of some arbitrary concrete situation." Thus, truth—as the basis of practice—differs from revolutionary phrases in that it theoretically hits upon the permanent, necessary and possible, actual state of being *(So Sein)* of the revolutionary situation. The highest lofty feelings and most self-sacrificing devotion become an empty phrase if the theoretical essence *(So Sein)* of the situation does not render it possible to carry into effect true revolutionary practice. This does not mean, of course, that genuine revolutionary practice will be necessarily successful. At the time of the first revolution, following the suppression of the Moscow armed uprising, Lenin vehemently argued with Plekhanov according to whom "it was wrong to take up arms," whereas in Lenin's view the surpressed revolt furthered the overall process. Every kind of analogy both abstract and concrete as well as substituting world historic events for actual ones leads to phrases, for example, a comparison between France in 1792–3 and Russia in 1918, which was often done when the Brest–Litovsk peace was discussed. A similar erroneous generalization was the sensible and self-critical theses the communists formulated after the Kapp Putsch in 1920, in which they worked out guiding principles should a *putsch* happen again. Lenin had to ask again: How do you know that the German forces of reaction are going to repeat it?

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Lenin's entire life consisted of continuous study, without it he couldn't have acted or formed judgements the way he did. In 1914, after the outbreak of the First World War, following trouble with the police, he took refuge in Switzerland. To make full use of his "holiday" he set himself the

task of working through Hegel's *Logic*. While living underground, after the July 1917 events, his host, a worker, praised the quality of bread at lunch: "They don't dare to sell bad quality bread anymore!" Lenin was touched and delighted by this "class-conscious evaluation of the July days." He pondered over his intricate analyses and the tasks ensuing from them: "Bread I hadn't thought of," he wrote, "never having lived in misery myself... Thanks to political analyses the process of reasoning proceeds along complicated and circuitous ways to the class struggle fought for bread, on which everything is based." That is how Lenin acquired knowledge right through his whole life, at all times and everywhere, be it Hegel's *Logic* or a workman's opinion on bread.

Studying all the time and the readiness to allow himself to be taught by reality were due to the absolute priority he was prepared to give to practice. This fact in itself, but even more so the nature of his study, produced an unbridgeable gap between Lenin and every other empiricist or practitioner of *Realpolitik*. For him the reminder that totality must be the basis and standard of everything was not a mere debating point, or principle of teaching. He made far more rigorous demands on himself than on the most highly esteemed men with whom he was engaged in controversy. Universality, totality and plain concreteness were the decisive definitions for the reality in which one has to act; every kind of practice gets to be truly efficient to the extent it is able to approach these categories.

Of course, history always brings about situations opposed to all hitherto known theories. Moreover, situations may arise in which it is impossible to act in accordance with right, and known to be right, principles. Lenin knew already before October 1917 that in an economically backward Russia some kind of transitional solution, similar to the NEP, would be necessary. However, the civil war and the intervention of foreign powers imposed what was called war communism on the Soviet state. Lenin yielded to necessity but without giving up his conviction based on principle. He did what was required by war communism but refused to admit—in contrast to the majority of his contemporaries—that war communism was the right form of a change to socialism. He firmly decided to revert to the theoretically right course of the NEP as soon as the war and the intervention of foreign powers came to an end. He was neither an empiricist nor a dogmatist, but a theoretician of practice who proposed to translate theory into practice.

What is to be done? could not merely be the symbolic title of Lenin's entire literary works but the fundamental theoretical idea of the work, as it were a preliminary summing up of his *Weltanschauung*. He stated that the spontaneous class struggle embodied in strikes, even in precisely and well

organized ones, only implanted the germs of class consciousness into the proletariat. Merely by strikes workmen won't arrive to the awareness "that their interests are in irreconcilable opposition to the present political and social system as a whole." In this case too, totality determines the right direction of class consciousness tending towards revolutionary practice. There is no genuine practice which is not directed towards totality. However, the recognition of totality can never be spontaneous. It has to be introduced "from outside," that is with the help of theory, into the consciousness of those who act.

Hence the general domination of practice can only be realized if it relies on a theory the aim and direction of which is to attain all-embracing knowledge. However, the totality of objectively unfolding existence is—as Lenin knew—infinite and, therefore, never completely cognizable. Thus, it seems that a vicious circle develops: cognitive processes are infinite but to act correctly and immediately is an always topical demand. Yet, in practice problems can be solved that seem, abstractly and theoretically, insoluble. The attitude capable of this can best be described in Shakespeare's words: "the readiness is all." One of Lenin's most productive characteristics is that he never ceased to learn from reality and was always ready to act at the same time. A noteworthy and seemingly paradoxical peculiarity of his theoretical activity follows from this: he never thought that he had no more to learn from reality and whatever he knew he arranged in such a way that he was able to use it whenever needed in action.

*

I was lucky enough to be present on an occasion when Lenin suddenly had to mobilize knowledge that was not fully formed yet. This happened in 1921. The Czechoslovak committee of the 3rd Congress of the Comintern was in session. Extremely complicated questions were involved and it seemed that the divergent opinions were irreconcilable. Suddenly Lenin turned up and was asked to say what he thought of the Czech problems. He refused to answer at first, he said that he had tried to study the material but important affairs of state had intervened; he had just managed to glance through two papers he carried on him in his coat pocket. Only after being asked repeatedly did he agree to give his impressions of the two papers. Taking them out of his pocket he gave an unmethodical, extemporized analysis starting with the leading article and finishing with the daily news. Yet, these improvised thoughts provided a thorough analysis of the then Czechoslovak situation and the tasks which the Communist Party faced.

It was natural for Lenin—who was always ready—to give priority to

practice when the question of reciprocal effects between theory and practice were involved. This was particularly obvious when he was just about to finish his main theoretical work *State and Revolution* written during the first phase of the revolution. He wrote it underground, in a hiding place, after the July days, and couldn't finish the last chapter about the experiences of 1905 and 1917 because of the spread of the revolution. "It is more pleasant and useful," he wrote in a postscript, "to follow through the 'experiences of a revolution' than to write about them." These words are profoundly sincere. We know that he always wanted to make up for what he omitted to do. It was no fault of his but due to events that he was not able to.

During the last few centuries an important development in the history of human behaviour was that the notion of the Stoic-Epicurean "philosopher" considerably influenced—even beyond academic philosophy—the evolution of ethical, political and social views. In the course of exerting influence the ideal also became transformed; the active and practical features of the type became far more intensive as compared to the original one. The last and up to now highest and most important phase of development is a permanent readiness to act, an attitude so characteristic of Lenin. It is only a passing phase of world history that today when manipulation tears practice asunder and de-ideologizing decomposes theory this ideal is not esteemed too highly by the "experts." Over and above his deeds and works, Lenin represents an everlasting asset as the embodiment of a permanent readiness for action: Lenin's attitude is a new exemplary type of the relationship between human action and reality.

(*Élet és Irodalom*, January 3, 1970)

LETTERS TO BÉLA BARTÓK

The following is a small selection of letters written to Béla Bartók by various people over a period of 35 years, the earlist dated 1910, the latest 1945. The selection was made from the book *Documenta Bartókiana;* Vol 3. (German edition) edited, introduced and annotated by Professor Denijs Dille, and jointly published in 1968 by the Publishing House of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences and Schott's Söhne Musikverlag, Mainz, West Germany. (322 pp, including fascimiles and 7 pages of black-and-white photographs.)

Professor Dille who is one of the Directors of the Bartók Archives in Budapest writes in the introduction: "The principle of selection was a simple one. We did not look for "interesting" letters, what we tried to do was to use the letters to give some sort of idea of the variety of reasons why his correspondents approached Bartók, and in this way we meant to throw light on his life, his activities and his character, since letters from friends tell us as much about the character of the recipient as that of the senders."

Bartók was a meticulous correspondent, keeping practically every letter, note, bill and piece of paper sent to him. Professor Dille had a great wealth of material to chose from: "This volume contains only a small proportion of those letters which Bartók received and kept. Bearing in mind the many letters, notices and slips of no importance amongst his papers, one is tempted to presume that he simply kept everything and that it was merely a variety of circumstances that stopped some of the material from coming down to us. We are in no position to know how much was lost and how important it was. Thus whole years are missing from the correspondence with *Universal Edition*. When first looking through the major part of the material in 1959 (almost two thousand letters and cards) I was able to establish that some of the bundles were confined to one period, whereas others contained material from a number of years. It is thus impossible to establish how many letters were lost, and what their dates were. I had the impression—confirmed in some cases—that letters covering a definite period were sorted by Bartók himself, as regards the assorted bundles one cannot tell who tied them up, nor can one discern the principle according to which they were sorted. Two folders, one marked "pending" the other "answered and copies of answers" contained mainly 1939 correspondence. It is reasonable to presume that Bartók tried to answer each letter if at all possible. This does not mean though that he answered every letter personally. *Pace* the author of the Preface to *Béla Bartók. Ausgewahlte Briefe*, ed. János Demény. Corvina Press, Budapest 1960, 10 per cent at least of his answers were written by his first wife, Mrs. Martha Ziegler; after 1935 (perhaps even earlier), a number of answers were typed. Official and unimportant letters were thus written by secreterial help, perhaps dictated by Bartók, perhaps he drafted them, perhaps he merely gave instructions."

Some letters, and parts of others had to be left out, however, because of their too personal character, and it is also a pity from the point of view of posterity, that the lifelong friendship and cooperation between Bartók and Zoltán Kodály did not, as Professor Dille says, quoting Kodály himself, commit itself to paper: "...he has told me himself that what they had to say to each other could be best expressed by word of mouth."

The sample from Professor Dille's volume printed below is meant to give just an insight into Bartók's private world, indicating the variety of information, concerns, requests, interests and feelings constantly reaching out towards him and claiming his care and attention.

p. 58, No. 26.

Villa Roma,
Kaposvár,
29th November, 1910

My dear friend,

I have received the folksongs—thank you very much. It was really very kind of you to send them to your admirer.

I hear that you are going to Veszprém on the 3rd; would it suit you to set out a day earlier, and to get off at Kaposvár instead of Dombóvár? To stay with us? (page 3) You do not even have to announce your arrival in advance—take a cab at the station and have yourself driven to us, to the Villa Roma on Mount Roma. We shall await you with open arms.

Our little guest Fenella has been invited for the same gala evening—to sing some of her exotic folksongs. We could go together to Veszprém the next day. You can also arrive in the evening, you are welcome at any time—The train leaves the central station at 3.00 p.m.

So, hoping to see you even sooner,

yours,
Jóska

Notes

Manuscript letter.

Address: Bartók Béla úrnak	(Mr Béla Bartók)
zeneszerző tanár	(Professor of Composition)
Zeneakadémián	(The Academy of Music)
Budapesten	(Budapest)

Sender: Rippl-Rónai József (Kaposvár, Roma Villa)

József Rippl-Rónai (1861–1927), was a well-known Hungarian painter. Béla Bartók Jr., the son of the musician, owns a pencil sketch of his father by Rippl-Rónai. According to information from Mrs. Márta Ziegler, Bartók also owned two pen-and-ink sketches, studies of nudes, by Rippl-Rónai with dedications by the painter. These drawings were stolen during the period the family lived at No. 2, Gyopár utca. She also confirmed that Bartók never visited exhibitions of paintings, just as he also rarely went to concerts, but in 1910 he visited an exhibition by Rippl-Rónai. We do not know why Bartók went to Veszprém and to Dombóvár (where, as far as is known, he never collected songs), nor do we know whether he accepted the painter's invitation.

p. 115, No. 66

Aix-en-Provence
April, 1922.

Dear Friend,

I must tell you once again how much your Sonata moved me.[1] This is a noble work, pure and elemental. I regret I was unable to be in Paris for the whole of your stay. Please convey my admiration to Miss Aranyi. She is worthy of the work which she performs.

Yours sincerely

Milhaud

Notes

Manuscript letter.

Address: Monsieur Béla Bartók (Hotel Majestic) Avenue Kléber/Paris

Darius Milhaud (b. 1892), the famous French composer. On his relations with Bartók, see Milhaud: *Notes sans musique*. Juillard. Paris 1949, p. 232.

[1] Milhaud was present at the concert of 8th April, which was arranged by *La revue musicale* in the Théatre du Vieux Colombier. Bartók and Jelly d'Aranyi played his First Sonata for Violin and Piano.

p. 118, No. 67

My dear Bartók,

I am very sorry indeed that I cannot say good-bye to you today at Madame Dubost. May these few melodies take with them my friendship and admiration for you. You have given great pleasure to all young French musicians by coming to Paris to play your wonderful sonata[1] and all your piano works for us—thank you. I hope to see you soon again, either here or in Budapest. In any case do not forget to send me your "Improvisations" and your four songs as soon as they are published—I shall send you the "Impromptus". Another thousand good wishes from your friend,

Poulenc

14th April, 1922

Notes

Manuscript letter.

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963), French composer. Poulenc wrote this note in the form of a dedication on his composition *Le bestiaire*. Edition de la Sirene musicale, Paris.

[1] First Sonata for Violin and Piano.

p. 134, No. 84

Hotel Petersbourg,
Schlossplatz, Riga.
20th April, 1927

Dear Master,

I have written to Davos and to Montana[1], and have had the information asked for sent directly to Pest, to the Academy. I am certain that the thaw is over. I prefer Montana to Davos, it is sunnier and better for one's mood, because Montana is on the terrace of a mountain and not in a valley, like Davos. It is not much further from Zurich than Davos.

I have talked to the Baltic Concert Agency here about a piano recital; Müller is interested and would be pleased to sign you up if your conditions allow it.[2] Perhaps you will be kind enough to write to him when you have a concert in Berlin (or may be in Warsaw), so you could perhaps link them with playing here too. Müller would also like to receive a sample programme now.

In the Second Sonata I do not understand the fourth bar, after Fig. 1, (7/8). Isn't it like this? viz. first a group of 3/8, then one of 2/8 and then another of 2/8? "No! It is correct as it is in the music." (Comment added by Bartók later on the margin of the letter.) Couldn't the D before 12 in the second movement stand?

"Yes, it could!" (Bartók's comment)

Before 40 I would like to play it like this, because it sounds better:...

...(What is this referring to? instead? this rather not! or to a quarter tone; that may go.) (Bartók's comment)

Respectfully yours,

József Szigeti

my address: 161 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris

Notes

Manuscript letter.

József Szigeti (b. 1892), Hungarian violinist.

1 In June 1926 Bartók and his wife were in Davos together with J. Szigeti; in 1928 they were in Montana.

2 It is not known, whether Bartók wrote to Riga, but there is no reason to believe that he gave a concert there.

p. 143, No. 93

Villa Paradon
Villerville sur Mer
Calvados.
18th July, 1929.

My dear Friend,

Please do not be angry with me for only thanking you now for your kind letter and manuscript, but the moving here and the planning of the next season have made so much work that I have only just begun to play my violin again. (And I did not, of course, want to write

before having played the new version through!) (Incidentally, I have no accompanist for the next season, and this has put me in bad humour.)

I like the new ending[1] very much, and I shall only play this one (with orchestra or with piano); formally, and from the point of view of the inner rhythm, this is a very happy solution! (The piece now takes only abt. eight minutes).

I am delighted that we shall play together in London[2] on the 6th January, and I hope I shall be successful in arranging the Berlin concert! In Erfurt I shall play the Rhapsody on the 30th and 31st March, and am very hopeful you will be there. I suggested that the Berlin concert should take place on the 3rd April as a Sonderkonzert der Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde (special concert of the Society of the Friends of Music)[3], but they want it to be arranged at my expense, and I cannot agree to this. They will offer you a small fee. I believe that the following would make a good programme:

1. Piano: perhaps Frescobaldi, Galuppi etc.
2. Violin: Bach solo
3. Piano: Bartók compositions
4. Bartók's Second Sonata
5. *a)* Szigeti: Dances
   b) Rhapsody

I am afraid that I shall not have sufficient energy this summer to learn the Finale of the First Sonata (page 2). The "new" accompanist will require so much of my energy (teaching the repertoire, etc.) that I do not dare undertake any more work!...

When will the Rhapsody be published? I am going now to offer the first performance in Berlin to Kleiber,[4] but I am afraid that it will already be a bit late. Would it not be possible to send him the proofs of the score "for viewing"?

I hope that the first performance in London will be at the Royal Philharmonic Society on the 28th November, and the first performance in Budapest on the 22nd November, with orchestra, at my own orchestral evening.

Perhaps you will be kind enough to let me know what your plans are before and after the London concert, and also whether April 3rd in Berlin would suit you.

This is they way you mean the connection of the new ending to the old to be, isn't it?[5]

P.S.

Neither I nor Petri has received any money from the Ukranians so far[6]!... I hope that you enjoy the wonderful Montana very much, and that it will do your dear wife much good.

I was operated on by a fit-for-prison dentist in Gastein (resection), the needle broke during the sewing up, he looked for it, couldn't find it, sewed the gums up just the same, and since then the needle has moved up towards the nose, and now nobody dares to operate again to take needle out... A thousand warm greetings.

yours sincerely
József Szigeti

Notes

Manuscript letter.

József Szigeti, see letter of 20th April, 1927.

1 This refers to a new Finale that Bartók added to the First Rhapsody for Violin and Piano, which he had dedicated to J. Szigeti. This new ending begins on page 21 of the printed score and carries the heading: Ending for "Seconda parte".

2 Maria Basilides, József Szigeti and Bartók performed in the radio concert.

3 This concert took place on the date mentioned.

4 Erich Kleiber (1890–1956), well-known German conductor.

5 This refers to the new ending of the First Rhapsody; it does not, however, agree with the printed scores. After the first four movements a further four follow, then an asterisk that refers back to the second ending (which begins as the fifth and sixth movements; this may have caused the error).

6 In his book "With Strings Attached" (A. Knopf, New York 1947, p. 219) Szigeti states that he made ten concert tours in the USSR between 1924 and 1929, but "...with the tightening of the foreign currency export regulations, however (my fees had previously been paid in American dollars) these tours became more and more impracticable...)". Endre Petri (b. 1907), Hungarian pianist, Szigeti's accompanist was on this tour.

p. 226, No. 151

Albergo Dietetico,
Villa delle Ortensie,
Montecatini Terme
Viale Diaz.
My address from the 13th:
Grande Albergo de Breuil,
Breuil (Aosta).
11th August, 1938.

My dear Friend,

What appeared to have been a dream in the air in the Pagani Restaurant at that time has in the meantime solidified into something concrete through Benny Goodman (the world-famous "idol" of the jazz-clarinet mentioned at the time) paid a visit to me on the Riviera during his European "joy-ride". I took this opportunity and booked the aforementioned order with him on conditions to which he gladly agreed, and which amount to three times the sum then mentioned by you (one hundred dollars)! (I.e., my clever wife, whom I consulted in the matter considered 100 dollars too little and said: Let Benny pay three hundred, and as can be seen, she was right!)

So, please, send Benny Goodman at

320 Central Park West, New York City a registered letter in which you confirm that you will compose a clarinet-violin duet with piano accompaniment for him within a certain period, lasting some 6–7 minutes, the copyright of which will remain yours, but you give him the right to play it for three years, i.e. you will only have it printed after that period has elapsed. You also reserve playing rights on the gramophone for three years to him and me. You alone of course are entitled to the royalties for all performances, radio, and gramophone.

If possible, it would be fine if the composition were to consist of two independent parts (which could perhaps also be played separately), (like the First Rhapsody for Violin)[1], and we hope of course (page 3) that it will also include a brilliant clarinet and violin cadenza!

Mention in your letter as well that you are awaiting the records which he swore to send you, but it would still do no harm to remind him. (I told him to avoid customs complications when sending them.)

I can assure you that whatever a clarinet is physically able to do at all, Benny can get out of the instrument, and wonderfully (in much higher regions than the high note of the "Eulenspiegel"[2]!)

But to a certain extent the records will show you his sound and virtuosity. Do not be frightened by the "hot jazz" records, he has already recorded the Mozart Quintet with the Budapest Quartet, and the next season he will play Prokofieff's Chamber work for clarinet and strings in the New Friends of Music series.[3] The New York Philharmonic has also asked him to give a concert.

I should be very grateful if you would think at the same time of my "heart's desire". to orchestrate the string accompaniment of our Universal Edition publication![4] May I hope?

My summer is unfortunately far too eventful—for personal reasons: we are very worried on account of my daughter's ill-omened wedding-plans. I will not stop her by force, and we can no longer hope for a change of heart.

I have spent a fortnight here, and am now fleeing from the heat to the mountains, and then back to the Riviera.

Please remember me to your dear wife, and my old love to you.

Jóska

Notes

Manuscript letter.

Address: Méltóságos Bartók Béla (tanár úrnak)
Budapest, Csalán út 27.

1 This explains why Contrasts was first called Rhapsody and consisted of only two movements: the first and the third; under this name and in this form the work was first performed in New York by Szigeti, Goodman, and Endre Petri. Although in the manuscript the date of completion is given at the end of the third movement as the 24th September 1938, a superficial examination will show that the second movement is written on a separate page which was later inserted into the manuscript. But this does not justify the assumption that the second movement was composed after the 24th September, since, in a letter dated 9th October, 1938, Bartók says clarly: "...two pieces... (in fact 3 pieces)..."

2 "Till Eulenspiegels lustige Streiche" by Richard Strauss.

3 Ouverture russe sur des thémes juifs, for clarinet, string quartet and piano (1920).

4 Szigeti had asked Bartók to orchestrate the collection "Hungarian Folksongs" (Universal Edition, No. 8784) for violin solo and small orchestra. We have not found any indication anywhere that Bartók intended to make this transscription. As far as Contrasts is concerned, which Szigeti would have liked to have had orchestrated, the following fragment of a letter which Szigeti sent to Dr. J. Újfalussy, and which the latter was good enough to let us have runs: "1st December, 1938. (...) To be sure, I am not very keen on the name Rhapsody (I have written about this in my letter); for I prefer the title "Two dances"! If at all possible, change this in the programme.

"As far as the orchestration is concerned, I have kept on thinking about at the matter, it could be done somehow. I even wrote a (3.) movement for the middle as early as September (Lento, 4'13" long) entitled "Pihenő" ("Repose"). I should be able to do it in January, so you should get the score approx. by the end of February. (...)" — This orchestration was never done; it should be noted that there is no mention of it in Bartók's plans, which R. Hawkes mentions in his letter of 25th April, 1939.

p. 137, No. 85

St. Moritz
22. VII 1927

Dear Mr. Bartók,

My fears have unfortunately come true; Wolff and Sachs[1] have advised me that it was impossible to put off the soloists who had already been booked for the winter, so that the concert in Berlin has come to nothing; and Hamburg as well, as the two would only have been possible together (same orchestra). About Leipzig[2], I have no final refusal as yet, but there is little hope.

I can only repeat how very much indeed I regret to have been deprived in this way of the pleasure of making music with you. I remember the evening in Frankfurt[3] with pleasure. With regards

yours sincerely,
Wilhelm Furtwängler

Notes

Manuscript letter.

Wilhelm Furtwängler (1886–1954), German conductor.

1 Wolff und Sachs, the Berlin concert agency which arranged Furtwängler's concerts, and on which he appears to have been dependent for the arrangement of his concerts.

2 The Leipzig concert did not take place.

3 On the 1st July, 1927 Furtwängler conducted the first performance of the First Piano Concerto. It appears that it was not a success; it is even doubtful whether this cooperation was remembered pleasantly by Bartók. We do not have Bartók's letters to Furtwängler, but what the latter writes is not entirely dependable when compared to the information given by Bartók's manager; even if the manager interpreted matters to suit his own ends, one has the impression that Furtwängler did the same thing.

p. 203, No. 132

Budapest, 9th December, 1936.

Dear Master!

May I ask you to be lenient and forgive my omission. I am very much ashamed of not keeping my promise, and not reporting for the manuscript at the agreed time.[1]

I must not take up your time with chatter, but I have to apologize by giving some explanation. What happened was that on Monday night I wanted to write out my idea, considered interesting, on "Béla Bartók's Dissonance", so as to be able to show it to you when I called in the morning. Unfortunately, I overestimated my physical strength—I slept over the rendezvous, because I had worked into the early hours.

It would make me glad to learn that I did not cause you any annoyance, because in that case I could not only rejoice in not having done harm my own affectionate relations with you but also in what I had written.[2]

I shall ring tomorrow morning—please, leave a message when I should call for the manuscript.

Yours sincerely,
Attila József

Notes

MS letter.

Attila József (1905–1937), great Hungarian poet. This letter is published here for the first time in English.

1 This probably refers to the manuscript of Bartók's study "Népzene és népdalok" ("Folk Music and Folksongs"), which was published in the periodical "Szép Szó", in December 1936 (Vol. III, No. 3, pp. 274–278); Attila József was one of the editors of the periodical.

2 This text is possibly identical with the sketch entitled "Medvetánc" (Bear's Dance), which was published by Miklós Szabolcsi in "József Attila Összes Művei" (The Complete Works of Attila József), Vol. III, Akadémiai Kiadó (Publishing House of the Academy), Budapest, 1958, pp. 277–278.

p. 230, No. 230

Hotel Statler
Detroit,
10th September, 1938.

Dear Professor,

Yesterday, before I left Philadelphia, I received Jóska Szigeti's cable, which was an answer to my telegram offering to perform your latest work, the Violin-Clarinet Concerto[1] in Philadelphia. All I understood from Jóska's answer was that he does not dispose of the performing rights.

That is why I am turning directly to you with the offer to present the work twice (or three times) in Philadelphia and in New York. It must of course be a "first" performance in both cities. I would in fact very much like to give the first performance of all with my world-famous orchestra. Should this be impossible for some reason, I am asking for at least the first performance in America.

I have not yet had the opportunity to talk to the chairman of the "Victor" (His Masters's Voice) Company, but I am almost certain that it will be accepted for recording if Szigeti and Goodman play and I conduct it.

Because of the shortage of time, send a cable at my expense to Ormandy—Philadelphia Orchestra—Philadelphia, and let me know whether the first performance is available, and if so, how much the royalty will be for the first, second, and perhaps third performance in Philadelphia and New York. I must also ask you to let me know when the work will be ready for presentation.—

I recently accepted one of your latest Suites written for strings and percussion instruments[2] for performance.

Looking forward to your reply, and with warm greetings from my wife, I remain

yours sincerely,

Jenő Ormándy

P.S.

Please send your cable to Philadelphia, because I am only conducting a guest performance here, and will return in two days.

Notes

Manuscript letter.

Address: Professor Béla Bartók (Zeneművészeti Főiskola)
Liszt Ferenc tér (Budapest—Hungary—Europe)

Sender: Eugene Ormandy—Philadelphia Or-(chestra) Philadelphia, Pa.

Eugene (Jenő) Ormandy, the well-known American conductor of Hungarian origin, was a conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra with Stokowski from 1936 and has been the permanent conductor of this orchestra since 1938.

1 See Letter of 11th August, 1938.
2 Music for String Instruments, Percussion Instruments, and Celesta.

p. 249, No. 164

October/November, 1939

Dear Bartóks,

I have again been "writing" a letter in my mind for a long time now, and many times—but it was never put on paper. And recent times have been so oppressive that it wouldn't have been helpful to write about the many fears and anxieties of which you too have had your share. Now that the first great shock is over, I would nevertheless like to talk to you now, to ask you what you are doing, how you are living, whether you are able to work, whether you are able to rejoice that for the time being our two countries are not in danger.

There was a small sort of panic here at the beginning, all the reserve officers were called up, and many others, the other auxiliary services (Walter[1] as well) are in the reserve and may be called up any day. So it is difficult to carry on a normal way of life; a good many sorts of food are rationed, eg. sugar, salt, fat, oil, flour, all fodder and corn, groats, noodles, rice; unfortunately I was not prudent enough and did not buy enough in advance, although it had been ordered by the state. We are not suffering any privation, but have to think what to cook. Teaching[2] goes on quite normally, but concerts are very uncertain. Walter especially does not know whether he should dare to risk it, for the time being nobody knows anything; the Tonhalle[3] intends to continue with all the concerts, but it will be hardly possible for foreign soloists, for instance, to come. —

The Lucerne Festival was wonderful; I admire and respect Toscanini more and more as a wonderful, ideal musician and man. The same thing happened with him as with Béla: I avoided him, was afraid of him, did not know what to say to him, i.e. I was unable to talk to him in an everyday way. Then I was put next to him on the last evening (just like Ditta to do it), and I sat next to him at table. We separated as great friends, to the envy of the others! — The Verdi Requiem, Coriolanus, Debussy's "La Mer", Smetana's "Moldava" remain unforgettable; perfect music perfectly performed, that is how I shall remember it. The many rehearsals 34—and 9 concerts were tiring enough, but we were still very sad when there were no more. We have just finished it, the last concert was on Tuesday, and on Friday the catastrophe fell... Fate was good to me in allowing me to live through this last summer and fill myself to the brim with beauty, harmony, with happy hours and serious music. — After Lucerne I turned over in my mind the idea of visiting Béla, we heard from Sacher that he was still there, but I was afraid to disturb him in his work, but things fell out differently: Jancsi, the son of my nephew Zipernovszky got stuck in France, came here and waited for the opportunity to go further: finally he returned to Budapest through Italy and Yugoslavia. I took advantage of this opportunity to send a penknife to Béla—will I ever be

able to borrow it?—some chocolates to Ditta and the latest photographs to Péter. I hope that you have received them. Write soon, do not follow my example! — Puci[4] is well, but she is sad and worried about the war. — She sends many regards to Péter.

Much love to you all.

Stefi

Notes

Manuscript letter.

Stefi Geyer (1888–1956), the violonist to whom Bartók dedicated the Violin Concerto of 1907/08.

1 Walter Schultess (b. 1894), Swiss composer, conductor and impressario; was married to Stefi Geyer.
2 Stefi Geyer was Professor of Violin at the Zurich Conservatoire.
3 The Concert hall in Zurich.
4 Daughter of Stefi Geyer.

21 Holland Park
London W. 11.
March 28, 1922.

Dear M. Béla Bartók,

I am just leaving London for Vienna, and thought I would like you to know how greatly I admire your work which I heard at the Aeolian Hall Concert last week, especially the Violin Sonata, which is a most sincere and remarkable expression of technique. I hope we shall have the opportunity of hearing it often, when it is published as I feel certain it will gain many adherents. I am so sorry I have not been able to talk to you personally, I hope that your stay in London has pleased you, and that before long we shall be able to welcome you again.

With my true admiration

Arthur Bliss

Telephone
Park 5296.

Rosehill Lodge, Porchester
Gate.
London, W. 2. 28/12/25.

Dear Bartók,

Very many thanks for the score of the Dance Suite which I have just received. I heard a performance of it quite recently and liked it very much indeed—although the performance itself was not a good one. I am glad to be able to become better acquainted with it.

It is good to hear from you after such a long time, and hope to see you over here again soon.

The Pro Arte quartet played your 2nd string quartet here a short time ago, at one of Mr Gerald Cooper's concerts; unfortunately I did not hear it, as I was in bed with influenza.

Please give my best wishes to both the Kodály's. I just received a visit two days ago from a pupil of Kodály—half Hungarian and half American—I forget his name; you will know him.

With best wishes to both you and your wife for the New Year

Yours very sincerely

Cecil Gray

Aug 16, 1945

Dear friend,

I arrived home about ten days ago to find your letter of June 6. I hope that now both you and Mrs. Bartók are enjoying a pastoral restorative summer free from all ailments.

It is indeed unfortunate for me that, despite our mutual sympathy, I have as yet had no opportunity to capture the stimulating influence and inspiration which would attend a more prolonged and intimate association with you.

When you mentioned the many musical plans you had made I could only pray for their early realization. As a matter of fact I may be coming to New York around Oct. 1.—for just such a feast!

Tony[1] and I played the concerto last Saturday at the Hollywood Bowl for some 18,000 Bartók-fans!!! It is a great country, you know, and sooner or later you will probably receive a commission from Billy Rose![2] Anyhow, it was most enthusiastically applauded and respectfully reviewed. We have some great plans or performing the work in London in November and recording it at the same time. Our most ambitious hope is to do it, with you in the audience, in Budapest! That may already be possible by November, in any case not Spring. As yet, we have merely planted and fecundated the seeds in our own hearts—but I trust they will soon sprout and rear their heads above the ground for everyone to see!

You have many admiring friends in London and a general public more than ready and eager to welcome you and your music. Boosey and Hawkes will certainly be right with you in promoting your works, especially in connection with their government—subventioned project at Covent Garden.

Do you expect to return to Hungary shortly?

Please convey my warmest greetings to Mrs Bartók.

Your devoted,

Yehudi Menuhin

Notes

Manuscript letter.

Yehudi Menuhin (b. 1916) the famous American violinist had commissioned a Sonata for solo violin from Bartók.

1 Antal Doráti (b. 1906) ("Tony"), the well-known conductor and composer of Hungarian origin, was one of Kodály's pupils.

2 Yehudi Menuhin has provided the following explanation of this joke: "Regarding the commission from Billy Rose, this was meant as a joke. Billy Rose (I do not know if he is still alive) was the very prominent theatrical producer in New York who put on shows of great lavishness. He aspired to culture, and commissioned a work by Stravinsky. The story goes that after the first performance he sent a telegram to Stravinsky saying 'YOUR WORK GREAT SUCCESS WOULD HOWEVER BE OVERWHELMING SUCCESS IF YOU PERMITTED US TO MAKE A SHORT CUT IN THIS WORK'—whereupon Stravinsky is supposed to have answered 'AM CONTENT WITH GREAT SUCCESS'. This is the background of my comment that sooner or later he would probably receive a commission from Billy Rose..."

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN

BARTÓK'S SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION*

A characteristic feature of contemporary music is its development of a new rhythmical style. This paper looks for an answer to the question: What are the peculiarities of this new rhythmical style? On hearing works by Stravinsky, Schoenberg or Bartók one might have thought about one aspect of the problem, namely, that the discovery of a more subtle individual rhythmical style necessitates changes in, and exerts an influence on the use of melody and harmony. The loss of melody, and the fact that only a few Lieder and operas have been composed so far in accordance with the new mode of expression is a standing topic of discussion. There seems to be a connection between the various realms of music in this respect. It could perhaps be said that a strongly marked rhythmical style blocks the tuneful flow of melody, whereas a musical expression entirely conveyed by melody relegates rhythm to a very simple and secondary function. In this case one becomes aware of the principle of a fundamental contrariety. I have chosen for the purpose of a musical demonstration Béla Bartók's "Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion". Each theme in this work is wholly dominated either by rhythm or by melody.

The two themes of the first movement make the contrast already obvious. The first theme (following a slow, increasingly intensifying introduction) is marked only rhythmically. It is characterized by stamping, syncopated chord beats and by the formal, monotonous repetition of single tones or small scraps of motifs. In this respect Bartók himself made the following statement: "Just this stubborn clinging to one tone or a cluster of tones seems to be particularly valuable support; it provides a firm framework for the composition about to come into being and prevents composers from wandering aimlessly."

* The text of a programme of the *Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk*, broadcast in October 1951; it was part of a thesis written in 1951. The original of 186 pages can be found in the library of the State College for Music, Cologne.

Some parts of this movement are exclusively determined by the theme heard in bars 33–40. One can recognize the same symptoms here: rotating, obstinately recurring tone patterns, syncopations and mechanical rhythm. In his study on Bartók, Professor Erich Doflein had said: "The ostinato technique and the obsessed repetition of identical chord patterns point to the magical background of folk music and its deep historical roots." A section consisting of bars 198–216 in the continuation of this movement is entirely determined by the first rhythmic subject.

At the end of the movement where the subject returns once more, only hammering choros remain and even the remnants of the melodic pattern are almost weeded out of it (bars 274–282).

Returning to the introduction of the subjects at the beginning of the movement, one should examine the second subject. It is a one-part melodic arch over an unvarying chord. The simple rhythmic character of the freely flowing melody is also to be noted (bars 105–115).

The second subject is followed by its melodic mirror-like reflection. The melody is spun forth and there follows canon between the subject and its reflection in which the melodic arch widens repeatedly and is brought to a climax in bars 133–160.

In the same way, the sound-rhythm character of the first subject was treated in ostinato passages, while the melody of the second subject develops in a polyphonic form, in the canon mentioned above. It seems that in the part of the movement which follows, the main point shifts more and more to the melodic essence of the second subject. Recalling the canon, one must note the way Bartók continues the principle of the polyphonic treatment of the second subject in the development section: the melody is widened into a fugue subject, developed in a four-part fugue. One might say: the fugue appears as the concentration of melody. To the attentive listener it will appear that all chords or chordal structures in the fugue resemble each other and are mutually free from tension. In fact, it appears that the build-up of all chords of the fugue (bars 333–382) is the same. Finally, the second subject is repeated in a stretto; that is, the subject-entries of the four parts follow in rapid succession (bars 417–422).

*

A few general points may be relevant here. In classical sonata movements, the subjects are introduced first. Then the so-called development section follows as the treatment of the subject or subjects, and the subjects reappear in their original order at the end of the movement. In Bartók's work a few passages in which only the first subject is developed follow the introduction

of the subjects at the beginning. Then the subject is repeated in conclusion before the development of the second subject starts in the form of a four-part fugue. Finally, the second subject is also repeated in stretto form, and although the movement seems to be formally closed, the first subject follows again by way of conclusion. Thus, a formal turn happens here, for the rhythmic subject returns once more—skeleton-like, reduced to some chord-clusters—to conclude the movement.

In traditional music, fugues express a certain attitude. Melody in canon and fugue represent horizontal thinking, adherence to strict harmonic and melodic principles. It is a development which—disregarding the momentary—always looks ahead. In traditional music, the innermost force of a fugue derive from harmony. The intertension of the chords into which the parts unite, the harmonic relationship of the single parts of the fugue to each other as well as the harmonic articulation of the cadence within the fugue subject itself: all these harmonic relations and tensions are the source of expressiveness in a classical fugue. In Bartók's Sonata the fugue has no harmony whatever in such a sense. The result of the similarity of all the chords to one another is identical with that of a one-part melody to which three parallel parts are added as "faburden" merely for introducing nuances of colour. This is rooted in the hovering and vague tonal subject. It avoids relating to a basic tone by restricting itself to melodic steps which are particularly suited to this purpose: whole tones, tritones, minor thirds and sixths. In other words: the parts in the fugue give up their melodic independence because they must adapt themselves—at any moment—to the same consonance. The four parts are reduced to one part, to one unvarying "Klangband." Thus, this form of a fugue is an intentional sham, unfulfilled, empty, ironical. However, it developed from the melodic subject and its sham existence is a consequence of the latter's melodic structure. The concentration of the melody appears as a mockery of the melody. This is probably why Bartók added the rhythmic subject once more to the end of the apparently concluded sonata movement.

Homophony versus polyphony—rhythm versus melody—chord-clusters versus mixed chords are the rudimentary contrarieties of the two subjects. The extremes of musical divergence between rhythm and melody are conveyed in this composition, but this has become a general and, perhaps, the most pressing question in the development of modern music. However, neither the rhythm nor a restriction to ostinato and formal mechanical melodies can permanently supplant melody as it was inherited by the Western tradition. The same holds good, perhaps to the same degree, of the over-differentiation of rhythm—at least, this could be said by anyone who missed cantabile

melody in recent compositions. Thus by over-emphasizing rhythm, a regression in harmony and melody takes place first. In this work, Bartók still connects both elements in the form of a thematic contrast. This shows the historic background of the work at a time when musical language was in the process of changing. In analysing the two themes of the first movement I tried to show how total rhythm and freely hovering melody, ostinato and fugue, homophonic and polyphonic (though sham polyphonic) parts are set against each other. The sham existence of the fugue rejects the possibility that traditional forms of expression such as the sonata and fugue could be taken over unthinkingly into the new realm of musical language. In this movement, the germ of its development was already hidden in the melodic subject. The rhythmic subject was rigid and closed. The absoluteness of the one is necessary for the exclusiveness of the other. In the end, the possible union of the two elements results from this duality, however, the areas of the elements remain separate, driven back in the subjects to their own spheres.

The slow movement in Lied form conveys the elementary contrast to another level where two motifs face each other. Melodic and rhythmic forces are being confronted and, here, inverted: first the melodic motif (5–13) and then the rhythmic one (31–47).

Following a middle section with intertwining melodic and rhythmic motifs —the melody being imitated as in a canon, while the rhythmic pattern crops up as ostinato (bars 48–50)—by the end of the second movement the structure has changed considerably; the rhythmic pattern sounds splintered and faint without the convincing beat it had at the beginning. At the final chord, it fades. A change into unreality and immateriality is thus accomplished. Then, suddenly, a final turn occurs: the rhythmic motif, when it sounds for the last time, is played for the first time by the xylophone, protracted as a melodic motif. However, the xylophone—being a percussion instrument—sounds jerky (bars 85–92).

*

The third movement is a movement with variations. The single variations of the subject pass directly into each other. The subject itself is divided into three melodic motif-pairs and each of these pairs bears a question-and-answer relation to the other. Thus, this subject too, similarly to the rhythmic subject in the first movement, is closed without an attempt at further development. The one-part subject melody played by the xylophone rises above the rigid and lasting cluster (a chord tremolo) of the two pianos. The rhythmic character of the subject (bars 1–17) is noteworthy.

In this theme, its rhythmic character comes to the fore. It is probable that from the melodic character one notes primarily the opposite trends, the mirror-like reflected (ascendant-descendant) responses of the motif-pairs. Immediately after it is sounded for the first time, the subject is treated like a canon. Recalling the canon and fugue in the first movement, as well as the canon-like imitation in the second movement, it appears that in this canon-like continuation the rhythmic character of the subject grows somewhat indistinct from the crossing voices, and the melody comes to the fore. Throughout the whole movement, a primarily rhythmically determined ostinato-variation and a canon-like variation determined mainly by the basically melodic character of the subject follow each other in pairs. Generally, only the impressive opening of the subject is applied for the variations. On hearing the variation which differs most from the original form of the subject one is aware that from the melody only a single constantly repeated interval remains (i.e. the upbeat fourth of the subject) and that only the rhythm keeps up the relation to the subject. Rhythm rules absolutely—over the melody too (bar 207, with the upbeat to 228).

In another variation, only the contrasting trend of the subject is indicated melodically, while small drums beat the rhythm of the subject as in a canon (bars 315–324).

The melodic outline grows more and more dim until, towards the end, the monotonous rhythm motif of the subject produced by the small drum is left, as if it would continue into eternity (from bar 404 to the end).

Rhythm or melody: do they tend to preclude and oppress each other if one of the two elements forges ahead more definitely to acquire absolute dominance? That is the leading general question in respect to the thematic "Gestalt" contrasts in this work. It connects the three movements into one internal unity. The confrontation is smoothed away in the sonata form, Lied form and variation form. However, in all three movements Bartók opted for rhythm under quite different preconditions. Bartók does not strive for a synthesis of the two elements. In the subjects, he sets them against one another, and the contrasts run through the entire composition. This confrontation enabled the composer to reach an unambiguous decision in favour of rhythm: for a rhythm, that is, which subdued melody. In this way the work was raised from its isolated situation to a masterpiece, a flash of lightning to herald a comprehensive change of musical language.

LÁSZLÓ KÁLNOKY

POEMS

DE PROFUNDIS

No towers tremble now at the blast of my sighs,
the red stream of my blood makes no roaring through the lands.

No giants with stone-axes and
huge hands all thumbs slash
my likeness in rock.
Love's Christmas-tree
stuck once with coloured candles of desire
has glided into unknown far-back childhood,
and any tears that fall for me are falling
not on fresh body but on mummy-cloth.

Where have all the young women gone
who spirited off in such sweet oil
the rosy salmon-slices of my heart
and shut up in a pin-box
my feelings twisted on a spool?
Where have those girls gone
who stepped out on their starry trajectory
shining down on my dim and always dusky sky?

When I soak my lonely looks
in the green veins of neon signs,
when I flounder on
like a lumpish-headed diver
deep in seas of the past, I feel
my shadow quietly flaking off
from my heels and vanishing
in reverse. I feel
fate has stopped waiting for me
neighing, stamping, bridled.

More and more impossible
the lavatory-brush moustaches
below noses like carrot-stubs,
the flatfish faces swimming on TV
and the ears that sail away.
More and more I panic at
the rattling detritus in the skull.
More and more I linger musing
over letters spelt in ashes.
If no one overhears me,
more and more I let it out—
the crippled cedar's shocked and whistling cry.

This poem was awarded the 1970, and first, Robert Graves Prize of the Hungarian Writers' Association, an award of 5,000 forints to be presented annually on Robert Graves' birthday, July 24th. Robert Graves, on one of his visits to the country asked some friends—writers and poets—to act as a committee and award the prize to an outstanding poem published during the previous twelve months. The prize is financed out of Robert Graves' Hungarian author's fees.

DESPAIR

The candles inhale their own flame.
The derelict bunch of flowers hangs
its yellow shadow from the vase. Scrabbling
can be heard in the wall, not long before an arm-
bone, shin-bone shatters the paper.
The not yet run-down clock stops impotent.

Birds rush to escape the gale.
Blue screeching rasps at icy gables.
The tramp throws his pack on the highway,
his feet fumble, he slumps in the snow to die.
Cries are forced out howling for no one to hear
from the rib-cage of this world wandering through space.

The sleepless man sits up in bed.
His loneliness seeps down a lined bleak face.
A new indignity, a stab of pain.
Not young now, and his flesh hangs heavy.
In lungs and heart the ruinous army gathers.
His eye strains for a face he does not find.

INSTEAD OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Waning daylight all round.
From unread lines of a book
the squeezed sunset rebuke.

The pin-pricks of self-mockery
disguised on the face
by fly-specks caking the mirror.

Will time slow down
to mend the scribblings
of ragged compasses?

Vain shifts:
giving stone statues wigs
or laving dead men's mouths with wine
after the fashion.

The man who has his own measure
walks past others' weights and scales,
he knows too well
he is like some loose-walled ruinous stronghold
whose keepers have died out
neglecting to strike the flag.

Translated by Edwin Morgan

THE UNKNOWN GOD*

by

ISTVÁN VAS

I cannot for the moment recall where and when Valéry wrote the following words but I remember them exactly, "Tout ce qui peut être dit en prose, tout ce qui—histoire, légende, anecdote, moralité—existe par soi-même sans le concours du chant"—.

Valéry was of the tribe of poetic law-givers and this, in many ways fruitful, dogma of his has had an abiding influence on French poetry and, through the latter's irradiation, on the poetry of the world. His doctrine has made its influence felt rather belatedly in this country in the last ten years or so, but late as it arrived it has been all the more dynamic, even in our criticism, one of whose murderously technical epithets, also applied to poetry is "anecdotal".

I mention all this first to indicate that I am quite aware it must sound like provocative heresy to begin an address on the poetry of the last twenty-five years with an anecdote, that is, to recount an incident that really took place. After this admission, with no sense of sin, I shall proceed to waste a few words on our old Budapest underground which was first the second in the world and secondly for a long long time the smallest, having been extended a stretch or so only a couple of months ago. This little underground of ours operated with playful punctuality: the trains arrived at each station *alternately*, now from the direction of the eastern terminus, the Municipal Park, now from that of the western terminus, that is, Vörösmarty Square. The "incident" happened at one of stations, half way up the line, at the *Octogon*, today called November 7th Tér, or Square. A few women and a boy some four or five years old, playing-hide-and-seek among them, were waiting for the train on the same platform. The lights indicated that the last train to leave had been on our side, for Vörösmarty Square, in other words, you

* The text of the opening address to the International Gathering of Poets held between 5th and 8th of May, 1970, at Balatonfüred, Hungary.

could be certain that the next one would pull in from the other direction to the platform opposite us. And the ladies therefore carelessly gave themselves up to the conversation about operettas and actors and actresses. The little boy paid no attention to them, he was listening to a dull rumbling behind him. He pulled at one of the ladies' skirt, "Mummy, the train's coming," and turned his head in the Municipal Park direction. "No, it must be coming from over there now, don't you see?" his mother corrected him, twisting his head back towards her. The little boy vainly tried to wriggle free from his mother's hands, the rumbling grew louder and, well, well, well, what a surprise, quite unexpectedly, contrary to all custom, the train stopped before them—but by then the ladies were again irrevocably immersed in their talk. Glancing back I could just catch their indignant looks, and could also see that the little boy, goodness knows why, was crying.

*

This little real life incident imprinted itself on my mind: I found myself often thinking of it among all the painful and joyful surprises of the war—was it not one of the reasons for the success of the Normandy invasion that the enemy had so certainly expected it to come from a different direction? And again, after the war, it reminded me of the twists and changes of poetry. It took some time of course before I realized that what was a rare exception in the traffic of our miniature underground station is the starting point of my present faith and conviction that poetry always comes from the direction where it is not expected, that poetry is always different from what we imagine it to be.

Otherwise how should I dare to speak to all of you present about world poetry of the past decades, here in Hungary, which now and in the past is part of the European circulation of the blood but where the bloodbeat has never been continuous, never, that is, without slackening or interruption: in Hungary, where the life of the spirit was it is true, on occasion cut off from Europe by natural reasons, by historical and social circumstances, but in addition has, for the better part of fifty years, been isolated by artificial barriers from the literary and artistic movements now in the West, now in the East, at times from both halves of Europe? Is it any wonder then that the poet who reached puberty at about the time the first of these officially sponsored barriers were set up sometimes found himself trying to find his bearings in the contemporary world of poetry like Montesquieu's Persian in Paris, and is fortunate if he was not the Danubian rustic of Marcus Aurelius and La Fontaine?

What else then could give me the courage to speak to you here on the world poetry of the recent past if not the excuse that the Persian Uzbek and even the Danubian country bumpkin might have perceived some little thing in the great cities of the world ignored by their native inhabitants? Shading our eyes with our hands we stand on the *limes* of poetry and peer towards the great centres, and perhaps so become aware of unexpected happenings in world poetry sooner than those participating in or even shaping the main currents.

*

I need hardly say that the view from the *limes* is more often misleading than revealing. Those of us, for instance, who towards the end of the war hopefully anticipated the final demolition of all barriers, had also looked forward to a revival of universal poetry in political terms, that is, to some glad confident morning of poetry which would claim the right to a word in the affairs of the world. This hope had been given some substance in the legacy left us by some of the greatest poets we possessed in this century, and not least, at the end of this line, by the last poems of Miklós Radnóti, which reached us only after the war as posthumous messages in a notebook recovered from a mass grave, containing, among others, the assured prevision from beyond this life: "the Kingdom is being born". It was further encouraged, by those few poems which had managed to slip across the inhibiting barriers from the other half of the world, mainly poems of the French resistance. And what the embargo, imposed soon after, allowed in to us in some measure, the poems of Aragon, Eluard and Neruda, were also in certain aspects an extension of this kind of poetry—at any rate, ill-suited to dispel these illusions.

Yet by that time the dominant characteristic of poetry from the West had changed to something different. A group of brilliant young talents had brought something fresh and new into English poetry in the 'thirties, not only with their direct tone of voice but also with their involvement in politics—their poetry, incidentally which was essentially of the same kind as that which had emerged here in the twenties and thirties, had indeed been known to us before the outbreak of the Second World War. After the war this group grew cooler and more resigned, turned to introspection and abandoned its earlier views; some of them went so far as to recant or rewrite their old poetry. The man who is today England's Poet Laureate, Cecil Day Lewis at the beginning of the Second World War in those two bitterly wise quatrains of his "Where are the war poets" held that the logic of the times was to "defend the bad against the worse." This loyalty without faith

characterized the position of many of us in the confines of Europe. But such a resigned endurance hardly encourages the spirit of subjective poetry, and particularly not the kind of poetry which the simplicity of the *limes* expected. As another of our martyred poets wrote in a sceptical poem at the beginning of the war: "Tuneless silence is the end of musing."

The process had begun earlier in the United States. Archibald MacLeish, as Assistant Director of the Office of War Information vainly tried to persuade American writers to wage "a spiritual war" against Fascism: the only response he received was an outraged protest that he was making the same demands on literature as the fascist dictatorships. For some time after the war MacLeish continued to maintain the prerogative of poetry to comment on and criticize public affairs, and went on writing his poetry of "public speech", but during the darker early fifties he took refuge in a more metaphysical and indirect strain of writing.

On the Eastern fringe of Europe the situation was different: the exclusive domination of politics in poetry was here assisted by all the powers of the new social dispensation. As is known, this effected little good for the potentialities of poetry: the dispiriting officialism, the uniformity of theme and handling, the staleness of voice for a time compromised even what was genuine political poetry. Only very rarely was there a poet who could incorporate the permitted reality into his poetry while excluding lies, empty words and certain favoured names. What made such an exceptional feat possible was only the authority and authenticity of the popular voice, so deeply rooted in Eastern Europe. And here too there were some instances of it, though few and far between. Poets who, if they did not choose silence, retreated into themselves or into the poetry of nature when, as more often than not, they did not choose to "write for the desk."

But if it was only the simplicity of the *limes* that cherished a belief in a post-war revival of the direct impulsion of poetry that was to shape the world I cannot help feeling, it took the great capitals by surprise that precisely this kind of poetry did indeed arise from the dead and, even more surprisingly, from its apparently final disrepute. It rose in the East too, where the Soviet "new wave" was naturally based on the living tradition of Majakovsky. New waves in fact were rolling over the whole of Eastern Europe and their bracing effect could be felt in Polish and Czech poetry.

Our "new waves", as is known, were rather violent. After the stormy preliminaries, every kind and species of poetry found its new voice before political poetry. The breaking wave of the new public poetry rose from the generation, or rather generations which emerged after 1956. The passion was authentic, the voices many and different, and it may also be counted

an additional virtue that poetic uniformity is not the rule with us, that public poetry is not the only kind of poetry we write. And there are poets in Hungary in whom these virtues are associated with a feeling for modern culture and a concern with form worthy of the great traditions of Hungarian verse.

*

The revival of political poetry in the West came as a surprise to the world, so unexpectedly, indeed, that the literary world is not yet fully aware of its existence. The recognition was made the more difficult by the fact that this new poetry found a natural form to which we were unaccustomed in political poetry. When did the despair of "you cannot change things"—to quote the title of the first volume published fifty-seven years ago by Milan Füst, a great Hungarian poet, dead these three years now—change over into a despairing protest? It happened of all places in America. In the heart of the vortex of this most unexpectedly—I cannot help using the world—exploding poetry stood the A-bomb, or more precisely, the anxieties, fears, anger and protest that it engendered. The enduring value of the beat poets is open to debate, but what can hardly be questioned is that they forced many violent and new elements in the sensibility of modern man into poetry, if the name can still be applied to that "howl" of raw and often abusive language erupting out of the deepest layers of contemporary common speech. Everyone is familiar with the fact that even the most politically purposive beat poetry was profoundly imbued with a coarse sexuality—"fuck the bomb" wrote one of them—a phrase which I would not dare translate into our own public language. For we also have a similar bomb-centred poetry—three of our most noted poets Gyula Illyés, Tibor Déry and Ferenc Juhász, have written respectively two oratorios and an epic poem on the grand scale—and this epic has indeed its own underlying robust sexual imagery—but everyday speech is foreign to these newer poetic voices of ours: a heightened, elevated style is their ideal. In America, this poetry charged with a new sexuality goes hand in hand with anti-war poetry: it expresses the same sentiment as that great slogan of young, "make love not war." Of course there is nothing new under the sun: who will fail to note that this anti-war sexual poetry or sexually anti-war poetry is the lineal descendant of the pacifist lyrics of Tibullus and Propertius, supplemented by the despair and crudity of a technological civilization. And history has seen to it that this outbreak with its repercussions in England and Scandinavia will not remain an isolated flare-up of a single generation. "A time when we are all *living at war*, a time of shame and fear and of extreme uncertainty

about the future", I read in the preface to the latest anthology of the youngest generation of American poets—and this definition of the conditions under which poetry is being written today is clearly not confined to America. If there is still any meaning left in the term avantgarde in our times, if it is m orethan a mere descriptive label of literary history, then it best suits this outburst of protest.

But the lingering life of the old avantgarde, the diminishing legend of our younger days, is also not lacking in surprises. Is it not wonderful, for instance, that French poetry, taking as its starting point the surrealism recently described as a belated offshoot of romanticism by the Hungarian Gyula Illyés, whose earliest and, I should add, latest poetry feeds and is fed by this current, that this French poetry, I say, has been able to create its own twentieth century Age of Boileau? Those outstanding representatives of the Paris school, who are at the same time the encouraging friends of Hungarian poetry, work in a not altogether unsympathetic field when they translate Hungarian poets: parts of it have a natural echo of modern French classicism.

And who was prepared for a return of the sonnet—in Paris? And that the man who initiated it and defends it is Aragon, the legendary rebel of our youth, the *enfant terrible* of the avantgarde? Guillevic, who put the theory into practice, soon abandoned or perhaps even repudiated this *Sonettenwut*, to use Goethe's word, goodness knows why. Yet the sonnet could not be buried so easily: after fifteen years the substance—or result?—of the latest and almost certainly most exciting French experiment is again the sonnet. True, it is a new sonnet, mastered, decomposed, and reassembled, compounded of mathematics and the elements of the Japanese *No*—but all the greater is the surprise that the sonnet has become the last word in poetic fashion.

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All these are surprises connected with form. Those connected with content are even more momentous. For what should we have said when we were still apprenticed to our trade, when not only Majakovsky's and Apollinaire's example, not only the teaching and living poetry of our master Kassák, but the breathless flow and paradoxically still more the ebb, of all the avantgarde, had immersed us in the conviction that modern life and the affirmation of technological and poetic revolution were part and parcel of modern poetry—what should we have said if told that in thirty years' time a contemporary poet, Stephen Spender would write that modern art was born out of the hatred of modern life? This was affirmed by no other than

one of the English rebel poets of the thirties, asserted, naturally, in later days when the hostile dialectics of modern life and modern poetry had become apparent. It is scarcely an accident that such a statement was put in this extreme form in England: its universal validity in poetry derives at the highest level from Eliot's spirit—although in Hungary as well a still more extreme variety of the Eliot pessimism emerged, conceived in a similar way expressed with a similarly remarkable use of language, which went further than Eliot in condemning the whole progress of civilization in the name of a still more ancient past.

At any rate, in talking about the poetry of the twenty-five years, or even limiting ourselves ot the surprises it has brought forth, we should not forget those major poets whose work came to full maturity in the inter-war period, but the body of whose work has enriched our age. Although Eliot ceased to write any poetry of importance after the war, his influence—including the reaction and the revolt he provoked against himself—was the strongest and most widespread force in the period under discussion. Saint-John Perse, on the other hand, not only produced his main work after the war, but it was after the war that the became a living power in the poetry of the world and his own country in particular, as if to refute the pessimism of Eliot with his passionate optimism or to provide a counterweight to the deliberately pared economy of French neoclassicism with his flowing, almost un-French romanticism. Nor, in considering modern world poetry, must we ignore the great generation emerging between the Atlantic and the Pacific in the first quarter of the century, whose organically modern vitality set up the gold standard for North American poetry, to serve as a gold reserve for many later experiments.

The great survivors are not only important at times as part of the overall picture of a new period as figures giving prestige to some main trend, or for that matter, acting as an important counterbalance to some prevailing trend; it has also happened that their poetry, apparently rounded off, has still got enough vigour for renewal. The outstanding exponent of Italian impersonal and high-tension hermeticism, Montale, for instance, when well beyond seventy had the courage to call in question all his own previous poetry, as well as the whole concept and practice sanctioned and codified in modern European writing as the poetry of impersonality, in the deeply personal and colloquial voice of the profoundly moving *xenias* which he wrote to commemorate his wife's death. (I do not think this Greek word—meaning "epigram", usually with literary allusions, has a counterpart in the English language.)

Perhaps an even greater surprise was sprung in this period by Nelly Sachs and her poetry. It was only after the war, at the age of fifty-five, that

her first volume of poems appeared, and her poetry not to be compared to anyone else's, deep-rooted in the theme of survival, persecution and ignominy, expressed the sufferings of this century with a hardly surpassable purity and authenticity. And with the mention of Nelly Sachs, who would have surmised that mysticism would become an indispensable element of precisely the most advanced poetry? *Qui dit mystique, dit mystification*, Gide said. But here I cannot refrain from remarking that apart from Nelly Sachs, I can cite only one other living refutation of this statement of Gide's in the present time that I know of, and it is from Hungarian poetry.

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It is not only the great survivors, however, that we call to mind when considering the overall picture of poetry in our period: a few other poets take their place within it as well—the rediscovered, the long devalued. When the newly rediscovered step back into the blood of living poetry they act as vitamin injections to boost the body's resources for some concentrated effort; or, to supplement some deficiency or imbalance, or to provide it with something it does not apparently need at the present time. Great importance was attached to the rediscovery of the "metaphysical" poets of the 17th century in the early part of this century. It contributed organically and widely to the flowering of the intellectual poetry of the century and to the poetic revival in England and America. Since then, according to the healthy system of rotation of the English literary consciousness, the metaphysicals also have begun to make their way towards the exit in the wake of the Georgians, Victorians and Romantics. Their place, for a time at least, is being taken by Augustans, the measured rationalist poets of the latter half of the 18th century, acting as a support to the dry, intelligent, restrained and colloquial poetry of the post-war generation—and bolstering its resistance to the eruptive romanticism and meteoric phenomenon of Dylan Thomas. (As a natural reaction to which, the youngest poets, the Romantics of protest, seem to give their preference to Dylan Thomas again.)

A discovery in the other direction, of more general importance, occurred when the latent sense of something lacking in the new age fastened on the poetry of the Alexandrian Greek poet Constantine Cavafy, who died in 1933, at the age of seventy, a poetry which contains almost none of the stock elements of modern poetry and almost everything the aesthetics of modernity banished—and yet his was one of the most exciting and indisputable achievements of modern lyric poetry. His poetry, irregular in every respect, is certain to be a factor in future surprises arising in the mysteriously intricate capillary system of poetry.

But even those who do not need to be rediscovered, because they are constellations which have rarely been eclipsed in our poetic consciousness, undergo unexpected changes, which sometimes involve them as well in poetic revivals or continuances. Who could deny, for instance, that Villon before the war had assumed an aspect in some ways resembling Majakovsky, still more Apollinaire and in particular Bertolt Brecht? The latest research —or hypotheses—have enriched him with the features of a *poeta doctus*, which bring him closer to the playfully erudite poets resuscitated by structuralism rather than to the *enfants terribles* of poetry.

There have been no such rediscoveries in Hungarian poetry. The main reason for this lies obviously in what I suggested at the beginning; the unfavourable circumstances in our history and the arts policy that accompanied them which for a good while prevented contacts with contemporary world poetry and consequently retarded the natural growth of Hungarian poetry. And according to the spontaneous laws of action-reaction, the lifting of the embargo our impatience, now suddenly finding an outlet, was intent first of all on compensating for the time-lag and closing the gap, and was therefore more disposed to turn away from our own poetic past than to engage in voyages of exploration and discovery in the vernacular literature.

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All this was in line with the course the avantgarde was taking, the avantgarde which has so many times been pronounced dead and done for, even though it continues, however listlessly. The avantgarde is too glorious a myth in the spiritual life of Europe for it to be written off so easily. But that the old avantgarde has been able to emerge again after the war from a state of suspended animation was no doubt in part due to the division of the world into two opposing camps and the awkward fact that in this quarter of Europe official cultural policy turned sharply against it. Here therefore, and consequently also in the whole world to a certain extent, the avantgarde was again given the chance it had long lost: the beguiling atmosphere of being charged with a certain commitment, if not necessarily the same colour as before. If in our youth we had been shown in the form of a prophecy this Janus-headed duality, I do not know which would have struck us as the more perplexing change: the fact that the avantgarde was considered suspect in the socialist countries of all places, or that elsewhere it had reached a position that was so tellingly described by Hans Magnus Enzensberger in his preface to *The Museum of Modern Poetry*. "It's energy has been exhausted. Yesterday, as a liberating force, it wanted to blow advertising

to glory; today it is it's obedient servant. It has withered like a ghost into the vocabulary of the consumer marketing.

It was modern; it is now just something modern, acclaimed by journalists, part of the industrial machine."

Within that general astonishment there would have been a lesser surprise in learning that of all the one-time isms within this re-galvanized neo-avantgarde it was good old Dadaism that proved the most viable: all the old experiments with new names, *lettrism* and the related schools, are conscious or unconscious exploitations or continuations of the first experiments of Hugo Ball, Hans Arp and Kurt Schwitters.

The vicious circle created by unexpected reversals and surprising re-appearances in the post-war history of the avantgarde was broken, on the one hand, by the essentially new poetry of protest erupting from America I mentioned earlier; and on the other, by the possibility of a new wave in the Soviet Union reaching back with the same natural easiness to Majakovsky, Klebnykov and the early Pasternak as the avantgarde activities released from repression reached back to Nerval and Wolker in Czechoslovakia or to Kassák in Hungary. (The more even development of Yugoslav poetry had no need for such reversals.)

These new happenings in the East and West made it clear in the West that there it was possible for the avantgarde to continue other than mechanistically; and in the East, on the other hand, they demolished the illusion that it was possible to return to some pre-avantgarde tradition. Which was in any case a vain dream if only because there is no more intensely living tradition in our age than the continuity of modern poetry, meandering, changing, yet uninterrupted for very nearly a hundred years, since Rimbaud, and the basic law governing it is the still valid axiom of Rimbaud's: *il faut être absolument moderne.*

But then what is meant by completely modern? Absolutely modern? To define it or even to hazard a judgement would be foolhardy; fortunately it is also imposible. A complete break with the past? Several varieties, from Kassák to the group called symbolically *Zero*, might warrant this supposition. But one could mention any number of others, from Apollinaire, Garcia Lorca, and Eliot to the best Hungarian poets, whose modernity is a rich storehouse of every kind of tradition, including the folk tradition of the country. Complicated, intellectual poetry demanding a combined effort from mind, culture and sensibility for its comprehension? Or a poetry requiring no understanding in its utter reduction to simplicity, achieving a spontaneous crystal clarity despite the complete exclusion of the intellect? Is it then the spare, the bare, carried to the utmost limit, stone, sand, the

line of birds in the air? Excision, removal? It is not only the organic richness of South American poetry, the overwhelming dynamism of the contemporary despair of North America, but also the lordly progression of Saint-John Perse's intricate verse and the luxuriant exuberance of Hungarian poetic aspirations which provide an antiphonal contradiction, and in their bold ebullience hardly stop short of verbosity. Is it impersonality, an article of faith in European verse? Or is it the so often embarrassing taste for personal confession in the post-war American generation? Is it the type of verse, for which even the unit of the line is too much, is it the poetry of the letter, disrupting even the word? And yet we have also witnessed the moment in European poetry when the sonnet appears to be the most modern of forms. Is it keeping pace with the advance of science? but which science? social science, biology, physics? The *oeuvre* of a number of poets bears witness to all the three connections—not to mentions systems of thought, in particular the philosophy of Zen, which has been a fertile influence even in our part of the world. Still more surprising is the impact of the new schools of linguistics on poetry: their radiation triggers off new processes in the structure of poetic language. The modernity of other poets, on the other hand consists precisely in the fact that they can make us believe that the human mind has never been capable of rational mental processes at all. The far-reaching counterpoint of the age seems to be based on an incessant struggle for diversity, a multifarious richness on the one hand and against atrophy, prejudice and dogmatic demands on the other. For keeping the modern undefinable, if you like.

This being so, the nearest definition of modernity is the etymological, since the word *modern* derives from *hodiernus* which simply means 'present-day'. But what can we call present-day poetry? All those many different trends and poetic schools I have referred to—taken together and in the aggregate? I have only to think of those of my fellow poets whom I can in no way relate to any of these trends because they belong to no school and resemble no one else—to consider this explanation unsatisfactory. Since what is truly of *today* will only be known *tomorrow*, in other words, today is justified by tomorrow—or the day after tomorrow. According to the direction poetry is taking and where the world is going. Many have linked modern poetry with the development of technological civilization. One wonders how space technology is going to affect the future of poetry? Its effects are already in evidence, and not in the odes written to astronauts alone. There are those who maintain that verse of the new kind must keep pace with the accelerating tempo of life in the big cities and even more must fit into the new technology, rather like neon signs. And those who are inclined to see

sacrilege in this thought do well to remember that it was not Stalin who first called writers engineers, engineers of the soul, nor even Gorky: Valéry had already referred to the literary engineer, though they may not all indeed have had the same function in mind. Incidentally Valéry himself, the Valéry of *poésie pure*, did not in his own fastidious person shrink from the role of an engineer or technician when he willingly accepted a commission to write an inscription of four stanzas for the wall of the then new Trocadéro—later called le Palais Chaillot; one stanza, it was stipulated, must consist of five lines and no line must exceed thirty-seven letters. Others of course contend that the most immediate task facing poetry today is to salvage and preserve for posterity man's primeval myths and his primary emotions in this technocratic age.

Spiritus flat ubi vult. The spirit of poetry too flies where it wills, and the surprise of where it has flown to is sometimes retrospective. The posthumous discovery of Cavafy's non-visionary poetry was no doubt aided by the fact that there were features in the history of the years following his death which gave accidental poignancy and an uncanny relevance to his short tales taken from the Hellenistic past. And those of us who have some knowledge of the world today and of contemporary poetry certainly keep their fingers crossed *against* a few "dark horses" they know. I personally, for instance, would not like it if that tomorrow justified the sinister American Negro poet who wrote a poem with the title: "How did I burn the City?" Nor that African Negro poet who concluded his stanzas with this touchingly clumsy refrain:

> "I beg of you, leave us alone in our country,
> Leave us alone."

And having mentioned African Negroes we cannot help being reminded of Sartre's crucial question: what can all the literature of Europe mean to the peoples living under, fighting against, or just emerging from colonial repression? Time that justifies, tomorrow that validates, will not doubt find the surprises of out contemporary modernity in Africa as well. And for an incantatory spell over the future my hopes and counter-hopes cannot quote wiser lines than those of my Hungarian fellow-poet:

> "in spite of all you and I know it is only
> peace that can curb the passions that also rage in
> peace, all that gnashes its teeth in its own inner self
> . . . . . .
> only peace is the dauntless, lightning-like tamer
> in whose presence all the nebulous mists rising
> from the womb of Time are forced into meaningful forms"

It is perhaps superfluous to add that only in the presence of peace the phenomena of poetry, invisible for the time being, can take shape, the phenomena that are included and implied all right by the contrapuntuality of our age even though we may not notice them for the time being. "For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: *To the Unknown God.* Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you," said Paul, standing amidst the Aeropagus to the men of Athens.

I wish that the critics of all the Athens of poetry would remember this and keep an altar for the unknown, the hidden, the unexpected God. For poetry, true poetry, as we know it, root and branch, is the unknown God.

Or, to return to my little opening anecdote: poetry is a permanently erratic underground train. It always comes from the direction we do not expect. Poetry always comes from the other direction. Poetry is always different.

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

PROBLEMS OF PROFITABILITY AND INCOME DISTRIBUTION (PART II)

Rezső Nyers

BÉLA BARTÓK

György Lukács

THE SONG OF THE BOATMEN

György Moldova

POEMS

Sándor Csoóri, Mihály Ladányi, László Nagy, Mihály Váci, Sándor Weöres

GYŐZŐ CSORBA

POEMS

HOW LONG?

How long can it go on?
The roof sags the windows break
light pierces the house the wind
walks in and out and light is pain
there is no nursing sister night the eye
creates it and it doesn't close the eye
who knows which month possessed this walking wind
some autumn month or winter's: biting restless surly

How long can it go on? How long
will memory or custom or imagination
or protective self-defense be strong
enough to guard the nest
in faith's cranny where the word
can hatch and grow its plumes?

The roof sags the windows break
The soul consumes much of itself
to take the place of what decays

What can be spared how long
for superfluities?

IF IT SPOKE

How many aeons would speak now
if this minute spoke
The sun slips down
and if wan November's breath should moan
would music from the depths of space resound
and ice crack its armor
the pristine sea's spindrift would roar
with the bellow of a raging dinosaur
there'd be the merest whisper of the breathless sound
when freed from its embrace the knife flees from the wound
a trembling at the fireside in the tale told by the crone
and gaiety of carefree boys be heard
there would be wise counsel there would be Word

If it spoke the minute would speak here speak now
November stiffens in its hoarfrost shroud
the sun slips down

SOMETHING KNOWS

What splendor flickers on this tropic of green stems
whose langorous petals on the windowsill
summon to a soothing music
elephants and dromedaries in procession
and the lips turn with sugared smiles
the soul at will may wander may go wandering
uplifted by the body not held down—

Yet something gnaws and something knows
that in the garden all's not well
let the landscape but emerge
from the thick cold beyond the garden
it tumbles back into the dark again
screams repeated cleave coagulated air
thrashed by branches frozen to the bone

the self-abasement of the birds
isn't natural
something knows the snow's not only coverlet
not only white and soft a plaything
but slush as stiff as armor
stirring up the wolves
blocking roads, freezing men
something knows a vigilance within
which if relaxed a little
may end in trouble something knows
despite the green idyll
compassion now
is just as needful as foreboding.

Translated by Daniel Hoffman

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

FROM "CRAZY APE" TO "MAN KING"

Interview with
Professor Albert Szent-Györgyi

SOCIOLOGICAL RESEARCH IN HUNGARY

Kálmán Kulcsár

FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE CONSULTING ROOM

Attila Bágyoni

CONSTRUCTIONS OF GLASS
(the art of Tibor Vilt)

Géza Perneczky

IN ROBERT GRAVES' OLIVE GROVE

by

GÁBOR DEVECSERI

I.

A man is holding on to a cliff beetling over the sea; with his back and nape aslant, parallel with the cliff face, he leans out over the water; when he reaches a rock which allows him to let go his hold, he turns, stands erect and the next moment he dives—just about from first-floor height—into the water. He is seventy-four.

Twenty energetic strokes take him to the shore. He puts his impossibly broad-brimmed straw hat back on his greying hair—hair which stubbornly resists the comb, but is now smoothed down by the brine. Happy, an erect six-feet figure, he stops for a few seconds here and there at small groups of people basking in the sun on the seaweed carpet; a quick word and he is gone—skipping over the boulders and the slope at a brisk trot heading for Deya, his "desk". For forty years now he has been going through the same routine day after day. Downhill, straining a little, one can just keep up with his walking tempo; uphill hardly anyone is his match.

His wife Beryl had written to Klári and me before our departure. She wrote that if we went down to the bay in Robert's company, the half-hour distance would be much shorter because "Robert walks fast." We now just learnt how fast. So fast that talking on the way is only possible in snatches. But also so fast that if any exciting topic comes up—that is, one exciting for *him*, which on account of his contagious enjoyment becomes stimulating for every one of his talking or listening companions—the company must stop and sit down on one of the sunlit rocks among the sparsely-growing olives. You feel grateful. For however overwhelming the Graves' inexhaustible hospitality, the natural environment, and the objects and people around may be, the most enviable and thrilling of all are the conversations that we are lucky enough to have with Graves himself.

It soon becomes apparent that this could not happen as often as one could wish, for what really concerns him is making a compost of his own invention out of fruit-rinds, cheese-parings and flowers that have done their turn, as well as all manner of organic matter mixed, sweated and matured; this, and knocking down walnuts; a close third, amongst other household chores, is washing-up which he never lets anyone else do. To be fair, the guests can always do the drying if they wish. The water drips away from the dishes into a hole in the wash-bowl into which a couple of centuries ago the Devil is said to have vanished from a Mallorcan maiden—since then canonized.

Guests are also welcome to help with the knocking down of walnuts. But this again is hardly the best opportunity for conversation. Graves motioned to me to climb the tree and have a go. I am no longer the right age. Graves, twenty-two years my senior, was up and away into the tree before you could say Jack Robinson, wielding a six-foot long stick and

standing amidst the branches above his orchard and kitchen garden. From there he could survey the whole of Deya as far as the beach and the terraced, rock-strewn pine and olive groves on either side; but he doesn't look around, being busy concentrating on his walnuts. He is delighted with finding the big ones; still more with the rotted black ones for he can put those in the compost at once.

Shortly after our return home to Budapest an engaging woman reporter asked me if one could say Graves lived so bucolically because he had studied the ancients so closely? I could only say what my heart and experience had taught me, that I did not think so; that in fact I believed the contrary to be true. That is to say, his constant, first-hand contact with life and the world around him is also responsible for his ability to capture and to bring into the present some of the great men and women of the ancient world. He knows their Age, moves familiarly among their objects and within their landscape. He all but offers them the salad of his own making; what he certainly offers them are his questions.

When he sits amidst his guests on the lawn in his garden he carves chicken, pours wine, disappears for a while to write—only to reappear again suddenly just as newer and newer guests come on the scene unannounced. He now emerges from the alcove adjoining the kitchen, pushing aside the straw curtain that does for a door, or from the French window opening straight into the garden from the house, now apparently popping out of the air; "this is Klára, this is Gábor, this is Frank," says Graves; "this is Alice, this is Bruce," says Frank, no longer a stranger, a few seconds later. And we resume the conversation. That is we guests do, for Graves is now coming back from the house with an Etruscan statuette in his hand asking whether we thought it was Etruscan because he did. He praises us since we agree. "Well-done", he says, and is gone again to write something, apparently inside, but we continue to hear of him out here in the *world* represented now by this piece of lawn and the air above it, for, says David a young author whom we have met meanwhile as well as his blonde wife ("This is Ann, this is Klára") for, says David, Robert has written a beautiful poem about the pyramids. Oh yes, says Frank too, they know Robert's idea about the pyramids where they vainly looked for the body of Pharaoh's sister-wife because they do not know and do not want to know that there is another one under each pyramid: "Like the mirror-image of a tree reflected in the water?" — "That's right!" — And Frank and David compete with each other explaining it to us under the orange trees, on the lawn near the garage by the highway lined by plots of carob- and fig-trees and cacti. They even get out pencil and paper building the pyramid, as it were, according to Graves' notion claiming the rank of a discovery, with the feminine pyramid under it; and in the evening Graves drew it in perspective in the way the Egyptians would have been unable to draw it, and under it the way they did draw it, that is to say, in the form of Solomon's seal known as David's star, as two interpenetrating triangles with their apices up and down; the seal bears witness.

Under each pyramid lies inverted
Its twin, the sister-bride to Pharaoh,
And so Solomon's seal bears witness.

("Solomon's Seal")

Beryl, the always smiling lady of the house, and the ever-bantering and good-humoured Catherine, the poet's daughter from an earlier marriage (the widow of an atomic physicist) and her charming mathematician daughter; also Stephanie, resembling the Egyptians' cat goddess, the latter's friend, who has long been attached to the family and Maria, the Mallor-

can housekeeper, and the intermittently present guests—well, they have all long got used to the poet's periodic disappearances. The three Abyssinian cats—walking across the table from time to time—are not at all surprised when the host jumps up to go and fetch an object that has just been mentioned and returns from his study holding it aloft and obligingly telling its story. Then he pours some of the 1856 Tokay grown in France which, he explains, a follower of Prince Rákóczi introduced in his adopted country; this too has its own story. But a story just begun may end abruptly because he will interrupt his own sentences if something occurs to him—and it always does—and he is already on his feet again to fetch the thing or clipping or whatever it may be that must be seen or touched to appreciate the story. One of the clippings is a series of articles with pictures from the colour supplement of the *Sunday Times* telling of the thousand men and women "who made the twentieth century." "The only thing that annoys me," he says laughing, "is that, thanks to this letter 'G', I appear on the same page with Goebbels and Goering." But most of the things he shows are hand-made objects. He recently told a newspaper reporter that the fewer objects in one's study that were not made by hand, the better, for that was the secret of creative work. Of course there were books there, but a fair few of them were hand-printed in Majorca, some by Graves himself. Indeed Beryl showed us some of them, some were even single-copy editions of volumes of poetry printed in Deya. The objects were present everywhere illustrating the stories, intruding and interrupting and breaking them up. The eventless events of the day always complimented something urgent to do, either in the garden or some sun-bathing-cum-mythological exegesis that could not be postponed.

Should life be work or enjoyment? Graves has long answered this recurrent question by his deeds. He answers it by both finding inexhaustible pleasure in his work on the one hand, and by making his greatest or smallest enjoyment alike enrich and invigorate his work on the other. Every true artist does the same. But perhaps nobody has done so with the same visible joy, with the signs of contentment so unmistakable in his quiet energy. So, by being aware of the fact that life in all its details is important, and by thinking that everybody feels, or should feel, the same way about the world, his own self and his own life, the poet is also ready to put the affairs of the world in order in the company of anyone—even though he has just met him for the first time.

Nothing could make clearer that he is involved with everybody, and yet with a separate significance, than the two stanzas of his "All except Hannibal". In this poem he tells us the instruction which Hannibal gave his soldiers when they were menaced by cold at night: let each men sit on the knees of another and warm each other to weather out the night. They all did as told—

> All except Hannibal himself, who chose
> His private tree-stump—he was one of those!

This is the kind of man he, the poet, is. He warms everybody. But he also needs to be on his own. More than that, he has the power to do so, being a man who raises everybody up to become his peer and companion, never renouncing his fellow-men, yet always being aware of his own separate place. Incidentally, it is interesting that one can put one's finger on the location, as it were, of subjective poetry in these lines. For, apart from the little story being raised to a higher level of reality by being related in verse, the only phrase expressing the poet's position is "he was one of those," It is the statement in which these lines culminate and gives the whole poem its *raison d'être*. Robert Graves—once again at table—lifting his hand, just about flagging with it, reminds me to remember: the story is true. One might even smile hearing this. Wouldn't these lines be true even if no historian had recorded the

event which Graves moulded into his verse by retelling it. His gesture told me: he thought no. Graves, and I consider this part of the essence of his verse is not proud of having thought of something, but of having discovered it.

In Deya Graves is present everywhere even where he is not, and even when he is not. And not simply because he makes his entrances quite as unexpectedly as he makes his sudden exits, but also because the landscape which impregnates his verse has itself, for those who know it, become impregnated by his verse. The life at Deya, in flagrant contradiction to his oft-repeated statement (to be found also in his book on Majorca) which he gives as an ansver to those who asked him to tell something about *his Deya.*

"It's not mine, it's theirs."

It is in fact his, just because he knows and lets others know that it belongs to "them". That is, those people who received him and live around him, whose dignity he respects and who respect his, the peasants, clerks, shopkeepers and fishermen, the olive- and fig-growers —the Mallorcan gentlemen. All those who—we saw it at Palma—prevent him from crossing a street until he has had three or four impromptu conversations right in the middle of the road. And these people—who include the lovers of his poetry as well as those who only know that he is one of the Mallorcan gentlemen—have all slowly walked into his work. Indirectly of course, but certainly. In much the same manner as the people, objects and events of the environment, also get into such things, as the work of that princess heroine contemplating an epic poem (as Odyssey-components) as an epic ingredient in Graves' novel *Homer's Daughter;* this is a story of adventure on the surface but is, in fact, a treatise about the nature of collecting, sorting and organizing the material for any creation about the creative process. None of these people are shown in his or her place and function in real life; but all of them in that role which he or she suggested or made possible. The creator moves them with his kaleidoscope-turning activity—also unconsciously!—and with his kaleidoscope-arresting ability he makes the picture final and no longer movable at the particular moment when it meets and becomes one with his idea. This is how Deya streams into Graves works. And just as he spreads Deya as an olive-green coverlet on the world, the whole world he created with his poetry covered Deya before our eyes.

And it includes his son William in whose Deya hotel and its garden we were first introduced to the delicious meat and fish (made to our choice as it was), being cooked and roasted in the open air. It includes also Williams's slim Spanish wife and their dreamy-eyed three-year-old boy. And their guests who, up to then, unknown to the poet, came to him to say thanks after ten, twenty, forty years for the joyful experience his works had given them.

It also extends to Bert Morton, the goateed poet of quiet manners and to Vida, the long-standing resident of Deya, who has written a guide-book on Majorca and is the great-great-granddaughter of a Hungarian Jew who was on officer in the 1848 War of Independence. These two invited us for an evening conversation we shall long remember. We agreed on everything except bull-fights. A bull was naturally disposed that way, it was excitable and aggressive, said Morton. We on the other hand did not know of any bull who had volunteered to take part in a *corrida.*

And it extends also to the charming couple, physicians both, to whose two bright little boys Graves, seventy years their senior, is already plain "Robert".

To David and Ann with whom at sunset on the last day at Deya we went round, up and down, amidst thorns, flowers, orange groves, between brooks winding their way through gutters on either side of the modern motorway, in the dales and woodlands above Deya and Soller, till we reached their small farmstead. Both of them gave us their dietary precepts for a lifetime, carefully writing down for us mankind-redeeming facts from a cookery-book.

Leaving the farm Ann accompanied us a little way. You must visit us in Budapest, we said to her. She hoped to be able to make it.

"That's not enough. Promise."

"I hope to," she said emphatically, with an angelic smile raising her arms like wings in jocose token of a vow.

There was a vast number of olives in Deya. With a little exaggeration I could say: under each of them there sits a poet. The group of American undergraduates on a half-year visit to Deya call themselves "creative writers." Graves gave them a lecture in an olive grove near his house. He lectured to them about writing, talking to them, walking in front of the audience scattered on rocks, clumps of grass, felled tree-trunks, taking-off and putting on, and fingering his hat, in mid-sentence ramifying in all directions from the centre of a main clause, and also instructing them how *not* to write; a schoolboyish bantering smile and the blue flash of his eyes signal the more sarcastic of his remarks. Close to them all and yet aloof. Hannibal on his stump apart. Or still more the Ibycus of his "Ibycus in Samos."

> The women of Samos are lost in love for me:
> Nag their men, neglect their looms,
> And send me secret missives, to my sorrow.
>
> Who here can blame me if I alone am poet,
> If none other has dared to accept the fate
> Of death and again death in the Muse's house?
>
> Or who can blame me if my hair crackles
> Like thorns under a pot, if my eyes flash
> As it were sheets of summer lightning?

We discovered this lightning later in the eyes of Catherine, his daughter, whenever she corrected something in our English, apologizing each time. The summer flash of lightning in her eyes indicated that she nonetheless hoped she had teased us a little and asked forgiveness for that hope of hers.

From time to time a wave of laughter rolled out from the group of "creative writers" towards Robert, only to give way the next moment to engrossed attention, and then again to expectant curiosity. One of the listeners, the lithe and charming Ellen whom we had met four years earlier at Spoleto when she was still dancing with the American Ballet—but who has since turned writer and illustrator of children's books—she complains down at the bay on unproductive days that she has not written anything yet that morning—she holds a ballpoint pen in suspense, then stops despairingly: you either take notes or listen to Graves' rhapsodic and at the same time strongly concentrated lectures.

There on the hillside, above a valley variegated by the threads of paths meandering through the orange, lemon and fig-tree covered slopes, is the cottage inhabited by Bruce and his wife, Alice, which although it looks like a little hovel on the outside is comfortable and attractive inside. We sit down in the terrace-garden and we still sit there. It is always six o'clock just like at the tea-table of the March Hare, the Dormouse and the Hatter. Only it is not Alice who comes a-visiting here, for here she is at home. She is also an artist following the methods of *Homer's Daughter* in her drawings: she has illustrated an enchanting children's book by Robert. She immortalized her husband Bruce (who is gentle in the day but is inclined to be excitable if ever he should drink a drop too much in the evening) as a hardbitten palace

guard. It's not Alice who comes for a visit, but all the world and his wife; the Spanish poet, the American ex-advertising man, now a professor of Creative Writing, the Finnish beat musician all drop in, drink red wine, eat green and black olives, tell their latest stories to those who could not have heard any of the older ones, seeing the story-teller for the first time. They keep coming and going, hanging around leisurely. It is an impromptu Round-Table conference here above the valley as if, above the world, one could wish the world were as peaceful as the valley below. "What we hear about your country," says a sympathetic English film-director with an air of natural impartiality, "must be pretty false?" "Yes," I answered, "just as much as ours is gappy about yours." The conversation is mainly about the life and position of artists in Hungary and how the opera is not a doomed artistic form in our country. Calypso's ambassadors now arrive, an English author and composer and his Italian wife who live in Malta; the man wears a ring inscribed Gozo, Calypso's Ogygie. "Why choose to live just there?" The answer is not romantic, it is because of income-tax, the cause which sends many an English artist on a latter-day Odyssey. If they stayed at home most of their income would go on taxation, that's why he and his wife live

> far from his home on a sea-girt isle: 'tis the
> navel of ocean.
>
> (transl. H. B. Cotterill)

The afternoon wears on. Ronnie, the poet asks us to go and see his house, too, a little further up on the hill. He is English with an Irish background, his wife is Icelandic, their first child was born in Athens, the second in Majorca. And this is why he is learning Mallorcan now. We had already had a foretaste in the Graves' home of the extent to which Mallorcan differs from Castillian. Maria the maid had spoken a few Mallorcan words and was surprised that we understood them. Of course we did—just as four years before we had been able to make out the notes written by our Sardinian-born host in Spoleto: just as the Sard idiom differs from Italian by preferring certain classical Latin words, so Mallorcan differs from Castillian.

*

Such high esteem for women emanates from Graves's works as can only follow from judging woman to be at least the equal of man. This applies even to the negative women characters. An example of this is a sentence from his *I, Claudius*, which I have liked best ever since my school day, "...now that Rome has been ungrateful and mad enough to allow my blackguardly son to put me on the shelf, and insult me—*me*, can you imagine it, perhaps the greatest ruler the world has ever known..." Another example is Graves' view that poetry is always attached to the Muse, to the Muses. And the crowning example of this view is *The White Goddess*. He related the story of his best-loved book the previous night, in a beautiful house, much higher up-hill than Ronnie's nicely furnished cottage (which had been built by Ronnie and his wife with their own hands) in one of the houses he uses to put his guests up. He told us that he had offered this book about Celtic beliefs, the Irish tree-alphabet and the mysteries of poetry to a number of publishers without success. His own publisher, who bought unseen anything he had written or just planned, had refused to consider this strange book for publication. Shortly after this the publisher died. Graves took his MS to another publisher who rejected it and also died almost immediately. The third publisher not only did not want to hear of the publication of the book but said it was the most monstrous rubbish he had ever read. A few days later this gentleman was found in his own garden in knickers and brassière, hanging from a tree. Then came T. S. Eliot, who said

that, although he did not like the book, he was willing to publish it since it was a Graves work. He did publish it eventually and lived in good health for a long time afterwards.

"And what could be the cause of this series of deaths?" we wondered.

"The revenge of the White Goddess," the poet said, not wonderingly but in a dry informative tone.

In *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* Graves wrote about everything that pertained to the Jewish traditions in the New Testament; and in *The White Goddess* he wrote everything that was non-Jewish in this same culture, as well as of countless beliefs in demons, in witches, in their workings and in the nature thereof.

"Shh!" Beryl said one evening; Robert mustn't be disturbed now; he is in conference." Gathered round Robert's armchair were four or five men and women, never seen before or since. They had travelled there a long way only to request his expert opinion in some occult matter.

"Yes," Robert said after they had gone, again at the table, "I can surmise a lot of things. Writing *The White Goddess* I hit upon the solution of the Irish secret writing unexpectedly. Genetically if you like. Some time later I was sent an article concerning the subject. It was signed Graves, but it wasn't me. It turned out that it was my grandfather whose concern in the matter was quite unknown to me."

He knew some Hungarian folk-songs in the same hereditary fashion. He had inherited them in a less mysterious way. At the farewell party of the painter couple we all sang in the peasant house—or rather peasant palace—adorned with all kinds of masterpieces of peasant furniture. Klári and myself sang many Hungarian traditional songs. "Who can sing a Hungarian soldier's song?" one of the party asked. While Klári and I were thinking, Robert suddenly spoke: "I... I think I know one." He knew more. Quite a few. Old Hussar songs, recruiting tunes, with English words. The way he recited them revealed much of the unpathetic pathos of his own poetry, glittering humour and reverential irony. His comical coming down heavily on the first syllables of English words and his stressing of conjunctions were accompanied with jerks of his head and smiles, while he achieved the overall effect through a naive and therefore serious self-identification. His partaking of the experience while at the same time looking at it from a distance with well-meaning and appreciative superiority, and yet also being able to think of the imparting of the experience as well as enjoying the communication—this was his performance. But where did he learn all these military songs?

"From Kodály. I learnt them all from the young Kodály in my boyhood."

"Where?"

"At home. During his tour of England he was the guest of my father. The words were translated by my father."

The next day he took us back to more mystical things. What did we say to his visionary deciphering of a Latin inscription? He saw it simply as a vision, something projected on a wall. I suspect that this mystical projection on the wall would have had more difficulty coming about had he not studied Latin texts for many years before.

*

Beryl took us in the car to Alcudia, on the other side of the island. We passed through a valley of man-shaped rocks older than man, the Torrente de Pareis. Each rock a senator in a toga gathered in folds. The general assembly in the middle of the valley, on its circumference elders in twos and threes leaning together. "Let the consuls consider..." But they speak this mostly without heads. Arms they sometimes have, sometimes not. Bodies, feet showing

faintly under the togas; the flow of the rocks folds makes you trace and complete in the imagination the missing heads and arms, even the thrust of the head and the gesture of the arm. The pre-human sculptor was decidedly modern. Above the valley a bazaar with the stretched skin of mountains goats, hard by a centuries old chapel with time-mellowed immemorial oils of The Way of the Cross. The goat, the scapegoat, Christ passes in these pictures amidst his snarling immolators and torturers—much like in that early poem 'In the Wilderness', the scapegoat, beside Jesus—the poet's own self—roams the wilderness. Lower down stands a monastery surrounded by woods, and on an elevation a more than ruinous ruin, not an old building but one deprived of its future, the skeleton of a luxury hotel abandoned (because it was erected in an inaccessible place). Not much later we came to a small inviting pine-wood. Here we stop the car and get out. Walking under the cones and on the carpet of pine-needles what's more natural than that the White Goddess should come to mind? I ask Beryl whether Robert seriously believed that the deaths of all those publishers were the revenge of the White Goddess?

"Read the book and you'll believe it too," replies Beryl almost indignantly at such great incredulity. Then she asked if I thought it likely that *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* and *The White Goddess* would be published in Hungary.

"After all I've heard," I said, "it's absolutely certain. I know the directors of all the publishing houses. Each of them is a real man. They all know how much better they look in a suit than in lingerie."

In Alcudia the red wine we drink at the inn—graced with stuffed birds—tastes exactly like that unique wine we had tasted in Ithaca five years before. The pirates did not roam the seas in those far-off times without fulfilling a useful mission.

And what about the Moorish occupation? It wasn't a bloodless affair either. And yet even that has left beneficial marks all over the place. The waving olive groves for instance on the terraces above the waterfront.

"I don't know what we'd do without the Moors," Beryl said at Lluch Alcari as we descended the terraces cut by the Moors nine hundred years ago, when we were going towards the house in one of the *other* bays where the Graves have their Sunday picnics.

This bay also helped me to understand why Graves had chosen to settle on this side of the island between George Sand's and Chopin's Valdemosa, and the fruit-producing Soller and Lluch Alcari adorned with grapes, ancient Spanish peasant cottages and trees of unfathomable shade, instead of choosing the tourist paradise or a village near Palma in the south. Though I must admit that the taller and more slender senator-rocks on the way in the deep valley of rocks would have certainly been really best complemented by the poet's features.

The farewell picnic took place at Lluch Alcari.

Changing in a straw-hut for the beach; siren-rocks among which the sea has been playing hide-and-seek from time immemorial with its aquatic sculptures appearing right in the same places for millions of years.

Then the vine-trellished old house. The key is with the owner of the farm next door. Graves shakes hands with the man and presses his patriarchal lips on the young woman's cheek.

Once more time stops in the small garden high above the water. This timelessness is Robert's gift emanating from his personality. Leisurely talk, of which he is the natural focus. Everybody has his share of the talking but the subjects are all suggested by him. Now he is talking about names. Catherine means "pure" from the Greek *katharos*. And Klára is its Latin counterpart. Catherine speaks about various weaknesses of the law in Australia; she also mentions the Hungarians living there. In contrast with Robert, who said once before

that he had not met an antipathetic Hungarian and said later in Budapest that he had not met a stupid one either—we must certainly consider him lucky—Catherine's view is more balanced, but is still a bit romantic:

"I have known only two kinds of Hungarians: the best and the worst. "It would be nice", she turned suddenly to me, "if your wife could stay here for a long time." Then she added politely, "And you, too."

*

"Do you know what is so great in this house?" asked Lucia, Robert's and Beryl's daughter, some while later in Madrid, where we were the guests of herself and her husband, the young composer Ramon Farran. "It is," she answered her own question, "that we need not sort the garbage."

Into organic and inorganic, that is. As it must be at home, on Majorca, for "Robert's great work," this is how the Mallorcan friends always referred to it—the compost.

She also asked us where we lived in Deya. We told her we stayed in their place. The house in Robert's garden was the home of Ramon and Lucia and their three-year-old daughter, the gay child and serious adult, Natalia.

"And do you know how Robert got to Deya in the first place?"

"Robert, Robert..." he was Robert to everyone, to his daughter, to his three-and five-year-old grandchildren; not grandfather or daddy. To the admirers, too, he was not Mr. Graves but a devoutly spoken "Robert"—kings, kings of poetry included, lose their surnames.

"It happened forty years ago that he wrote his poem "The Legs" about legs hurrying to and fro in the metropolis, each pair bound for some destination, and he did not want to be legs. The next day he left for Deya and has stayed there ever since."

Indeed, one cannot see the highway from Robert's terrace, nor from that of Lucia and Ramon, where we spent so much time. We saw not legs and legs but only heads and heads over the low hedge and those only rarely; sauntering, not hurrying.

On this tiny terrace we worked with Robert's friends, Claribel Alegria, the fiery-eyed South-American poet and her author-husband, the infinitely sympathetic Bud Flaco. Together we worked on some lines I had written and dedicated to Robert and Beryl on this very terrace in the remaining tail-end of our farewell afternoon in Deya. The previous night, after listening to Claribel's poems, I had read them aloud in Hungarian, going through them line by line to indicate the line-ends and explaining the words. Now we worked leisurely as on a piece of knitting or doing a cross-word puzzle. Two versions were completed.

Una sola miranda abrazabdola toda:
aceitnuas,
una milión de aceitnuas.
A la distancia el mar con sus frutes-peces
ondulantes;
entre los dos
precipies héraldos proclamando
la infinita hora.

De pie aqui, en esta colina
ante una querida casa
soy una estaca en el camino sin fin
Señalando mi existencia aqui y ahora.

And here is Bud's version a shade more freely translated:

A single glance embraces all:
olives,
perhaps a million olives,
far-off with fidgeting fish-fruit,
the sea, and 'twist the two
precipices proclaiming endless hours.

I stand on a small hill near a beloved house
a stake set in the long, long road,
fixed here midst fish and flowers.

I took his manuscript to Robert and handed it to him. I thought they would look at it months later. That same evening we found Robert, Beryl and Catherine standing over the MSS spread on the table. "This is very nice," said all three of them about Claribel's version. "And this too," spoke Beryl pointing at Bud's translation. But something is missing. "And then there're words in them," said Robert, "which are too poetic." Then suddenly turning to me he said:

"Wouldn't you like me to do it?"

I stood by Robert and started to explain the words and the aura of each of them, forgetting that I was standing next to a magician who still vividly remembered the recital the previous night. "Get away," he snapped at me jocosely. I and the others went into the adjoining room. Scarcely a quarter of an hour later Robert rejoined us waving two versions—one heavily corrected and one fair copy:

Here I survey all with a single glance:
Green olives in their myriads;
Far off, fruited with moving fish,
The sea; and in between
Tall cliffs recording endless hours.

I stand here in the calm of the morning
Before this beloved house:
A stake marking an endless road
With my own Here and Now.

Now we were all standing above this version. At that moment Robert, after the last minute, rewrote two—not lines—letters. He capitalized Here and Now. And with this he raised the whole poem, not into the realm of pathos but making it more exact, confirming me in my view about the importance of nuances. To skip lines is the reader's prerogative. For a writer, while he is working on a poem, there is not insignificant letter, let alone insignificant words.

How unsuspecting I was!

Who had fondly believed that I would be able to present at least these two stanzas to the novelist of my school days, the poet of my manhood, my host under the leaves of the olives and always under the leaves of universal poetry.

It was he who presented me with my own poem, too.

THE FALCONS

Story

by

MIKLÓS MÉSZÖLY

A morning mist was floating over the estate, with the slanted rays of the sun breaking through its whirls, flashing and passing like Morse signals. Then the wind stirred up everything. In the distance a faint thunder rolled over the plains: the horses galloping to water. The towering stallions circled and veered in front of the mares, then rounded them up with loud neighing from behind. The geldings were swinging behind them in an easy gallop; one even stopped and stared into the sun. A solitary eagle circled above the fishponds; his eyes two motionless yellow beads, its claws shining bright yellow and his long wings bent back at a sharp angle. Neither falling nor rising, he kept his height as if skating around a regular rink, before he changed direction with a hardly noticable flicker, then flying on straight as an arrow. The ponds were scaled over; a smell of warm mud permeated everything. The sides of the dykes were covered by iron-hard mounds of earth: the work of the excavators, not yet polished by the wind, the trails of the tractors only beginning to be grown over with sedge and grass. Fledgling tamarisks grew at the tops of the dykes, the flowers gleaming red like drops of blood. A wailing peewit glided over the practice fields; its drumming call usually signals danger, though this time, her alarm was unfounded. The two strictly reared Lipitzaners trotting along the dykes were hungry for oats, not birds.

Life in the cages goes on quietly. In a widening bay formed by the dyke, a corridor of wire netting led to the water, with a rough wooden plank in its middle. A huge coypu was sunning itself under the net, rubbing his tusk-like yellow teeth with his finned paws. He liked carrots best—he would grab the sliced pieces greedily from Teréz's hand, but he would not suffer anyone else near him. The coypus had dug their holes all the way in under the buildings, and they always scratched around under the floor at night. Teréz sometimes stamped her foot, she was sure they could hear her. It

would hardly have surprised her if one of them had dug the earth up by her bed and started tugging at the sheet. The coypus were protected specimens, their only task was to be alive. They are rare around here: their home is North America. The great Beranek had settled them here, and a monthly report had to be sent about their habits. "Observe and do not destroy", commanded Beranek.

Further down, in a birdhouse by the shore, cranes and herons stand in ceremonious stiffness; a pair of coots and a jay cower in a corner. They are for prey. They are condemned to die, but none the less a bucket of fish is their daily due. They need to keep up the strength of their flight, of their sharp beaks, so that they should serve as worthy adversaries to the falcons in their practice. Some bear the marks of ugly gashes on their neck or breast—they are the veterans who have survived five or six practices.

In the half-light inside the reed-built shed, less noble prisoners are crowded together, masticating and copulating: troops of white mice and hamsters, rats and fleshy guinea-pigs—thousands of feed-animals. Their beady red and brown eyes flash like the bulbs of small torches along the floor of the wire-covered boxes. They slither quietly from corner to corner or climb on the nets with tiny claws to sniff nervously towards the world, towards the light, before sliding down again, quick as lightning. The Syrian hamster is a queen among them: crawling around in a separate sand-box like a fat-bellied pet dog crossed with a monkey. She'll be a special tit-bit one day, but for the time being, she must be protected, as there are only a few of them so far. It they breed satisfactorily, they may well take over half the shed.

Near the entrance, in a wooden hutch dug halfway into the ground, a family of skunks reeks high, their white pelts yellow from their urine. They have a special role: should some unexpected trouble strike, it is they who obtain the daily supply of fresh meat. At times like that, they drag in moles and rats by the basketful: apart from this, they're more playful than squirrels.

The shed is airy, but the stench is high all the same, though those who are used to it hardly notice, while the few who can see the point of it all couldn't live without it.

The two straying Lipitzaners trotted over to the farm and began to munch away at the thatched eaves. Their crackling roused the whole attic: about a hundred fat doves began to beat about behing the skylights. Doves are the most important part of the fodder: the vitamin, the vitality, the force of attack—the prizes given to deserving falcons.

The wind always moves freely among the farm buildings. They'd cut down the trees that happened to grow nearby, to get undisturbed views.

There is no shade anywhere. Even the smoke from the railway dissolves before it reaches here.

Only the falcons' roosts are shaded; the slate-grey predators cool themselves in a small acacia grove. They are lined up side by side on their crooked staves like statues ready to come to life. At first sight, it is hard to believe that their feet are always tied to their perch. True, they are tied by handsomely plaited thongs, clasped with glittering silver buckles.

These noble beasts are always bred near their prey: near, but never together. The most practical arrangement is to keep the two about half a mile apart, so that nothing sould upset the highly-strung falcons. Order demands a sombre, dignified silence to reign in the grove, the silence of expectancy, of a disciplined violence, which only raises its inimitable screech when it is called for.

*

Lilik, the manager of the estate, met me at the station with his two saddled greys. He called himself Lilik after his favourite prey, the wild goose; everyone calles him that now, even the great Beranek in the official papers he sends from Head Office. I noticed him from afar, behind the reddish sheds. He sat in the saddle, erect and motionless, and the horse flexed his ears in the same motionless calm. The picture stuck in my mind at once. And it did not surprise me that he should wait behind the cover of the sheds.

It had been a long journey, and I had plenty of time to imagine what he might be like—but he turned out to be quite different. Short rather than tall; his face tanned and bony, the skin tautly drawn: it was a wonder to see such thick eyebrows grow from such bare bones in a face. Later, as I came to know him better, the oddities of his appearance and his behaviour tended to justify one another. Whatever struck me as odd was soon made to seem quite natural by something else. Even as we talked, he was watching the flight of birds, so that his eye was always raised above the person he was addressing. "A black kite... a hen... but she's past nesting-time... just having fun..." he'd throw out unexpectedly; then he would go on talking.

I was the only passenger off the train. Lilik did not stir from behind the shed. To approach him, I had to trudge across a black, cinder-strewn yard which was criss-crossed by the tracks of vans from the fisheries. The station-master's hens squatted in the deep ruts. These fifty-odd yards seemed an endless stretch to me, as I felt Lilik's eyes on me all the way. As I reached him, he handed me the reins at once.

"He kicks to the left," he said, "but I think you'll like him. They

wanted him for a drayhorse, but I don't have the heart; he was such a lovely foal."

And he looked the horse over critically, and me too; my leg was stiff and I climbed into the saddle clumsily enough.

"Isn't he lovely any more?" I asked, sitting up.

He shrugged.

"He's getting moon-blind; his time's up. But I love him for what he used to be. The draymen would work him to death; I'd rather finish him off myself." He gave me his hand. "I'm Lilik. Shall we go?"

I'm not a good rider, but suddenly my confidence increased. Even his direct manner of speech affected me and made me want to be more like him; as if, by imitating him, I could escape some impalpable danger. I tried to stick close to him. We trotted along the bank of the railway. The wind played on the telegraph wires with a high-pitched hum. To the right, the fish-ponds gleamed like broken splashes of quicksilver; elsewhere, the bare plain stretched away. Only to the north was there a richer splash of colour: the ancient scrubland of the thousand-acre nature reserve. Lilik slowed down.

"What do you think of these musical wires? I always ask this of my guests. This is my way of trying them out. Once I had a young lady from the city; she couldn't have enough of them, she went as far as sitting out here on the bank in the evenings, listening to the wires. They were singing, she used to say. Singing! Do you know, two of my sakers were destroyed by these wires? they glitter so that even their sharp eyes are deceived, and that's saying a lot. But is it fair to expect them to look out even for this? It's the same with people—carried away in a fight, they neither hear nor see—that's how it is with the birds, too..."

He turned to me suddenly. "Are you interested? I like to gabble like this, of a morning. And perhaps it's better if we get it over. They talk such a lot of rot about us down here—why not get straight into the middle of things, eh?"

And he continued vividly: "Well, you can imagine what this lady most admired about the falcons, too—their voices! If I left her alone for a minute, she'd tease them with a twig, to make them call. What did she think they were, song-birds, blackbirds or what? Well, I'm not saying that I have no use for songbirds," he laughed out, child-like. "They have to sing. Look at these here: they never stop, they sing till they burst..." A host of tiny birds flew up from their tufted hiding places; Lilik watched their clumsy flight with amusement. "Little fools... as long as there's plenty of them, it's all right though. When things go well, they increase like anything.

It's when they lose the spirit even for that, trouble's coming. You see, on an estate like ours, one looks at things close up."

Yes, close up: Lilik dropped his head forward and watched the ground between the horse's ears. This posture is both relaxing and useful in holding attention alert: the scenery is narrowed down, but the play of the ears signals danger readily. I felt I had gained an insight into Lilik.

"Is that really so?"

He nodded.

"You have sharp eyes; better than one expects of city folk." He pulled a face. "I confess, I can't stand the city; a man gets soft there, like a slug. I always come home as if I'd been scoured with chlorine. And all that asphalt—boots click on it; and then, one has to keep ringing doorbells... always to prove: I'm coming, I'm here now—no, that's not for our sort. It's all right for those who just want to keep to the rules. But here, it's us who make the rules, and set out the order of things."

Suddenly he galloped forward and scaled a barrow-shaped mound. There were at least three hundred cranes standing about at the edge of a reed-bed quite near us; we heard their uncouth cries. Lilik turned round with a possessive gesture. Unwittingly I lowered my voice.

"What a large flock!"

"Middling," said Lilik. "But they hold close together. It makes them feel safe. Of course, I like it when they're together like this," and he nudged my arm. "Well, isn't it like a Sunday by the river? in shortsleeves, and skirts pulled up? They can't resist enjoying the sound of their voices. We could round them up easily now, even the wind is behind them. They'd get a big surprise if we suddenly popped up from behind the reeds."

"Should we?"

The chance of surprising the flock excited me. I hate it if anyone even opens a door on me unexpectedly, but from here, on horseback, it seemed unavoidable to wish to do the same. As if I were drifting towards something that I could not call either good or bad, only perhaps... but Lilik rode on.

"No, let's not disturb them now; there's plenty of time for you to get to know them. Let's just talk."

The rhythmic trotting had made me drowsy. I liked this onesided conversation. The horse knew the way, I didn't even have to watch it. I saw no sign of the farmstead, only a reed hut of an unusual shape which stayed in my mind for several minutes—but Lilik had his next questoin ready.

"Hussein Darlach Thaymur... have you ever heard this name before?"

From his voice, I guessed that this was a favourite topic of his, and he continued willingly: "Many people just talk of his by his initials, H.D.

this or H.D.T. that... but it feels like lack of respect, to me," he said. "Actually, one should read his notes every day. I can't go to sleep without it. You know, there's something wonderful in the way this Persian with his pointed head already knew everything there was to know! There's been nothing new since: nothing has changed in our craft. Catching and teaching the wild ones has to be done in the same way; methods of discipline are still the same... everything, in short. Nature does not date. There is no time of climax, when everything goes suddenly crazy... that "things will be different from tomorrow"... here, everything stays the same. And yet so many people keep forgetting this! Except Thaymur. Thaymur never made a mistake. One must start out from life: that's the secret of everything; only that way can one keep order." He added, with a little mockery: "You're beginning to understand me, arent't you? He'd have said the same, back there: why should we disturb the cranes? when there's nothing we can do? to make them find a new meeting place? We know where this one is; tomorrow we can come back and cut down half of them with four of our birds."

An exciting aerial battle came spot on for Lilik. I'd noticed some time ago that there were not many free birds of prey above the area of the estate. I asked why. Lilik answered readily.

"It's a complicated question," he began, "after all, they'd find plenty to hunt. But I've observed that wild marauders are somewhat intimidated by my airborne gendarmerie. They cannot compete. Although ours have exactly the same skills—only more discipline. And another thing... their condition. Do you get it?"

"Of course," I replied.

He laughed. "However, it's not all that simple! And it's worth a thought. The wild falcon does not attack wild geese—Thaymur had already noted this—but why not? Simply because half a pound of meat a day is plenty for him. Should he fight such a huge bird just for that? No point. Of course, here on the estate it's quite different: I make them eat twice as much, or more if necessary... increased weight, increased force of attack. This is what beginners tend to forget."

"So can you be surprised that my falcons are respected?" he asked, with unconcealed pride. "They'd chase their own mothers from their pitch. These", and he pointed upwards, don't get much glory around here. They come over when they know I'm away. Usually they hunt around the nature-reserve; there, everything is still primaeval, as if man didn't exist. Everything pell-mell, as chance brings it. Anarchy. Of course, there's a need for them, too... I mean, the reservations."

"And what if the cranes nest there, too?" I asked. "Is it worth letting them increase, if in the end... after all, it's a matter of safeguarding the fishponds, isn't it?"

But Lilik was peering up high again, and he suddenly stretched out his arm: "Look... There, under the boot-shaped cloud... a hawk. A lovely specimen!"

The sky was full of tiny black specks; my eyes were twitching. It took me some time to discover the two gliding spots: the hawk was after a swallow. Lilik watched them with a tense, ecstatic look on his face, and remarked:

"You said something rather silly a minute ago... one must not underestimate the reserves... we get our best fledglings there, too."

The aerial battle didn't last long; the hawk flew off over our heads with her prey. An improbable silence fell for a while, only the sun glared through it, and the red-winged grasshoppers hissed around the horses' hooves. Our road curved away from the railway embankment. In a little while, we passed a small signboard with a grey falcon painted on the red metal plate with the inscription: Entry Prohibited. Lilik pulled over and rubbed some dried mud from the falcon's head with his handkerchief.

"I painted this," he said, "but when we get back, I'll show you others. I like to paint them."

And he rubbed his finger over the sign.

"The scum... but I'm beginning to guess who it is... Some louts from the nearby State Farm. They even find the time to trudge over here, at night... the swine!"

He broke off a stick and swished it round.

"If only I knew, why all this hate... For don't you believe we have no enemies... It's just that it's all so hard to grasp..." and he looked at me sidelong. "One never knows what to expect. Is it jealousy? Or are they annoyed by something else? The devil only knows. But it might be better if I told you what happened. I'll tell you just as it was, I won't add anything."

And he told me that not long ago, he set out with one of his pet falcons at daybreak, to have a go at the cranes. When they got near the Biza Field, Victoria was beginning to move her wings, but she remained silent. At Lilik's cry, some twenty cranes took to wing. He didn't throw the bird at them immediately, but waited until the cranes had found their direction: then Victoria shot up like an arrow to get above the flock as quickly as she could. (It was only later that I understood the significance of this: from above she can choose which one to attack. Lilik would always follow his falcon at a fast gallop so that she could feel his presence: this is a basic

rule. In fact, the really hard schooling comes when the falcon has to fly back and leave her prey; back to the small dot that is the falconer's hand; then have the leather hood placed over her head bringing the kind darkness in which she is unaware of anything except a sense of security. This is really one of the most advanced exercises, based on psychology, but always with an element of risk; often only a hair's breadth keeps a falcon from rebelling against the command.

The cranes, led by an experienced old male, rose and fell together for a while. Then the leader dived away from the others, he made himself the bait. Victoria attacked him at once and for several minutes they fought in the air. Lilik noticed that the crane was trying to drag his enemy past the bounds of the falconry. Seized by an unpleasant premonition, he galloped after them as fast as he could, but he had to swim his horse across irrigation cuts, losing a lot of time. He wanted to be quick, he wanted the brave cock bird for his own stock of prey. When, from the railway bank, he noticed a lorry idling on a side road, he turned that way at once. He caught sight of two overalled men crouching among the thick corn. He saw that one of them was hitting something rhythmically with an iron jack and then realized that the two birds were struggling at the man's feet. Lilik let out a great cry which made the overalled men straighten up in surprise. With her right wing dragging, Victoria was still stomping over the crane's belly. Then, noticing her master, she swayed across towards him, but lacking the strength to fly up on the glove, she sank back on the ground in a faint. According to Lilik, the following dialogue took place:

Lilik: Who are you?

The older of the men: We could well ask the same.

Lilik: Certainly. I am the manager of the research station. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? Like animals, like wild beasts... with an iron jack!? Have you any idea what such a bird is worth?

The man: Sticks and stones, and the jack, sir. If you'd only seen what she was doing... enough to turn one's stomach. If she'd killed it outright, OK, but she was just tormenting it...

The younger: And even we know that these beasts should be killed, that's what we learnt in school. Or perhaps you'd learnt something different?

Lilik: You've got things all mixed up. This is a predator, but in our hands, she's useful.

The older man: I get it... she was waiting for you, so she was in no hurry.

Lilik: That's right; she was waiting for me. I'd raised her myself. Besides, she's Government property. And you were hitting her with a jack!

The man: How were we to know? She's like the rest of them, after all. We get around the whole country, we've seen things like these elsewhere, and they all look the same...

The younger man: You ought to put marks on them... put them in uniform. Not that I know why you're making all this fuss.

Lilik: We fuss, my friend, because this bird is at least as useful as you are. If the cranes eat up fish by the ton—doesn't that matter?

The public interest doesn't count with you, does it? Next time, find out why something happens as it does before you pull a face that it's ugly, or that it's cruel. This is not a ladies' finishing school, sonny! Remember that!

The man: OK, we'll remember. What more do you want? There's the number of our lorry—take it down!

"Did you report them?"

Lilik shook his head. "What's the use? It would only make things worse. Sooner or later, they'll realize we don't just do it for fun... we do it in their own interest."

"And what happened to Victoria?"

"She's still here. She dragged herself around for some three weeks, then she recovered. They're like steel."

And he cantered across an overgrown dyke and followed it along: it led straight to the farm. For the first time, he turned to me in his official voice: "Your entry permit? Is it all right?"

But he didn't wait for me to take it from my pocket; he only wanted the assurance of my ready gesture. It turned out that they'd let him know several weeks ago that I'd be coming.

"Beranek takes good care not to give his permission to just anybody," he said, with a little smile. "Though I could put it in another way: we're all in Beranek's hands."

"What do you mean?" I couldn't make out what it was that had made his voice sound a little odd.

"Look, seeing that they've let you come here, it would be more sensible for us to be frank with each other. I respect Beranek: he's good at things I know nothing about. The Department, that's a completely different thing from the research station. Here, we must grab an axe and slaughter the food-supply each morning. It's only natural that one's hands should get blood on them, and feathers. And it stinks, too. Now, Head Office has none of this. There they've got plans, and columns of figures, and a whole lot of things that only one or two of them understand. Beranek is a great man, but this," his arm swept round, "is what I do best."

He went on, after a short pause: "Though I'd like to see him once, on horseback, with a bird on his fist... But I'm only telling you this between ourselves."

"Doesn't he ever come down here?" I was surprised.

"He's never been here," said Lilik. "Only his deputies and underlings... and they're always changing, I don't even recall their names."

"And haven't you ever seen Beranek?

"No; never. But who's seen him? Have you ever met anyone who has?"

We reached the farm at a slow canter; Teréz was crouching at the water's edge, feeding the coypu from her hand.

The impressions of the first few days are oddly jumbled in me; I had to get used to the incessant wind, the lack of shade. You could ride for many miles without feeling you've arrived anywhere; the sky of the plain closed in, like a cage of light; like a billion-watt bulb glaring in your eyes, it follows you about and finds you out anywhere; with so much energy, you could have been sitting in a narrow cell, behind bars, for a hundred watt bulb would feel like this, in there. If only you could see anyone nearby, who might join you, then you could resolve to remain silent—but there's no one near; there isn't a soul anywhere. You will confess.

From the first day on, Lilik didn't treat me as a guest. Sometimes I hardly saw him till the evening. His loquacity, which had welcomed me on arrival, made me expectant; I don't rightly know what I expected—some sort of spectacle? some dramatic experience? I missed his explanations. For he became tight-lipped as soon as he was back at his usual work (which did not, of course, exclude the possibility of a lecture in some unexpected moment about his favourite Thaymur, or about the training of the falcons.) By and large, he left me to make my own way in getting to know things; only gradually did he remove the leather hood from my eyes. Meanwhile he kept me very well fed. I had hardly expected this: here, on the plains, wine, black coffee or fruit was served at table; neither he nor Teréz touched any of it. This embarrassed me.

"I've not earned it yet!" I said, jokingly.

"You shan't need to", laughed Lilik. "Such things are due to a newly arrived guest. After a while, he forgets about them himself."

He was right: the very air of the plains had wrought a change in me. It was beginning to be a pleasure to be able to slurp water from a puddle, while the horses drank from the next one. And everything went like that on the estate—without fuss or ceremony. By now, I hardly noticed anything unusual in this; I would have wished it to be different. And eating our bread and bacon after a day's ride!

First we cut up crows and pigeons for the falcons, then we cut into our own dinner with the same knife. The crow's blood tastes tart, the pigeon's is sweet; the blade left a paprika-red stripe on the bacon.

These early impressions are all muddled in my mind; they have no sequence. And yet, a strict timetable regulated everything, from daybreak to sunset, day after day. The morning feeding was the rowdiest: the acacia grove echoed the screeching. We took the feed animals to the chopping block, one after the other; we only stripped the larger feathers, for the finer down is good for their digestion. The heads and claws were gathered in a heap—a pile of totems. They could move—but they don't want to, any more. The crane had to be cut up across the back, the crow and the pigeon from breast to belly: this way, the falcons got the most nutritious bits straight away. A hooded young saker was fed separately by Lilik himself; it was obviously more nervous that the others.

"Is it sick?" I asked.

"No; but he's still rather restless, I caught him only a few days back, in a snare. One has to be careful for a few weeks, so that he should not lose weight. He'll get fed whenever he asks," and he tossed him a freshly killed fieldmouse. "He'll get other food too, of course," he said, "but for the time being, this is important. He'll settle down from getting what he's been used to eat..." He set the bird on his arm. "Look, what fine claws! It's shame to catch a fieldmouse with these! When he gets at the geese, that's going to be something! that's what I'd like to teach him."

Lilik advanced his trust to the saker, calling him by the noble name of Dilyahan. Of course, he'll never be a hunter like the late Dianna—but then, she was a peregrine falcon, falco peregrinus, and what a specimen! Lilik could talk about her only with passion in his voice. But it was a dying breed, only three of them could be found on the estate. For day-to-day work, they preferred to use the sakers: they bred freely, were less sensitive, and once they've learnt something, they will obstinately remember; but this is also their fault. Lilik preferred it if a bird did not merely obey him, machine-like, but could improvise, in the spirit of the command—sakers are unable to do this. They are reliable soldiers, but... ("They are Beranek's favourites", summed up Lilik.)

In half an hour, their quarters were quiet again: the Dilyahans and Tamaras blinked contentedly, with losely spread wings. The grove was covered in a snowy layer of down, the wind blows in under it, then spread it out a little further. Among the feathers, a tiny falcon walked towards us; as it came quite near, I saw he was pulling a long string. There was something playful and charming about this bird; even Lilik handled it

differently from the others. With a light, screeching call he made the bird hop on his knee.

"There, there, Bugbiter!" he said, holding a grasshopper to its beak; Bugbiter swallowed it at once. This was the only bird with such a vulgar name.

"He's an odd creature," Lilik told me. "He is strong enough to attack a partridge, but one cannot trust him. He is quite likely to abandon his prey at a whim, and grab at insects or bugs. Like a child..."

He untied the hobby's string, and took him outside the grove. The bird flew straight up in a sharp curve. It rose higher and higher in beautiful, gradually narrowing circles—one could almost foretell the point where he'd stop—and indeed, he hovered for several minutes as if he's been pinned there, before letting himself dive in decorative twists. He bathed in the wind, without any apparent or rational reason—he was playing by himself, that was all.

"That's what annoys me about him," muttered Lilik. "He circles upwards beautifully, as well as a peregrine even, and yet he's no good for anything. And yet, he's not a coward—he just lacks ambition..."

The bird came back to the glove at the first call, and went on hunting contentedly for grasshoppers and insects in the grass. His fellows, the thick-set *lauarius* and the slim peregrines paid no attention to him.

The same morning (or was it the morning after?) I lent a hand in the training field; the sun was scorching hot. I carried a veteran crane from the pen near the shore to the field; it was his turn to be the prey. Lilik had fed it well on tench in the morning. I carried it under my arm; he beat about so violently that I had to pull the leather slipper over his beak. The slipper muffled his voice, but his quacks throbbed on in his neck like drumbeat; I felt it against my bare skin. First, Lilik prepared the crane for the job. He tied up five of his wing feathers with string, then tied him to a stake and covered him with sacking; at least he'd stay put until his turn came. In the meanwhile he explained that he was trying to teach two young sakers to hunt as a team; this was the safest and most humane form of attack. While one flies upward, the other falls on the prey, so that they attack in turn—this way, the struggle is brief, the prey is exhausted quickly. But for this, they need to have perfect coordination: two bodies, but one consciousness—and this does not come by itself.

Lilik began the exercise with a dummy made from cranewings. He fastened fresh crane meat to either side, then he let the sakers loose. At first, they circled low, fixing their eyes sharply on us, their shadows following them like phantoms on the grass, and when they saw that their master did

not move, they flew up shrieking impatiently, higher and higher—a hundred, or a hundred and twenty meters up. Lilik was waiting for this. He pulled the feather-dummy over his left fist and waved it above his head with sharp cries. Up high, the falcons separated at once. They dived at the dummy from either side, in identical arcs, and they began to tear at the meat wildly, each his own portion. Lilik's craft consisted of many such little tricks: the instinct of the wild would prompt them to attack each other over the spoil; but he commanded them to share everything. And once they've learnt that, why shouldn't they pursue their prey in partnership, too?

"And only a week ago, they were still squabbling like anything! But now, they're like brothers. There's no devilry in it—well, just as you see: feed them on the same carrion... This too is something we've learnt from Thaymur."

The two birds were not satisfied by the meat, they thrashed about angrily, they'd enjoyed their free meal. But the real exercise was still to come. Lilik let them fly off again, and brought out the crane from under the sack. He left the slipper on his back and tied the next helping of meat to this. Then he flung away the tried old veteran so that enraged, he should rush round and round beating his wings.

In a few seconds we heard the nervous screeching of the sakers overhead. They must have noticed the prey. They sank down like a depth-charge, and they fastened, still screeching, on either side of the crane's neck, but he reared up suddenly and shook them off by the force of his movement —they could not hang on to the hard leather bag. At first the crane toppled towards us in desperation, then hesitantly he turned back. He did not approach us again. He jumped up and down rhythmically, he described sharp zig-zags, he defended himself with staggering ingenuity; he even tried to twirl round and round like a spinning-top, his tied-up wings sweeping the ground like a clumsy pair of crutches—this enraged the sakers even more, perhaps it enraged them the most; the rising dust covered the three of them. Finally the crane stopped, dizzy and tottering, and then they attacked him once more, for the last time. They went on grinding and dragging on one another for a few minutes more, and then the crane gave up the struggle. He could just about lift himself off the ground under the weight of the birds settling on him, but he could not stand up. The falcons were trashing against the leather bag even when all the meat was gone; if Lilik had not yelled at them, they would have began to tear at the crane's unprotected breast—but at his call, they quietened down, jumped on the crane's back and looked towards us proudly. Lilik praised them both

and pulled their hoods over them. But the veteran, too, deserved praise. We took off the slipper and the bag. He sank back on the ground at once. He laid his neck down at an odd angle, and kept pulling up and letting down a foot as the only sign that he was still alive.

"I'd be sorry to see him go", said Lilik, "he always makes them work hard for it." He bent down and ruffled the crane's back: in one place, the feathers were bloody. "Well, he'll survive this time," he muttered, "I'll finish training these two sakers with him."

He motioned me to pick up the bird and take it back to the cage. The veteran did not stir under my arm—I had a feeling that he was heavier than when I brought him out, but Lilik just smiled.

"If you weighed him, you'd find him the same."

It happened the same afternoon—or was it the next day?—that Lilik was riding in front of me, swinging himself in the saddle with easy, smooth movements; a slim, slate-grey bird on his arm: Victoria, his favourite peregrine, without a hood, her feathers glittering in the slanted sunlight. She might have been sitting on her perch, the gloved hand hardly stirred beneath her. She looked her master steadily in the eye—once or twice, she perked her head aside, as a shrike or a lark flew up somewhere. It was late afternoon. The cage of light of the plains seemed to be narrower by this time, the horizon was slate grey. We cantered across a dried-up lake. The rotting vegetation had dried into the mud like tangled ropes—the skeleton or the nerves of the lake, pushed into hollow-sided mounds by the wind. There were no hiding-holes here. If the water covered everything, then... to hide in the gloam under the surface, to float in the slow currents; silence and plenty, the food never running out, feeding-time being regular, like the sun... There'd be few waders, the falcons having chased them away: there would be nothing to complain of—if the water covered everything. (They say that once a year, the sluices are opened, and the water swirls off somewhere—but who can recall it? And what is a sluice? Is it true? And does the water ever return?)

Lilik was riding in front, we drew away from the fishponds. About two kilometers away there was a row of trees, a thick-boled, small willow here and there among the acacias, gnome trees, but ever such are rare around there. I called out to Lilik to go that way, I hadn't felt the shade of trees for days. We rode past the pigs belonging to the neighbouring estate. At first, I couldn't see the swineherd anywhere, then I noticed him sitting in a hollow dug into the ground, under a rough reed roof. He was an old man, and he stared at us, still leaning on his elbows. Lilik called out to him:

"Have you seen any crows around here?"

The old man pointed vaguely, and continued leaning on his elbow.

Lilik winked at me. "At least now we know where not to look for them. He's sure to be lying."

And he sat out in the opposite direction. A mongrel sheepdog rushed at us from among the pigs, barking as he backed away in front of our horses. Victoria watched his comic prancing in silent dignity. There were more haystacks around there, the earth was less poor, the pigs kept manuring it.

A faint whirr could be heard: Lilik noticed it at once. He began to circle the suspected area, sending me round the other side, while trying to rouse the birds from their hiding-places with loud yells. For several minutes, nothing happened. Then suddenly three well-grown magpies clacked forward from a tumbled haystack. I could tell from their flight that they were ready for anything: after a moment's hesitation, they ran in among the pigs; they slid on near the ground. This was still the safest thing for them: falcons like to chase their prey up high. Lilik let Victoria fly and I waited to see what we would have to do. We pushed in among the pigs, not saving our spurs: Lilik was chasing them round as much as he could. Victoria rose and fell in straight lines, up a few feet, then suddenly down over the hogs —this cat-and-mouse game annoyed her. The magpies rushed to and fro under the swinging, full-teated bellies. The crazy barking of the dog herded the pigs back, again and again. The old man continued watching phlegmatically leaning on his elbow. How long could this last? My horse neighed, mouth foaming; Lilik watched with growing excitement: one of the magpies was hanging on to a sow's belly with her beak and claws letting herself to be carried along—but her journey did not last long, she lost her head and flew out with a loud twitter and dashed into the nearest haystack. Lilik galloped after her and chased her, with loud cries, from haystack to haystack; with Victoria following closely. The real chase only began then. Each time the falcon cut down towards her, the magpie quickly dived into a haystack like a lizard, and waited for an unguarded moment when she could run across, hugging the ground, to the next stack. It was a tense escape, calculated to the inch; to the minute. But the magpie bore it well, and Victoria was getting confused. As if she felt the chase unworthy—the prey not really tempting. And Lilik was only playing. Meanwhile, they were beginning to run out of haystacks. We were nearing the row of trees: that's what the magpie was making for: with sudden determination she stumbled across the last strech of ground to the nearest tree and hid herself in the thick of the branches. Victoria tossed herself against the tree at the same moment, but her wide wing span was caught up in the branches, she could not

penetrate the foliage. We rode on either side, the row of trees between us. Victoria was screeching overhead, but her comfortable circling movements showed a sudden assurance. I could understand her: the alley was about three hundred yards long, the magpie was hopping from tree to tree—one could work it out to the minute when the magpie would come to the end of the trees. Victoria did not even try to break in between the branches: she was merely alarming the magpie, by way of amusement; the magpie was cunningly watching when to skip further. Some twenty times she must have felt that she was getting the better of the falcon; her twitter seemed to call at her fellows—perhaps to join her? That this was a safe refuge? We stopped at the last of the dwarf willows. Victoria was hovering in one spot, expectantly. For many long minutes, the magpie stayed under cover, then suddenly she flew out towards the plain, she dived into the empty, wide space—as if she herself seemed surprised—with a clumsy glide, she described a half-circle, but it remained unfinished, she did not know why she flew round in a semi-circle. Victoria was there at once, and pinned her to the ground with one stroke of her beak. Green-red and black feathers on the grass—then the falcon lost interest, lightly and obediently she hopped back on Lilik's wrist. The two horses sniffed curiously at the stricken magpie, then they rubbed their noses together with an odd movement. At last, Lilik bent down and tied it to his saddle.

"Shall we have a go at the other two?" he asked me.

In a week's time, I found myself forgetting my morning shave. Teréz was hardly surprised.

She often used to come to where the hut in which I slept stood: she was picking greens for the guinea-pigs, gathering weeds and grass in a sack tied round her waist. It seems she guessed why I hung a mirror on the hut's door, for she came over and took out the spirit lamp and the kettle which I could not find anywhere. Meanwhile she took a good look at my face.

"You shouldn't worry," she said, "we're used to this. Most people who're here for the first time find themselves doing the same."

"Doing what?"

"Well, growing their beards. They forget all about it, without really knowing how or why."

Then she sat down in front of my hut, and watched me shave. There was nothing intrusive about this, it had more of a startling spontaneity. Lilik shaved daily, for that matter, and he even used talc—it had a slight lilac scent. Teréz noticed that I was watching her in the chipped mirror; she looked back at me openly.

"Did I give you enough blankets?"

"Too many, even," I muttered, behind the razor.

"You'd get the same in winter," she laughed. "Lilik sleeps naked even then. What about you?"

"Well... not really like that. I think I'd only pass as a visitor, in this outfit."

"Yes, life is different here. But I couldn't live anywhere else, by now. It's not that I haven't tried..." A musing look came over her face. "I studied sculpture for three years, at art school. My teacher said my statues came to life."

"And you stopped?"

"Yes. It's silly to say that a sculpture could come to life. Tell me—what's alive about it?"

She picked up a twig, and smoothed the yellow sand down with the sole of her foot.

"Look... last year, one of my female skunks died. I'd known her among a hundred, and when I stroked her neck, she'd stand on her hind legs..." and with a few clever lines she sketched the animal in the dust, "But where is she by now? Where? Sculpture—that's just a game..." and she scuffed up her drawing.

"Then new ones come," she went on. "They come and go... and they all ask to be fed. I like them all. I don't even know when I'd get the time to sculpt."

"And Lilik?" I asked. "His drawings? Are they just play, too?"

Teréz stood up, the sack of grass encircled her softly. She was lovely like this, serene and natural; it was pleasant to rest my eyes on her. Then, without my asking her, she put away the kettle, the cup and the spirit lamp.

"You'll find them all, here on the shelf," she said, and stopped in the middle of the room.

"It's funny how different you are, you men. I can understand it, of course," and she pointed at the whitewashed mud wall, which was decorated by Lilik's paintings. In the middle, Dianna, the fabulous peregrine, was fighting three heroic cranes.

It was odd to look at this wall full of wings and beaks, in the night. Lilik had a sense of the dramatic, and took the moon into account: through the narrow window the blue rays always lit up this vivid painting. Sometimes thin shadows wavered around it: they were cast by the tall reeds as they were moved by the wind. At times like this, every part of the painting seemed frighteningly real.

"Well, aren't you men different?" went on Teréz. "Lilik can't accept

it that Dianna is no longer alive. So this is how he helps himself. I understand it, of course."

I contrived watching her for a long while, bending and picking stuff in the wild patch by the shore. Suddenly I heard her cry out—was she calling me?

"I can't hear you!"

"Get me a bucket!" she cried again.

"Quickly, bring some water!" she commanded. She poured it down a hole. "Let's not just leave it here, now that it's turned up..."

We didn't even need the third bucket; the little reddish-grey animal was sliding from the hole, its pelt quite drenched, scared, a white spot under its neck, as if a label had been tied to him. Teréz held the sack so skilfully that the little creature dashed in blindly and hid in the grass. She told me to take hold of it in my hand.

"They're so soft like this, so scared... can you feel him?" and she too put her hand into the sack and groped around, but she was so carefree doing it all that I had to believe: she never thought of the fact that this ground-squirrel wouldn't exist by tomorrow.

I must confess that Dianna and the cranes did not remain merely pictures on a wall for me, either. The reed-thatched hut itself was odd enough. I think Lilik used it as a place of retreat, where he would make his plans for the coming days. The hut was surrounded by a deep ditch, to prevent the frequent storms flooding the room. A plank led to the door, which one could pull up with a rope over a pulley at night; one could fancy oneself inside a castle moat. The falcons' grove was some fifty feet from the hut: both the contented whirring and the hungry screeching could be heard clearly in the silence. At night, half asleep, it was easy to confuse these sounds with Dianna's distant call. This is probably how fables are born. Yes, Teréz lacked that—a sense of the fabulous. But what would the fables do without her—would there be any?

In the evening I walked about the grove, trying to walk quietly so that the birds would not hear. But my efforts were in vain. In the small clearings, sixteen necks and heads turned without the bodies stirring at all. Around the perches there were wreaths of torn-up feathers, shrinken bits of meat. The rigid, watchful eyes seemed to reach out in the dark and follow me back to the hut. Were they keeping watch, or were they about to spring? Both were equally probable. It was difficult to go to sleep: the temptation to follow Dianna's path continued to haunt me. Legends are dangerous. It seems that I was not proof against them either... Or was it just that I was drugged by the soundless wingbeat of this suddenly giant-size bird;

it drugged me and I understood it, that's what was so frightening. I watched a ladybird on top of my box: it crawled out from a crack in the wood, for the surface of the box is an endless plain, the mountains settle on it with mysterious movements—my watch, my handkerchief; among lakes of spilt water, small islets and peninsulas. The same path must be followed twenty times before it becomes apparent that it's a dead end. Then, to follow Dianna's path... A red speck from above, its beautiful, symmetrical spots are no longer visible, but it's apparent that it's moving, it's alive. An instinct stronger that the magnetism of the earth pulled me down... further down... I tried to follow Dianna's path...

The moon passed on. A reddish light throbbed on the wall, the necks of the cranes bent in a semicircle, as they stretched upwards. From the shore, strong male voices could be heard as they hummed a sentimental song about falconry.

I just went out and sat down by the evil-smelling campfire; the four falconers were in the habit of burning off the remains of the feed-animals at times like this. The long tailfeathers rose one by one from the bone, they shone, transfigured, for a moment, then fell apart as cinders. As the fire died down, all four would lean back where they sat; all four wore boots and open-necked shirts.

"Do you still remember Dianna?"

First one of them stirred, then another. They were grateful that I dropped this pebble into their silence.

"Yeah; that was quite a bird!"

"She was difficult to break in..."

"But then, you could command her like anything! Mr. Lilik used to chat to her."

One of them, sallow and Kirgiz-faced, crossed his legs and clenched his hands together. "It's well known that you can't beat the ones caught wild."

"That's true," they nodded. "But how many survive it? How many can you train? Beranek likes us to do our recruiting from the nests, from the fledglings. That's a sure thing."

"I still say the same... I'd rather keep fewer!"

"Say it to Beranek, then!" laughed the other three. "Tell him!"

I could tell from their tone of voice that they understood even less of the department's rulings than Lilik. Whereas if they could tell him, just once... they are the ones who know what's what.

"The hand-reared ones are all right, as long as someone keeps at their heels. But even then they don't like heavy odds. When things get tough, they rush back to the glove, you've got your work cut out chasing them

off again. But Dianna! One day she went off all by herself, she didn't get back for three days, and when she did, her belly was a mass of cuts... but she got things done on her own account."

A sudden silence fell, a suspicion: did I agree? Or would I side with Beranek? Beranek was never in favour of such private excursions. The others would pick up the habit—and what then? anarchy, as in the reservations? "It's not self-willed heroes that are needed on our estate", he once warned Lilik. Since then, the boys too have been more careful about what they said; after all, they could never tell which of the visitors was an inspector, a dog-catcher as they called him; it's better to swallow your opinion. But in my case perhaps they gained courage from my having been lodged in the hut, facing Dianna: perhaps it meant that their master trusted me.

Lilik was out that evening: he had ridden over to F. in the morning, to order chains for the falcons. He surprised us there, by the fire. He jumped off his grey and let the horse gallop away in the darkness. Then the boys too said goodnight one by one. Lilik sat on the chopping block and turned to me as if he'd been sitting there all evening. He said he'd met Dianna, and that the falcon had recognized him. He may not have meant it literally, but he had meant it, all the same.

We made our preparations by daybreak. Lilik mowed a huge bundle of hay, and I chopped up bunches into roughly six-inch lengths. A linen mask and a thick-stalked reed were our other props; and just before leaving, we caught the three live pigeons. Lilik never tried to economise on bait-animals; he thought it better always to have a spare ready. Many times one must let one fly to be an easy prey, always in the same place of course, and the day after and again on spot, like fish getting used to their feeding bay.

On his way home from F. Lilik had spent the afternoon in a tufted hollow between the canal and the Biza-field. He often made such instinctive detours on his trips; he told me that a peculiar feeling, akin to hunger, took possession of him at times like this; he can't fight it, and doesn't even want to. This sense of hunger had never let him down yet. He maintained that the falcons feel the same thing when they circle over the landscape in ever-widening loops. The object, the prey is under cover somewhere and it inevitably appears; if it wasn't anywhere near, something will drive it there. The stronger will draws on the weaker; even unsuspiciousness is ambivalent, for fear is straining to come to the fore. He quoted a host of examples to bear this out: he told me of cranes, of crows,

which he had observed very closely. Their carefulness was at times so irrational as to amount to recklessness; and it's not even up to them, by then. That's the way things are: this is how nature maintains her balance. Lilik's customary early philosophising had a peculiar effect on me that morning. What if I too sat out in the hollow, stretched out, and waited for hours on end, lying quite still, and I too could look a veritable legend close in the eye?

I mentioned it to Lilik, to see what he thought. He was surprised.

Well, if I really wanted it, he said. But it's not going to be an easy amusement. He would not abdicate for my sake... I must understand: that's where he'd met Dianna the day before; she was the spit image of his old Dianna! a two-year old, huge hen, her wings spreading past her tail feathers, a small, noble head, and a beak like an axe... She had been preening on a projecting tuft, then, noticing Lilik, she flew up in a spiral. Lilik took cover at once. The falcon came back twice more to the same place before nightfall; that's what made today's expedition so urgent. He wanted to catch her at once, before she found a new place.

We prepared my place on the other side of the canal. We dug a trench between two puddles, and improvised a mask from my handkerchief—then I stretched out on my back. Lilik spread the short lengths of hay over me, leaving only my bandaged hand free. He suggested that I should breathe regularly through the reed, else I'd get tired too soon. Lastly he put a black-and-white pigeon on my hand; I had to twist it skillfully, so that she'd beat about naturally, not just from my movements. If the falcon should attack, I was to catch her by the foot, the higher the better —if I was lucky. And I should call him at once. Then he went off to dig himself in.

The horse's hooves grew fainter. A sizzling heat surrounded me, an ambivalent silence. The ditch, this camouflaged observation cage, reached exactly from head to foot. Above me, a dead perspective; the sky, translucent plane above rolled-out plane. It was not enclosed anywhere, it had no curvature, it was a shadowless prairie and only the faintest play of lines gave it a semblance of movement. I was the only eye in this bare plain; the rest an exposed emptiness, and yet it was a spider's web; anything could be caught up in it, and everything had been in it since the beginning. And the spectres of the void passed over in turn: each one played, forgetting itself, each one played on its own individuality, taking on a persona for a flash: now a swallow, now a lark, now a buzzard—and yet relentlessly the same, the glitter of the blue planes washing over them and reducing

them to an entity. The two plains, the upper and lower, melted together, the black-and-white dove floated freely somewhere, and the fabled Dianna trashed about in my ragcovered hand—for it could have been like that...

I looked at the sun. How many hours had passed? Four? The pigeon dozed off tiredly, her beak half-open; I could have used a drop of water, too. For it wasn't easy, just to hold her in my hand; this too demanded an effort. Surfeit is less bearable than fear. The pigeon was no longer afraid, and when I stopped pressing her legs, she hunched up and shut her eyes; perhaps she wouldn't even have flown off if I had let her go. Slowly, I was beginning to lose my sense of security; the dove's numbness crippled me. I was twisted by a revulsion against myself. I wondered whether Lilik had ever felt this? I can recall every detail, as if I was looking at it through a magnifying glass. Towards eleven o'clock a shadow flashed overhead; first, a sense of surprise, then some annoying sense of obedience drove me to agitate the pigeon. After a little while, a fist-sized dot appeared, and began to descend in small circles; then, like a stone, it hissed downward in a sheer, perpendicular dive, straight for my face. I was forced to keep my eyes open. The pigeon reared up and stretched its head forward stiffening. In the next moment, the shadow of outspread wings covered me and I felt a strong blow on my stomach. I could feel the grip of the claws over the pigeon, I heard the sharp screech. I quickly loosened my fingers and grabbed the thrashing legs. The bird reared up in fright, pulling up my arm, nearly pulling me out of the ditch so that I sat up suddenly: my catch was a young harrier kite, its yellow eyes were staring at me. Cowed, she perched quietly on my hand. The quietness shamed me, and suddenly released my convulsive anxiety; relieved, I pushed away the bird in the way I saw Lilik toss off the falcons. The harrier disappeared from my sight in a matter of seconds. The pigeon lay crumpled on the straw, her neck twisted. I scratched some earth over it and left it there. I lied, telling Lilik it died in my hands.

He climbed out of his ditch towards noon; a kestrel had circled the dove he held, but he frightened it away. There had been no sign of Dianna.

"She'll turn up one day," he comforted himself, "if not her, then her brood..." He was relentlessly hopeful.

The next two days were stiflingly hot. At times like that, some annoying thing always happens; something complicated that fastens on one like a tick. The water in the ponds became metallic, criss-crossed by the supple strands of the reeds, like stiff ink lines; they suggested a motionless vigil similar to my own, stretched out on my stomach between two tufts of

sedge. No wind stirred. When a drop of perspiration suddenly forms on your forehead, and runs down below your eye, you reach to touch it even hours later, as its mark continues to itch. Teréz walked past earlier, with a covered basket under her arm; a faint vincing could be heard from the basket. Where is Teréz now? She was walking quietly between the cages and pens even in the heat, she knew her allotted tasks exactly, as if nothing surprising could ever happen to her. And even if it did—you reached out, but it was gone.

And yet, it wasn't that simple. Lilik spent half the night lying in wait for the louts; by now they pulled out the whole sign, not content with throwing mud—but were they indeed louts? the men from the neighbouring farm said they knew nothing about it. "We've got our work cut out" they muttered, "it's quiet here at night; why do you think the boys are not asleep?" In fact, no one could be accused. But Lilik also knew that the manure carts always trundled through the falconry at the wrong moment, scaring off the prey, and he was obliged to start afresh each time. There was nothing to be done. Beranek wasn't interested in details. Only one thing mattered: to keep up the numbers of crane-feet and crows'claws.

Teréz lived apart from these complex annoyances. After I'd known her for about ten days, I saw her grew gradually more impersonal. I watched her as she was cleaning out the cages—she was neither superficial, nor thorough—she put out as just much hay as would do; if she saw them settle in the dirty corners, she let it pass; after a while, they would draw further away anyhow. She did not bother overmuch about cleaning up around the farm, either. Sometimes she would sweep round one side, sometimes another: each day a different place would be clean or dirty. The inmate of the cages, too, alternately decreased or increased—Teréz was the balancing force. Even when she wasn't around, her will seemed to be in charge. Once a wild skunk got in among the white mice; she noticed the loss at once. Those few among so many! I asked how she noticed. She was embarrassed, never having thought about it. It wasn't the disappearance of those nine that she noticed in particular: the total seemed less than usual. She had no favourites.

I spent the afternoon in the farmhouse. There was plenty to note there. The living-room was small and crowded; there were sacks of barley and maize by the door, saddles and hunting gloves in a corner, a dark red laced coat and laced ceremonial riding breeches; around the walls, there were drawings of birds, and even their ornate frames were painted around them. A narrow door had been cut, as an afterthought, in the wall between the room and the kitchen, in line with the doors of the two rooms; anyone

coming in from one side could look out across the house towards the reeds. There was a continuous draught, but Lilik liked it that way, otherwise he found it stifling to be within four walls. Through the two facing doors every sound, every bird-cry could be heard in the room, and from the draught one could always tell the direction of the wind. It was hard to believe that it was the same man who'd built that other, moated hut for himself. This was just an airy lair, it suggested safety simply by being open on all sides; the other was a cell. I still did not know enough about Lilik.

I was uneasy with Teréz, too; I was looking for her domain, her personal belongings, something that might tell her own tale, not just things like the measuring cup, the grass sack, the broom—but I couldn't even decide which of the wellingtons lying about could be hers. She always crossed the rooms as if she were just passing by; she walked about outside the house with the same air, with the same tucked-up skirt. One evening, she brought in a wounded skunk—there was a cut across its back still bleeding—and she was binding it with a rag and Lysoform, sitting on the bed. Then she let it go; the skunk crawled about whinnying on the earth floor, and she watched it contendedly, her hands folded in her lap. Sitting like that, with nothing to do, her face took on the look of a thing. Then her features suddenly came to life again: the skunk stopped at the foot of the bed, listening, and sniffing. She crouched down by it quickly and beckoned me over with a nod. More with my hands than with my ears, I could none the less follow the underground throbbing.

"The coypus?" And I tried to work out how many of them there were.

"Six females, one boar," said Teréz, while she went on patting the ground with her open palm, moving away from the bed, all the way to the wall.

"Do come. . ." And she went outside, and continued beating the ground, following the precise line of the tunnels; with wide detours, she finally reached the cage which had planks to the water. After a while a large, lazy creature climbed out on the plank, and stared rigidly into our eyes. Teréz opened the latch. The coypus raised his head and sniffed suspiciously, then suddenly rolled out on the grass, and stopped, leaning on his hind legs. Teréz clicked her tongue quietly, then kneeled down in front of it, and gently tapped at his bright yellow tusks.

"Nice, nice. . ." she muttered, "nice, nice. . ."

She did not say anything else: the animal rolled over and stretched out on the ground. But as soon as I tried to draw nearer, he dashed off. He ran along the plank to the reeds, and stood up again, and peered back towards

us, motionless. That's the last glimpse I had of him, and that's how he remained in my memory: his odd shape outlined against the water. Then he splashed into the pond.

Teréz shut the hutch again.

"They don't make friends easily," she said. "It sometimes puts me off, too. You know, I sometimes dream about them." She laughed, and picking up a basket from the larger cage and lifting it on her head, she turned to me again. "In my dream, I always put them in this basket, and I run with them across a large, sandy plain... and meanwhile I'm in a cold sweat, because I know I forgot to cover the basket... that they're sure to be seen. And then I always wake up. Isn't it silly?"

Before we went back into the house, she carefully fixed some draught-excluding rags around the shed. A warm stink emanated from the quiet bustle of the interior.

"You see, I never dream about these..." she said, "nor the falcons. Solve this one, if you can."

Then she asked me to carry the firewood inside, while she fetched some fish for supper. The air was still stuffy and moist, but the wind was beginning to rise. Soon a strong draught swept the rooms, and the kitchen filled with smoke. Teréz alternately fed the fire and cleaned the fish; the scales burst apart glittering in the twilight cast by the embers. Over the ponds, too, the dry lightning grew stronger.

Lilik arrived home very late, soaked to the skin.

In the middle of the night, after several hours of quiet drizzle, a sudden rainstorm beat down on the estate. One of the lads knocked on my door, telling me to come at once. I jumped out of bed.

"Where to?"

"To the grove!"

"What happened?"

"The birds! They'll be flooded out... hurry!"

And he splashed away in the mud. His bare back and thighs gloamed in the rain—I didn't bother much with getting dressed, I quickly pulled on my boots and rushed after him. I too was caught up in the restless yet attractive atmosphere of the alarm. One thing was certain: now there was something more important than anything else, everything else had to be pushed blindly aside; comfort, safety, self; sympathies and antipathies; now, this service performed in spite of your own self was the ultimate test of manhood. From this, it was but one step for me to start to worry about the falcons, to tremble for their lives, as if our fates were in some way

joined together, whereas... The hollow with the acacia grove was a sorry sight indeed: all the water had run down there from the exercise field, whose the dry earth had shaken off the water like a tanned hide. I could hardly stand up in the strong gale. The thorny twigs were blown against us, the coal-black slush splashed us knee-high, we stumbled about looking for each other. Sharp lines of light scratched the surface of the dark. It all amounted to an activity resembling a bas-relief; as if we had kept stomping in the one place. A mixture of yells and calls rose from behind the bas-relief.

"Over here! This way!"

"Cut the straps!"

Then, later, "The hobby's died!"

Suddenly I bumped into Lilik, with a bird on each shoulder and one on his arm. The four boys were around, too, splashing through the water. The falcons jumped about restlessly on their short straps, though at the same time they were disciplined enough, to wait, without beating their wings, until rescuing hands reached out for them. Two young sakers, lost to hope and lying under their perch by then, were entrusted to me by Lilik; as I ran with them, they grasped my hair with their beaks. We took the birds to the boys' dormitory, which was nearest. It was a hut no bigger than mine, and the four beds hardly left enough room to move. The door kept opening and slamming as the falcons were brought in one by one, their voices filling the room. We set them in rows along the iron bedsteads, where they quietened down as if the oil lamp had mesmerized them: their eyes were fixed on its light. Later I noticed that Teréz was there too, pottering in a corner, filling a small heater—as if we weren't even there.

Then, back to the grove, slipping and stumbling as we ran—but this was the last turn. To make sure, we took the hobby inside too, in case he has only fainted—but he was dead. Lilik tried in vain to revive it; then he pushed it under one of the beds. Then we set down to dry the falcons. When there were no dry rags left, we tore up one of the sheets. I don't know which smell was the strongest—the wet feathers, or us? I had never had such pleasure in stretching myself out tiredly on a bed. Meanwhile Teréz poured the mulled wine into large blue mugs, in equal portions; then she emptied the water from our boots and spread our clothes out to dry. In the stuffy little room, crowded with birds, everything took on an oddly secure, barbaric cosiness.

I soon fell asleep.

This unexpected midnight adventure was polished into a round tale well before even I left. The boys, but especially Lilik, could fill in details with

staggering sympathy: what the falcons may have felt in the last moments, or when they caught sight of their masters—as if it had all happened to their own selves at some time, or could yet happen. It always glimmered there behind their talk, this heightened complicity. Dependence and mutual reliance. But where and when does this happen between the falcon and his master—that cannot be rationally worked out. After all, they could escape at any time, and yet they don't; they fly so high up that the whole research station passes out of sight, and yet they return. Is it hunger? but then they do the same after feeding. Or is it habit? But why is it just this that they get used to; Lilik had confessed to me that the falcons had as much suggestive power over him as he had over them. There was no force involved —only outsiders suspect force. At the same time, he found it significant that it was the hobby which had perished, this useless Bugbiter. With his eternal screeching he had bullied them into giving him a longer strap, long enough to let him hunt for grasshoppers among the weeds—and now the same strap wound about him, he drowned himself in the flood. This offered a good opportunity for Lilik to quote his beloved Thaynur: "the length of the strap is of decisive importance." If it is longer than strictly necessary, the falcon will soon lose the art of using his freedom sensibly, he grows wild and loses his faith in complicity and dependence; he thinks he can win his own—and by then, it's too late. From the estate, there can be no return either to the plain, or to the reservation. The strap provides a framework, order, security. Once they become used to it, it cannot be swopped again for anything. Lilik made no exception in his own case for his men. He lived by a strict daily routine just like his birds; he knew he could count on them, and they on him. The hobby did not trust them to hurry to his rescue in time, that's why he came to grief. "The strap was the trouble," he'd say, and he could argue for hours which is more perfect —a meter-long strap or one that's even shorter.

Then he would enlarge further on how Dilyahan felt when the water reached to his neck.

(. . .at times like that one thinks back over everything, the whole day, the smallest sign, even; he was watching out for the louts by the canal, but he felt that something was brewing, the air was heavy, but when would it break, and how?—this is the grimmest test of nerves; then, the dry ligthning for hours on end; and the windless heat; the storm isn't like the cranes, that one can get at straight away: one cannot take aim and go. Then, the darkness: to fall asleep while the lightning can strike you between the eyes any minute; and the water, with the feathers and bones floating in all directions; they themselves had torn it to shreds, and now they still

emphasize their helplessness, for they cannot budge, they must hold out. . .)

But sometimes there is a price to be paid. Not much later, not only an old saker hen (she would't have mattered) but also Dilyahan followed the hobby's fate. Each died the same way: they sat hunched up for a day and a half with tremulous wings; their beaks developed spots, then they fell off their perch. Their unexpected loss depressed Lilik deeply. He kept referring to the louts, as if they were in some way responsible; he provocatively buried the two birds under the noticeboard.

That's when an urgent need to leave the estate first came over me.

The days I had spent on the plain were all mixed up in my mind; and then this eccentric bird funeral. . . for Lilik turned it into quite something. We rode out to the notice in the night, the Kirgiz-faced lad came with us and carried the two strapped and hooded corpses. Without this—they said—they would themselves not be buried by their fellow falconers—so how could they deprive the two who had faithfully borne it?

And after they smoothed down the graves, they led the horses over it to beat the ground even and hide all signs of the digging. This was the whole ritual. Without noticing, I had pulled back a little, like an uninvited guest at a family event; I was frightened by this harsh sentimentality. It's not that I was disappointed in Lilik; he was consistent, dreadfully consistent—it's just that I in turn had failed to rid myself of a sense of dread in association with the hobby, which stank day by day outside the hut before someone thought of digging it in. They simply forgot it.

But something else reminded me, too; an unimportant little thing.

In the morning I turned the whole hut upside down, looking for my shaving kit. I recalled using it the previous day, but it was neither on the shelf, nor on the windowsill; finally I found it carefully packed away in my haversack, ready for a trip. After dinner, I told Teréz what had happened —she understood at once.

"It didn't take you long to get bored with us," she smiled, and heaped the food on my plate. "Which train are you taking?"

"Perhaps the first one in the morning."

Lilik farewelled me with masculine reserve.

"I'd be pleased to see you again, any time," he said, and gripped my hand hard.

*

I waited for the train. It was difficult to tear my thoughts away from Lilik. We parted, and yet I could not feel the sense of release which I had awaited for days. Day was breaking; the horizon was slate-grey. Was the train late, or was I being impatient? I sat, nodding off, at the station, and

suddenly I was roused by the rumbling of a train. An endless row of waggons sped past along an outer siding: locked, sealed cattletrucks with small, barred windows. Then by way of sudden contrast a flat, open truck was crammed among the others, with iron bars on each corner and a big, muscular man sitting in the middle, his cloak blown back, with a machine-gun on his shoulder. He stared with boredom past the station. Then more sealed trucks, one after the other.

The through-train arrived on time, not a moment too late; in the well-lit restaurant car, there was a table for me, with a white tablecloth, mineral-water, and quiet and polite service; a menu on the table, and I could choose anything I happened to fancy.

(July–August, 1956)

LÁSZLÓ NAGY

POEMS

FAIR IN FROSTY MAY

My dreams foam cherry blossom—
but where are the pots of beer?
My heart's set fair for a feast,
and only crows appear.
Wild cherry leaves are trembling,
flushing to eerie oxblood;
the sky is whimpering to itself,
crows dance in the small wood.
Where are the lively lads?
The first was seduced by slide-rules;
his noughts are newborn babies
crying behind cot rails.
The second, with pump and ladders,
rides the red siren's shriek;
the third humps ships' cargoes—
I hear his poor spine crack!
The fourth is dead: he froze
in a camp amid deep snow;
they tossed his shell-hard ears
into the grave too.
Ah, where are the fairs of old!
My friends, I see what waits:—
our stripped bones whitening
while youngsters clink our pots.

WITHOUT MERCY

You lay down under a blasting light,
a flower at your elbow,
over your inward head
my love's wild flags flew.

I sit alone in the luminous dark
of a room with closed shutters;
the scabby slats break—
drunken sunshine enters.

Raspberry twilight in a rose-glass;
fragrance of the clipped rose
drifting upward to enquire
my summer scope and size.

In place of your waving-goodbye hand
vacant air vibrates;
memory is an enormous
butterfly on your bedsheets.

Splaying sparks, the summer's grindstone
is honing my dulled heart.
Let recognition wake you
under a blasting light.

Young blood soon tires of sacred love—
return to me, undress:
let's wrestle our lives away,
majestic and merciless.

THE COALMEN

In the outer suburbs the coalmen race their carts,
they forget the decorum proper to men of trade,
"G'D'yup" they roar, and hoofs strike sparks from the dark,
"G'D'yup", and the jolting cart-lamps leap and fade.

The carts are coaches! Their drunken, heroic burdens,
rolling and grabbing-hold in a splendour of black,
billow wraith-bloms of rum on the jangling air—
dangling to watch the wheels, or lolling back

in a dog-tired daze, beyond the constellations,
with nothing above but the depths, the empty spaces;
they obey no law, they're numb to the tumbling hailstones
pocking like birdshot at their coal-grimed faces.

Steam flies, foam flicks!—the mighty, drenched dray-horses,
sniffing the stables, bolt for their fodder and sleep;
but that Palace is far from lust for the dusty lads,
who will find sharp draughts, dead fires, and walls that weep.

No wives await them, no girls that are game for fun
will wiggle wide hips and giggle behind the beams;
saltpetre will limn their lecherous lips all night,
the amoniac stink of horses will plague their dreams.

Cold comfort for those who must lose the kind Kingdom of Booze,
—for such is their fate: even booze will be taken away.
So remember the lads on the carts; their rough-hewn hearts
deserve more than the coal-ash burned on a winter's day.

Translated by Tony Connor

INTERVIEW

TIBOR DÉRY TALKS ON FAITH, HOPE AND HUMAN NATURE*

"If I were to make an interview of this kind, I would tape it right from the beginning, for our conversation in the last twenty minutes was much more unaffected and amusing than it will be now when you fire questions at me and I answer them with a frown on my face. But let's try."

"When you look back on your life now, after your autobiographical work, *No Verdict*,** which stimulated so many heated discussions and so much indignation, can you say that you are contented? If you could begin again, would you live and act in the same way in all situations or would you prefer to omit some sections and stations in your life?"

"I have just read a review of Max Frisch's play *Play with the Autobiography* in a Hungarian paper which raises pretty much the same question. The critic very intelligently argues that a man cannot change his life. And even if he could, would it be worth it? If I could begin again and if I would live differently, if I did not lose my patrimony at play and would not leave fallow my most fertile years, and so on and so forth, then perhaps the achievements which were the result and consequence of my mistakes would not have come into being. Perhaps those more or less noteworthy things with which I could be credited were also an outcome of my innumerable failings."

"Does this mean that life is subject to a certain amount of predestination?"

"Let us call it determinism. That is, not in the sense of the Calvinist interpretation of predestination. But I tend to believe that one's life and career—or more precisely the course of one's life—are mapped out partly in advance in one's genes."

"Part of the reading public regard *No Verdict* as a public confession. Are you prepared to accept this definition?"

"I do. With the proviso that any decent work by any decent writer is always an open or a concealed confession, either about the events of his life, or about his desires."

"Readers were surprised by the uninhibited candour with which you admit to your lapses and mistakes in your book."

"A sin is a sin even without explanations. There is no need to find excuses and explanations. But people are hypocritical, they think that one can acknowledge an offense only if it is garnished with self-justification. I tried to be more candid."

"But did you have compunctions or regrets when you made your slips or blunders?"

"That is only natural."

"Were you trying to find release from that in writing?"

"Any literary or artistic work—that is, not only an autobiography—presupposes

* Text of an interview published in the February, 1970 issue of "Vigilia", a Roman Catholic monthly published in Budapest.

** Two excerpts appeared, in Nos. 30 and 32 of *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, See also Ferenc Fehér's review of the book in No. 37. *The Ed.*

some process of this kind. I want to rid myself of something that was a burden. This was equally true of tragic and of happy episodes. When I am very happy about something, I want to share it, I want to "write out" of myself this joy, to give pleasure to others, too. The same is true of sadness. Although grief has probably other consequences as well in a work."

"Perhaps it aims to raise sympathy."

"Or even without any didactic intention, to set into motion something like a catharsis, not only in myself when I write it, but also in the reader. Of course, the results are always doubtful."

"While reading some of the chapters of *No Verdict*, one cannot help thinking: is your literary career and life run at all parallel to Werfel's, who arrived at Christianity by the end of his life?"

"First, we should arrive at a common platform on the meaning of 'Christianity'. Is it primarily love and charity for one's fellow men—or does it mean faith in the other world? If it is primarily love and charity—as it had originally set out to be—in that sense, I have no objections to being regarded a Christian writer. Even if I include a great deal of selfishness and many moral lapses when I was young I tried to conduct my life so as to hurt as few people as possible. I think this is one of the most realistic forms of charity. For a more active philantrophy, the kind when one throws one's whole self into it, which is also part of the Christian ideal although it probably leaves more scope for error—I never felt sufficient strength for it in myself. Nor was it ever my intention, for writing is a selfish profession which demands a whole man. I had chosen a way of life only I myself could fulfil, and so I subordinated everything else to it, all other tasks and duties."

"Does it follow from this that you have remained an Atheist in the classical sense?"

"Yes, it does. Apparently I am presumptuous enough to believe that I can do what is set down for me to do on earth, without clinging to any other hope. I am alone. I am my own yardstick. Is that presumption? Let us say that I believe myself to be conscientious enough to perform honestly the tasks assigned to me in the world."

"To the uninitiated observer it might seem that your life is full of contradictions and side-tracks—I dare not call them changes of face, for that would not be true—which makes some people wonder whether they can believe in you as a writer and a man. What do you think are these contradictions? Are they stages in attitudes which arise from new discoveries?"

"I would like to do without the word 'development' in this conversation. Development—where to? From primitive man's club to the gas chamber? To the hydrogen bomb? For the individual's development I would prefer to use synonyms: change, maturation, ageing, and such. Well, once we have settled this, I believe that what you call my side-tracks were due to circumstances, side-tracks of the outside world, and not my own. If I look back on my own life and art, also full of side-tracks, I seem to find a kind of constancy, a continuity. It is the kind of constancy which always gives different answers to various questions posed by the outside world in different periods. For as a Communist I gave different answers to the questions of the Horthy Era, and different replies were extorted from me by the Rákosi period. I think, nevertheless, that it was the same man, the same character or temperament determined by the same genes behind both."

"So you did not change: only the conditions, the external factors?"

"It would be most presumptuous of me to say that I did not change. Of course, I have changed. I have become balder, I have fewer teeth, and even intellectually I am weakening. Further, I think that I understand more of the world today—at least believe I understand more—than I did thirty or forty years ago. To sum it up more precisely: whatever is inherent in me, the

core which made me look at the world and formulate my answers, has remained more or less unchanged. Just a short while ago we were talking about charity in connection with Christianity, and about the selfishness of a writer; these were probably part of me from the very beginning. This was the core of my being and it still is. And then I found myself in sharply different situations. I mentioned the Horthy era and the Rákosi periods as two antipoles, this core obviously reacted differently to either."

"If we approach the same issue from the point of view of your profession, your calling, can we affirm that your life has been in the service of your own self and other people?"

"If I were serving only myself that would not be generous work. Obviously the artist links in his being in some way the service of himself and human beings in general."

"What do you think of sin and guilt feeling? Do sins derive from the nature of man, or do the effects of habit and the environment force or stimulate one to commit them?"

"Let us not put this question in such a rigid either-or fashion. There may be a hundred-and-one reasons and motives for a sin and even for criminal behaviour. As it must have become clear from this conversation by now, I believe in some kind of biological determinism, which means that I have had inherent virtues and faults even before I started my life."

"So according to you, we have no moral norms?"

"I acquired them."

"In the course of your life spent in organized society."

"Even the inherent demand for a moral life may be biologically predetermined."

"Does that mean then that one derives moral norms from one's biological make-up?"

"I more or less think—as far as I can even begin to understand this extremely complex scientific idea—that on one hand I believe that my fate is more or less determined in advance owing to my biological make-up; but this constitutes my virtues as well as my sins. On the other hand, as I don't live alone in the world, my conflicts with the world influence my original make-up. Thus life in society can definitely make me worse or improve me. There is inter-action between me and society."

"Do you believe that one can improve? Once you question development, you must also doubt your capacity for improvement."

"You ask difficult questions. The history of the human species has not been very encouraging so far. We are full of aggressions of which it has been impossible to establish so far whether they are inborn or whether they have been bred by social conditions. Mitscherlich, a German biologist has written an interesting book on this problem. He wrote that as man can't be put back into a test-tube and it is impossible to watch his development there, it cannot be discovered whether such aggressive instincts as sooner or later may turn our life in this earth into hell would have developed in him even if he had been left to himself. After all, if we look around in the world, there is hardly an acre where men live without fighting, even within the same nation. I mean, of course, not only the class struggle, racial hatred and religious strife, the clashes between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland, Flemings and Walloons in Belgium, causing bloodshed and death all the time; nor do I only mean Vietnam, Africa, South America and other battle-grounds. What I mean is that today one can hardly find even a tiny village where no one is the sworn enemy of one neighbour or the other. One cannot say that society alone is to be blamed for this. I do not think we are very well designed. And my scepticism may be owing to the fact that I don't see much chance for reconciliations. I don't know where and how people could shake hands. Nor do they know themselves."

"Don't you think that fear plays an important part in this?"

"A determining part! I am afraid that

the neighbour will strike out before I do. It is commonly known that all wars are claimed to be defensive or preventive. Declared campaigns have been few and far between since the Middle Ages. But then, why are people at war in North Ireland, why do they still want to turn the Protestants into Catholics, and Catholics into Protestants? Why is it that one so often hears in the Hungarian village: he is no Hungarian, he is a Protestant, or just the other way around, he is a Catholic, he is no patriot?"

"Men want to make their fellows similar to themselves... Why should the other's faith, talent, money, esteem or dishonour surpass their own?"

"By the way, this is one of the richest sources of art, too. Of course, I try to mould my readers or audiences to my own image. I try to educate them to the level of nobility, loftiness and excellence where I like to imagine myself to be.

"And another trouble, you know, is that we get too much information about the world. This means—if we reduce the problem to this single aspect—that while men used to beat up each other in the past, we had no knowledge of it, and we could not follow the example of the brawlers. We heard that there was a Boxer Rebellion or that the Papuans ate up a white man. But even such events were only two lines of news in the papers, by the third day one forgot all about it. But today, thanks to mass media, any massacres anywhere in the world is shouted into our ears daily. We are regularly briefed even about events which would have remained completely unknown to us some time ago, even thirty years ago. Now, we have detailed information to make us learn from it. That is why we are gradually growing indifferent: we realise that man's lot is the same always and everywhere. We can no longer be inspired by such pieces of information to want to put an end to some distant evil, for the same evil is operating even in our immediate neighbourhood, side by side with it and in the same way. One can't follow it all with interest, either emotionally, or intellectually."

"You believe then that man is impotent and defenceless in the face of evil? That there is no escape?"

"You probably know Voltaire's old-age saying: 'Let's cultivate our gardens.' I believe that this is the most that can be expected of man today. Let everyone do honestly the work in his little garden, let everyone put his own affairs in order and confront his conscience daily. Then he will have fewer conflicts with his neighbour, and if his neighbour, and his second and third neighbour, will all do the same, then some kind of cease-fire, temporary armistice lasting for longer or shorter may come into being. I think that work done honestly and decently is the only escape for man today."

"You mean that if man will not avail himself of this chance, he is heading for disaster? He will become emotionally impoverished, and intellectually less aware?"

"If we go on in our present way, most certainly."

"Don't you think that a return to the doctrines of ancient Christianity would be a way out? A return to original sources? Simplification, purification, the sharing of the burdens, faith communally accepted?"

"I am afraid of collective faiths, for the only result is additional bloodshed. As you said earlier, man wants other men to resemble him, to believe as he does. And how many different interpretations are possible even for this common faith! And the return to the simpler life is no longer possible. I know that I would write in vain against mass media and computers, it would not do any good, for humanity is drifting. Man does not try to find his own way but surrenders to what he calls 'progress', in other words, to the ill promptings of his greed, vanity and rapacity. We are unable to return to simplicity, to climb back on the tree again, although perhaps we were happier there. Perhaps, I say.

"But to come back to the question of faith. In that sense, faith is a collective way of life, only a community of people can have faith. A single person's isolated "faith" is called obsession or insanity. Thus the believer is forced to look for allies, to convert the largest possible number of people, he is forced to organize, to rally them around, for his ideal can find embodiment only in communicating, only then does it spring from his mind into reality. This is probably the way religions develop. Their secular embodiment is the Church, which in the course of history has turned into the power-enforcing organization."

"You could come back at me by telling me—what I believe the neo-Catholics hope for—that since the churches have lost their secular power through various revolutions, now as part of a new renaissance, a rebirth, they can gradually return to their original mission, to the practice of charity and Christ-like compassion, as for instance, the French working-class priests and part of the Latin-American lower clergy are trying to do. There are two reasons why I haven't any confidence, or let us say much confidence, in this. Partly because in today's economic mechanism anywhere in the world nothing is likely to succeed without vast material resources, without these, even the noblest ideal is soon deformed into an isolated obsession. And partly because the premise itself is wrong: it is not true that the churches have lost their secular power. As far as I know they have hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of paid employees. True, they no longer keep armies, but they do dispose of vast sums the world over, they own powerful banks and industrial companies. As far as I know they organize and finance political parties. It is a proof of their viability that they do not even abide by St. Paul's decree that he who does not work, should not eat."

"Do you think that, at a higher stage of historical development, the churches will wither away? And faith will alter or cease?"

"The churches, chiefly the Catholic Church, are surprisingly elastic organizations geared to satisfying basic human need. Although they do not carry out their tasks perfectly, they will survive for a long time. Perhaps they will last longer than their foundation: the doctrine of Christian love."

"In historical perspective, don't you think that a possible solution would be an alliance of believers and non-believers for man, for the sake of man?"

"I don't know. I am aware that there are attempts to start a dialogue. But could this possibly produce more than an *ad hoc* political alliance? I repeat, I don't know."

"In your opinion can faith, or religion, contribute to solving the problems facing man today?"

"Do you want to know whether I believe that faith in God could alleviate the unhappiness of the individual and of mankind? Looking at the general course of civilization, I hardly think it is a lasting solution. The fact is that our so-called development or progress only leaves this way open when all other gates have been shut. Never in moments of happiness or joy, only at moments of despair. In certain cases it is certainly useful and helpful. The simpler a man's spiritual make-up, the more so. The more down and out one is—that is why I spoke about the moments of despair—the more so. But in the course of daily life, in tough social conditions—once again it is not the class struggle, racial and religious strife that I have in mind, but the so-called 'process of civilization'—I hardly believe that even faith in God could help."

"You were the first in our country to call public attention to the dangers of manipulation. Can faith also be its instrument? How do you think one can guard against it?"

"Manipulation has been practised since time began, except that it was called something else. The churches also used it. Today it appears incomporably more dangerous, partly because technical means have multiplied: the preachers, the politicians

and salesmen have moved from their pulpits, the public squares, the conference rooms and so on the screens of our TV sets and into the boxes of our radios; in other words they invade our houses, the home of every family, not to speak of newspapers printed in millions and partly because they avail themselves of the findings of modern psychology, they (the manipulators) use much subtler, more underhand, 'scientifically developed' methods today. The defence against it is independent thought—however difficult society itself may make it."

"'My business is to make my peace with the world, and perhaps with myself'—is what you said recently in various places and on several occasions. Do let me ask you how you intend to go about this."

"I am trying to quiet restlessness and aggressions in myself, I try to mitigate ill opinions I have formed of people, and the emotions associated with them. This process has been going on for some time, I am not just starting on it. But, of course, it does not follow that I intend to keep quiet about my views of the world. My opinions are not a verdict, merely addenda."

"Could it be said about you that you are disillusioned, disappointed or discontented?"

"Not in the least. It is true that I have been disappointed in a great many things, that I expect less of people than I did some thirty or forty years ago and have no idea how they could be raised... Does this mean that I am a disappointed or embittered man? Here I sit at seventy-five, pink-faced and satisfied with my lot. People buy my books. I have no financial worries, I have been able to write more or less fully—with whatever gift I may have—just what I intended; in other words, I have more or less fulfilled my task. On making my balance-sheet, I am both bitter and cheerful, well-adjusted and hopeless—in spite of this, or for this very reason."

"In your biographical notes you wrote: 'Even in my more or less sober life, I can recall moments when I wished to speak to God.' In 'some of the particularly pure moments of fulfilled happiness' and in some of the difficult moments of your life when you 'descended to the depth for an unholy cry of *de profundis clamavi...*' What is the meaning of these experiences of God in your life? Were they merely episodes, or were they born of environmental experiences?"

"If I wanted to reply conscientiously, I should say that what you call my experiences of God for want of a better term, was born of uncertainty, of my knowledge that I am finite and the world is infinite. That however wildly we kick about, either it has no effect or only very slight effect on the course of the universe. Something that makes me deduce, in accordance with our western logic, that there is some force which I don't know, but which directs and guides me or, if you please, which bullies us all. Although I am an atheist, I cannot eliminate this possibility, for I can imagine neither infinity, nor Einsteinian finite space. Plainly, my intellectual means—the limits of my knowledge—will not let be satisfied with obvious rational explanations. That is the reason for my uncertainty. That is why, as I have already mentioned, there had been very happy or very unhappy moments in my life more than once which elicited only irrational reactions from me."

"Have these had any effect on your life? Do they continue in any way?"

"Who knows?"

"You often mention humility, in your writings. What do you mean by it?"

"Not what is meant in the religious sense. More an attitude based on the recognition of one's insignificance. It is fitting for me to be humble in the knowledge that I am a human being, one among three thousand million people whose lives are probably just as important as mine—whether we look at it from the point of the collective good or the good of the individual. I am also overcome by humility when I am confronted with the phenomena mentioned earlier which appear inexplicable, of which

I cannot tell as yet whether it is only the limitations of science which keep them incomprehensible. We often console ourselves with the hope that one day we shall have more accurate information about everything. We shan't. We shall never have reliable knowledge about the questions of life and death, on the use and misuse of life. We shall never get a satisfactory answer to the question of why we are born."

"In *No Verdict*, you wrote: 'To be honest with ourselves is a daunting task. Perhaps it is in the state of religious inspiration that we can get closest to ourselves...'"

"In the irrational moments I just mentioned. At that point, if I recall correctly, I also speak about self-criticism, about public self-criticism and confession. And I vote for confession and against public self-criticism, for I regard it as more effective, more effectively self-purifying. The person I confess to need not be a priest; he or she may be a friend, my wife, or my mother. Many people will consider the priest more suitable as he is likely a more neutral judge than a person who is near to one. I believe private confession to be better than public self-criticism which offers the temptation for hypocrisy and a spectacular opportunity for play-acting—probable even in the Middle Ages, when the sinner had to confess to the congregation. But some kind of confession—for instance, writing, is needed because man needs to rid himself of the burdens weighing on his mind."

BÉLA HEGYI

Vigilia, February, 1970

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

CREDIT AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE POLICY IN HUNGARY
János Fekete

THE FLOOD OF THE CENTURY
László Siklós

BREAK IN TRANSMISSION (II. Act of a comedy)
Károly Szakonyi

MUSIC FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
István Gábor

A HUNGARIAN AT KING'S
István Gál

SURVEYS

LAJOS VARGYAS

THE HUNGARIAN FOLKLORE HERITAGE AND EASTERN EUROPE

Bartók's comparative study[1], in which he briefly summarized the results of his East-European research appeared more than thirty-five years ago. It stands to this day as the greatest achievement in the comparative study of Hungarian and other folkmusic. It was precisely its outstanding quality which prevented it from becoming an active force in further research; scholars did not dare to use it, to develop it further, or to incorporate it in their experience in other branches of ethnology. Thus the time has come to compare Bartók's deductions with other ethnographical studies, so that complementing, and to a certain extent, modifying one another they might serve as a basis for drawing more generalized conclusions.

For a start, one should recall Bartók's most important conclusions. The summary of his research work was that both the old and the new style of Hungarian peasant music were entirely Hungarian, as regards the old there are even Cheremessian parallels. This old style, however, remained, so to speak, entirely within Hungarian limits. We can only speak of adoption on a large scale in two small areas where Hungarians live intermingled with their neighbours: Croatians in the valley of the River Mura and Rumanians in the Transylvanian Plateau. In the Transylvanian Plateau the Rumanians adopted even old Hungarian dance music of the *verbunkos* type which spread to other Rumanian areas where they are known as *ardeleana*.

A Slovak layer superimposed itself on this old style even before the emergence of the new style. Bartók estimated the proportion of tunes of Slovak origin in Hungarian folk music at forty per cent. He must have been thinking of the 18th century when he spoke of the "so-called non-national epoch". But according to him their influx was not due to direct popular reception. "There is every indication" he writes, "that Hungarian gentlemen had a major role in dragging in alien musical elements", Bartók refers to so many of the tunes having a party game character, and to the fact that "what little gentlemen know and like of the village folk tunes is chiefly of such an alien nature". He added that "direct adoption of Slovak material—without gentlemen acting as intermediaries—is only in evidence in any significant quantity in Hungarian villages bordering on the Slovak speaking area".

As against this Bartók pictured the effect of the Ukrainian *kolomejka* as a mutual influence of folk origin, which—as he said—"I feel rather than know"—had produced the following sequence of development: the *kolomejka* turned into Hungarian swineherd's

[1] Béla Bartók: Népzenénk és a szomszéd népek népzenéje, Bp., 1934 (Our Folk Music and the Folk Music of the Neighbouring Peoples).

song, this developed into *verbunkos* music, and the songs of the new style emerged from the latter. The last stage of this mutuality was the spread of the Hungarian new style songs in Slovak, Ruthenian and Moravian villages, and even later in Bohemia, Galicia and Bosnia.

Bartók's research was supplemented, and partly modified, by Kodály who pointed out parallels from the Volga region and correspondences in various epochs of European art music and the folk-songs of Western peoples[2]. The Cheremissian, Chuvash and other melodic correspondences from the Volga region have put the Eastern origins of the Hungarian old style beyond question —something that Bartók had only intimated —the Eastern origin of the swineherd's song and its independence of the *kolomejka* became obvious. While the links of the *verbunkos* dance music with the swineherd's songs have become even clearer, a greater role in the emergence of the new style has lately come to be attributed to the influence of the popular art song and, through it, West European music.

Szabolcsi must be given the credit for tracing one of the types of dirge and the tunes connected with it to the times preceding Turkic influence in the formation of the Hungarian people[3]; this was confirmed by more recently discovered archaic European parallels[4] which would suggest the existence of a type of *Un-European* tune over a large area.

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Comparative research into the ballad, popular beliefs, folk tales and dances also has its contribution to make.

Ballads have been collected for a long time and with a great deal of zeal throughout Europe. A survey covering the whole of Europe is therefore possible. It became obvious that a large number of Hungarian ballads were of French origin, and that they were transmitted in a direct way without any other people acting as intermediaries. They must therefore have been transmitted by French and Walloon settlers during the 14th and 15th centuries.[5] It appears that with the exception of one here and there, ballads of other origin were not adopted by Hungarians. The genre and certain of its pieces assimilated from the French spread over extensive areas, in East Europe, mostly showing the effect of the Hungarian adaptations. Some Hungarian ballads include sections of fragments of heroic songs originating in times preceding the Hungarians' settlement, but transformed in the spirit of the new genre.[6] What has this added to the results of folk music research?

2 Zoltán Kodály: A magyar népzene, (Folk Music of Hungary) Bp. (1952.) (Chapters 2, 7.) Also published in English by Barrie and Rockliff, London, 1960.

3 Bence Szabolcsi: *Osztyák hősdalok — magyar siratók melódiái* (Ostiac Heroic Songs—Melodies of Hungarian Dirges), *Ethnographia* 1933; by the same author: *Osztyák és vogul dallamok (Újabb adatok a magyar népi siratódallam problémájához)*, Ostiac and Vogul Melodies, Additional facts à propos the Problem of Hungarian Dirges), *Ethnographia* 1937; Lajos Vargyas: *Ugor réteg a magyar népzenében* (Ugrian Stratum in Hungarian Folk Music) *Zenetudományi Tanulmányok* I. (Musicological Studies, Vol. I.) Bp. 1953.

4 Lajos Vargyas: *Tapasztalataim a román népdalgyűjtésről* (My Experiences of Rumanian Folk Song Collecting) *Új Zene Szemle*, V. (New Musical Review Vol. V.) 1954; Benjamin Rajeczky: *Siratódallamaink rokonsága* (The Relationships of our Dirges) *Magyar Népzene Tára*, V, 1190 (Corpus Musicae Popularis Hungaricae Vol. V, 1109) Bp. 1966; Lajos Vargyas: *Totenklage und Vorgeschichte der Ungarn, Festschrift für Walter Wiora.* Kassel 1967.

5 Lajos Vargyas: *Kutatások a népballada középkori történetében. I. Francia eredetű réteg balladáinkban.* (Researches into the Medieval History of the Folk Ballad. I. A Stratum of French Origin in our Ballads), *Ethnographia* 1960.

6 Lajos Vargyas: *Kutatások a népballada középkori történetében. II. A honfoglaláskori hősepika továbbélése balladáinkban.* (Researches into the Medieval History of the Folk Ballad, II. The Survival of Heroic Songs from the Time of the Hungarian Settlement in our Ballads) *Ethnographia* 1960.

Above all the knowledge that in addition to the Eastern ancient stratum of the folk song pre-dating the settlement of the Hungarians a similar effect could be pointed out in other areas of folklore. Moreover, apart from Siberian Turkic paralles one has also cropped up—precisely in the apparently youngest, the Izsák Kerekes ballad—which has preserved a memory of Turkic-Ob-Ugrian contact. Secondly, the fact that considerable Western European cultural influence flowed into East Europe through Hungary. Here one must take note of an important lesson in methodology which must also be applied in comparative studies of folk music: that the problems of Eastern Europe can not always be solved purely in Eastern Europe, and only comparisons taking cognizance of broader vistas—both European and Asian—are able to throw light on complex interrelationships. I even came upon an example where only a single, fragmentary and corrupted Hungarian variant exists, but numerous complete and extensive Balkan epic songs,[7] and judging by the material of the two neighbouring peoples one would have presumed that the neighbouring tradition was older; but more distant links revealed that the direction was the reverse, but the more ancient traditions of the neighbouring peoples has preserved the adopted elements better. A further lesson in methodology is that one must never decide on the question of adoption-transmission purely on a quantitative basis, but must also consider the differences between individual peoples, that is whether traditions are flourishing, or declining.

This stratum of ballads of French origin also suggests how the elements of Western culture made their way to Eastern Europe. At any rate other roads exist besides the German-Bohemian-Moravian-Slovak route established in certain indisputable instances by Bartók, chiefly with regard to more recent examples. This lesson is valid particularly for more ancient times. But pieces of seemingly more recent origin are not always new either, nor did they always come to Hungary from the North, not even little tunes of a party game character. Parallel with Hungarian ballads the French and Rhineland German correspondences of a whole series of other Hungarian folk songs have emerged, among them the song with the text "Hogy veti el a paraszt" (How does the peasant sow it) Bartók 257[8]. Among the French this was a group dance of medieval origin, where certain elements of the text were mimed; traces of it are preserved by the wedding game-tunes of peasants in Békés County.

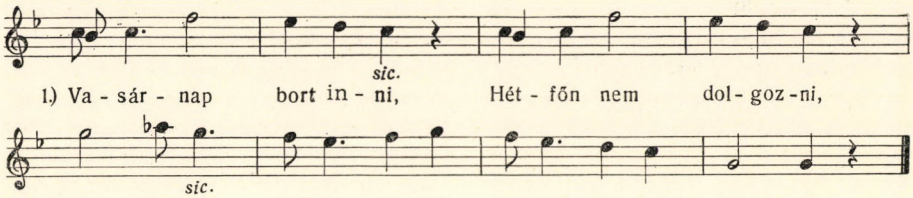
But if the seemingly new pieces of "German-Bohemian character" conceal earlier, Western connections, how much more one might conjecture this to be the case in the numerous ancient, modal melodies that have accumulated in the music of the Hungarian villages side by side with the ancient stratum of the new style. Even if certain types, for example, some Phrygian melodies such as those on the opposite page turned up only in that narrow strip along the Hungarian-Slovak language frontier, possibly on both sides of it. It would be an error, considering their Slovak variants, or because of characteristics that differed from Hungarian pentatonic melodies, to exclude them in advance from the style of the old melodies, from the Mixolydian "valaska" melodies, as well as from the most expressly Slovak music, the Lydian melodies. As regards their area, that certain narrow Northern strip was in actual fact the centre of Hungarian life at the time of the 150 year long Turkish rule (what is more, even later, in the period of the Kuruc wars). Only there was there a possibility for the survival of European fashions, and for passing them on to the serfs of the castles. (At that time

7 *"Vitéz és kegyes"*, (Valiant and gracious), Vargyas: *Francia eredetű réteg* (Stratum of French Origin, *Ethnographia* 1960, p. 169.).

8 Lajos Vargyas: *Magyar népdalok francia párhuzamai.* (French Parallels of Hungarian Folk Songs.) *Néprajzi Közlemények* (Ethnographical Communications) V/3—4. 1960.

AP 5146/g

Tempo giusto ♩ 108-120

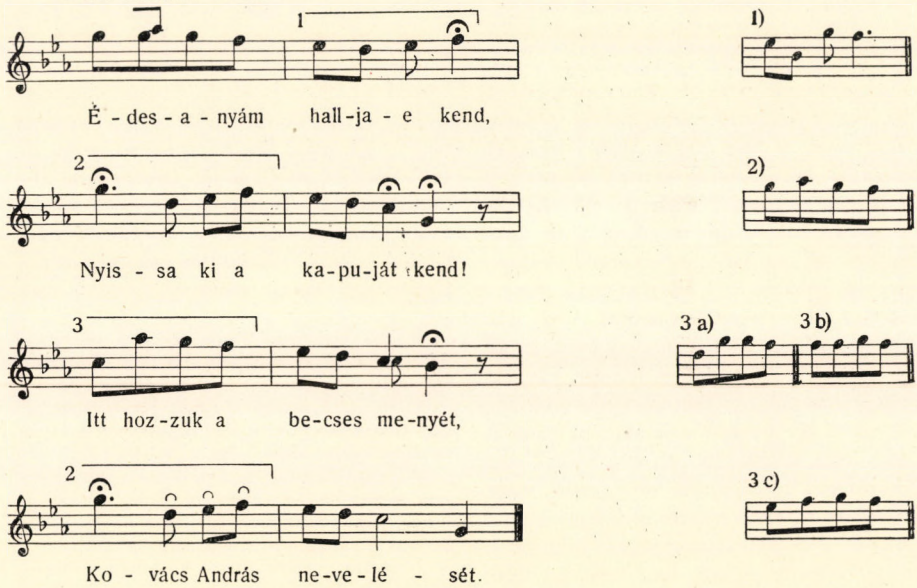


Drinking wine on Sunday
Not working on Monday
Lying down on Tuesday
Getting up on Wednesday

Writing on Thursday
Counting on Friday
Asking on Saturday:
What work we do.*

AP 5150/a-b

Poco rubato ♩= 116



Dear mother do you hear me
Open up the gate
We are bringing your daughter in law
Who was brought up by András Kovács.**

* Mrs. István Herceg, aged 56 Csucsom Gyömör County Czechoslovakia. Collected by Lajos Vargyas, 1963.

** Mrs. Lajos Cs. Bodnár aged 62 Szilice, Gyömör County Czechoslovakia, Collected by Lajos Vargyas

Transylvania was already living a life of its own, and that corner of the Northwestern part of Transdanubia where this same life survived, lost its earlier traditions during the later vigorous spread of an urban middle-class way of life.) Let us reflect that most of the songs deriving from the Kuruc period were discovered in that narrow strip in Nyitra, Bars, Hont, Nógrád and Gömör Counties. At any rate, the Hungarian ballads also remind us that decisions on connections with the neighbouring peoples can only be made after an exploration of the complete European interrelationships.

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Research into popular belief supplements the picture. Two studies are at our disposal, Géza Róheim's[9] and Vilmos Diószegi's work on the Shaman belief of the Hungarians[10], which appeared in 1958. The conclusion of the former is that the Hungarians' popular beliefs were of Slav origin: their husbandry was of Slav origin, and so were the many kinds of beliefs connected with the life of the household, the magic rhythm, their conception of various supernatural beings, witches, goblins, and all the major festive customs that were connected with the different phases of the annual cycle in all the agricultural peoples of Europe. He was only able to point to Eastern tradition in the person of the priest-magician. But surprisingly rich traditions of this sort were pointed out by Diószegi, whose work made it evident that this sphere of beliefs was an element of decisive importance in Hungarian folk traditions which has survived with great persistence. But this Eastern heritage has remained within Hungarian limits in the same way as the ancient stratum of music. Here, too, the presence of the Siberian Turkic character is overwhelming, but in very faint traces he was also able to point out Ugrian features.

The world of folk tales is closely connected with popular beliefs. Numerous ancient belief elements have been kept alive to this day precisely by popular tales, among them the beliefs about the practices of the shamans. This is the sphere of beliefs that is charted to an even greater extent than the ballads. The accumulation of data in the sphere of tales is not only extensive, but national and international catalogues also facilitate orientation. This renders it possible —although no newer comparative evaluations have been made concerning the tale—for us to establish: the Hungarian peasantry preserves, in this most international of genres, numerous elements predating their settlement ranging from initial formulae to whole types[11]. The "Heavenly body liberator" type of tale[12] is akin to Siberian tales, but it actually preserves a type of ancient myth which speaks of mankind's very first great accomplishments, such as the legend of Prometheus stealing fire. And the Kriza legend which tells of the "möndölöcskék" —that is, of the little lambs—in the garb of the Christian legend contains astoundingly precise parallels of journey into the underworld in Turkic epic songs[13]. If the Hungarian legends of the creation are included as well, which show outlines of the Ugrian and Turkic correspondances[14], then

9 Géza Róheim: *Magyar néphit és népszokások* (Hungarian Popular Beliefs and Folk Customs), Bp. 1926.

10 Vilmos Diószegi: *A sámánhit emlékei a magyar népi műveltségben* (Vestiges of Shamanism in Hungarian popular culture), Bp. 1958.

11 Lajos Vargyas: *Szibériai hősének-elemek a magyar népmesében* (Elements of Siberian Heroic Songs in the Hungarian Folk Tale). *Néprajzi Közlemények* (Ethnographical Communications) 1961.

12 Sándor Solymossy: *Népmeséink sárkányalakja* (The Dragon Figure of our Folk Tales), *Ethnographia* 1931.

13 Lajos Vargyas: *Keleti párhuzamok Tar Lőrinc pokoljárásához* (Eastern Parallels of Lőrinc Tar's Journey to Hell). *Műveltség és Hagyomány* (Culture and Tradition) V. Bp. 1963.

14 Lajos Vargyas: *Keleti elemek a magyar néphitben* (Eastern Elements in Hungarian Popular Beliefs) *Antiquitas Hungarica* I/1. 1947; by the same author: *Honfoglalás előtti műveltségünk maradványai a néphagyományban* (Vestiges of our pre-Settlement Culture in Folk Traditions). *Magvető Almanach*, Bp. 1967/2.

we might say that folk music, ballads, tales and popular beliefs combined have preserved quite considerable vestiges of Hungarian culture from the time before the settlement. Yet, only the first steps have been taken in comparative research. It seems that contrary to notions held up to now the Hungarian people have retained far more of their pre-Christian traditions than the other nations of Europe. The explanation is self-evident: the Hungarians entered a territory with an already developed culture with their own divergent culture. The Hungarians—possibly even at the price of modernization—had to cling to more aspects of their old self, than those who in their old territory, amidst their old neighbours and relatives, had steadily formed this culture for themselves.

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The dance, the direct relative of folk music, whose exploration and comparative study was the last to be started but with such vigour that it can already be studied as reliably as other folk arts, remains to be discussed[15]. Although here no "ancient", that is pre-conquest traditions can be pointed out, a strongly national, separate dance culture is all the more in evidence. We know of two of its components that also link the Hungarians with their neighbours: the *csárdás* and the man's solo dance. The *csárdás*, just like the new folk songs, is of recent origin[16] becoming popular in the 19th century, and like the new folk songs it spread amongst the neighbours of the Hungarians with great vigour. The solo dance influenced a narrower region earlier, just like the ancient folk songs, although in a somewhat wider sphere than they generally within the Carpathians, it spread to many Rumanian villages in Transylvania and also among the Slovaks, chiefly the Goráls. The Moravians were the only people outside the Carpathian Basin to show this influence[17].

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What kind of conclusions can we draw about what is common to or conflicting with each other in the enumerated relationships? Above all the fact that Eastern elements so vigorous in Hungarian folk culture generally did not get past the national limits. This is as true of music, as of legends and popular beliefs. Why? To obtain an answer the elements that did get further must be considered; primarily the ballad which penetrated the furthest.

It is clear in the case of the ballad that we are concerned with something that was new for the medieval peasantry, which was an expression of peasant prosperity in the last centuries of the Middle Ages. It was the new social content, the new manifestations of development within it that captivated the peoples: the new fashion[18]. This made its enormous radiation understandable: in the North—for example, the Ruthless Mother-in-law—all the way to Archangelsk, and in the South—for example, Klement the Mason—all the way to Crete and Trebizond[19]. This social modernity, of course,

15 Ernő Pesovár: *Der heutige Stand der ungarischen Volkstanzforschung*, Journal of the International Folk Music Council 1963; György Martin: *Beszámoló a Népművészeti Intézetben végzett tánckutató munka eredményéről* (Report on the Results of the Dance Research Work Conducted in the Institute of Folk Art and Popular Culture), *Ethnographia*, 1965.

16 Ernő Pesovár: *A csalogatós csárdás* (The Enticing *Csárdás*), *Tánctudományi Tanulmányok* (Studies in Dance) 1965/66.

17 György Martin: *Magyar tánctípusok keleteurópai kapcsolatai* (East European Connections of Types of Hungarian Dances) *A Magyar Tudományos Akadémia I. Oszt. Közleményei*. Publications of the 1st Dept. of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences) XXIII 1966; by the same author: Performing Styles in the Dances of the Carpathian Basin, Journal of the International Folk Music Council, 1968.

18 Lajos Vargyas: *Kutatások a népballada középkori történetében IV. Műfaji és történeti tanulságok*, (Researches in the Medieval History of the Folk Ballad. IV. Generic and Historical Lessons) *Ethnographia*, 1962.

19 Lajos Vargyas: *Kutatások a népballada középkori történetében, III. A Kőműves Kelemen eredete.* (Researches in the Medieval History of the Folk Ballad, III. The Origin of Klement the Mason), *Néprajzi Értesítő* (Ethnographic Bulletin) 1959.

stemmed from the French peasants, and the reason the Hungarians were able to transmit it to such a large area was that because of their settlements in Hungary it made its appearance and was received earlier here than elsewhere; and of course the Hungarian reformulations were also modern, and therefore fashionable.

This "modernity" was absent in the old folk song style. However great its aesthetic value may have been, nevertheless it did not represent anything radically new—let us say—in comparison to a *valaska* melody of Zólyom, or a Rumanian melody with the range of an octave from the region of Bihar—but only something different. For the most part a difference in degree, but within an identical level of development. This also was sufficient for nationalities living in close contiguity with each other to adopt it, particularly if the way of life of one of the peoples also offered other elements as an example to their neighbour. But it was not likely to be the subject of major diffusion.

The aesthetically less weighty new style was better suited for diffusion; for that, too, expressed a radically new social attitude, just as the decorative art that flourished before it. Bartók also applied the adjective "modern" to it a number of times when he searched for the answer to the problem: why did these songs exercise such a powerful influence on the neighbours of the Hungarians[20]? This decided perceptible "modernity", the gay, confident, new spirit, and its emergence at a late date clearly indicates that we are confronted with an artistic expression of a peasant life liberating itself from the centuries of restriction and with developing urban middle class attitudes[21].

These clear examples with a social content can orient us when it comes to the other of the mutual influences or their absence. In the case of the 40 per cent with alien influences kept in evidence by Bartók the social attraction is self-evident. The influence reached the Hungarian people through the class of gentlemen (in other words: secular and sacred art music to be heard in Hungary) that is, from a higher stage of social development. On the other hand, it is quite natural that the shaman faith of the Hungarians at the time of their settlement could not have meant anything new to the peoples living here; the reverse was true. For the Hungarians the realm of beliefs and customs connected with agricultural life, particularly the many dramatic and simulating traditions, minstrelsy, alms collecting, carnival games, the straw dummy, Midsummer bonfires which thrived in a rich and varied chain already at the time of their settlement all the way from Byzantium to England was something new. It is also clear that the "Heavenly body liberator" ancient myth and the like already represented a superseded stage of development when the Hungarians arrived here, and turning into the "*Möndölöcskék*" Christian legends they only caught up with the times and did not lead them. The ancient elements—sections of epic song—only became suitable for further diffusion with penetrating force when they were assimilated in a framework of a currently fashionable manifestation, such as the ballad, at the time it flowered. This occured on two occasions: the mythical heroic song section assimilated in the legend of Molnár Anna (Annie Miller)—the scene under the tree—made its way far to the West, to the Germans, the Danes and the Dutch, and the building sacrifice—its Caucasian germ, turning into Kőmíves Kelemen

20 "What facilitated the spread of the new Hungarian tunes in other language territories? First of all: the sparkling rhythm of the tunes themselves, and the freshness of their melodic line—that is to say: their modernity . . ." (Bartók: *Népzenénk és a szomszéd népek zenéje*, 21), (Our Folk Music and the Music of the Neighbouring Peoples.) "This is how this phenomenon might be explained: for these peoples the structure of the new Hungarian songs was apparently too long, too complex, one might almost say: too modern!" (*ibid.* 30).

21 Lajos Vargyas: *Hagyomány és kultúra.* (Tradition and Culture.) *Társadalomtudomány* (Social Science), 1943.

(Klement the Mason)—to the remote South.

The lessons drawn from the dance also concur with these experiences. Here, as in the case of music, the more exacting man's dance spread to a lesser degree than the *csárdás*, although to a greater extent than the ancient stratum of the music, which can be explained by the greater social penetrating force of the dance and the prevalent custom of recruiting for military service. But even this was something more attractive within an identical degree of development—primus inter pares. The *csárdás* was something different, roughly the same thing as the new style folk song: the artistic expression of an explicitly new social attitude; the Hungarian formulation of the European dance fashion of the times, a dance for couples. And as the representative of the new European development it was adopted and turned into a fashion in lands far away, much more readily than the man's solo dance which demanded a higher standard of artistry.

What ensures the spread of folklore is evident: not the national character, which intensifies the significance of things for the given people, nor aesthetic values; both ensure attention in sophisticated culture, but only to a slight extent in the life of the peoples. There the token of success is solely the expression of development in a new form, the new social content. This does not always represent the highest aesthetic accomplishment, and not every value of a high standard turns into a fashion. (In the latter instance there is really no fundamental difference between folklore and sophisticated art.)

Work in various branches of ethnography corroborates that of others, casting more light on the complex fabric of mutual influences of East European folk culture. We see the facts, the trends and the magnitude of adoptions with increasing clarity, and this offers us a chance to look for the motivating cause behind the facts, and the conditions for adoption. The ultimate aim is to see the mechanism of cultural development in the flow of culture. Folk music research, together with other aspects of ethnography, has arrived at results that will soon be able to supply reliable answers to such questions.

GYÖRGY RÁNKI–IVÁN T. BEREND

PREJUDICE AND REALITY

Economic development in the Dual Monarchy

There are few subjects concerning the history of the past century on which historians have expressed as varied and as conflicting opinions as the Austro–Hungarian Empire. In this case conflicting attitudes are due not merely to each historian's particular approach or method but also to the fact that the population of Austria–Hungary consisted of a most singular mixture of nationalities. The historians of the eleven nations living within its boundaries had acquired the habit of analysing the problems in the light of contemporary political antagonisms, for the most part only from the point of view of their own respective nationalities. Hence it is not surprising that Heinrich Benedikt, the noted Austrian author of a work on economic development

in the reign of Francis Joseph, while enumerating what—to him—are astounding figures relating to the economic growth of the Monarchy, should produce a critical analysis of Hungarian development, and in this connection describe the contradictory role of the Monarchy simply as a manifestation of Hungarian nationalism.

It was understandable that Marxist historiography in Eastern Europe in the period following the Second World War, should, coupling the anti-Habsburg feeling alive in the masses with the simplified notions of economic growth in fashion in the 1950s, express clearly negative views on the economic development of the Dual Monarchy and describe the conditions in the areas inhabited by national minorities in Austria–Hungary as outright semi-colonial.

These radically conflicting approaches had several causes. It is undeniable that objective reality itself was not devoid of contradictions either. Complicated interactions, impeding and promoting factors influenced the process of economic growth, of which neither the different areas of the country nor the various nationalities of the Monarchy could draw up an identical balance. But the difference of approach was due also to the subjective attitudes. There is probably no need to refer to the decisive role of the national conflicts it is still fashionable today not only to approach the whole from the aspect of the part but also to explain the internal problems of the social and economic development of each particular nation one-sidedly by external causes, with reference to oppression or exploitation by another nation or by the ruling classes.

But the subjective problems are rooted even more deeply in the particular methodological and theoretical approach. National narrow-mindedness developed not only prejudices but also a method, inasmuch as the economic advance of the Monarchy was not measured by world economic standards, nor were comparisons made within the Monarchy. In the first half of the 1950s, for example, we examined Hungary's economic position in the Monarchy exclusively from a Hungarian viewpoint, which not only led us to a one-sided interpretation of the actual trend of economic development but also put external economic relations in a distorted, false perspective.

International literature on economic history in the past few years has been employing the comparative method to a greater extent. This is most suited to show the place of the individual, the particular and the general in historical and economic processes; this method has also helped to do away with a simplistic, one-sided and unhistorical approach to questions of economic growth.

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A dynamic investigation requires, first of all, that one not only prove what others have frequently asserted, that Austria–Hungary lagged far behind the economic progress of Western Europe, but also to compare the rate of economic growth with that of the most advanced countries, to find out whether the differences were diminishing or growing. There is no doubt that, although in the western parts of the Monarchy important prerequisites of a modern economy were already given and the industrial revolution started in the first half of the nineteenth century, yet by the time of the Austro–Hungarian Compromise (1867) there was a considerable difference in the level of development, as compared not only to Western Europe but also to Germany.

Although the insufficiency of statistics and the primitiveness of their processing make a thorough objective comparison difficult, certain new calculations have shown that, in the developed western half of the Monarchy around the middle of the nineteenth century, per capita output amounted to merely 25 per cent of that in England and 75 per cent of that in Germany.

After 1849, as is known, Europe went through a period of economic prosperity which—with cyclical fluctuations, of

course—lasted for just about a quarter century, until 1873, and resulted in considerable economic progress in France and especially in Germany. Austria—which for our present purposes means the Austro–Bohemian parts of the Empire—owing to internal troubles, chaotic foreign relations and the resulting economic difficulties, was only able to take part in this ascending cycle to a limited extent.

There is no doubt, however, that the Compromise, which coincided with the cycle of international prosperity, led to considerable growth. This is eloquently proved by the rapid development of railway construction, the rise in coal and iron production, and the mushrooming of banking institutions.

In consequence of favourable circumstances (Germany was not too strong a competitor as yet; the new structure introduced upon the creation in 1867 of the Austro–Hungarian Monarchy at first displayed its advantages rather than its contradictions) the economic upswing between 1867 and 1873 was exceptionally steep. The rate of economic growth was set back years by the 1873 crisis, in a certain sense decades, economic prosperity only returned in the middle 1890s. The year 1895 was followed by another great period of economic development, but that was burdened with too many contradictions: the sharpening of social and national conflicts acted as a brake on the economy, the rate of development declined and this did not help to overcome economic backwardness. Many or perhaps all of the causes have already been singled out by economic historians: the weaknesses in the external market, national conflicts, a backward social structure, low demand on the internal market, the scarce transport facilities, raw material supply problems, and so forth, and so forth.

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If we compare the rate of development of Austria with that of other countries of Western Europe, we can claim even less that Austria remained unaffected by the economic prosperity which, around the turn of the century, swept all of Europe and which some think brought with it the second industrial revolution where the chemical industry, electric power and the combustion engine were the decisive factors, as against the first industrial revolution in which textiles, iron and coal had played a dominant role. The fact is that the 3 per cent rate of development of Western Europe fell short of the average growth of the Austro–Bohemian areas. Moreover, this big growth wave reached the eastern parts of the Monarchy, too; the rate of Hungary's economic development during that quarter of a century was the highest ever in the history of Hungarian capitalism. The annual rate of Hungary's industrial expansion, from the 1867 Compromise till the First World War, was above 5 per cent, and the average growth of the national income was around 3.5 per cent. But a certain measure of industrialization started also in the underdeveloped areas under the jurisdiction of the Austrian *Reichsrat* which, according to some calculations, at least kept pace, after the turn of the century, with the economic progress of the more developed parts. All things considered, the yearly rate of industrial development in the Monarchy can be put at 3.5 per cent.

Though our calculations are still at an initial stage, we feel there is every justification to say that the economic development of the Monarchy, even if it did not keep up with the most advanced countries of the time, e.g. Germany, corresponded to contemporary European standards.

The Monarchy was an economic entity, that is it formed a complex economic unit made up by areas of different economic development and character, and could expand its economy in practically all directions, developing almost all sectors of industry. In this respect the economy of the Monarchy was not unlike that of the large industrial

powers. Before the First World War England, Germany and France were responsible for 72 per cent of all industrial production in Europe and were on top practically every sector of industry (their share of coal production was 93 per cent, 78 per cent in the manufacture of steel, 80 per cent in mechanical engineering, 74 per cent in the chemical industry, and 73 per cent in cotton consumption, indicative of the capacity of the textile industry). Outside these three only heavy industries in Belgium, the textile industry of Italy and Spain, and timber and steel production in Sweden could be said to be of their standard. The relative economic backwardness of the Monarchy, however, showed itself also in the limitations of its industries, especially in the undeveloped provinces adjoining areas of high development.

Whereas 15.6 per cent of the population of Europe lived in Austria–Hungary, only 6.3 per cent of the industrial output of Europe came from the Monarchy. It is true that this share gave the Monarchy fourth place after England (27 per cent), Germany (22 per cent), and France (13 per cent) with regard to the volume of industrial production in Europe. But this did not in any way secure the Monarchy a sort of "secondary place," since its level of production was only slightly ahead of several other and even smaller European countries.

It is typical of the industrial position of the Monarchy that, on the eve of the First World War, its coal output of about 50 million tons placed it third in Europe, ahead of France, and its coal ranked fifth as to heating value. It was fifth in pig-iron (2.4 million tons, 5.8 per cent of the European output) as well as steel production (2.7 million tons, 6.3 per cent of the total production of Europe). As regards the number of cotton spinning spindles (4.9 million) the Monarchy was preceded by England, Germany, Italy and France.

The Austro–Hungarian Empire, which rated as a great power in world politics, was also placed high on the world economic scale, although a sharp contradiction existed between absolute figures and relative indices (reflecting per capita output). This contradiction resulted in part also from the fact that figures concerning the entire economy of the Monarchy did not describe a unitary economy as they did in the case of other, economically advanced countries. Within the Dual Monarchy, great differences of level and conflicts of development were interrelated, and these formed a peculiar economic entity bringing both advantages and disadvantages to all countries of the Monarchy.

The fact is that industrialization in the countries of the Monarchy was started not on the national scale but in terms of a peculiar integration in the Empire. The vast market of fifty million inhabitants made it possible for the countries of the Monarchy to develop not all sections of industry but to concentrate their resources on specific sectors. That was how one or another industry (such as the Austro–Bohemian textiles or Hungarian flour-milling) were granted especially favourable prospects of development, which brought with it a marked one-sidedness in the particular countries, resulting in a striking weakness or even the absolute absence of one or another industry.

The advantages of integration within the Monarchy reaching far beyond industry, but affecting it as well, ranging from a common monetary system and from the relatively small role of trade with countries outside the Monarchy to the non-existence of foreign-exchange problems, facilitating the financing of the economy in less developed areas and the utilization of cheap food and raw material resources, provided the more developed areas with protected markets, and benefited the Monarchy as a whole but were at the same time particularly profitable to the more developed industry of Austria. A common market creating formally equal conditions favoured, of course, the stronger party in accordance with the laws of free competition. Austria was in a favourable position also

because its state of development strengthened its leading role only within the Monarchy and in relation to the countries of Eastern Europe, whereas it was less able to hold its ground under conditions of equality in the competition against partners from Western Europe.

Austria also made it impossible for the less developed areas to use protective tariffs as other countries did starting with the seventies and eighties. On markets offering formally equal advantages, therefore, they had to suffer the disadvantages arising from the economic and industrial superiority of the more developed partner. This was an obstacle to their industrialization in a number of major fields, and while promoting the advance of modern capitalist development, it also slowed down this development by preserving its backward features.

Hence the economic problems of the Monarchy cannot be explained simply by insufficient economic growth. The Monarchy was faced not merely, and not in a general way, with the problem of transition from a less developed to a developed state, but with special problems of transition in a multinational country encumbered with feudal survivals.

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What did the Monarchy, with its multinational population, mean from the point of view of economic modernization? Geographically as well as historically, the Monarchy located as it is in Central and South-East Europe was a transition between Western and Eastern European development. Capitalist development itself reached the different areas of Austria-Hungary in different waves and at different times. The difference in phase and level of development within the Empire specially increased the general tension which prevailed between the actual situation of the economy and the obstacles to industraliization, on the one hand, and the promising potentialities of economic development, on the other.

This internal tension within the multinational Empire, where differences in the state of economic development meant by and large also national differences, had its political aspects as well. The peculiarly interconnected political and economic differences presented themselves not only as a consequence of economic underdevelopment, but they persisted and sometimes sharpened even when the new economic prosperity began to get under way. Differences did not diminish when progress worked towards a certain co-ordination between possibility and reality, and the modernization of the still backward areas started mainly with the assistance of the more developed areas. The start of economic modernization and even its relatively quick pace were not sufficient to really promote economic progress in the undeveloped areas of the Monarchy. Modernization could not keep pace with the relatively rapid increase of population (the greatest increase was registered just in the backward provinces, for instance, in Galicia and Bucovina), it did not solve the agrarian question and did not lead to such a degree of industrial development that might have done away with backwardness, and might have overcome the differences between Austria-Hungary and the western half of the European continent. At the same time new economic, social and ideological antagonisms arose. The ideology of nationalism, which in a number of European countries was a concomitant, and sometimes even the leading motive, in the transition from a traditional feudal society to a modern capitalist one, acted in a contradictory manner within the multinational Monarchy.

What was required was a determined economic policy to secure a balanced development as well as social and political progress. But economic considerations often became secondary amidst the struggle for national hegemony.

The political structure of the Dual Monarchy made many economic factors negligible or impaired their effectiveness. The Mon-

archy still constituted a unified market of fifty million people. Peculiarly, however, just because of its multinational character, the connection between market and production was in general much less close than one would have imagined. Contemporary economists rightly pointed out that, in addition to a certain seclusion of the Hungarian market, local and national customs strongly survived in respect of precisely mass consumer goods, and the marked differences in the demand for certain products left little room for the utilization of the advantages of mass production.

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The glaring inequalities in the distribution of income were another factor that retarded progress. The conservatism of small-scale industry, subsistence farming, the dependence of purchasing power on the harvest, poor urban development, the dispersion of the market because of the many nationalities, add the effects of the enormous incomes of the aristocracy: one-third of the total agricultural area was owned by less than 1 per cent of all landed proprietors, and this circumstance, while increasing average per capita income, caused an abnormal inequality the effects of which on economic development cannot be overlooked. Even if we attach less importance to natural resources in the determination of the rate of growth, the economy of the Monarchy, in spite of its rich supplies of agricultural and industrial raw materials, was doubtless in a disadvantageous position, as compared to Germany for example, in respect to certain factors of production. Its output of coal and iron ore, a decisive factor in the given stage of development, was insufficient, imports were needed; production costs were less favourable than in Germany; and lots of difficulties arose also from the poor supply of chemical and textile raw materials, etc.

All these obviously contributed to the fact that—although, in the case of industrialization, the rate of growth in general is faster in a less developed country than in an advanced country—the industrialization of the Monarchy did not substantially surpass the European level of development. Being an underdeveloped country, it ought to have made greater efforts towards modernization than the countries of Western Europe, but it certainly could not afford it. Having stated that one of the internal contradictions of the economic development of the Monarchy lay in the mutual relations of the various member countries and regions, let us now take separately the problem of the two largest countries of the Dual Monarchy: Hungary and Austria. The relatively positive effect of the Compromise upon Hungary's economic progress was not questioned even by the historians of the 1950s who otherwise used extremely dark colours to depict Hungary's economic situation under that arrangement. After the period of absolutism, after the economic depression and even recession of the 1850s there was hardly any way of denying the economic upswing that followed 1867. No doubt, the steep rise in agricultural exports, the creation of the world-famous Hungarian flour-milling industry, the related capital imports, the start of the extension of the infrastructure and its effects that were typical of the rapid development of Hungarian capitalism, were clearly interrelated with the liberal era following the Compromise.

Nevertheless, the unchanged agrarian character of Hungary, its relative backwardness in comparison with the Austro-Bohemian areas, the customs union and the resulting weakness of industrial development had as a consequence that for some time even early Marxist historians spoke about Hungary's semicolonial status. In Hungarian historical writing this view was gradually revised, and the change of views appeared clearly in the materials of the Budapest conferences of 1959 and 1964 dealing with the history of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In recent years economic historians have reflected

a more widely accepted attitude which takes the positive and negative features of Austro–Hungarian economic relations and tries to form an opinion on this basis, emphasizing that earlier notions were rooted in an erroneous methodological approach to the process of economic development.

The principal theoretical and methodological mistake of the earlier notions derived from a false view of the industrial revolution in Eastern Europe, from a method which examined the process of industrialization apart from the process of the capitalist transformation of the economy.

It was not until the third quarter of the nineteenth century, or even later, that the countries of Eastern Europe, including Hungary, saw an increase in agricultural productivity which made possible the emancipation of large masses of the agrarian population, the flow of a considerable section of the peasantry to non-agricultural sectors, the supply of the inflated industrial centres with food, and at the same time the satisfaction of export demands which increased as a result of industrialization. One might say that the industrial revolution had earlier lacked an agricultural foundation, the significance of which as a precondition for the industrial revolution is rightly stressed by economic historians.

The starting point of modern economic development in Eastern Europe and in Hungary in the period following the abolition of serfdom, in Hungary particularly after 1867, was the growth in agricultural production, and this meant the creation of the fundamental condition of industrial revolution. But this initial period created these preconditions not only in the sphere of agriculture.

One might mention the establishment of a modern banking system and transport network.

On this point, therefore, we are faced with a peculiar feature of Eastern European development. In the quarter of a century following the abolition of serfdom in 1848 the industrial revolution was prepared not only by the capitalist transformation of agriculture, but an important precondition was also the building up of a credit organization and transport network indispensable for the capitalization and modern development of agriculture. In England the industrial revolution largely preceded the revolutionizing of transport and the establishment of a modern banking system, and in the countries of Western Europe these processes as a rule took place simultaneously, and yet in Eastern Europe and in the Balkans what paved the way for an industrial revolution was just general economic progress resulting from agricultural development, especially the strengthening of the banking system and the construction of railways.

The capitalist transformation of agriculture, the establishment of a modern banking organization and the building of the transport network created not only the internal conditions for the industrial revolution but also raised pressing demands for industrialization at the same time. From this it follows that we have to reconsider our views regarding Hungary's economic development in the quarter of a century following the 1867 Compromise. Hungarian historians have so far stressed that from the 1890s onwards, especially after the turn of the century, Hungarian industry expanded very rapidly, and that the customs union only caused distortions in some fields and that it did not raise substantial difficulties in the industrial development of the country. Furthermore, they pointed to the slow progress of industrialization in the period following 1867, the continued existence and even widening of the gap between the two parts of the Monarchy. If we take into consideration that the years between 1867 and 1890 created the internal economic preconditions of an industrial revolution, producing considerable growth in agriculture, in capital accumulation and in the extension of the infrastructure, and if that period can be viewed as a necessary require-

ment of development, then the entire problem of growth is placed in a different light, and we can pay more attention to the time and other factors in examining Hungary's capitalist development.

A few facts on the economic development of Hungary during that quarter of a century may be of interest. Nearly 10,000 km of railway track were constructed between 1867 and 1890; between 1869 and 1895 the number of cattle went up from 4.4 million to 6.8 million, of pigs from 4.4 million to 7.3 million; crop yields, calculated on the basis of the average of the 1870s and 1880s, rose by 96 per cent (wheat), 30 per cent (rye), 50 per cent (maize), 100 per cent (potatoes and sugar-beet); respectively bank accounts rose from 729 million to 3,282 million crowns.

A realistic survey of the economic development of Hungary also called for new examinations of another question. The fact is that the evolution of the internal conditions of industrialization and capital accumulation created such a great need for capital that the countries of Eastern Europe, despite the growing volume of agricultural exports and foreign trade, could not have satisfied it from internal resources because of poor accumulation of capital. In most of the Western European countries, it was also foreign capital investment that helped modernization through the initial periods. We must not forget that in this stage of economic development the capital coefficient rises very steeply, the composition of capital is radically changed, large-scale capital investments are needed (railways, river control, mining developments), so that an appropriate level of growth would require a multiple increase in the rate of saving and internal accumulation. According to the Yugoslav economist Bicinic the capital coefficient in that period rises from 2—2.5 to 4—6. Thus the actual 3.5—4 per cent increase would have necessitated an internal accumulation ranging from 14 to 24 per cent. It is obvious that the Hungarian economy could not produce it. Therefore the evolution of the internal preconditions of industrial revolution was most closely related to the operation of foreign capital, and the external conditions which launched the industrial revolution in Eastern Europe towards the end of the nineteenth century were created by the ever growing activity of capital investment in industry.

Considering the poor accumulation of capital and the system of latifundia burdened with the traditions of a feudal past and accustomed to prodigal consumption, the capital requirements of the industrial revolution could not be met from internal resources. All the less so since the industrialization which started towards the end of the nineteenth century cannot be identified with the industrial revolution that had taken place in Western Europe earlier, and owing to the considerable technical development which had been accomplished in the meantime the process demanded more capital and needed larger plants. Thus, between 1867 and 1913, approximately 17,000 million crowns were invested in the Hungarian economy. Of this sum, 6.8 million crowns were provided by foreign, mainly Austrian, sources. For the entire period of Dualism, therefore, investments made in the Hungarian economy showed a 60:40 ratio between internal accumulation and foreign capital. Foreign capital investments thus had a strongly stimulating effect upon the development of the Hungarian economy, promoting it both when a part of the surplus value produced was exported and when investments served the purpose of profit-making and ignored the points of view of the Hungarian national economy. If we do not think in terms of ideally conceived types but take into account the realities of historical and economic development, then we can agree that capitalist transformation was a matter of development or stagnation; and development in the countries of Eastern Europe could not depend on internal accumulation alone, not only and not primarily owing to direct factors—like the Compromise and the customs union in

the case of Hungary—but in consequence of centuries-old economic backwardness and the burdensome heritage of the traditional feudal economy.

Development would have been inconceivable without foreign capital, although the dominant role of foreign interests in economic development, while easing the state of underdevelopment, increased the internal and chiefly social contradictions.

In the wake of considerable investments amounting to more than 360 million a year, the forces of production began to develop at a relatively fast rate, and the principal sectors of the economy showed a notable increase of production.

This account did not intend to present a complete and comprehensive picture of the character of economic relations between Austria and Hungary in the Dual Monarchy, we have endeavoured first of all to bring out a few theoretical and methodological points of view which, in our opinion, speak most eloquently against the view which was held earlier and demonstrate its deficiencies. This does not mean, however, that a number of facts specially emphasized by the hitherto prevailing attitude—such as the negative effect of the customs union on Hungarian industrial development; the stifling competition by some of the more advanced Austrian industries; the absence of an independent state-controlled economic policy, or the economic difficulties arising from the limitations of such a policy—should not be parts of the picture. All these were strong contributive factors to the actual economic backwardness of Hungary, but they constituted only one, and not even the most important, aspect of the economic system unfolding in the framework of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, pushing Hungary at the same time to set out on the road of modernization. It is an indubitable fact that the political and state organization of the Monarchy was conserving the feudal remnants, paralysing the socio-political structure, and preserving a mass of inherited evils. But this does not mean that the economic community was exclusively in the interests of the more developed areas nor that it formed the main obstacle to the economic progress of Hungary.

KÁROLY VARGA

LEISURE AND DIVORCE

Marital Cohesion in the Time-Budget

No other social institution is enshrouded in such mystic haze as the family. Scientific research, inevitably, strips it of illusions and secularizes it. Professor René König, the well-known family sociologist, by way of illustration frequently cites the idyllic picture of the Holy Family as represented by religious tradition and the fancy of painters to contrast it with the way it is rendered verisimilar by historical-sociological research. The Flight to Egypt, for example, is visualized by the free play of pious imagination as the Blessed Virgin Mary sitting on a donkey with the Child Jesus in her lap, with a few bundles behind her. The donkey is being led by St. Joseph who—in some versions—also carries a few bundles. However, persons well-informed on the contemporary patriarchal

family system would depict Joseph sitting on the donkey, Mary walking a few steps behind him carrying the child on her back together with all the bundles on her shoulder and in her hands.

The family, as one of the most complex functional units of the social order, is highly esteemed in any traditional view of the world. In traditional society, all production is family production, politics—to a certain extent—cover family policy and in the social hierarchical system, the family finds a situation for the young ones.

The stressing of the idyllic picture of the Holy Family was a reaction to the general social mobility which followed in the wake of industrialization, and which shook the traditional institutional forms of the family and of matrimony. Social differentiation removed more and more of its functions, and by so doing, from a functional viewpoint stripped the family to its essentials. The foundations of the build-up of the social-cultural personality continued to be laid by the nuclear family circle, the intimate group, but it was no longer adequate that only the family should start off the young ones in well-proved careers within the social hierarchy. The function of assigning roles, a function of fundamental importance, was assumed by schools and universities which decided on the basis of objective standards each young person's station in life. A previously manifested disposition in a certain occupation or profession was the decisive yardstick in allocating jobs.

There is no doubt that the family, deprived of its secondary functions, became more vulnerable to the fluctuations of social mobility. The dense and entangled texture of interests which, concealing the disorders, brought about the failure of its main functions, no longer exists.

However, the feeling of a "family crisis" produced unrest not only among the devotees of religious and traditional views of the world but also among socialogists who, though observing the phenomenon closely, did not become aware of any further connections. The disintegration of the family, that is, the abandoning of earlier complex social functions, was mistaken for its disorganization, that is, its internal decomposition. Other sociologists, however, pointed out that the two processes can be quite independet and that the disintegrated family —the peculiar group of intimates who were content with starting the socio-cultural build-up of descendants—can find a new stability. Moreover, some sociologists started a counter-attack voicing the opinion—supported by research—that the drawback of the family is its traditional over-organization. In particular, the negative effect which the firmly controlled German family exerts on psychical health was emphasized, and direct relations were sought between their educational ideal and the authoritarian fascism.

The sociologist is concerned with the questions of the disintegration and mutilation of the family, and with the breaking up of marriage from the aspect of an observer and analyser; whereas the social politician considers it from the viewpoint of a healer, reformer and protector of social hygiene. The decisive role in this depends on value judgements. Is a high divorce rate advantageous or disadvantageous? The sociologist is restricted to observations and analyses such as "the divorce rate is low in times of war and economic depression whereas it rises when there is a boom and social optimism prevails." Further: "in cultures characterized by higher matrimonial mobility, children set a higher store on the company of peer groups, and adults on that of colleagues and friends. On the other hand, in cultures characterized by a more stable marital system, family orientation is fostered by the young and the old alike, opening up new channels to a number of social-psychological phenomena of which the uninitiated do not even guess the origins." In the American society, which is known for its high divorce rate, children—according to McClelland's data—feel the need to become popular among

their friends, whereas in the West German society, where the divorce rate is low, the patriarchal educational ideal develops an abstract sense of duty in children. Their problem is: "What is the proper thing to do?" and "what is bad form?" on the basis of idealistic moral precepts, in contrast to the USA where the question is: "What does everybody else do; on the basis of which common and mutual form of behaviour could I best fit in with others?"

Sociologists performing these analyses usually find that their results do not necessarily underpin the formation of value judgements. The social politician and social philosopher synthesize several aspects and, therefore, quite frequently take over the torch when the sociologist fails.

It is to be hoped that this preface has served to avoid some confusions and misunderstandings. This is a professional sociological study, and so it is not concerned with synthesizing and evaluating empirical results. If, therefore, investigations show that—under certain conditions—marriages are disorganized as families change from the patriarchal-authoritarian pattern to egalitarianism, I do not intend to classify this empirical relationship according to any moral or ideological principle. That is not my line, and there are others better versed in that field.

The Range of this Investigation and the Antecedents of the Subject

This study is one of the subjects of the international time-balance investigation co-ordinated by the European Co-ordination Centre for Research and Documentation in Social Sciences in Vienna. Twenty-one research institutes from twelve countries took part in an examination, guided by the Hungarian project-director Sándor Szalai. The investigators interviewed about 30,000 people in one or more medium-sized industrial towns in different countries, from the non-agricultural population of active age. The model towns were: in Bulgaria—Kazanlik, and eleven neighbourhood villages; in Czechoslovakia—Olomouc, and one representative sample chosen from 90 villages near Olomouc; in France, six towns—Arras, Besançon, Dunkerque, Chalon-sur-Saône, Epinal and Metz; in the GDR—Hoyerswerda and its neighbourhood; in West Germany —Osnabrück (but in West Germany a comprehensive national sample was taken in addition); in Hungary—Győr, and one representative sample chosen from 74 villages in the neighbourhood of Győr, in Poland—Toruń and its neighbourhood; in Peru—Lima and its neighbourhood; in the Soviet Union—Pskov; and in the United States—Jackson, Mich., and a complete urban representative survey; and in Yugoslavia—Maribor, and six villages, and Kragujevac together with two neighbouring villages. In Belgium—a comprehensive national sample was taken.

The interview recorded precisely every minute detail of a day in the life of the person interviewed, who first completed a questionnaire received earlier and then drafted a report of a day with the assistance of the interviewer: what he or she did from one minute to the next, what else at the same time, with whom or in the presence of whom and where? 150,000 punched cards containing the bulk of information were processed by seven computers in Moscow, Cologne, Prague, Paris, Warsaw, Brussels and Ann Arbor, Mich. The first results of this comprehensive research were presented by the international work-group at the Evian World Congress of Sociologists, and aroused much interest. Subsequently, studies of the various separate subjects were elaborated, and the present paper presents the essentials of one such study.

In the first phase of the research work, when the computer was producing the first numerical results, I was in Cologne and made the startling observation which prompted me to write this article. Why do husband and wife spend together two hours more

daily in Osnabrück than in Győr? This is a significant difference in view that the statistical samples amount to about three thousand people, a fact which excludes the possibility of coincidence. I started to collect the odd-looking data relevant to this question. Two lines of inquiry intrigued me and aroused my interest from two points of view. In his family-sociological lectures, Professor König criticized fiercely the anachronistic over-organization in West German families; on the other hand, Pál Lőcsei's article published in *Kortárs* stressed that the numbers of those separated and not legally divorced were high (in addition to the high number of *de jure* divorced couples) which confirmed earlier information about the trend of broken marriages in Hungary. Two different worlds, two sets of complaints to illustrate the interesting figures: how much of their time do working husbands spend with their wives?

In Osnabrück the average was 4.3 hours, only slightly less than with their fellow-workers (4.9 hours).

In Győr 2.2 hours, scarcely amounting to one-third of the time spent with their fellow-workers (7.1 hours).

And how much of their time do working women spend with their husbands?

In Osnabrück 4.4 hours, that is, about twice as much time they spend with their colleagues (2.6 hours).

In Győr 2.0 hours, i.e. precisely one-third of the time spent with their colleagues (6.0 hours).

Now, before dealing with the question seriously, one could jokingly say that, on the above basis, the relative weight of the presence of husbands as compared to that of colleagues is six times less in Győr than in Osnabrück, so the image of husbands would be six times dimmer in the minds of their wives as compared to that of their colleagues.

However, even stranger connections manifest themselves. If a working man gets married, the bridegroom's stag party on the eve of his wedding means that he embarks on a new way of life in Osnabrück; but not in Győr. From then on, a German bridegroom decreases the time spent with his colleagues by almost one and a half hours, whereas a Hungarian one by only 0.2 hour, that is, twelve minutes. This shows that the conjugal state is more significant and respected in Osnabrück than in Győr, and that from the fact of matrimony more efficient independent variables can be deduced in Germany than in Hungary. (For the time being, we ignore the other differences, since they will partly reappear in the comparisons of eleven countries.)

These differences set one thinking. To what extent does the shorter working time in Osnabrück, or the higher rate of TV viewing account for them? Obviously, it does not explain everything for, as we have seen, the question does not refer to the time spent with the family, but with the wife. Once we decided to go more fully into the problem, that is, to delve deeper into the latent variables such as whether the couple watched television or talked when together, then we were obliged to include comparison data from other countries too. Once this decision was reached, the character of the research work changed fundamentally. Until then it was a descriptive investigation. Certain questions, such as family orientation in a country (and as a matter of curiosity in some other country as well) remained in the foreground. But from then on, it turned into hypothesis-testing research: instead of characterizing the examined units—countries, or more precisely, the population of the sample towns—the interest centred on interconnections, and on the theoretical importance of the latter. We had to look up the results of earlier research on the correlation of joint spare-time activities and marital cohesion.

Before dealing with the three theoretical questions which constitute our main subject, two problems must be cleared up. First: how are we going to establish correlations between the time-budget data of any town,

and the rate of divorce in the country as a whole in order to demonstrate that there is a relationship between cohesion and/or degree of broken marriages and relevant time-budget variables? Data of a single town, on the one hand, and national data, on the other: can any conclusion be drawn from them? Secondly: how are we going to draw conclusions from the divorce rates of the single countries in view of Pál Lőcsei's research mentioned earlier according to which the number of broken marriages not included in statistics assumes huge proportions. Besides, there are countries where it is easier, while in others it is more difficult to obtain a divorce. When all is said and done how can divorces provide an index of broken marriages?

Fortunately, we were not the first to encounter such difficulties. As regards the first question, M. Pinard pointed out that with the progress of industrialization, the economic-social conditions in one country tend to be equalized, thus the same factors influence marriage and divorces in every part of the same country. As a result, differences in marriage and divorce rates gradually disappear between the regions of the country, while the differences between various countries increase. This is the so-called "*intra*-cultural homogeneity—*inter*cultural heterogeneity" formula known from international comparisons. This means that a country's carefully chosen sample can represent the entity—provided it is a sufficiently large sample—naturally, for a comparison with a similarly chosen sample elsewhere. If the samples included in the comparison were not standardized from any important social-economic aspect, the average in either sample would be distorted by the predominance of women, in another sample by that of youth, in the third, by university graduates, in the fourth, by villagers. Our sample towns are exemplary in this respect and were included in the comparison considering even the most subtle points, for instance, childless couples were not compared to families with children, and occasionally the non-agricultural population in a town was compared according to their status.

Regarding the second question, that is, to what extent, if at all, do divorce rates reflect the actual disorganization of family life, W. Goode, a well-known authority in the field, has established four groups of phenomena characterizing matrimonial instability and disorganization, in addition to the dissolution of marriages by one of the partners (this category includes, besides legal divorce, marital separation and desertion). Of these the one called the "empty shell" family concerns us; it refers to the case when husband and wife shoulder a number of duties but repudiate providing emotional support for each other. The problem is in short, why do such marriages break up in some cases and why don't they dissolve in others? According to Goode, in countries where it is easy to obtain a divorce, the number of broken marriages is by and large congruent with the divorce rate *even in the lower social classes*. This manifests itself mainly in countries above a certain level of industrialization; on the other hand, in countries where divorce is rendered more difficult, the actual dissolution of marriages and the rate of divorce are only congruent *in the upper socio-economic strata*, while the divorce rate is below the number of broken marriages in the lower classes. In other words: in every country owing to frustrations and other burdens, more marriages are broken in the lower social classes than in the upper ones, but this fact is reflected by the divorce rate only in industrially developed countries. In less industrialized countries, although the decomposition of family lives is likewise more common in the lower than in the upper strata, the divorce rate is higher in the upper than in the lower classes. This is partly due to the poor being less able to afford the expenses than the rich, and partly to their shrinking from complicated legal proceedings. Goode proves his theory by a number of examples, among others by that of Hungary.

We can support his statements by time-budget data in six other countries, as well as the four countries which Goode, too, has analysed (USA, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Hungary). A significant correlation could be observed between spending time in a way which points to disorganization and the divorce rate in every stratum in highly industrialized countries, whereas this correlation manifests itself only in the upper classes in less industrialized countries. For instance, there is no such characteristic relationship between the time spent away from the spouse and the divorce rate in the lower strata. However this is a subject for another study. What interests us here is the fact that the relationship between the actual disorganization of marriages and its expression in the divorce rate is no longer uncontrolled or obscure, for it can be taken into account precisely and occasionally its effect can be kept constant.

Home Orientation and Marital Cohesion

We have tried to find a relationship between the time a husband and wife spend together and marital cohesion, studying couples in Osnabrück and Győr independently from *where* they were together. Now we are going to correlate the time spent at home with divorce rates in eleven countries. Fortunately, abundant literature is available on this problem. From Scheuch's investigations it appears that the soundness of family life goes together with leisure time spent at home. Goode's famous research into the world of divorcees shows that according to a fourth of divorced women, the main reason of their broken marriages was the disinterest of the husband in the home, the children and the wife. The examinations of family problems carried out by Brim classify 25 types of marital complaints according to their frequency of occurrence. The complaint "the husband spends too little time with his family" came second. In Brim's examination factor analysis was also applied. Thus he found out which family problems are coupled to other problems, and moreover, which problem can be traced back to deeper-rooted factors, and what kind. Accordingly, the second type of complaint is particularly sensitive to the "husband-wife relation," that is, to the family as intimate group. In this case the path leads from Goode's "empty shell" family (repudiation of emotional support) to extra-marital relations. The latter clearly emerges from Klinger's analysis according to which "the time spent away from the home" as a cause of divorce, is related in 39 per cent of the cases to the secondary cause of divorces, namely, "love-affair with a third party at the place of work or elsewhere."

Now let us examine more closely some time-budget data concerning time spent at home. If the eleven investigated countries are classified according to how many minutes of their leisure time the working, married men, fathers of family, have spent at home it appears that Peru (82.4 minutes on the average) Yugoslavia (67.2) and Belgium (50.1) stand first, whereas the GDR (26.3 minutes on the average), the USA (22.4) and Hungary (20.3) stand last. (The category "leisure time" in the code-system of the multinational time-budget project includes activities other than work, such as conversation, entertaining guests and resting, but does not include such matters as self-education, reading, watching TV or listening to the radio.) If the eleven countries are classified according to the crude divorce rate (i.e. per thousand inhabitants) and/or net divorce rate (i.e. per thousand marriages), then two of the three countries classified in the first place, Peru and Belgium, are, again at the top of the table and the GDR the USA and Hungary at the bottom though with the slight difference that Hungary and the USA change places. The following table shows the classification according to the leisure time spent at home and the two kinds of divorce rate.

Table I

Order of the leisure time spent at home of working married men and divorce rates in eleven countries

Countries	Order of		
	leisure time spent at home	divorces per 1,000 inhabitants	divorces per 1,000 marriages
Peru	1	1	1
Yugoslavia	2	7	6
Belgium	3	2	2
France	4	3	3
Poland	5	4	5
West Germany	6	5	4
Bulgaria	7	6	7
Czechoslovakia	8	8	8
GDR	9	9	9
USA	10	11	11
Hungary	11	10	10

(If the rank-correlation is calculated between the order of leisure time spent at home and the order of the two divorce rates, value tau = 0.78 is obtained in both cases which in view of the long line is significant at p = 0.00019 level, showing that the possibility of incidental parallelism in the classification is infinitesimal.)

The Hungarian reader might be struck by the last and last but one position Hungary occupies and will, therefore, understand that the author, too, was puzzled by the differences between the data for Hungary and West Germany which ranks near the middle of the list.

Now, if holidays (bank holidays) are examined it appears that although there still is a considerable relationship between a husband's leisure time spent at home and the cohesion of marriages, it is not so significant as on working days. This is easily understandable. Moreover, Scheuch's precise data also show that on week-ends, leisure time spent with the family, but not at home, is more important.

The same connection is of less importance in the case of childless families; this, too, is understandable, as it is a less laudable phenomenon for a newly-wed husband to stay at home.

Interesting results are obtained if reading, education and pastimes related to mass communication are included in the leisure time category (i.e. the time that remains after bread-winning, housework, looking after the children and the psychological necessities such as sleeping, eating, washing, etc.). It appears that the length of this leisure time category taken in a wider, more inclusive sense does not correlate with family cohesion. It seems that neither a husband buried in his newspaper nor husband and wife watching a crime-play on television are pillars of conjugal stability.

The wife—particularly if there are children—spends so much time at home anyway that no significant correlations could be established between the time a wife spends at home and marital cohesion.

In this way one becomes aware of the somewhat disillusioning fact that one of the buttresses on which the stability of marriages rests is a stay-at-home way of life. Watching television may keep couples at home, but it does not prevent the dissolution of marriage. Viewing the question from another aspect, it can be said that few doomed marriages can be prolonged along with a retired mode of life unless there is a TV set at home.

It seems that of pastimes at home, talking to the spouse (either as primary activity, or a secondary one during meals) stabilizes marriage most effectively. Conversations in the evening hours are, according to Scheuch's examinations, very important in uniting married couples. The husband tells of the wrong he had suffered from his boss, the

wife gossips, they express their indignation and are scandalized together, co-ordinating their personal systems of values without necessarily noticing. Through conversations in the evening, they are able to turn into a common family affair those parts of their lives which are absorbed by their separate professions or matters of work, which are otherwise alien to the other. This is all that would need to be said on the subject of home-orientation and marital cohesion if there wouldn't be a marked correlation—a very striking one—between the two. It is peculiar that as a result of lengthy data collecting, coding and processing, countries were ranged in a certain order regarding a time-budget variable whereafter it appeared that the order coincides exactly with the order of divorce rates in the countries listed. One is inclined to think that a third variable, for example, the level of industrialization, produces an effect which inconspicuously influences both the rates of staying at home and of divorce. And is the order obtained not after all reminiscent of some other order?

In similar cases—in comparisons of various countries on different levels of technical-economical development, where the quality to be compared is related to the dimensions of the traditional against the modern way of life—the suspicious variable is the index of *societal differentiation* which, devised following R. Marsh's system, includes the proportion of the non-agricultural earning population of any country and the energy consumption per head. Marsh calculated this index in respect to 114 nations including, of course, the eleven countries whose time-budget data were analysed. On this basis Peru, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Hungary are characterized by low value indices, Poland, France, the GDR and Czechoslovakia by medium value indices, and West Germany, Belgium and the USA by high value indices. Now, if similarly to Table I, a new order of disorganized marriages is established either in the order of indices deriving from the time-budget data or in the order of indices produced from the national divorce rates, it will come as a surprise that the rank order of societal differentiation has no significant connection with either of the above rank orders.

Hence, one cannot say that industrialization brings about more leisure time and that more of it is being spent at home. It is true that the absolute length of leisure time increases with the growth of industrialization, but there are data to show that the working husbands studied spent an increasingly smaller part of their longer spare time at home. Thus, leisure time spent at home does not alter much with the degree of industrialization. Neither do divorce rates conform to the level of industrialization in the countries included in the comparison. (In other scales of value, it may well be the other way round, but it would be an oversimplification if marital disorganization—in spite of the distortions by intermediate variables such as countries where it is easy or difficult to obtain divorce—were simply be considered with a function of industrialization.)

This negative result, however, should not be ruled out, for it might be incorporated in some more high-grade interconnection. The fact that lower and higher divorce rates occur both at lower and higher levels of industrialization means that divorce as such is not characteristic of some types of society, but that it is a general human phenomenon. Husbands spending more or less of their leisure time at home is a phenomenon manifesting itself *with similar irregularity* in developed and underdeveloped societies (*irregularity* means, in this case, non-alignment with the level of industrialization). This statement is referred to in Marsh's system as "universal generalization."

Let us survey the *relationship* between home orientation and marital stability, taken separately in the more or the less industrialized countries. It appears that the correlation is slight in less industrialized countries, and high in the more industrialized. Thus, the statement on the relationship

of the two variables is by no means a universal generalization. Accordingly, it is not a general human phenomenon that the time spent absent from home leads certainly—or at least very probably—to the disorganization of marriages, for it is characteristic only of more highly industrialized societies. In Marsh's system this observation is called *contingency generalization*. In the following we shall show examples of both universal and contingency generalizations. The analyses are based on the results of time-budget research covering two continents.

Authority Structure of the Family and Marital Cohesion

The traditional family is patriarchal, the realm of the "pater familias" and husband. The not-necessarily-bearded-and-old patriarch glanced round the circle of his subjects, content or offended. He was always surrounded by the whole family. On the other hand, in the modern, egalitarian family husband and wife live opposite, as it were, to each other and see it written on the other's face what each expects and whether he or she is quite serious about it. Intricate research has established precisely that in modern egalitarian families, compared to traditional ones, the husband and wife spend more time in each other's company than together with the whole family. According to Scheuch's empirical thesis, in authoritarian families leisure time is family-oriented, whereas in egalitarian families it is rather partner oriented.

Such data provides opportunity for working out the two family types in time-budget variables: the leisure time spent with the spouse is simply divided by the leisure time spent with the family. In the case of a high quotient, the family is a more egalitarian family type than in that of a low quotient. In order to prove the practicability and validity of our data, the calculation could be performed also in relation to a special leisure activity, conversation, taken either as a primary activity or a secondary one, e.g. during evening meals. For this purpose the time spent by the couple in talking is divided by the time during which the whole family took part in the conversation. In this case, too, higher quotients point to egalitarian families and lower quotients to authoritarian ones.

Once the two family types had been established by time-budget indices, the only thing left is to find out which is more stable and/or unstable. First, however, I must stress that the Hungarian families rank among the traditional authoritarian families, especially from the aspect of conversation rather than from their arrangement of their entire leisure time.

There is a positive correlation between the divorce rate and both indices of egalitarianism. The more egalitarian a family, the more prone it is, *ceteris paribus*, to dissolution. (The probability of a nil-hypothesis—i.e. considering the result merely accidental—was measured on the basis of the conversation index $p = 0.008$, i.e. it is less than one per cent.)

If the countries under observation are grouped according to family egalitarianism, the question arises whether there is a higher correlation between egalitarianism and dissolution in the authoritarian or in the egalitarian groups? Does the dissolution of marriages show an accelerating or a slackening tendency as egalitarianism gains ground? Well, the tendency is accelerating in respect to the countries under observation. Borrowing a phrase from Levinger, a well-known authority in the sociology of divorce, one could say that a gradual breaking up in the power-joints of a family does not lead noticeably to dissolution, for it is compensated by the internal forces of attraction it releases. It is more convenient to live in an egalitarian marriage than in an authoritarian one. However, a further loosening of the power structure, or in the words of Goode who expresses the same idea from a some-

what different angle: "the slackening of the forces upholding the framework" drives this process at a faster rate towards a yet unknown dissolution rate, or more precisely, towards a still unknown marital mobility level, or divorce and re-marriage rate. According to both Levinger and Goode, the decisive cohesive force is not the attraction of marital happiness, but an external, more or less compulsory cohesion.

However, it is not quite as simple as that. It is obvious that partners in egalitarian families will not put up with marital problems for as long a time as in authoritarian ones. But it should be taken into account that marital discord, which occurs in any type of family, is decreased not increased where the communication between partners is manifold, animated and interesting. Thus, the higher conversation rate between couples, previously used as the index of egalitarianism, is not at the same time an index of discord and dissolution. This would be a gross misapprehension. The egalitarian and authoritarian family types could also have been produced by means of other indices (as it had been developped in fact out of the time-budget on the basis of Scheuch's hypothesis using the rate of the extent couples go into company together). Conversations in the evening —mentioned earlier to connection with home orientation—help to stabilize family life if the daytime experiences are exchanged in a cosy atmosphere and attitudes to them can be co-ordinated. This is the very criterion met by the conversation model of egalitarian families. On the basis of the literature of the subject we accept the hypothesis that the extent of conversation between husband and wife is better suited to point ahead to marital cohesion in egalitarian family type societies than in those of authoritarian family types. The time-budget data resulting from the compound operations performed on the computer at Cologne University substantiate this hypothesis with some refinements. In France, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Peru there is no significant correlation between the extent of daily conversation between husband and wife and the divorce rate, while in the USA, in the two Germanies, Poland and Belgium the correlation is significant on a level of $p = 0.025$.

Now, what does this correlation mean as regards social differentiation? Earlier it was thought that divorce rate and home orientation, taken separately, do not follow societal differentiation. However, the closeness of the two correlates with the level of industrialization and urbanization to an extent already perceptible. It seems that family egalitarianism is even more closely bound to industrialization. First, it can be observed that the more industrialized and differentiated a society is, the more frequently the form of family labelled "the egalitarian family type" occurs. (The possibility of a nil-hypothesis is no higher here than it was in the case of the first index: leisure time spent with the spouse per leisure time spent with the whole family: $p = 0.001$, and the second index: conversation with the spouse per conversation with the whole family: $p = 0.002$.)

It seems that not only egalitarianism itself, but also the effect it exerts on the dissolution of marriage is in close relation to the differentiation index. The egalitarianism indices show a close relationship to divorce rates only in industrially developed societies, while there is no such correlation in less industrialized ones. Hungary is a case in point, as in Hungary a non-egalitarian family type goes together with a very high divorce rate.

Thus, our observations regarding the authority structure of the family could be inserted in Marsh's model in such a way that both the individual variables and their relations fall within the scope of the contingency generalization. In other words: the more frequent occurrence of equality between husband and wife, and the fact that egalitarianism facilitates the dissolution of

marriage are neither of them general human phenomena, for they both depend on the level of industrialization.

"Conjunctive Affiliation" or "Sexual Heterogeneity?"

Guided by the literature of the subject we could be sure of the results of our investigations to this point. We knew what could be expected from home orientation and from egalitarianism regarding marital cohesion. Now, however, we come to hypotheses which—put into operation in time-budget terms—reveal contradictions. The first peculiar term in the above heading denotes (in Ackerman's theory) the phenomenon in which the social relations of husband and wife, their fitting into their social backgrounds—this *"affiliation"*—joins rather than separates them. Such a conjunctive affiliation comes from the subculture being common, offering common value judgements, from belonging to the same social stratum or having come from the same village, even from distant branches of a large family, and so on. In our time-budget data, the common circle of friends is such a conjunctive affiliation: whether husband and wife go out to attend amusements together or separately and, in general, to what extent they pursue together those leisure activities which involve others. On the basis of Ackerman's theory it could be assumed that leisure time activities involving other persons point toward marital cohesion the more husband and wife enjoy them together, whereas it is a factor of dissolution in proportion to how often it separates them. After all, the same company of friends tend to identical standards of value; a consensus is usually reached in disputed matters, until problems uniting those who belong to the same group of friends become more frequent while the ones which separate them become rarer. Two separate groups of friends represent two separate worlds.

The counter-hypothesis to this was formulated by Young. In cultures where husband and wife seek their amusement separately, groups are sexually homogeneous. They are at any rate far more homogeneous than groups consisting of couples (married couples). The sexual heterogeneity of groups made up of married couples is a trying test of the stability of a marriage. Each partner of another married couple, is an active participant—one also could say "a player"—in one and the same interaction system, becoming immediate sexual objects at the same time, says Young, who then attempts a detailed analysis of the atmosphere of sexually heterogeneous social groups. The aim often is to reach some excitement and another man is often more gallant than a husband who, more or less conspicuously, may pay attentions to other women.

It is clear that the two hypotheses are irreconcilably opposed so that we must try to decide: which of the two is confirmed more clearly by our time-budget data? Does the amount of leisure time spent with the spouse outside the home, in entertainment, dining out, etc. show a positive or a negative correlation with the divorce rates? We found the correlation a positive one! The attempted conjunctive affiliation proved a weaker variable than sexual heterogeneity in terms of the time budget.

However, conjunctive affiliation is a more highly reliable structural determinant of divorce rates than would enable us to accept the fact that its influence was not perceptible from analysing time-budget data. Ackerman pointed out that if it cannot be applied in a concrete case, probably a wrong index was chosen, for the concept itself is certainly correct. Hence, another approach must be attempted. The theorem of conjunctive affiliation holds that husband and wife, but particularly the latter, have to break with their earlier forms of behaviour through which they had been integrated into their pre-material social texture, give up their former groups of friends, neglect, or better

still forget their previous acquaintance. That is, they must radically break with *disjunctive* affiliations, otherwise the marriage continues to be unsteady. Ackerman also proves that divorce rates are lower in cultures where disengagement of husband and wife, particularly of the latter, from their former environment is possible, than in those where there are no institutions or customs to facilitate disengagement.

Well, disengagement can also be processed by time-budget variables, a similar phenomenon was mentioned in the first part of our study, referring to the consequences of a bridegroom's farewell party in West Germany and in Hungary. We can now systematically control what at the beginning had only been surmised, in the correlation of the two countries. The two precisely defined variables chosen for this purpose are: (1) The quotient of the time married and/or not married working men and women spend with their colleagues, (2) the quotient of percentages of the married and not married population attending adult education. Those kinds of quotient indices are already known from studies of equality. In this case they express—each separately in its own dimension—the extent to which the system of pre-marital social relations and interactions continues after marriage.

Since disengagement of women is particularly important, let us examine how far the quotient of women correlates with the divorce rate.

Table II

The order of two index quotients of unmarried and married working women and of the divorce rates in nine countries

Countries[1]	Order of		
	Frequency Divorce per 1,000 inhabitants	*Quotients before and after marriages*	
		of the time spent with colleagues	of attendance at continuative education
USA	1	1	2
Hungary	2	4.5	2
Czechoslovakia	3	2	3
Yugoslavia	4	4.5	1
Bulgaria	5	3	8
West Germany	6	8	5
Poland	7	6	6
France	8	9	9
Belgium	9	9	9
		tau = 0.67	tau = 0.33
		p = 0.006	p = 0.11

[1] Data were available from only nine countries, as the above comparison did not figure in the computing programme covering eleven countries. The basic data were worked out from a preliminary report submitted to the Evian Congress, which only included the nine countries listed above.

The figures of this table agree with the hypothesis. The "post per prior" quotients follow fairly regularly the divorce rates in each dimension. Thus, the extent of disengagement from the earlier social group has some kind of connection with the stability of marriage. The probability of the contrary is shown by the fairly low p values at the bottom of the table.

The Hungarian data deviates on the two dimensions and does not illustrate well the regularity already noted. Measured against the time spent with colleagues from work, the high divorce rate in Hungary goes together with a medium disengagement rate, whereas measured in the dimension of adult education it goes together with an expressedly high disengagement rate. Regarding colleagues Hungary does not contribute to the correlation between disengagement from the pre-marital social circle and the stability of marriages. Regarding adult education, Hungary outright contradicts the expected correlation, more than any other country. Of the three interrelations investigated here—interconnections between divorce rates on the one hand, and home orientation, family equality and conjunctive affiliation on the other—the Hungarian data show "regular pattern" only in the first one, while in the other two, they are more or less irregular. However, regarding the Hungarian type of broken marriages we have obtained some highly probable information indicating the more and the less important factors responsible for divorces. Egalitarianism has not yet developed in Hungarian families to an extent where it could explain the extraordinarily high divorce rate. Social affiliation following marriage also changes a significant amount, as it appeared from the two available indices.

The third interrelation, the first one discussed, is the negative correlation between the divorce rate and leisure time spent at home. In this respect the Hungarian time-budget data are correct. It appeared that Hungary was placed second among eleven countries in frequency of divorce, and first in the brevity of the leisure time husbands spend at home. This variable proved so watertight that it appears to compensate the shortcoming of the two other pre-estimating time-budget variables. In view of this, it is difficult to repudiate the assumption that the unusually high divorce rate in Hungary is closely related to the deficiency of home orientation, that is, that Hungarians—and naturally, husbands first and foremost—are not too fond of staying at home. This could be broken down into further factors: for example, it is rather obvious that housing conditions may be responsible for this, but our present data does not provide an answer to how this idea could be processed further. This belongs to another kind of sociological investigation.

Returning to our original train of thought, one question still remains to be answered: is there a relationship between the disjunctive affiliation and/or the liquidation of the conjunctive affiliation and social differentiation, that is, the level of industrialization? The answer is negative. At any level of industrialization there are disjunctive affiliations both destroyed and such, as remain intact, in all countries investigated. On the basis of Marsh's model it can be said that disengagement from the pre-marital environment and the positive effect this exerts on the stability of marriage is a general human phenomenon, independent from the level of industrialization.

However, there is one more question. Both indices adopted for treating the subject of affiliation—being together with colleagues and/or attending adult education before and after marriage—reach outside the merely private sphere and join in the system of social institutions, in production, and public education. Thus, regarding these indices, an individual is less affected by another individual, and far more by the specific institutional structure of his country of residence; his behaviour cannot be considered as independent from the system of produc-

tion and the educational organization of his country.

Six of the eleven countries investigated are socialist countries and five are capitalist countries, that is, the eleven countries belong to two different social systems. Does the phenomenon that life is organized rather around productive and educational state institutions in the socialist countries than in capitalist countries appear in the time-budget data? As an answer to the question, the order of the quotients in Table II can be rearranged simply according to whether they are socialist or non-socialist countries. The average of the quotients in both dimensions, to both men and women, is higher in the socialist than in the non-socialist countries. Marriage does not entail such a great break in a person's relation with social institutions in either of the two dimensions mentioned above. The point, here, is not simply the level of industrialization and such related phenomena as for example shorter working hours, for it was demonstrated that the index of societal differentiation does not show any kind of correlation with the disengagement from colleagues and school, after marriage. No. The point is the differing ways in which the social and private spheres intertwine, which can be felt in Bulgaria which is less industrialized as well as in Czechoslovakia which is highly industrialized.

However, it would not be easy to prove a correlation between the latter phenomenon and divorce rates. It is true that in Eastern Europe the diverco rate is higher than in Western Europe. However, it is highest in the USA. Hence, the relation between divorce and social systems continues to be an unsolved question which will be the subject of much more comprehensive, difficult and interesting research.

LÁSZLÓ SIKLÓS

THE GYPSIES

The first mention of Gypsies in Hungary is to be found in a document dating from 1417. Six years later, in 1423, they were guaranteed certain rights in a charter granted by Sigismund of Luxemburg. As a result, they flocked in their masses to Hungary, and from there, within thirty or forty years, had spread all over Europe and even as far as England and Sweden.

They came to Hungary from the Balkan Peninsula and Greece, to which they had migrated via Persia and Turkey, and originally from north-west India, between the 5th and 10th centuries.

After a long period of doubt the question of their origin was finally solved by the Hungarian linguist, István Vályi, who studied at the University of Leyden. While he met students from the Indian province of Malabar, and noticed that their speech resembled that of the Hungarian Gypsies, Vályi jotted down 1,000 words in Malabar, and read them out to Hungarian Gypsies. They understood them. He published the results of his research in 1776. In 1783, his work was confirmed by the studies in comparative linguistics carried out by the German professor Grellmann and the Italian Pott.

The Gypsy population was always a matter of interest to the Hungarian authorities. From the beginning of the eighteenth century, a whole series of decress concerning

them were passed and succeeding governments debated various kinds of legislation. A census of the Gypsies was first taken in 1873, and a more complete one in 1893. Nor were other types of interest lacking. A Member of the Parliament, a village teacher, a retired inspector, an archduke and an ethnographer dedicated their lives, or at least their romantic fervour, to the Gypsies! Over the past twenty years such people have included linguists, historians, folklorists, doctors interested in folk practices in medicine, ethnographers, and sociologists, as well as the artists who investigated the dances, the songs and the music of the Gypsies. The Gypsy question therefore possesses both a past and a present.

If however, one asks the most elementary questions—How many Gypsies live in Hungary? How many of them have settled down and how many are still nomadic? What tribes live in which regions and what customs are still practiced? How many Gypsies are in permanent and how many in casual employment? What is their income per family? How many Gypsy children go to kindergarden or school?—what answer does one get? It turns out an official or a student of the Gypsy problem can usually only provide one answer to one question, or applicable to only one region, and even then only approximately.

This is already an answer in itself as to the position of the Gypsy question in Hungary today.

The first and perhaps the most important question is their number.

In 1960, the total Gypsy population was estimated between 180,000 to 200,000. Ten years later investigators began to claim that their number had increased. Newspapers referred to the figures of 200,000 to 250,000, and by 1970, there were claims that the figure was actually 300,000 to 350,000 or even possibly as much as 400,000.

Under the Constitution of the Hungarian People's Republic every citizen is guaranteed equal rights and there can be no discrimination against anyone on account of his origin. A statement in the national census questionnaire, taken every ten years, to the effect that the person's citizenship and native tongue are Hungarian, is taken at face value.

At the time of the 1949 census, there were 31,000 who said they were Gypsies when asked to declare their nationality and language. By 1960 this figure had fallen to 25,600. About one-tenth of the actual number. This can be traced back to the persecution they have endured for the last five hundred years and to the fact that either they do not want to, or they do not dare remain Gypsies.

Of the 3,200 villages and 70 towns of Hungary, over two thousand have Gypsy settlements. These settlements can be counted, but to count the Gypsy people themselves presents greater difficulties.

Not every Gypsy possesses a birth certificate. The older ones sometimes do not even know how old they are. Where the local authorities (the councils) do not feel it important, they do not even inquire about the actual number of Gypsies. Nor do police identification records reveal any information in this respect.

Some of the men go to work in the cities, a long distance away from the settlements, for a shorter or longer period of time. They are not registered at their temporary lodgings as Gypsies, which in itself is quite proper.

Many of them move from the settlements to the villages and cities, and live among the Hungarian population. They are not held to be Gypsies by any kind of authority, and least of all by themselves. It they should happen to be fair, then even their hair or the colour of their skin does not reveal their ethnic origin.

Some of them, however, are constantly on the road, or at least from spring to autumn. They are particularly attached to the hilly regions, camping in the forests or on a river-bank, marrying and bearing children there.

It is however quite certain that their

number has increased considerably; we know both from observation on the spot and from the information given by village councils that the number of Gypsy children has increased considerably in hundreds of villages during the last few years.

The Hungarian peasant, especially from the beginning of the twentieth century, planned his family in relation to his property. In many areas he only produced one or at most two children. Today the land belongs to farming co-operatives, but the same mentality prevails. It is indeed even stronger. People making a living from agriculture or in industry, or people with university degrees generally have one, two or at the most three children. Large families are rare.

Not so the Gypsies. They have never had, and still do not have any kind of family planning. Gypsy women from fourteen or sixteen to thirty-five or forty bear as many children as possible. The number of children averages around eight to ten, but it is not surprising to find families with twelve to fifteen children. This was more true in the past, when the woman gave birth in the forest, in ditches, in a dirty mud hut, and she herself or her husband cut the umbilical cord with a knife. Many children died at birth and there were many premature births, owing to bad food and constant migration. So that out of the ten to fifteen children, only a few remained alive.

From 1950 onwards mother and child welfare programmes have been in force all over the country. Pregnant women are registered in the clinics, and their state of health is checked. They give birth in hospitals and receive the gift of a layette from the state. The child's development is supervised and checked by doctors and nurses, regardless of whether the individual comes under the state health insurance system and is entitled to free medical care or not.

Today 90–95 per cent of all Gypsy women have their babies in hospitals. The infants survive. This is also true of the premature births. They are kept in hospital until they are completely healthy. The reduction in infant mortality has brought about a population explosion.

The conditions for a growth in population, however, such as housing, food and clothing have remained pretty much the same during the past ten years or so. But, compared with Hungarian births, their numbers have increased enormously. (According to the 1960 census, the total population of Hungary was 9,961, 044. In January 1970, the figure was 10,314,152. Total increase during the ten years was 353,108. Out of this number at least 10,000 were Gypsies.)

Mud huts, stone houses

"London", "Cracow", "Paris". These are the names the Gypsies have derisively given their settlements. The outer ones, which are the worst, and where the heavy rain flows into the huts, located near the ditches, are "outer Paris". If the huts stand on hills, and there is more space, with at least one well near by, they are called "inner Paris". In other places they are simply called the Gypsy town. For a while the bitter cynicism of the names may pain the individuals living there, but after a time they become indifferent and resigned to their lot. Mud is bad for the morale.

As early as the eighteenth century decrees were being issued forbidding the Gypsies to wander and attempting to force them to settle down. But the villagers and the landlords tolerated them only if it was absolutely necessary. Gypsies were allotted small areas around the outskirts of the village, swamps or marchlands useless for agricultural purposes. The number of children continued to increase, together with malaria, tuberculosis, typhoid and dysentery, for rats, field-mice, lice and ticks invaded the mud huts and infested the whole settlement. Later the mice would die off, because there would be nothing to eat.

Orosháza is a market town in the southern

part of the Hungarian Plains. On the outskirts is Szentetornya, once a small village. At one end lies a hundred-year-old thermal spa, Gyopárosfürdő. At the other, a kilometer from the village, and far from the highway, is the Gypsy town. There is no road leading to it, and the mud comes up to your knees. The land around the settlement belongs to the farming co-operative. Here cereals are planted, or other crops which the Gypsies cannot harm or cannot eat. As far as the eye can see there are no fruit trees. But then there is not a single tree in the whole area.

The settlement consists of a single, long house. It was built two years ago by the city council to replace the mud huts. On one side of it are twelve doors. Behind the twelve doors live fifteen families.

The ditch in front of the settlement has become a permanent lake and is always overflowing with rain water. On that day the wind blew the water towards the house. An icy spring wind. Barefoot children ran around clad in nothing but a shirt. I was surrounded by a group of men and women, and all the women were pregnant. They were holding babies in their arms.

"Please take a look at our youngest. We have just brought him home from the hospital. He was born sooner than we expected."

I stepped into one of the living quarters. It consisted of one single room with an uneven earthen floor.

"Last week the water-table rose," said the Gypsy woman, "and we couldn't sleep on the floor."

The furniture consisted of an iron stove which could also be used for cooking, if there was anything to cook, and if there was anything to use for fuel. A large hook was nailed to the wall, and on this hook in summer they hang the single garment they were then wearing. Two beds. One was made up and the other contained the crying infant.

"Is he hungry?"

"I gave him some boiled potatoes a while ago, and then gave him the breast."

Four adults and eight children lived here. When the water-table was normal, they put down bags of straw for the night and slept as best they could.

*

There is plenty of water in every settlement. The lake flows over, and the ditches are full. The roofs, which are made of mud and covered with reeds or corncobs, plastered with mud, let the rain through. It is more difficult to obtain water suitable for drinking, washing and cleaning. Generally, everybody goes to the same well. There is no drainage in the settlement.

Roads and paths leading to the huts are only to be found in a few places. And anyway roads cannot be constructed in these flat areas where there is so much ground water. At the most the paths are covered by gravel. But even these disappear within a couple of months.

Electricity is installed only in the brick houses of the more well-to-do Gypsies living near the village.

*

In spite of their upbringing and the habits of their childhood some young Gypsies feel a desire to break out and live a better life. They have to collect all their willpower and strength to face the hardships before them and the backward families and relatives in the settlements, as well as the world outside.

Some estimates figure that about one third of these attempts to break out are successful. Among them are many who still live in the settlements, but their demands and their own will drive them not only to accept aid, but to do something themselves to achieve a better life.

These demands are also supported by government regulations.

In 1964, the Council of Ministers worked out a housing development plan, according to which the most primitive of the settlements would be eliminated with government aid. As far as the rest were concerned,

conditions would be made more bearable until they could also be eliminated.

A Gypsy who is the head of a family and who has worked steadily for two years, saving 6,000, 8,000 or 10,000 forints (the sum varies according to the county), is eligible for a 25-year state loan of 60,000 to 80,000 forints. This is enough to build a modest home. The village or town communities, according to their financial resources, also provide credits or loans to those families whose huts have been destroyed by water, even if there are no savings, when there is a large family.

Between 1965 and 1970 about 2,500 new houses were provided under such conditions for Gypsy families. About 2,500 large families, consequently, were able to leave the settlements. In many villages whole streets are made up of the new brick houses with their tiled roofs, while in others they are scattered among the other houses in the village.

But this method of re-settlement, and the rise in social standards, does not proceed without hitches. For centuries prejudice against the Gypsies accumulated among the Hungarian peasants. In the first decade of this century, and again in the 1930's and 40's, the governments even incited the people to racial hatred. The Gipsy was not equal, either before God or man. The Nazis and ultra-right wing organizations had worked out plans first to sterilize and castrate them and then, during the last years of the war, like the Jews, for their complete liquidation. The mentality that gave rise to such iniquities did not pass without leaving its traces. There are still people here and there who are opposed to any attempt to raise the living standards of the Gypsies.

As a result every Gypsy family has to fight for individual recognition and esteem. They have to prove that, once out of the settlement, they can live like everyone else.

This is precisely the greatest difficulty as far as the Gypsies are concerned. From the day they step into a new brick house, they should adopt a completely new attitude towards life. But they furnish the house with their poor belongings and their way of life remains the same. They have no training in living in a normal home, and in the first week or so they generally take up the floor and use it for fuel. The second week it is the turn of the doors and windows. Then everything that can be moved or taken apart. Why should one need a door in the summer? There were none in the settlements. When winter comes they'll manage somehow.

In the settlements they live in the same manner as they lived four hundred to five hundred years ago. To go from this way of life to that of the twentieth century in a single step is quite impossible.

The working Gypsy

There was a long line in front of the Budapest Employment Office and an even longer one inside. Among them were groups of hesitant Gypsies, their hands in their pockets, their eyes drawn suspiciously under their brows. They came from remote little villages, and some of them carried clothing, a shirt or overcoat bundled in a colourful scarf under their arms. Those who could read, or were the oldest and most experienced spoke through the window and conveyed information to their mates.

"What kind of work? How much work do we have to do? What are the wages? Do they provide somewhere to live? Work clothes or shoes?"

Then they left the crowd with a paper in their hands, but dissatisfied and shouting.

"Nothing is good enough for these people," said somebody as they left.

It is a general belief that the Gypsies have never liked working. In the Hungarian language the word "Gypsy" means someone who steals, who wanders, who is lazy and dirty. And during the years when they were forced to adopt this way of life, it was a true description of many Gypsies. Many of them preferred to beg, steal, tell fortunes, cheat,

barter, idle and wander than to work regularly. At the same time some of the nomads, or the half-settled, or the permanent residents of a settlement, carried on some kind of handicraft, or practised some old trade of one kind or another.

Some of them panned gold-dust for the royal treasury, working up to their knees in the waters of Transylvanian brooks. Others lived in the forests or on the river banks, felling trees and making household implements from them. For hundreds of years the Hungarians used basins, spoons, salt-shakers, butter-containers and small barrels carved out of wood by they Gypsies. They managed to do lathe work with their primitive tools, making spools for spinning-wheels. Others were tinsmiths who made bells for the sheep and cows. There were also coppersmiths and ironsmiths, the latter appearing at the end of the last century. They made household objects and implements from factory scrap-iron—pans, kettles, axes, hammers, sickles, grafting knives, scythes for cutting reeds, hooks, chisels and nails. Nail-making became a separate handicraft. There were also Gypsies who repaired umbrellas, wove rug carpets, made whitewashing brushes out of grass, worked as plasterers or made adobe bricks, while others wove dough-baskets, bread-baskets, bowls, wicker frameworks and door-mats out of sedge or cane. Since Gypsies were fond of horses and understood them well, they were also horse-copers.

And from the eighteenth century on there were the Gypsy musicians. They accompanied the estate-owner in his merry-making on violins, violas, bass and cimbalom. Their excellent ear and feeling for music served the customer well in taverns, inns and at weddings. They learned and transformed Hungarian folk-songs, adapting them to the demands of their own instruments, and in the nineteenth century they popularized the pseudo-folk-song with its superficial sentimentality. With this music they conquered Europe, and even today they can be found playing it in every corner of the world. What the popular Gypsy orchestras play in the elegant hotels today is everything but Hungarian folk-music. But it is difficult to combat it, since none other than Ferenc Liszt himself misinformed the world on this subject in the last century.

These musicians can be found in Hungary in every town and village, playing in restaurants, taverns, and at balls and weddings. Today they are the wealthiest, most cultured and socially developed of the Gypsies.

According to a census taken at the end of the last century, out of the 274,000 Gypsies then living within the territories of "greater" Hungary, 49,000 adults earned their living by domestic industry, i.e., carried on a primitive kind of handicraft, 34,000 of them men and 15,000 women. And out of the total, 9,000 were nomadic Gypsies.

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From the beginning of this century conditions became increasingly difficult for those dependant on handicrafts. Some of the traditional trades developed into specialized industries, others disappeared or were transformed. Following the end of the Second World War, copper and tin dishes were slowly replaced by aluminium. No one gets their pots mended nowadays. In the town and village alike they are thrown away. Peasant housekeeping has also changed. They no longer use cauldrons; no one really makes jam at home now. No one needs basins; they use washing machines; nor dough-baskets; they buy bread at the bakers. The time of the big fairs and horse-coping is over.

The Gypsies' connection with the land is also very tenuous. In the Middle Ages, when they were all nomads, it meant nothing to them. In 1761, and again in 1767, Maria Theresa and Joseph II respectively ordered that the Gypsies be given land and settle down, but the landlords opposed the decrees. The nomadic Gypsy was an even cheaper source of labour than the serf who

stayed in one place and wanted above all to acquire land for himself. It was easy to cheat the Gypsies, and thus they grew to despise the ownership of land before they could learn to be attached to it. The Gypsies were left out when land was distributed at the time of the liberation of the serfs, both in the Age of Reform and even after 1945.

As a result even today the Gypsies are not accustomed to agricultural work. As the peasants say: "The Gypsy has not got used to ploughing."

The traditional crafts, and with them the earlier opportunities for earning a living, are fast disappearing. The difficulty is that they have disappeared too fast, before the Gypsies have had time to become adjusted to the new way of life forced on them, and before they could learn new trades.

Only 1.5 per cent of all working Gypsies are skilled workers. The rest are generally unskilled and badly paid labourers in factories and workshops. The same is true in the building industry. Or he helps about the place. Does odd jobs for the co-operatives, weeds between the tracks for the railway, cleans the streets for the sanitation department, catches the stray dogs, carries loads home from the market, cleans latrines in the villages, washes tripe for the butcher and at pig killings in the villages, daubs mud, does plastering and gathers medicinal herbs.

Since set working hours and quotas are new and unfamiliar concepts for him he mostly fails at his work, producing rejects, and barely earning any money, all of which tends to lower his morale. And if they are suspicious and impatient with him at his place of work, the chances of failure are even greater.

In the Gypsy settlement at Szentetornya, only one man from each family at most goes to work. There is no clock in the settlement.

"How do you get up? How do you know the time to start?" — I asked them.

"When the first bus passes on the highway in the morning. That's when we have to leave."

"And are you sure the bus will always come?"

"It comes. But we don't always see it. And if it rains or there's fog we cannot even hear it."

The Gypsies fight their way through mud to the road in their old, worn-out shoes. They have no bicycles and no money to take a train. They are hungry when they start out because no matter how much bread they may bring home at night, the children gobble it down, leaving not a morsel behind. When the men get up, the family is still huddled together in sleep. It is difficult to climb out from among them, and it is very difficult to be heroic. Especially without any kind of encouragement either from them, or from anybody else. Sooner or later, they get tired of being heroes. They go back to sleep, or do not even get up, because you do not feel your poverty while you sleep. But then, some time later, there will be no fuel, clothing, shoes, bread or house.

In the new settlement in the village of Békés there are 186 adult Gypsies—80 men and 106 women. Among the men 11 are retired or on disability pension, 58 are working and 11 are unemployed. Among the women 21 are retired, 16 are working and 69 stay at home.

I visited the Rácz family at noon. Only the mother was at home. She had just finished cleaning, had done her marketing and was beginning to cook dinner.

"Where is the family?" I asked her.

"My husband has been working in the basket weaving workshop for the past fifteen years, my two sons are working in the building yard, one as an unskilled labourer and the other as a mason. My oldest daughter is in the canning factory. The work suits her as a woman. The little ones are at school."

There was modern varnished furniture in the two rooms of the apartment, starched flower-patterned bedspreads, as well as curtains and a carpet. There was also electricity and television. The pantry contained flour, sugar, bacon, smoked meat.

and jams and preserves put away for the winter.

"The trouble with the Gypsy is that he never thinks of the morrow, and that is why he cannot stay the course at anything," says everyone when they want to describe the Gypsies. By that definition the Rácz family are no longer Gypsies.

Those Gypsies who do not even consider today, let alone tomorrow, and do not work at all, lead a very difficult life. They gather scraps of food in the markets, or from the inns in the villages, beg money from families that are better off and tell fortunes. They steal carrots, cucumbers, and cabbages from the fields—particularly cabbages—catch gophers in the pastures and porcupines in the ditches. They dig up the dead animals—pigs, hens, ducks—which the peasants have buried and cook them over open fires, eating them with the cabbage. If there is nothing to eat for two days, they starve. If nobody takes pity on them and there is no place to steal from, they go hungry, cold and in rags. And they despise those of their people who go out to work.

The Gypsies at school

At the beginning of this century there was only one out of every 400 nomad Gypsies who could read and write. Among 100 semi-nomad gypsies this number rose to 3 or 4. Among those who had settled down, 93.5 per cent were illiterate.

Nobody ever took the question of Gypsy schooling seriously, and such haphazard experiments as there were did more harm than good. Joseph II decreed that Gypsy children should attend school and be taught moral conduct (boys and girls should not be allowed to sleep together in the same hut); that the children should be taken away from the parents, and brought up to become educated Hungarians. In 1780, 8,388 Gypsy children were put into educational institutions to be brought up at the expense of the state. An additional 9,463 were settled with foster parents as the unpaid servants of the landlords. In a few years every single child in the institutions and on the farms had escaped.

There were other experiments in the nineteenth century as well. But all of them were based on the idea of a rapid and a spectacular success, "re-education". So it is not surprising that success eluded them.

Nonetheless, people who are involved in the Gypsy problem hold that a break with the former way of life can only be achieved by educating the children. A well-schooled and educated youngster will no longer desire to carry on the uncertain and indifferent way of life of his parents, grand parents and great-grandparents. He wants to break away from the hut, and it is more possible for him than for them.

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The difficulties in attending school are evident from the moment of enrolment. For ten years now the local councils and school faculties go into action every autumn. The teachers virtually act as detectives in searching out the six-year-olds for compulsory school attendance. If the child was born at home, the parent does not know, or does not want to know the exact date of birth. If he was born in hospital, the birth certificate can be used as proof of the date of birth, provided of course it has not been lost in the meantime. Frequently it is the neighbours who reveal how old the child is.

Some of the parents in the settlement do not like the idea of their children attending school. It is a form of responsibility for them. And again, there is no reason for schooling. The settlement horizon extends only to the highway and the end of the village. Gypsy parents are extremely fond of their children. They see that school is a burden for the child and that he does not like to go there. Then why should he be made to?

Enrolment is only the beginning of a struggle in the literal sense of the word, for

every letter and every word has to be fed into the child as into a computer with defective circuits.

Most of the children in the first form are neither physically or mentally mature enough to attend school. The physical underdevelopment is due to an unbalanced and deficient diet. The child is not strong, has little resistance to disease, and even a cold can last for a long time. The world and all its many fascinating aspects is a closed book to the children of the huts. There are no tables, chairs, tableclothes, light bulbs, plates, tooth-brushes or storybooks in the house. They are familiar only with the objects around them, and the words associated with them.

According to the teachers, the six-year-old Gypsy child is equivalent to a 3, 4 or 5-year-old Hungarian child. From the first day at school he is at a disadvantage with the other six-year-olds.

Eighty-nine per cent of all the Gypsies in Hungary are Vlach in origin. The adults speak a certain amount of Hungarian because their environment demands it. But according to the experience of teachers dealing with Gypsy children, when the child enters school it is familiar with only about 30 to 40 Hungarian words. In a class of 25 to 35 pupils, where the teacher has to proceed with the appropriate study material from hour to hour, she has no opportunity to teach the Hungarian language to the odd four or five Gypsy children.

In every school in the world the awkward, less intelligent and slower child is the butt of his schoolmates. And in addition Hungarian parents look with disfavour on the Gypsy children, claiming that the teacher pays more attention to them than to their own progeny.

The result is that by the end of the year 50 to 60 per cent of the Gypsy children drop out of school, and even those who carry on cannot always be given marks for achievement.

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Headmasters and teachers hold that it would be a good thing if at the age of three or four Gypsy children could break through the shell of the settlement and go to kindergarden. But there is no room in the kindergardens, especially in the villages, and only those children are admitted whose parents are both working.

For this reason, special experiments in preparatory kindergarden classes have been carried out for the past few years.

School No. 1 in the village of Békés. Sixteen little boys and girls sat on the school-benches. They were all on the same level of intelligence, did not jeer at each other, were not humiliated, and had not developed inhibitions.

"When I got them in the autumn, they were like little wild animals," said the teacher, Mrs. Sándor Kalotai. "I had to teach them not to speak all at once, and to pay attention. We are learning the curriculum for the first form, but not in any prescribed order. We only go on when everybody has understood. In the first months they could not pay attention for even 20 minutes at a time. Now we have classes of 40 minutes."

A little girl gave a good answer to a question. She then took up a plastic TV frame and stepped behind it. As a reward, she could recite a poem on the "telly."

"I give rewards and punishment for everything. The experience of success and recognition is very important. Few Gypsy children like to attend school. Here they come even if they are ill, because we are cheerful and during the lessons I tell a lot of stories. Here they learn how to play."

At noon, when the classes were over, one little girl collected the pencils, another the copybooks, and placed them on the teacher's desk. Only the books remained in the schoolbags.

"After half a year at school I allow them to take their books home. It is a great achievement to see how they compel the family to respect their books."

Most of the children went on to the regular first form at school without any handicap. The more intelligent went straight into the second form. The third group, the difficult cases, were placed in a class for backward children.

Over the past twenty years only one Gypsy in Szentetornya has got as far as the seventh out of the eight forms of elementary school. All this must be changed, so in 1969 a big classroom was set aside where only Gypsies, both boys and girls, from the age of 6 to 15, attended. Some were even married. They were in the first, second or third forms.

The children all wore the same kind of rubber boots, and were well dressed. Throughout the country the village councils distribute shoes and clothing to those entering school, since with the first rain or during the winter the children could not go to school otherwise. They are also given textbooks, notebooks and pens and pencils, because Gypsy parents cannot buy them and without them school would have no meaning.

"Factories and farming co-operatives also support us," said the teacher at Szentetornya. "We buy reserve clothing and boots with the money, and even now the cupboard is full. But we only give out one garment at a time, for the family would otherwise take it away."

In this school the children are given lunch after classes, and they do their homework before leaving. For lunch they are given soup and vegetables, something settlement children never get. And meat as well, every day, regularly.

There was a radio and a television set in the classroom.

"If there is a good programme, the grown-ups also come over in the evenings. At least they are getting some culture. The really difficult thing is to get the ten-year-olds and the older ones to play."

"Then how do they relax and amuse themselves?" I asked.

"Fighting. Yesterday that smiling boy there with the lovely eyes came up to me and said wistfully: 'Teacher, it would be so nice to have a good fight'."

Gypsy children have no toys. The adults eat and drink if they have the money. They are cheerful and like to sing. Then they start fighting.

Ráckeve is a community 41 kilometers from Budapest. There is a school on the outskirts, on "Hell Hill", exclusively for gypsy children. The number of pupils is 56.

I stepped into the courtyard during the break between classes. The children were relaxing, that is, fighting.

"At times like these we get discouraged because we feel that our work is not getting anywhere. Then we realize that we do achieve some results. You can't make up for the negligence of centuries in a few years," said the headmistress, Mrs. Kálmán Cseh.

"What are the main difficulties?" I asked.

"The same here as everywhere else—learning the language. But it was much more difficult when Gypsy and Hungarian children went to school together. The Hungarian half in the classroom was impatient or bored, and yet we made no progress with the others. Now at least all of them are at the same level. The older ones in the upper classes give us a helping hand. They explain to the little ones what the words mean. But learning the language is only the beginning. A Gypsy child cannot think in the abstract, it is not used to thinking conceptually. That is why, apart from discipline and the formation of habits, a large part of our teaching is devoted to explaining concepts to them. They have to be taught the concept of time, that the day consists of different phases, that there is morning and evening, that from the time we get up we have responsibilities. They also have to learn units of measurements, what a liter, a kilo, a meter means. The meters and its units are understandable; but kilometers, which cannot be experienced concretely and tangibly, or the idea of front and back, are very difficult."

The school has quite a few visual aids

for instruction. For example, the biology classes have stuffed animals and birds.

"They only know horses, field-mice, porcupines and gophers, which they eat."

Here the children are fed three times a day. They eat with knives and forks. The bigger ones use a pocket-knife instead.

"These Vlach Gypsies are members of the Drizar and Lovar tribes. The tribal order has disappeared, but even so, many of the families have feuds with one another, which are carried on by the children as well. It is very difficult to maintain discipline."

"In spite of this, do they like going to school?"

"We have no trouble with them in the winter. But in springtime they are nervous, they cannot keep still. They feel a desire for freedom, they want to wander. That is why it is a great achievement that out of the ten children who made up our first class, seven have reached the seventh form. Three of them are already working. The families need the money. Among the seven there are some who have passed the age of compulsory school attendance, but they want to finish their schooling."

Their liking for school is not the only reason why they want to complete the eight classes. These young people want to learn a trade. And to train as a skilled worker one must have finished the eight forms of elementary school. If they manage it they will not inevitably have to become unskilled labourers. The fate of the Gypsy therefore now depends on his own individual will-power.

The road to the future

I frequently see Gypsies dressed in their best in the markets, in hospitals, in court or in the cemeteries. Some of them wear corded jackets with silver buttons, and copper ornaments. The material, however, is generally worn and threadbare, and some of the buttons are missing. Take the traditional picture of the head of the clan, the brown-skinned man with long moustaches and a proud bearing. Once he was a "vajda", the "king", the head of a tribe, the all-powerful ruler of the caravan, and the leader of the council of elders. He kept the nomads together and directed them, dealt out punishment and passed judgement, and also performed marriages. He was the wealthiest of them all with several garments, horses and carts; the strongest, so that if need be he could fight. He was also the oldest because great experience was necessary for maintaining his power. From the beginning of the century, when the large groups of caravans were broken up and forbidden by the authorities, many Gypsies settled down and the power of the "vajda" decreased. They were followed by Gypsy judges, who ruled the settled Gypsies, and when they ceased to exist there was no responsible class of "elders" who could lead the Gypsies and speak for them. In their places of residence they are represented by a member of the town or village council. In a few places there are Gypsy council members in the community or county councils, but they are very few in proportion to their total number. They have no Member of Parliament. Officially they are represented by the deputies of the area they live in.

With a view to considering the Gypsy future on a national scale, a Gypsy Federation was set up in 1959, but it faded away after two years of activity. Then, in 1961, the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party adopted a resolution which later became a government decree. It was in the spirit of this law that the campaigns to house and settle the Gypsies, find them employment and, later set up special schools, got under way. A co-ordinating committee was formed in 1968, which is directed by a government department functioning jointly with the Council of Ministers.

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In June 1969, the Sociological Group of the Society for the Dissemination of

Scientific Knowledge held a national conference on the Gypsy problem, in which research workers, teachers, health personnel, police officers and other state representatives took part. They were all familiar with the situation of the Gypsy problem, they had the courage to consider and re-evaluate the whole position, and decide what were the best measures to be undertaken.

Up to the present, the basic assumption has been that the Gypsies should assimilate completely with the rest of the population. The conference, however, recommended that if the Gypsies insisted on adhering to their own way of life, their own customs and culture, they should not be prevented from doing so, but that at the same time efforts should be made to help them adjust to twentieth century Hungarian society.

But this cannot be a process necessarily applying to all the Gypsies as a whole. The Gypsy musicians who rank highest in the social scale, both among the "Romungros" (those to whom Hungarian is their native language) and those for whom Vlach is the mother tongue, do not want to remain Gypsies, and indeed, do everything they can to assimilate. They move away from the settlement as far as possible, changing their names, and forgetting their old customs. The more educated escape from the Gypsy people lest they be lured back again.

There is therefore no group of educated Gypsies who can speak for their people. Every age has produced outstanding musicians. Aladár Rácz, who made the cimbalom an instrument of art, died not very long ago, and there are other musicians, conductors, cellists, pianists—such as the famous György Cziffra—as well as poets and film directors. These talented people had to use every ounce of the strength they possessed to rise from the depths, and in the process, willingly or no, they lost contact with the Gypsy people. And besides the musicians there are others who have had to struggle hard to break away, and who became doctors, teachers and engineers.

The conference came to the conclusion that there are two possible solutions and in this the Gypsies agree with them. One section of the Gypsies wishes to assimilate. The plan, as proposed at this conference, would be as follows. 1. They would move away from the settlements into towns or villages, settling down far from large groups of Gypsies. 2. They would work in the kind of place where there are opportunities for learning and advancement and where there is no prejudice. 3. The children should go to school with the Hungarians, without discrimination.

The other group felt that, on the contrary; 1. large families and relatives should live together, retaining their customs within their own community; 2. special agricultural, small business or handicraft co-operatives should be established where they could work, using their traditional skills; 3. the children should be taught in special classes or schools where they would learn the Gypsy language as well as Hungarian.

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A couple of years ago, a Gypsy Research Group was formed by students who volunteered for this activity at Budapest's Eötvös Loránd University. They began by studying the Vlach language, and are now carrying out sociological research projects. They are helping to organize Gypsy classes, and as an experiment are teaching in the Vlach language at the Gypsy school in Rácskeve. They also became involved in the discussion which appeared in the press at the beginning of 1970. In order to encourage and strengthen the Gypsy sense of his own nationality, they recommended that the Gypsy himself should be put in a position to decide whether he wishes to assimilate to the Hungarians or to preserve his special national characteristics. For those who choose the latter, Gypsy schools should be set up, with specialist teachers and an amended curriculum, and scholarships for promising students. There should also be a Gypsy news-

paper, and films and radio programmes designed for Gypsy audiences. Finally, in order to ensure the success of this undertaking, a scientific research institution should be established to deal with this question.

There are Gypsies in almost every country in the world. The number of European Gypsies is relatively high, and out of these about a seventh or a sixth live in Hungary.

So that in proportion to the other countries, and in absolute figures as well, the highest number of Gypsies live in Hungary. The relations moreover between Gypsies and the general population in other countries are not as difficult and contradictionary as in Hungary. The Gypsies are only one of the many nationalities living in the Soviet Union. There is no discrimination against them. In Spain and Italy their lives are very similar to that of the landless, impoverished, unemployed peasants. In France they are relatively better off and live under more stable conditions.

At present it would perhaps be fair to say that they find existence most difficult in Hungary, so much so that in a miniature form it begins to resemble that of the American Negro. They do not work, even when there is the opportunity, they do not go to school, they do not adopt the customs and culture of their environment, and at the same time their numbers are increasing rapidly, and they are beginning to demand their rights. But even in the tiniest of settlements they war with one another, as with the outside world, and their anti-social attitudes contribute to their own disintegration and increase the hostility of the rest of the population.

In May 1970, as everyone knows, a devastating flood hit two counties in the eastern part of Hungary. Forty villages were destroyed in the Szabolcs-Szatmár region and several communities had to be evacuated in Csongrád County. The water also swept away the mud huts of the Gypsies. Every adult who was physically capable of it took part in rescuing the sick, the children, livestock and belongings. They guarded and strengthened the dams. Most of the Gypsies however—several thousands of them—lounged in the emergency quarters they were allotted, destroyed the furniture of cultural centres and schools, sold in the market places the canned food, quilts and sheets given to them as flood victims, expressed contempt for the three meals they received daily, asking for more meat, and demanded that stone houses be built for them, since the lot of the Gypsy people was an unfortunate one and life had dealt very hardly with them.

It is on the grounds of such behaviour that it is difficult to predict what will come of the proposals put forward at the conference. Because the Gypsy people themselves must contribute to their own improvement. Without such a contribution even the best of plans cannot succeed.

ATTILA BÁGYONI

BITTER MEADOW

Notes of a Village Doctor

Bitter Meadow is the place where the Gypsies live. The huts have stood there for many years. Ancients of the village say that they must have settled on this windy and barren plateau because it was not fit for anything. The cattle and sheep disliked the bitter grass that grew there.

Let me begin with this spring. Here is something new for sociologists and folklorists: they are singing, dancing and flourishing. Bitter Meadow is bursting with high spirits. Spring has come. Few people are so happy with the first tentative rays of sunshine, the soft south wind, and the drying roads as our wild Gypsies.

The district doctor sees all their troubles and difficulties, and reaching beyond them the greatest of all, backwardness and ignorance, for these confront him every day.

I do not want to generalize; I am talking about *our* Gypsies, the Gypsies of Bitter Meadow, to whom I am all-important, for they come to me with all their troubles.

I must admit that they respect my nights. It is rare indeed when they call me up at night. Equally they rarely come to my surgery during office hours. Usually they call me as it occurs to them, sometimes for a mere nothing, at other times not even when it is a matter of life and death.

It is not true that Gypsies are hardly ever ill. Some kind of misguided romanticism propagated this belief in the days when they had no doctoring, but plenty of dead; those who survived were, indeed, fit and healthy.

The reader who has gone through hundreds of newspaper articles and studies about the Gypsy problem, who has followed the scholarly and popular discussions on the question will perhaps forgive the doctor if he is a little personal. For after all it is I who confront the problem; that is clear enough from the fact that the Gypsy problem is never discussed, either at the Council or in social organizations without the presence of the doctor and the social worker.

Ever since they have been "on the national health" they call me in practically every case of illness, those they recognize by their own lights. If they send a child for me, I know they don't consider the illness serious. If an adult comes, it is to fetch me to the husband or wife.

A call by husband and wife together usually means that one of the children is ill. If the child is very ill, the neighbour comes along with them or possibly even five or six neighbours. It will generally be two or three men, brothers, who call me for parents; they come together even if they each live in separate households. Their spokesman is either the eldest brother, or if he is not decided enough, all of them together:

"My mother, my dear mother is ill, Doctor! Oh, doctor, she's awfully ill, please it's very urgent!"

"She's choking, she can't get enough air," adds the other, "she may even have choked by now!" That's why it's so urgent because she can't breathe! Please, dear Doctor, there's no time to waste!"

"All right, don't talk so much!" the third brother will quieten them down a moment. "You needn't explain to the doctor what it means when you can't get enough air!"

So the three continue to interrupt one another while I put the necessary things in my bag. But the spokesman has to demonstrate his importance:

"You don't have to go on repeating what's wrong with her breathing! She's gasping and that's that. That's the worst part of it, she needs some kind of an injection for that."

"Please bring her something against choking!"

"It's terrible, it's very, very bad! Our poor mother may die, and then we shall all perish!"

"The doctor is hardly interested in everyone's family affairs. Everybody's only got one mother. The important thing is now to get mother better."

"Bring a life injection, that's what's wanted. The same as Joe got last year. Everybody thought that he was at his last gasp, and then suddenly he sat up. That was a miracle if you like!"

"Stick to Mother, don't go off about Joe! The eyes, the eyes are the worst. Bulging like anything!"

"You can't expect the doctor to follow all you're saying." — "It's not her eyes, it is the gasping, the breath." All three of them are babbling on with the same purpose to convince me that it is very urgent that I see mother.

I don't doubt their word, although I would have every justification, for in eight out of ten cases they call me unnecessarily. I don't hesitate or protest, for I'm perfectly well aware I shall go with them immediately. They know it too, they know me quite well enough, nonetheless they work on me as if they wanted to win me over for some big project of theirs and I was trying to dodge it.

As a matter of fact, they talk in the same way at the District Council, in the court room, and even in school as tiny children, for always and everywhere they are afraid that they won't be listened to, that they won't be understood. They can't forget that for centuries their name was "Clear out!"

Whether progress for them leads in the direction of an integrated Gipsy minority or assimilation, perhaps no one can tell at the present time. Personally I champion assimilation, because I have seen some examples of it working in our village, and have heard of it working elsewhere, while I haven't seen much evidence of the success of an integrated Gypsy community.

In everyday practice, however, leading them out from their present ignorance and backwardness is the principal—and most difficult—problem that needs tackling for some 80 or 90 per cent of them are illiterate. Their living standard is well below the average. And their housing conditions are best left unmentioned.

No wonder, then, that they welcome the spring, when at last they can stretch their legs. The L. Cs. family live twelve in a five-by-five yards square one-room house, in which the one room serves as kitchen as well. The poorest of them sleep on straw on the floor, seven or eight in a few square yards. The more prosperous of them may have one or two beds in the house—though indeed four or five children, or two or three adults will be sleeping on them.

There is usually a stove in the middle of the room with an inadequate flue or vent blowing the smoke back at the slightest wind, spitting smoke and soot all over the place. The small fry barefooted, wearing nothing but a shirt, squat or jump about the stove. All winter long they only leave the hut only to relieve nature. In the winter they never go out to play or walk. On the other hand all of them smoke, and, if they can get it, drink. This is not the parents' unconcern; it is part of their general attitudes and centuries-old customs. For these people adore their children. They tremble for them when they are ill, and proudly watch them grow. But they consider it is a sign of a strong character if a child of kindergarten age "inhales" in smoking a pipe, if he "acquires" a chicken, if he can drink a glass of brandy neat. They can hardly wait for their children's first words, they welcome every new sign of intellectual progress, but if their baby cannot sleep during the night they give him a brew of poppyseed or brandy, for night after all is the time for sleep, and this, they are honestly convinced, is the very best that could be done for him. Nothing shows their love and concern more than the fact that it is extremely rare for the children of living Gypsy parents, or even with one living parent, to go to a state home.

And in the same way they love and honour the aged. I know of no old Gypsy who would be allowed by his children to end life in an old age home.

A twenty-year-old Gypsy boy whose mother I had sent to hospital for heart trouble knelt down before me as before some saint and begged me with hands clasped in prayer to bring his mother home from the hospital, because she would die there, and he couldn't live if she were to die.

I sent Mrs. B. R. to hospital because of a miscarriage. The whole family went after her by train. In about two days I was called to her bedside at home.

"How come you are at home?"

"Yes, Doctor, I came home."

"But why? You should have stayed at least four or five days in hospital!"

She said nothing, just kept blinking at her husband and mother-in-law.

"Well, why did you come home? Why didn't you stay in the hospital the proper time?"

Her husband replied for her:

"Dear Doctor, it was impossible."

"But why?"

"Well, because of the food," he said, in the manner of one giving away a family secret.

"Why, what was wrong with the food?"

"Well, speak up," the man turned to his wife, "Tell the Doctor!"

"It was bad, very bad, dear Doctor. That food would certainly have killed me."

It was with a bit of malicious pleasure that I told the story to the business manager of the hospital.

I had to send her back, by ambulance, for she was haemorrhaging again. That same night she was back home. Later in the night when I was again called to her, she was no longer herself. A rush to the phone, a rush back to hospital by ambulance. Only speedy hospital intervention saved her.

Then there was Mrs. D. G., whose eight-month-old little son was in hospital for almost four weeks. One day the woman received a wire that she could come and fetch her son, he was well again. She collected the entire cash of the family, about 450 forints, and set off. When she got to the children's ward, the Sister asked her sharply:

"And where are the child's clothes?"

"I didn't know, that..."

"What didn't you know? Didn't you get our wire?"

"Yes, I did, but the clothes, I didn't know that..."

"Do you want to take him home naked? Or perhaps you thought that we would clothe him for you?"

The Sister's rudeness brought a flush to then woman's cheek. She pressed her lips tightly together, then smiled and said with angelic calm:

"I'll bring the clothes. I kiss your hand, I'll bring them directly. They are at my sister's, she's living close by, in the third block from here. In a big house! I just wanted to know first how my little Dee was, whether it was certain I could really take him home?" And promptly she went to the nearest shop, to buy a shirt, overalls, cap, and blanket for little Dee. Afterwards, when they got home, she showed off this apple of her eye dressed all in white, to everyone in Bitter Meadow and the whole family cried with happiness. No one, neither the children, nor the old folk said anything to her about all the money spent, not even when instead of supper their stomachs rumbling with hunger, they were fingering little Dee's already soiled—but still beautiful—clothes.

Well, that is what they are like. I scold them and I love them. I have the feeling that they are eternally play-acting. Like all great comic actors, they think in extremes. They play everything up or everything down, they are always showing off and they conjure with words, making magic with them, as if they were on a permanent stage. Lies with them are only a form of play, an invented attitude, a kind of art.

I have heard some beautiful songs among

them, Gypsy songs which I never heard over the radio. I would have liked to tape some of them.

"Me? Where do you get the idea I can sing? Have I ever sung in my life? Not one tune, so help me!" a young Gypsy woman remonstrated when I asked her to sing for me.

"Well, you know that I'd do it for you, if for no one else. But I can't, I can't so help me! Not a note."

But when I explained that I was not there in an official capacity, not even as a doctor, but only as an ordinary guest, everything suddenly changed. The same woman was most happy to sing beautiful songs for me.

They dress as they speak, in a colourful medley of fanciful garments, and they move the same free way, pointing vigorously, using sweeping gestures. When they are merely half content they grin broadly with sheer happiness; they skip about and are full of fun. They float on dizzy waves of bliss when a child is born, when one of their loved ones comes home from hospital, or their soldier son is discharged. But they cry aloud and lament extravagantly when someone dies.

They do everything more intensively, more noisily, more vivaciously, more spectacularly than others. They are in love with life.

Today increasing numbers of them are in regular employment. In almost every family there is a worker, who considers it a matter of course that the rest of the family—including healthy adults—will be beneficiaries of the national health through him. It is hopeless to explain to them that things are not quite like that, and for this reason I write out prescriptions for any of them without argument, and if they are ill I give them the same medical care as those who are really entitled to it.

For, contrary to popular superstition, they give the doctor a tremendous amount of work.

This is partly because of the social discrimination which still exists and partly because the majority possess no skill or qualification whatsoever, and are given the heaviest and filthiest physical work, which often undermines their health and brings out latent diseases.

There are a large number of men and women with diseases of the heart and circulation among them, and many have asthma, rheumatism, and hernia. Secondary myocarditis and kidney troubles are much more frequent among them than in other sections of the population, for if they are unemployed, they don't consult a doctor in time. (The workers by the way don't always come to see me when they are ill, but mainly when they do not want to work.) And complications are caused by neglecting the primary illness: tonsillitis, an abscessed tooth, or an unnoticed outbreak of scarlet fever among the children.

I said earlier that they adore children and old people, that they often run to the doctor for a mere nothing, and that in 80 per cent of the cases they call me without any real need. At the same time, however, they neglect serious trouble, they wait to ask for medical help, or call for it at the last minute. This may sound like a contradiction. But it is not that they act differently from most people, but their outlook, their knowledge, their information and education differs from that of a more enlightened, more realistic and more cultured person. For the only criterion of illness they accept is when someone is crying with pain, is feeble and helpless, or wounded and bleeding.

They are given to extremes in other ways as well. If a non-Gypsy wants to be excused from work without good reason, he invents all kinds of tales, says it hurts here and hurts there, moans and complains and asks for various tests. When a Gypsy wants to avoid work, he comes with a real illness, something he has deliberately produced himself.

A forty-year old man came to see me with a serious case of conjunctivitis. No treatment seemed to help. I could not

understand the case, and sent him to an eye-specialist. He was given all kinds of medicine and seemed on the verge of improvement; suddenly his eyes grew red again. Another examination by the eye-specialist, but it was beyond him as well. Finally he had the discharge tested. The laboratory test showed the presence of gonococcus in the discharge, the organism that causes gonorrhea. Now we saw daylight: our man had been washing his eyes with urine, repeating it every day during our treatment.

What we learned showed us that it was not only that he had venereal disease, but also that he was defending himself according to his own lights against the imposition of social customs he was still unwilling to accept—the state of regular employment which came so naturally to us.

I also had a case where a young Gypsy woman urinated on a wound to make it fester. It is not rare to find them eating special herbs to make them sick; with green faces, they vomit over everything in my surgery, although indeed the illnesses they quite naturally get from living in their wet and mouldering huts and eating bad food would be quite enough for their purposes.

And once they are ill recovery is very slow and difficult under the conditions under which they live. That is why I send the really ill to hospital whenever possible.

It is physically impossible to keep their homes tidy and clean. In the winter they simply don't wash anything, they say they have no place to hang their laundry. And it is literally true; in the snow and rain it won't dry.

And again, to refute the popular belief about Gypsies being sound as a bell, let me tell you that the largest percentage of miscarriages occur among Gypsies. By the age of two, most of their infants have spent some period of time in hospital. Tuberculosis is still endemic among them, and venereal diseases are not infrequent. But let it be quite clear that the relatively high incidence of venereal diseases is not due to promiscuity but neglect. The fact is that at Bitter Meadow they live in a state of strict monogamy and in respectable family communities where any change of partners is almost unheard of. "Fast" girls are expelled.

Ignorance was the reason that all three cases of death from tetanus in the last ten years occurred among Gypsies. In the recent past two serious dysentery epidemics in our village were traced to them.

Up to the present all attempts at preventive medicine have failed. True, there are a few families by now where the cildren are brought in for inoculation at our first notice, but I can perform the majority of the compulsory vaccinations only with police assistance.

Their ideas of cleanliness and order are peculiar, and different from mine.

When I asked D. H., a 58-year-old great-grandfather to wash his hands (his granddaughter had become a mother a few days earlier), he gave me a shocked look:

"In winter?"

Maybe the reader will smile; although a feeling of shame would be more in order. These people live here in our country, side by side with us, amongst us for generations, far back into historical times, and the earlier social outlook in those days pushed them beyond the pale of society—outside. And the official position of equality today—let us be quite honest about it—often does not even reach as far as the local Council. The best-intentioned council chairman or cooperative president will call a Gypsy who is his elder by a generation by his first name, and even when he is anxious to help he adopts a patronizing attitude; whenever he addresses a Gypsy, his manner is condescending.

"Well, my good man, we have democracy here, even you Gypsies can improve your lot if you behave, if you work decently, if you don't hang round the drink-shops, if you don't spit tobacco all over the church steps, if you don't get your work clothes dirtier than others, if you don't always go begging for sick leave to the doctor, if.. if.. if."

If there is an administrative leader of this kind who nonetheless is trusted, if an employer of this kind is nonetheless not feared, he can pin a medal on his chest; but he won't solve the Gypsy problem.

I do not want the leaders of our village to misunderstand me, nor other officials higher still, but I believe that the very first step must be the creation of an atmosphere of mutual trust. I ought to know, for I see the problem every day. And the others could see it as well if they would pay a little more attention to the problem; and if they paid more attention to this problem, they would do well.

BALÁZS VARGHA

ARTS EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG

Rousseau, in his *Émile* coined the following bon mot: "In school, time should not be economized, but wasted."

From the very beginning this off-hand paradox was a stumbling-block and a subject of controversy in educational theory. Enterprising enthusiasts—Pestalozzi, Froebel, Montessori tried to realize Rousseau's idea, but their experiments remained on the periphery of practice.

Our world is not progressing in the sense envisaged by Rousseau. At most, the productive members of industrial society attempt to gratify their nostalgia for natural life during their holidays or week-ends. And the rational timetable of places of work is reflected in the time-table of the children's place of work, the school, as well.

The Paradox of Time-wasting

The school cannot risk the time-wasting supported by Rousseau, it has to transmit to pupils an ever larger and more complex quantity of knowledge. Furthermore there are far too many children expecting to be instructed to have them strolling about individually or at most, in groups of five or six, each under the leadership of a Rousseau, hunting for inspiring experiences.

Educational manpower becomes more and more expensive, while clever machines become cheaper. On the horizon of the future you can already discern a teaching machine leading children along an inexorably programmed line of thoughts.

The monkey infants of the animal psychologists accept the mother-machine as their mother if it can be clutched, if it warms and if its speaker unit utters monkey sounds. Are we going to be able to humanize the teaching machine to a degree where the pupils will accept it as their master, roaming happily under its guidance in the programmed jungle? Or will they press the push-buttons of their teaching machine with the anguish that overcomes rats in the maze of the psychologist? Irrespective of the future development of educational theory it cannot leave out of account the children's eagerness to act. In order to strengthen this eagerness, Rousseau's paradox ought to be remoulded in some way.

Arts on the Defensive

The contact of civilized humanity with the arts presents a deplorable spectacle indeed, both for the creative artists and the public. Most of the qualified professional artists produce uninteresting second-hand works that can be described as consumer goods. This is quite natural and understandable since the majority of the consumers actually ask for such works. Only a small percentage of the population arrives as far as to establish intimate contacts with new trends in contemproary arts.

The average reaction is an irritated rejection of any "serious" art. Interest is the exception. And one cannot be certain that it is a real interest. May be it is only a tedious social obligation or a snobbish well-informedness. (The positive and negative features of snobbery deserve special discussion.)

But who has enough time to walk all over the immense empire of masterpieces? The long miles of museums, the thousands of masterpieces reproduced in books and on records? Sooner or later intimate familiarity will become the privilege of those who are professionally engaged in one or the other of the arts. However, the deaf and blind professional must be substracted even from this low number.

And the naive artists? They also include but a low percentage of real talents, similar to that of professional artists. Most of them are hobbyists of rudimentary taste, trying to find a remedy for their unhappiness in creation.

Our age seems to refute the thesis that art is the common treasure of humanity, and creation its common capacity.

The principle of democracy requires that anybody rejecting the values of art should be left in peace. Nobody can be forced to find delight in art. When it comes to merely consuming works of art, everyone is entitled to his own taste.

Control of the art market, the limitation of the production and propagation of trash by means of various sanctions does not promise any success either.

The process must be examined which spoils the taste of the majority of humanity and makes them indifferent, in fact hostile, to the arts.

Folklore—the Lost Paradise

The oldest written and the most primitive oral traditions of all civilizations agree that our ancestors were happier, that they lived in a golden age and that humanity at one time in some way, lost this happiness. Introspection shows that everyone of us looks back to the good old days.

Scholarship shows that no golden age existed. Although hunger and starvation are still menacing, the children of the golden age were certainly more hungry, ragged and sick and had a shorter life than mankind today.

There is, however, a domain where we are compelled to agree with the legend of the golden age: the members of primitive communities were all participants in the arts either creating, or varying, or inheriting.

Some two hundred years ago the attention of European *literati* began to concentrate on folklore. Ever since an uninterrupted discussion has gone on concerning the individual or collective character of works of art. Some people utterly disbelieve in the creative faculty of the people, qualifying the incontestable artistic values of folklore as debased works of art. Thus they absolutized the delimination between the few gifted possessors of the privilege of creation on the one hand, and the great majority on the other, who, at the very best, are allowed to admire the masterpieces, but are usually kept out by their lack of education and their insensibility.

This outlook is all the more unwarranted since the works—including those of art and science alike—are essentially the result of collective activity. Numerous elements of

common culture are incorporated even in the most individual of discoveries or the most individual masterpiece. The nuclear physics of our days is collective work in its entirety. Shakespeare's plays are variants of popular themes. Brilliant variants, for sure.

In folklore the proportions between creation and variation are not the same as in "high" arts, but the difference is not a qualitative one. Béla Bartók's view that a four-line peasant song is a masterpiece comparable to classic musical compositions was regarded as a bold exaggeration when it was expressed. Today it is a commonplace.

But is there any importance in combining folklore and high arts in theory, while the folklore of the most highly civilized countries has already become extinct and the process of extinction is irreversible everywhere else? Civilization—as we know it—exterminates the active creation-variation of a folklore character, replacing it by the passive receptivity of the majority of the population for nothing but inferior works.

On the other hand we like to deceive ourselves by saying that the masterpieces of folklore and folk-art are incorporated in the treasury of works of art. Works of anonymous African or Polynesian artists are appreciated as highly by museums and publications as those of the geniuses of the European tradition. What they present, however, is nothing but a single piece chosen at random, belonging to a once flourishing culture of variants either extinct or sentenced to death. Our appreciation only runs to including these pieces in the devotion—or boredom—of museums. We have no hope of keeping alive or reviving the collective faculty which once created these pieces together with their innumerable but lost variations.

Children's Folklore

Peasant folklore does not become extinct as swiftly as we believed with anxiety two hundred, a hundred or twenty-five years ago. For instance, living folk traditions can still be found in many regions of Hungary. We do not indulge in illusions: the process of extinction can at the very best, be slowed down, but not reversed.

There is, however, a special branch of folklore that is barely limited by the spreading of civilization and of the means of mass communication: children's folklore.

It might be asked whether the partly spontaneous and partly collective creative activity of children may correctly be termed folklore. Precaution is all the more advisable since the literary and musical works of children have been collected only most sporadically and thus could not be studied properly. The work of children in the fine arts is the best known and most appreciated.

The works of children were started to be examined and shown at the beginning of our century, together with primitive folk-art. Modern art found partly an inspiration and partly a justification in these works. The reformers were in turn inspired by modern works of art to overthrow the hegemony of classic figure drawing. That remarkable pieces are not limited to single "talented" children but that a whole class or the pupils of an entire school may prove to be gifted is less frequently emphasized.

A similar, exactly verifiable conclusion was drawn by the Hungarian followers of Zoltán Kodály in music teaching, although not on the level of creation. A special musical class was made up of pupils with a fine ear for music and of tone-deaf children in equal proportions. After a certain period of collective instruction no difference could be made between the children admitted on account of their fine ear and the unmusical ones. Some of each were among the best ones. But even the worst pupils of the musical classes were far better musicians than the best ones in classes instructed in the traditional way. (And they achieved outstanding results in other subjects too.)

New Educational Methods

Let us add the results of new complex instruction in mathematics and we may rightfully speak of a different, more effective educational theory preparing to reform teaching as a whole.

The failure of traditional teaching methods is the most obvious in the two subjects which are of crucial importance for the development of thinking: mathematics and the native language. However, the above-mentioned inadequacy of general artistic taste indicates a similar failure in arts education as well.

It is a universally known and often stated fact that, prior to school age, children explore and raise problems worded in an original way. In the first years of school this universal interest and faculty waste away to be replaced by a more or less diligent carrying out of duties.

The traditional method of teaching in literature, music and art has similar results. Children at nursery schools learn hundreds of verses, songs and singing games by ear and without difficulty while children of twelve find it hard to learn a few lines by heart. Small children improvise verses, songs and games individually or in groups, and are able to draw everything they see or imagine, without any encouragement or special instruction. Instructed in the traditional way in school they take no interest in independent creation

In order to recognize what produces this well-known failure we must know what the traditional method actually consists of, both in general, and applied to the different artistic disciplines.

To put it in general terms: the traditional method restricts both thinking and creative activity within narrow limits (in fact, makes them occasionally impossible) by setting lessons (either in form of series of questions or by inviting a certain action), which have only a single correct solution. The teacher (or whoever is ultimately in charge) has the sovereign right to determine the lessons in the form of a syllabus, a plan of tuition or a detailed programme, and it is up to the pupil to react with a "correct" answer to the actual lesson as to a psychological stimulus. This closed form of instruction is associated with the exclusive initiative of the teacher and with a system of rewards and punishments (good or bad, marks, praise or humiliation for the answer qualified as correct or incorrect).

On the other hand, in a creative situation, the pupils are given tasks which have several different correct solutions; in fact, even incorrect solutions are instructive being the result of independent thinking. Attempts permit the steps done that far to be controlled and examined anew. Punishment, essential in earlier methods becomes superfluous and senseless in such a situation, while the reward lies not in the teacher's praise but the pleasure taken in intellectual activity.

Instruction in Art

How are the two different notions of teaching to be made effective in art? There are teachers, in fact educational systems, which carefully exclude any kind of independence even from typically creative tasks. Drawing, for instance, is discussed in advance with children of 8 or 9 year, and anyone who departs from the agreed course received a bad mark. Art teaching emphasizes the precise drawing of figures and objects, as well as the communication of knowledge attached to drawing tasks determined in advance. The dullness of such closed-type activity right from the start precludes the establishment of any sort of lively contact with art.

The alienating effect of traditional teaching in literature and art suggests that it serves some social interest. After such methods nobody thinks of trying his hand at an artistic career unless he has maintained his artistic inclinations in spite of teaching.

A huge flood of art students and amateurs would overflow society if instruction had largely positive results instead of the actual negative ones.

Creative Children

In a good situation every child gives evidence of creative talent. That true propositions requires some explanation.

Of course, creation must be regarded in a broader sense than usual. At seven only an exceptionally talented child like Mozart is likely to compose a High Mass. On the other hand, it is undeniable that learning to talk—a performance not exceeding the faculties of any healthy child of 1–3 years—is not merely reproduction but a creative intellectual activity. Creative activities of small children while learning their native language deserve special attention. (Such as a child asking a man wearing Menjou-moustache: "Have you mouth-brows?") Children's analogical word formations, nonsensical grammatical forms, mistakes based on phonetical resemblances, striking metaphors and sentence construction are comparable with the playful, funny, or even serious language-creating gestures of poets.

Adults, to a child incalculable, hysterical beings, reward the original sayings of the child with enthusiastic approval, but correct most of its deviations from normal usage of the language, thus imbuing it with a complex sense of shame attached to any word-twisting, quibble verse-making, or absurd linguistic form. The restriction of creative linguistic fantasy is topped by the school when it confines the illimitable possibilities of linguistic communication and metacommunication to the narrow limits of formal rational linguistic logic and of a grammar based on Latin. (This is not equally true for every language. English literature, for instance, has unparalleled traditions of nonsense verse. I would be most interested to see how the works of Lewis Carrol, Edward Lear and other are used with younger children in the English-speaking world.)

The intervention of adults may cause other troubles too in the creative activity of children. Many parents start to mislead their children with the illusion of an artistic career. Forced exercises and hastened success may damage a child's personality for the rest of his life. That is thinking in the traditional way. But if every child is allowed to be talented and not only the elect, if collective performance results in collective success, then the risk of an early distortion of personality is much smaller.

If we want to be still more careful, we may save the children even from the shock of collective performance and success. Creative activity must not be termed creation—it can be called a game. Which it actually is.

How about Playing in School?

Traditional education admits play activity within class at most up to the age of 7 or 8. (Of course, there are special subjects. Even the most conservative educationist will not deny the legitimacy of play in physical education. Perhaps they are admitted to a certain degree in art and music teaching. If, so the argument runs, children play and entertain themselves in school, they will not get accustomed to the serious carrying out of their duties. Such a programme of dreariness is significantly characteristic of this type of educational thinking.

We must of course define more exactly what games are justified within school. Certainly not games of chance (unless as an illustration for certain problems of higher mathematics). I am not thinking of those games either, which are an agreeable pastime and are based only on a certain dexterity or the knowledge of certain facts. Finally, I do not regard as useful (not even at the lower stages) those playful, funny elements which are used for animating a lesson, irrespective of the nature of the subject.

Such elements enwrap the problem in an artificial "noise" and distract the attention from what should be thought about, leading the pupils on a false track they would perhaps never take spontaneously. (If on the other hand the pupils are already familiar with a problem, they will not fail to recognize it even if it appears within natural "noise".)

When speaking about games, we do not mean pleasantry or clowning. What then? The solution of stimulative problems and creative tasks, of course.

Just as in mathematics where the solution of problems is associated with creation, occupations of an artistic character also include both the solution of problems and creative tasks.

An Example of Problem Solution

Although I taught art only for a year and a half, and was not seriously engaged in the profession, I shall take an example from this field. The drawings I would like to refer to were made 25 years ago, in 1945, in a small Hungarian school. Children of 10–11 years were learning a Hungarian epic poem, *János vitéz*, by Sándor Petőfi. The children had to draw an episode of the poem: "János vitéz" defeats the giant. I established two limits (or rather: rules of the game): 1. The giant must be bigger than the piece of paper; 2. the drawing should express not only in its theme but also in the formal solution that "János vitéz" is stronger than the giant.

The first condition took the children aback.

"He should be bigger than the paper? So we are not supposed to draw the whole of the giant?"

"But you are! The whole giant must be on the paper!"

"That's impossible!"

"I am not sure of that!"

As soon as they started drawing, they realized that I did not want anything impossible. One of the children bent the giant: his hair reached the floor and he saw the little hero upside down. Another child expressed the better chances of "János vitéz" by drawing a bent, almost weak-kneed giant in faint colours, holding a miniature bright-coloured athlete in his hand.

The most pleasant surprise was provided by a child who expressed the dimensions of the giant by drawing a small head on a huge body. And so, without having the slightest idea of the precedent, he discovered Michelanchelo's technique in the *Last Judgment*, where Christ overtowers the other figures not only by his central place within the composition and by his large dimensions, but also by the fact that he has a very small head as compared to his robust shoulders. The unexpected Michelangelic solution permits the conclusion: an excessively small head means a giant, while a large head represents a dwarf.

Linguistics—Literary Games

I should now like to refer briefly to my major interest, teaching the native language and literature through play. Here too, play means the creative activity of problem solution. I teach children how to play—not in a school but in radio and television programmes, in periodicals and books.

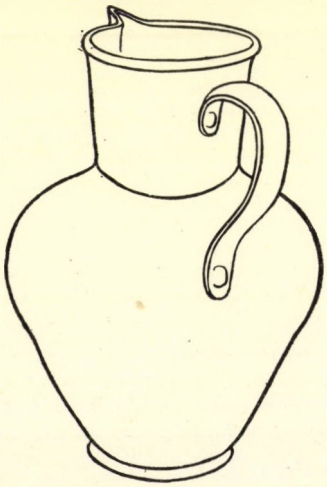
The games I use include the old and recent rich material of linguistic and literary games, ranging from the ancient Greek verses of Simmias to the ideas of André Breton and other modern poets, with new forms added.

After the example is presented and "passed round," the game usually ends with the invitation: "Continue the series!"

Here is one of the simplest examples: In Shakespeare's *As You Like It* Rosalind is reading a letter, which her admirer has versified with her name:

From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind,
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind

Touchstone the clown continues the series of rhymes. (It depends on the age of the players whether I present them at all.) After the Rosalind rhymes, in a Hungarian translation of course, the invitation "Continue the series!" causes no difficulty to the children of 8–9 years.



This is not the only linguistic game by Shakespeare which can be continued in this way. Posthumous verses and the correspondence of writers and poets often contain similar flashes expecting to be carried on. Just think of the profusion of games in the works of Lewis Carrol. Surprising as it may sound, an outstanding source is the correspondence of Mozart, whose linguistic games can be readily continued.

Children can continue the linguistic flashes of Shakespeare, Poe, Hugo, Rimbaud, Mozart or even Rabelais. *Mutatis mutandis* this can be done in art and music as well.

I think, this is of double advantage. The children can exercise and discover for themselves the various forms of artistic expression. At the same time they gain access to

the great artists and their works from another aspect. Traditional instruction in arts places the pupils in front of an impressive masterpiece and lets them admire it, but shows them no entrance. The games I suggest lead children through the ontogenesis of the works of art. They may feel themselves as co-authors, being able to make variants on the works of great artists.

Besides the great artists are the small and anonymous ones, the multipliers and preservers of play traditions. And then we have the innumerable linguistic flashes of folk poetry offering themselves to be carried on.

Game Series

Linguistic games are difficult to translate. I should like to present one of my games that is more or less international.

We want to make the children understand in a playful way that metaphors are not merely decorations of poems employed by the poets to show-off, but are frequently incorporated in our current language and range of thoughts.

The first "scene" of the game: I show the children an ordinary glass jug:

"Name the different parts of the jug!"

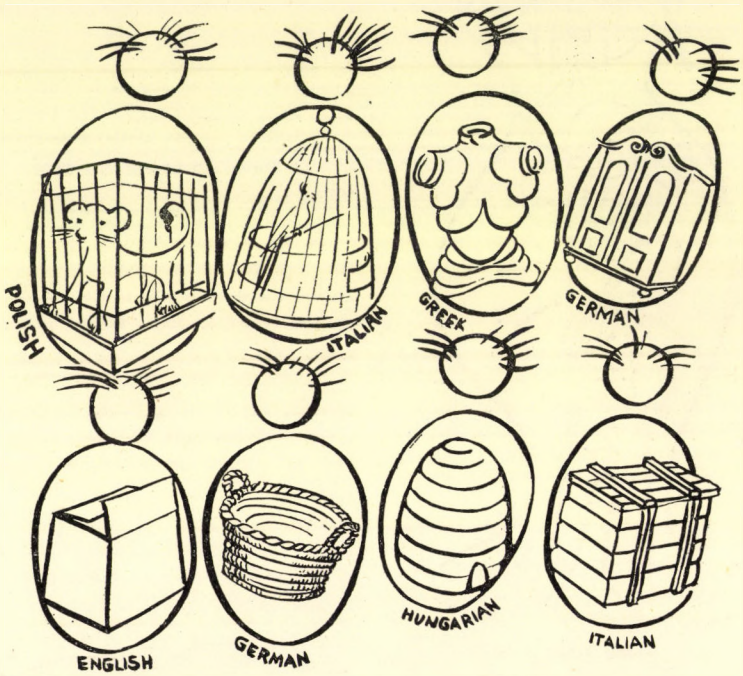
In Hungarian a jug has only "human" parts; many other languages probably also call them by names like ear, mouth, neck, sole. So this industrial product has conserved in our language and thinking the memory of those times, when our ancestors used dishes of human or animal shape. (Hungarian folk potters actually still make anthropomorphous jugs, what are called "Mishka jugs".)

A forked tree was growing,
A barrel grew on top of the tree,
A snail on top of the barrel,
A mill on top of the snail,
Two cans on top of the mill,
Two stars on top of the two cans,
A field on top of the two stars,
A forest on top of the field.
What is it?

If we had not enumerated the parts of the jug, few of us would find the correct answer: a man. Here is the meaning of the drawn objects: legs, belly, neck, mouth, nose, eyes, forehead, hair.

The next two figures are only outlined by me, the children build them themselves on the "Continue the series!" basis. On one of the nonsense figures we draw the metaphors where an object can be found in the name of a part of our body, and on the other those which represent, by means of a metaphor, a good or bad quality of a part of our body.

Another game: We look for words in dictionaries that stand for the same thing in different languages, e.g. for chest, and try to find the metaphor included in each word. Then we draw the series which shows the large number of variants to be used for the denomination of a single part of the body, with the resemblance of the forms given.



Some Conclusions

These drawn nonsense figures demonstrate not only the metaphor formation of the language—with the active co-operation of the children—but make accessible the style of the Surrealist artists and of the Renaissance and Baroque precursors of Surrealism (e.g. Arcimboldo).

One of the main troubles in arts education is the fact that generally the Classicist shape is emphasized and that even in works by classic artists the abnormal absurd, nonsense, playful ones are omitted or concealed. In my opinion precisely these elements should be emphasized since they give the children the opportunity to continue, to carry on the game, and to get acquainted with the paradoxes of creation in a creative way.

These few examples should also demonstrate that the three main arts—literature, fine arts, music—have numerous interconnections which are not sufficiently brought out by the specialized type of education. It is high time anyway to connect with more confidence the traditionally separated subjects within the scope of complex programmes. In Hungary there is an experiment —for the time being, within the programme of the School Radio—attempting to develop complex linguistic-musical-mathematical playful programmes which have to demonstrate the common features of these apparently detached sectors.

Finally I should like to emphasize once

more that in the creative activity of children it is not the work they create which is of primary importance—however nice it is—but the struggle with the material, the combined work of hands and brain. The real reward is not success achieved among the adults, but pleasure in the activity itself. For neurotic children, or those who for any reason are in a stress situation this is real therapy. And let us admit: these days, practically every child needs it.

JÁNOS JEMNITZ

THE HUNGARIAN DEMOCRATIC PRESS AND THE BRITISH WORKING CLASS MOVEMENT, 1914–15

The outbreak of war in the summer of 1914 was a disaster for Hungarian socialists and progressive intellectuals. Even though they had incessantly warned public opinion of the dangers of war, whipping up antagonism against those responsible in both Vienna and Budapest, they still hoped that the disaster could be averted. When in August 1914 war did break out they were hoping it would soon be over, and so they scanned the European scene for signs that pointed in this direction. This is why they so frequently and with such sympathy quoted anti-war British socialists.

Népszava, the daily paper of the Social Democratic Party, first welcomed the news about anti-war statements made at the beginning of August by the British Labour Party and the Independent Labour Party. The daily also carried at length a notable parliamentary address by Ramsay MacDonald, delivered on August 3, appreciating it as a sign of sharp opposition to the Government. Later on, when Labour Party policies took their well-known turn, with Party and Trade Union leaders siding with the Government's policy of "patriotism," the paper's sympathies were transferred primarily to the Independent Labour Party, especially to Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald and even Philip Snowden.

In the noise of war, however, anti-war declarations by the Independent Labour Party were nearly lost. It was only the internationalist Christmas issue of the *Labour Leader* that could create a sensation, carrying statements by Karl Kautsky, Eduard Bernstein, Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht, Franz Mehring and Klara Zetkin and quoted by *Népszava* in January 1915 as "a true peace demonstration."[1]

In January 1915, news of a different sort had also to be acknowledged by Hungarian Social Democrats. They had to face the fact that the leader of the Labour Party, Arthur Henderson, was appointed to the Privy Council, partly as an acknowledgment that Labour by then resolutely supported the war effort. Neither *Népszava*, nor the Hungarian party wished to express a judgement of their British counterparts since Hungarian leaders did not, as a rule, condemn any foreign socialist parties excepting a few extreme

1 *Népszava*, January 1, 1915.

"ultra-nationalists" such as Gustave Hervé in France, Konrad Haenisch and others in Germany and H. M. Hyndman in Britain. Commenting on Henderson's action they made it clear that their sympathies were turning towards the Independent Labour Party and they also expressed their hope that the anti-war opposition in Britain would gather more momentum. Criticizing chauvinistic, pro-war personalities in Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, *Népszava* took the opportunity to stress that it doubted that "a significant part of British workers" did not profess imperialist opinions at the beginning of the war or for the few months after it.[2]

Following this there was almost continuous coverage. *Népszava* repeatedly reported anti-war articles by G. B. Shaw, which also criticized British imperialism, and anti-war House of Commons speeches by Fred Jowett, Ramsay MacDonald, William Anderson and Philip Snowden. It also carried a detailed report on the 1915 Easter conference of the Independent Labour Party. It reported in even more detail the programme of the party, saying that the party "is disliked by many people on account of its anti-war policy" since the party declined to acknowledge the necessity for military preparations and the practical consequences that arose from those preparations. *Népszava* also realized that the party "gave voice to an opinion opposed not only to that of the ruling classes but also to that of a large part of organized labour." It referred to accusations by Hyndman that the Independent Labour Party maintained its papers on German money—accusations that shocked the entire international labour movement including even socialists in entente governments (such as Émile Vandervelde) who rejected them. All this was reported by *Népszava* and the paper expressed its opposition to all unbridled nationalism quoting at length the speeches at the party conference that urged the revival of the International (Keir Hardie's and MacDonald's names prominently featured in these quotations by Hungarian Social Democrats.)[3]

A month later *Népszava* reported the peace declaration of the Independent Labour Party and its attempt to force the governments at war to make public their clearly defined military purposes, giving the same space to both. *Népszava* considered all this to be extremely important as it would have been a pre-condition for peace talks that could be started immediately. *Népszava* added that "the declaration of the ILP supports this demand not only in opposition to the British Government but it also lays emphasis on the fact that this demand is addressed to the governments of all nations at war." *Népszava*'s assessment primarily criticized the Hungarian situation: "After nine months of bitter, heroic fighting the ILP is forced to realize that it expects an adequate response from the other side in vain; this circumstance has, unfortunately, considerable significance from the point of view of the international situation and the prospects of peace."[4]

Népszava was sadly right about this: those who would have been ready seriously to promote peace talks were very much in a minority. It is all the more noteworthy, therefore, that peace initiatives were still carefully reported. A full-page front-page obituary of Keir Hardie argued that a terrible massacre had been going on in Europe for "five quarters of a year" which makes us feel "the death last Sunday of Keir Hardie, one of the leading figures of the British Labour Movement and international socialism, less of a disaster than we would have in time of peace."

Népszava thought the death of Keir Hardie was a tragic "accident of history" and deplored that three outstanding leaders of three great parties in three great European countries, August Bebel, Jean Jaurès and Keir Hardie, had died in such swift succes-

2 *Népszava*, January 8, 1915.
3 *Népszava*, April 17, 1915.
4 *Népszava*, May 9, 1915.

sion, leaving a gap in the movement as they did. *Népszava*, however, did not entertain the illusion that "provided they were alive they could have prevented the war." Nevertheless, "it is certain," *Népszava* went on, "that much disturbance and disagreement would have failed to arise if only the movement had not been stricken by the misfortune that leaders of great authority died at a moment when the movement came to face the most serious problems and troubles. Keir Hardie's death must, therefore, be considered a great loss indeed."[5]

Two days later the party paper printed an official statement by the party leadership: "The secretariat of our party has sent a telegram to the secretariat of the Zurich party asking it to pass on the profound condolences and heart-felt, brotherly greetings of the Hungarian Social Democratic Party to the Independent Labour Party of Britain on the occasion of the death of Comrade Keir Hardie."[6]

Péter Ágoston, professor at the Academy of Law in Nagyvárad (Oradea), being a Social Democrat and a friend of many leaders of the party as well as of the staff of *Népszava*, noted in his diary, under September 18, 1915, à propos *Népszava:* "It is equally interesting that our papers are allowed to write that only the British Socialists are faithful to their principles since it is only British Socialists who stage anti-war strikes."[7]

In his solitude, Ágoston had a somewhat rosy view of the situation for not all British socialists, in fact, only a minority of them, were "staging anti-war strikes" and opposed the war. This, however, does not alter the sympathies that were felt. The value of these notes is increased by the fact that Ágoston wrote them after a trip to Germany, disillusioned by the majority of German Social Democrates because of the nationalism he found in circles close to Philipp Scheidemann and Friedrich Ebert.

The spread of British influence can be traced on another level too. In 1915, Zsigmond Kunfi, an influential member of the Social Democratic party leadership, pacifist spokesman, an editor of *Népszava* and of *Szocializmus*, the theoretical organ of the party, published, in his own translation, a book by Norman Angell: *The Great Illusion*. Reviews of the book appeared in most progressive papers. One of the best periodicals of the bourgeois-democratic intelligentsia, *Huszadik Század* (Twentieth Century), wrote: "Zsigmond Kunfi has obliged all friends of progress by translating this book." The periodical also discussed the argument that the war had called pacifism in doubt. "Now that effective and incontrovertible pacifist arguments could not stop the breaking out of the war, philistine public opinion that is not used to rational argumentation readily jumped to the conclusion that the lumber-room was the right place for the whole of the pacifist movement and Norman Angell's book. The same argument would confine the whole of modern hygiene to the same place since its rules are not applied by the overwhelming majority of mankind. As against these warlike sages, an unbiased observer cannot but realize that Mr Angell's work has never been more timely than it is now nor have the conclusions he has drawn lost their value."[8]

More indirect, literary-political influences, such as reports in the Hungarian papers of the writings of G. B. Shaw or H. G. Wells, of the appearance of the early guild-socialists, of the yearly congresses of the Labour Party, the Independent Labour Party and the Trades Union Council as well as of international socialist conferences held in London at which the separate voice of the pacifist minority within the ILP made itself heard should also be taken into account.

5 *Népszava*, September 28, 1915.

6 *Népszava*, September 30, 1915. In October *Népszava* also published G. B. Shaw's famous obituary of Keir Hardie.

7 Archives of the Institute of Party History, Budapest, Diary of Péter Ágoston, MS. p. 253.

8 *Huszadik Század*, 1915. Vol. I.

Neither did editors overlook the stormy series of parliamentary sessions especially in 1916 and 1918. An important event was Arthur Henderson's joining the Cabinet and his leaving it in even stormier circumstances at the time of the Stockholm preparations in 1918—all this was reported in *Népszava* and several other peace-loving bourgeois-democratic papers which, even if playing a minor part in Hungarian intellectual life, regularly informed and shaped public opinion in Hungary.

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ARTS

THREE EXHIBITIONS — THREE WORLDS

Piroska Szántó, Béla Kondor and Erzsébet Schaár

Quite recently three successive exhibitions have been held of the work of two painters and one sculptor. Each of the exhibitions has revealed an individual personal world of the artist implicit in each creation. Each of them is familiar to readers of The New Hungarian Quarterly, where articles have been devoted to them.

Piroska Szántó* is always doing something different, but in one sense it is always the same. Her man-faced flowers, her human vegetation appeared once again at this exhibition in their bright reds, yellows and violets, or formalized in silver on white, or gold against black. These paintings are dominated by opulent, exuberant plant life combined with a strict severity of structure. Even "The Knight" is a plant, but the dynamic conflux of horizontal and vertical lines flow together in the centre of the canvas, where the picture is concentrated, leaving open imaginary space all around. "The Cock" reproduces the general cock form with comb and feathers, but within the crop of the bird appears a whole bustling and flourishing exotic world, producing an effect of black and gold calligraphy. There are three versions of the "Gull", but in each it is its flight, the vitality of its movement, which is caught. Turning on the wing or soaring in the sun.

"Some of those who saw my recent exhibition" said Piroska Szántó, "damn me as a traitor because I don't paint abstract stuff. Nor do I go in for Pop Art, so I'm not modern enough for them. What am I supposed to do? I don't believe in this kind of skin-level modernity which imitates the surface and the form of new foreign styles. What may be an inevitable and natural reaction to reality on the part of an artist living in America hasn't the same roots and source here at home. It's not our job to copy modern trends but to plunder them, as the marauding Magyars once plundered the monastery of St. Gallen. To seize and learn everything that is new in technique and craftsmanship. And then use it to express ourselves better in what we have got to paint. I can't break away from nature, and I don't want to either. I paint nature and man. Nature is modern. There is terrific vitality and strength in it. A single poppy seed is a storehouse of immense energy—not even the nucleus of an atom contains more. And the special miracle of the poppy-seed is that it explodes in creation and not in destruction. I don't meditate about painting nature, I simply paint what occurs to me, and it is always clear from the pictures themselves that nature for me means the process of creation. To snatch that amorphous moment of vegetation when the being in the process of creation has not yet assumed a final form, when it is still open to an infinity of things

* Éva Körner: "Piroska Szántó, a Painter of Metamorphoses," 1969, The N.H.Q., Vol. X. No. 35, p. 177.

—grief, or electricity, boy or girl, animal, plant or a wave of the sea—that is what I want. I am not at all sure that the Lord God knew in advance what he was going to make when he created the lily.

"I know that today, after photography and the cinema, it is no longer possible to paint a human being, a portrait, in 'live transmission'. But neither is it possible *not* to paint man. That is how I discovered for myself the concentrated symbol of man and his destiny in the folk crucifixes found at the ends of small villages. That is why I paint these simple peasant Christs, and that is why—to capture a feeling of drama—I painted horses in black and white, from which a pair of light-blue eyes look sadly out at us, horses with blood streaming from their eyes, or one horse laying its neck in a gesture of love over the neck of another on the Danube embankment."

Which is why there are paintings of village crucifixes in this exhibition, made of rusty tin and bearing Christs carved from old stones with wreaths of flowers on their heads, and horses and flower-beings, to symbolize the destiny of man and act as reminders of their possible fate.

Kondor's "Immobile Happening"

"I hope I am not modern," wrote Béla Kondor in the preface to the catalogue of his exhibition. He is now 39 and is in the habit of telling friends "it is crazy to paint," and would-be purchasers that it is "crazy to collect paintings." And all the while, of course, he goes on painting.

The grotesque grimace of his first exhibition in 1959 in Budapest shocked the official art establishment, which governs the purchases of paintings. In those days he was the leading personality in the Hungarian avant-garde, the draughtsman with the skilled hands of a magician, with a line like Dürer and a vision like Bosch. Then he won a prize in Hungary and an award in Tokyo, and in 1967 his works were shown at the Venetian Biennale. After this his admirers and his opponents both expected something new in the recent exhibition, some new kind of legerdemain that would surprise everyone. They were surprised: Kondor had developed no new style, explored no new world for himself; he had continued to paint in the same manner—a solitary figure in Hungarian painting.

The human face and human hands are his recurrent theme. The angel, the haloed saint, Icarus falling from the sky, aeroplanes and complicated devices, machine-monsters from whose cog-wheels and the great jaws of the dredgers tiny human beings, or gold clods, or everyday objects fall, are his recurrent symbols. The paintings are held together by a complex network of lines, constructed with classical severity. These lines converge in apparent confusion, and the jungle of lines, forming a patch, or the accent marks of colour, or the points of intersection of figures spaced in perspective behind one another, hardly recognizable in the furthest distance—may form points of tension on the canvas.

Most of Kondor's pictures are "immobile happenings".* Each picture tells a story on several levels, formally, intellectually in its system of associations, and emotionally. The symbols themselves express their original meaning, to which are added new meanings as the painter sets them within contexts and then raises the whole to a grotesque kind of ironic level, draining it of all dramatic quality but leaving its great expressive power untouched. His angels face the day of judgement with knives between their teeth, they attack the haloed saint on earth holding axes in their hands. The naked women arrayed for a demonstration with flowers in their hands are will'-o-the-wisp nightmares; the little sticks of men jumping about machine monsters lifting horrendous rockets say something about the mistery of

* For reproductions of paintings by Béla Kondor see The N.H.Q., No. 37.

man and faith, man and the machine, man and sorrow, man and hope. Kondor can take a face, and another behind it, and the suggestion of two or three faces, and even a fourth, in the background; or he can take hands which beg, beckon, and threaten, and say everything about life with them both, using sombre reds, golden yellows and deep blues, like icons, or the light but radiant tones of pastel-coloured oils.

Kondor—who hopes he isn't modern—exhibited a small abstract painting only 17 by 24.5 cms in resin paints and oil with the title "Factura", as well as some large canvases 2 by 2.5 meters, in charcoal, almost accidentally touched here and there with pastel crayons. These drawings and paintings in soft charcoal depict figures floating in the air, weightless human figures with distorted bodies, one reaching for a gun, the other holding an instrument with infinite tenderness and playing music on it with a bow: behind them are the barely perceptible outlines of angels stealthily hovering and flying. The lines and shadows, the segments and shapes are dense and rarified, forming a pattern so tense that one could believe that it is the painting itself which flattens the work to a single plane, and not the evidence of the canvas edge.

Extending the limits of sculptural expression

Erzsébet Schaár is known as an excellent portrait sculptor, but for years now she has in fact been principally interested in problems of space, or more naturally, relations between space and the human body, the community function of new sculpture and the discovery of a fresh sculptural idiom. Éva Körner, the Hungarian art critic, wrote of her: "she reaches no point of equilibrium because her real being lives in always starting anew," (Vol. VIII, No. 25, p. 44) and entitled her study "In Search of a Synthesis".

Erzsébet Schaár's recent exhibition could be regarded as a progress report on that search. This woman sculptor has indeed "plundered" Pop Art, absorbing the spoils into her own work and adding so much more that she has extended what until now was regarded as the limits of sculptural expression.

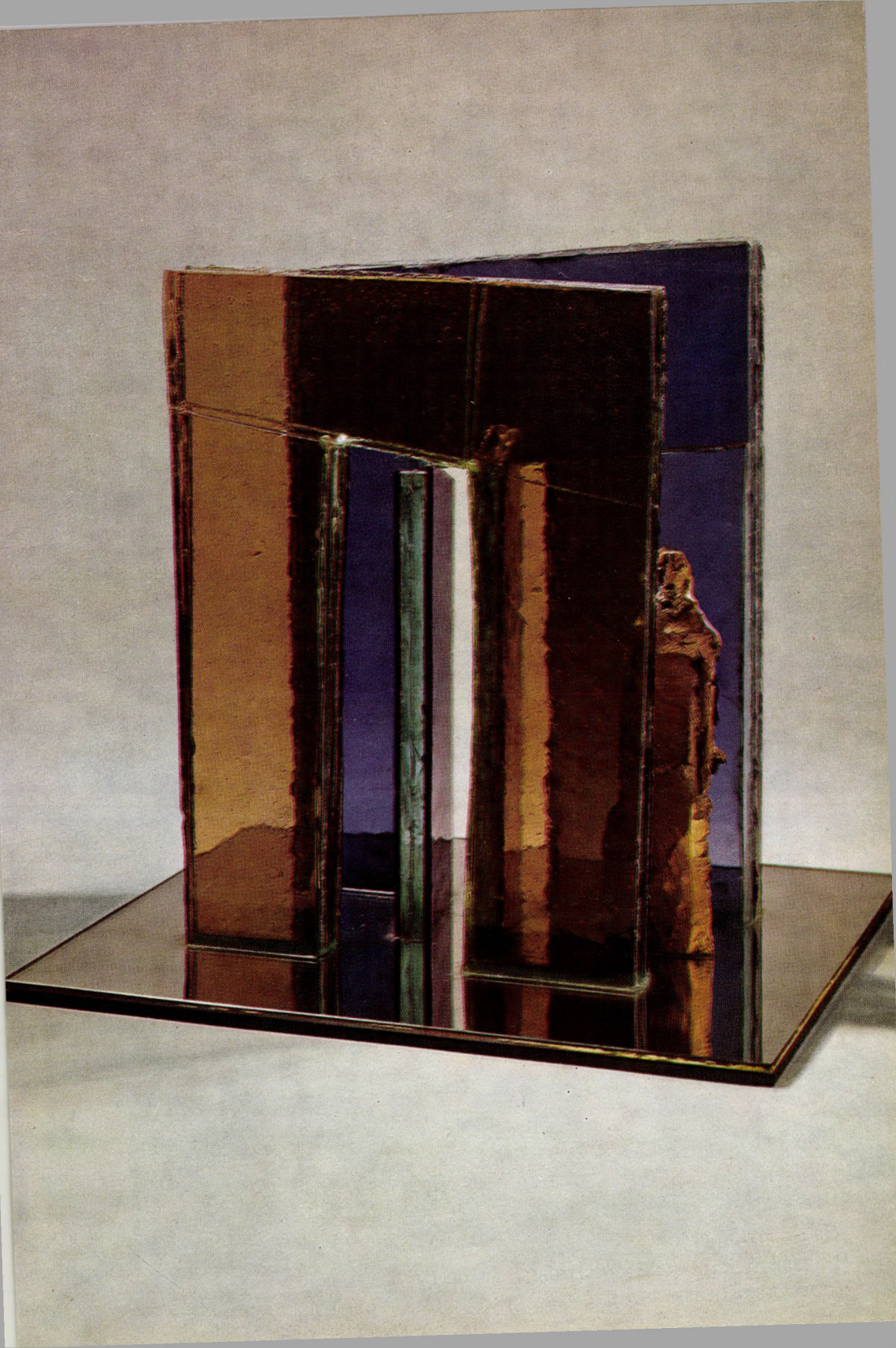
The small bronzes "Before the Wall and behind the Wall", can be regarded as a milestone on that road. The thin bronze silhouette of a woman stands in front of one of the bronze planes of the wall, another stands behind a wall, broken by a window with its bars wrenched apart—two women who are not alone but are not companions, who are not captives and yet not free; many things have happened to them, many more are to come. Another is the wooden prism carved four years earlier, with a hole where the knot has fallen out, and a bronze hand extending from it: "Warning". Indeed, for long years now her chief purpose has been to warn: to warn people that every insult, every hurt inflicted on humanity, or a country, or a family or an individual can have incalculably tragic consequences. There are other works done even a few years ago, with doors and windows half-open, closed spaces with windows open to the world, the bronze labyrinths of doors, walls and vaults in which one figure, or several figures stand, where sad eyes look out from behind a window, where a woman stands in a doorway waiting for someone or hesitantly setting out for some far-off place. Here again is architecture with open doors and windows where no one can be seen, but everything suggests that someone lived here, someone was here, someone or something is coming...

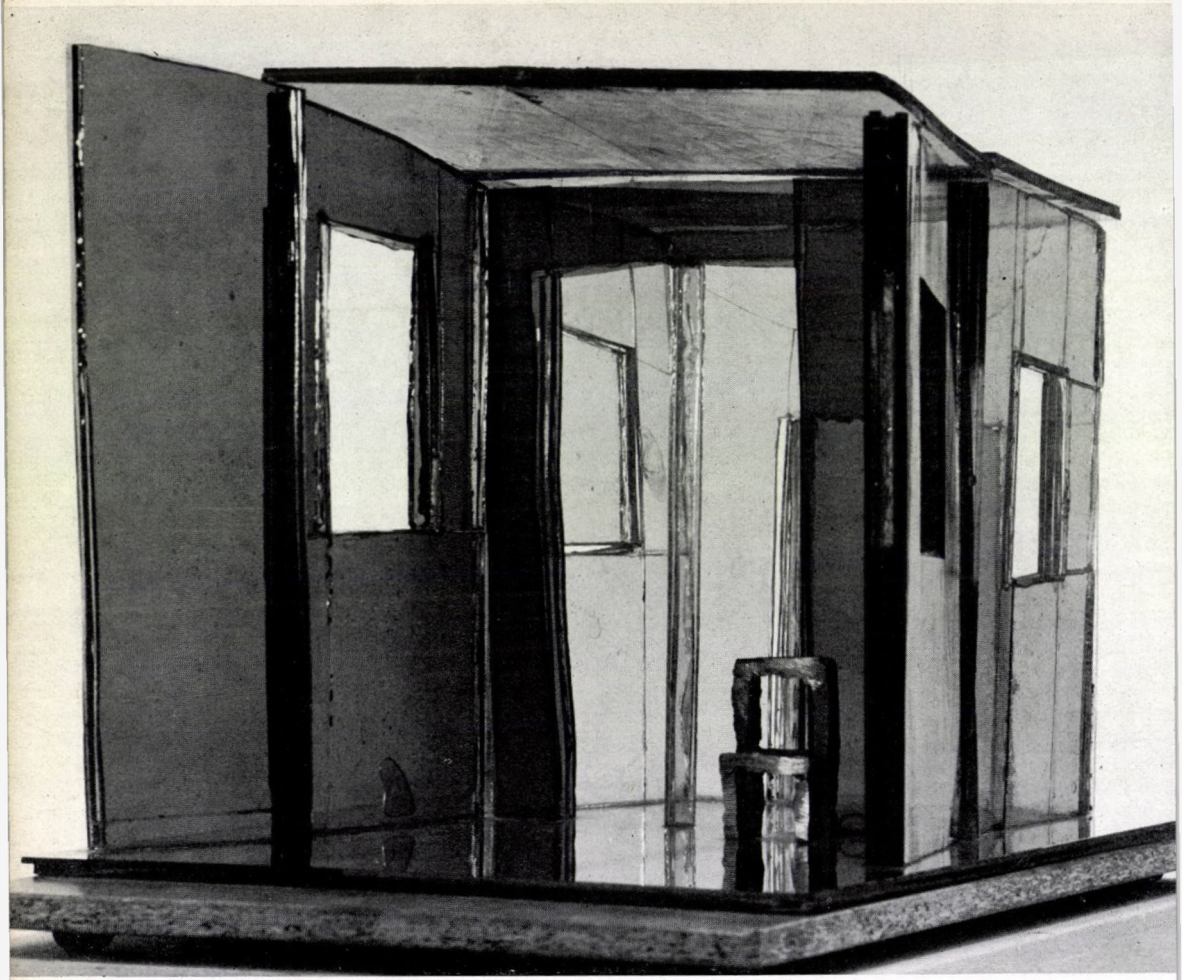
Visitors were unable to do anything but walk round these exhibits, peer into doors and windows, look into them from above and around them, exploring what was concealed in those open-and-closed spaces within the confines of that architectural sculpture. And they saw these same spatial constructions repeated life-size in a neighbouring room. There were also prism-shaped bodies

cut of a new synthetic material (hungarocell is a spongy substance light as paper, which can be cut with a knife or a pair of scissors, and from which figures can be cast directly into aluminium or bronze, for at a high temperature the material disintegrates without leaving any trace). The plaster-of-Paris heads and the plaster hands, moulded from living hands, which were attached, appeared soft and human, as did the wire or oakum hair and the black-painted eyes. In strange contrast to the stylized prism bodies, the naturalistic faces, infinitely quiet and melancholy, and the subtle plaster hands appeared curiously alive. She has carved similar figures in stone. The two figures in "Scientists" step forward in a green field between gigantic doors, and the conflict between inorganic matter and the human being was once again stressed in the difference between the prism body of stone and the face and hands, the contrast between Hungarocell and plaster-of-Paris are here again in a different guise.

These snow-white figures were placed standing looking into shop-windows, or with one eye peering in alarm through a gap in a wall out on to the world; they recalled Segall and Marisol, but they were very different from the figures moulded in plaster or carved in wood, dressed and painted, of these artists. Segall and Marisol, the great pioneers of modern sculpture, are outstanding representatives of Pop Art; but it is impossible for Erzsébet Schaár to be a pop artist, not even when she makes use of some of its props. Segall's creatures, getting on a train or sitting in an armchair, are figures changed into dead objects because of their isolation from the human community and their anti-social nature. Segall's plaster figures are lost in a chilly indifference and solitude, Marisol's visiting family or ladies assembled for the party suggest the tragi-comic rigidity of Mme. Tussaud's, the senselessness of existence without a beginning or an end. The sculpture, the walls with open doors and windows modelled by Erzsébet Schaár are haunted by the past and the future of human destinies; they do not simply accept and diagnose their solitude, they protest, and are consequently monumental testimonials to the desire for human community. It would have been most exciting if her work had been shown at the Hungarian pavilion at the 1968 Biennale in Venice when Marisol's was on display at the Venezuela pavilion (Schaár has had work available since 1965, and a good body of work by 1967), and there would have been a chance to compare them, to see how two artists living at two points of the globe distant from each other respectively react to what "is in the air".

If in these pieces of sculpture Erzsébet Schaár achieved the very opposite of what is communicated by Pop Art—though indeed partially with the methods of Pop Art—in her most recent works she has gone farther. She is still stimulated by the problems of man and the exterior world, of outside and inside, of space confined in architecture, created around human being, surrounded by nature, and one solution of hers has been to use glass in her dealings with space. It is brilliantly simple. From the very beginning it has been a premise of her work that the building, architecture itself, is a kind of sculpture, that the classic statue is also space, confined and filled-in. A step further led to her open doors and windows, because she needed to model space that was simultaneously confined and open, a space created for man thinking sculpturally in terms of modern architecture. When she made her small architectures out of glass and set a tiny bronze chair on the mirror glass floor, or when she placed one of her bronze figures, sharp as a Giacometti, between a maze of crystal walls, she not only provided apertures on the walls opening to the outside, but through the glass walls space became translucent and indivisible and apprehensible. Outside was perceptible from inside, and the world confined within glass walls perceptible from outside. These humanised glass spaces are at once sculpture,





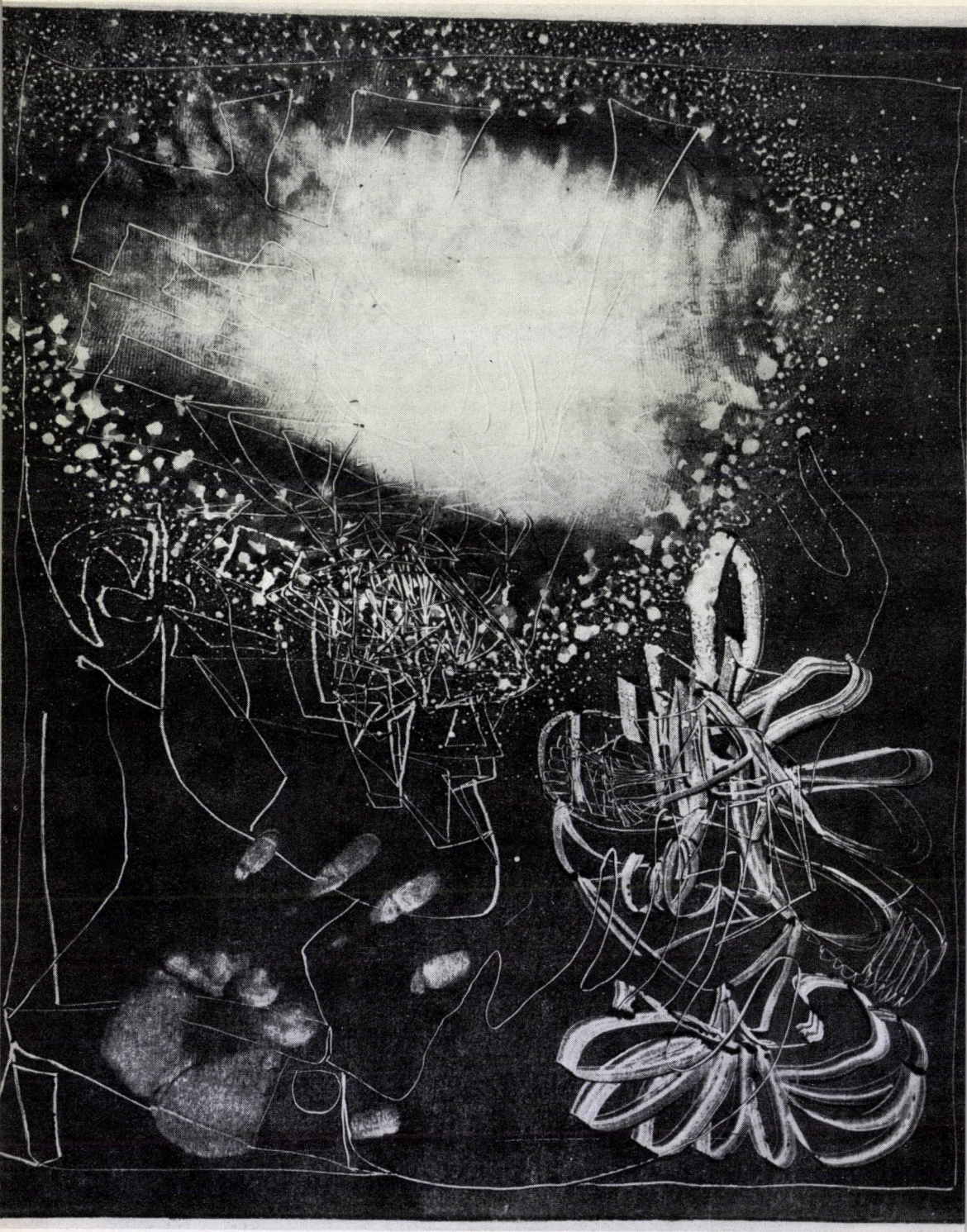
ERZSÉBET SCHAÁR: TRANSLUCENT SPACE II
(COLOURED GLASS AND BRONZE, 45 × 50 CMS, 1969)
Photo: Demeter Balla

ERZSÉBET SCHAÁR: SHOP WINDOW
(MIRROR, GLASS AND PLASTICS, 280 × 250 CMS, 1970)
Photo: Demeter Balla

On the previous page:
ERZSÉBET SCHAÁR: TRANSLUCENT SPACE IV
(COLOURED GLASS AND BRONZE, 45 × 35 CMS, 1969)
Photo: Károly Szalkay

ERZSÉBET SCHAÁR: THREE FIGURES IN SPACE
(COPPER AND BRONZE, 30 × 40 CMS, 1968)
Photo: Károly Szelényi

ERZSÉBET SCHAÁR: BEHIND THE WINDOW ▶
(ALUMINIUM AND BRONZE, 50 × 70 CMS, 1967)
Photo: István Zilahy



Béla Kondor: Deliberation is the Death of Action
(Drawing, 50 × 60 cms, 1965) *Photo: István Petrás*

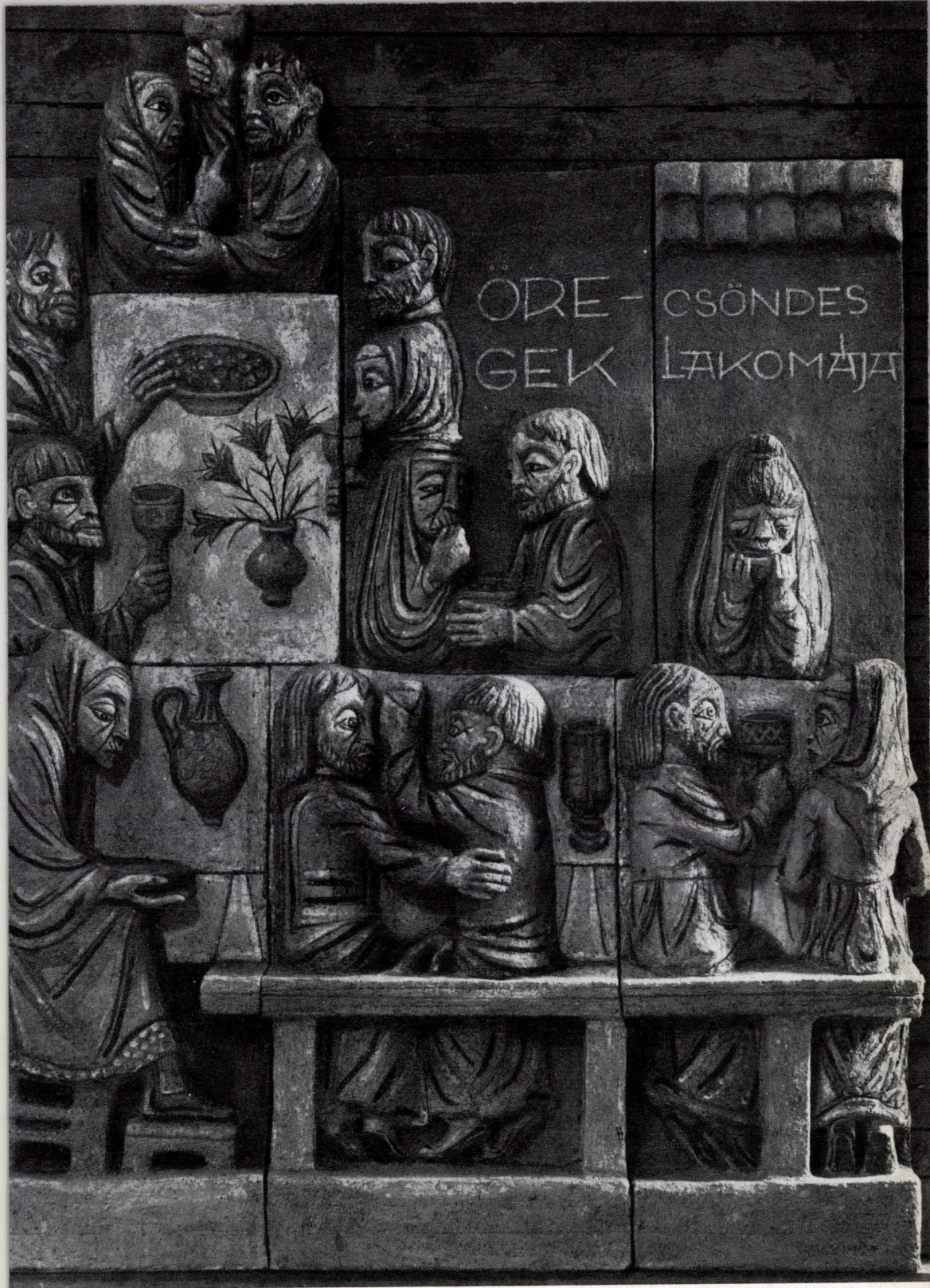
Béla Kondor: Fighters (oil and pastel, 100 × 67 cms, 1967)

Photo: Károly Szelényi

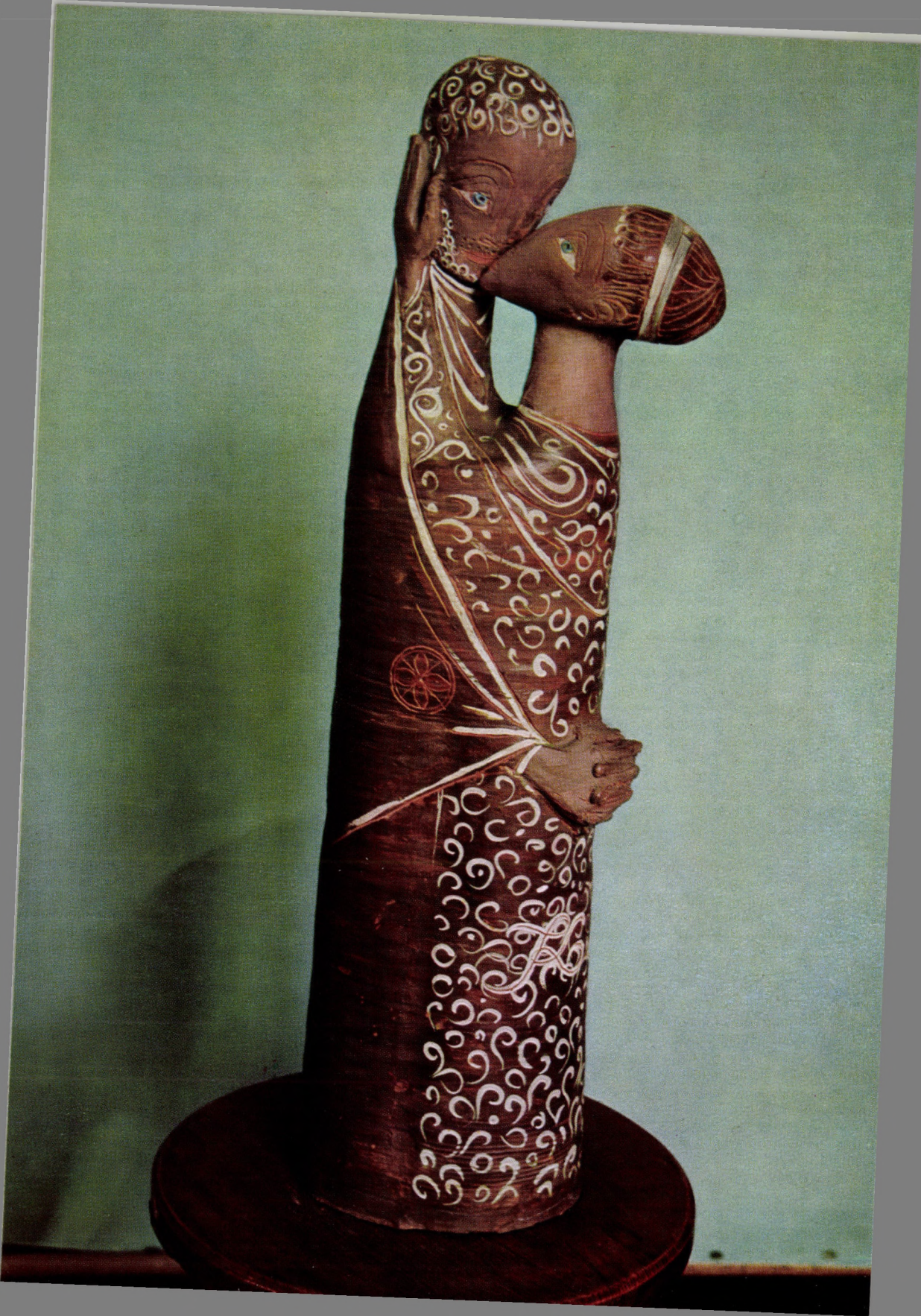
On the previous page

Béla Kondor: The Song of Brain Castration (Drawing, 50 × 60 cms, 1966

MARGIT KOVÁCS: SHEPHERDS (FIRE-CLAY, 100 CMS, 1970) *Photo: Klára Langer*



MARGIT KOVÁCS: OLD PEOPLE AT SUPPER *Photo: István Petrás*
(RELIEF, 150 × 100 CMS, 1970)



MARGIT KOVÁCS: LIFE AND DEATH (DECORATIVE TILE, 80 × 100 CMS, 1967)
Photo: István Petrás

Overleaf: MARGIT KOVÁCS: HOMMAGE TO SZENTENDRE
(POTTERY FIGURE, 80 × 100 CMS, 1969)
Photo: István Petrás

MARGIT KOVÁCS: COUPLE
(ENGOBE GLAZED CLAY, TURNED MOULDS, 70 CMS, 1968)

architecture and one might say, studies in environment; and the new material gives them, in both sense of the word, added clarity. The material has acquired an essential, inevitable, integral function in the expression of the idea; in her works the medium is the message.

This is Erzsébet Schaár's greatest achievement so far. She has discovered her synthesis, though she is only at the beginning. She has created a previously inexistent sculptural world whose serious, sad inhabitants, dignified in their melancholy, are members of a community. Even in their solitude they remember it, yearn for it, open doors and windows to it. In these space compositions nothing is perfect and completed—anything and everything can still happen. The empty sculptured rooms of Erzsébet Schaár are waiting for a visitor, and that is their significance. The world she makes is a deeply human world; it has not dissociated itself from all things human.

IMRE PATKÓ

THE ART OF MARGIT KOVÁCS

The name Margit Kovács is a common Hungarian one, this is as true of the surname Kovács as of the Christian name Margit. One of the innumerable women bearing it holds the French Diplôme d'Honneur, the Grand Prix at the Brussels World Fair, and the Kossuth Prize. Her works are to be found in Geneva, Berlin and Turin just as in the catalogue of the Venice Biennale and on walls in Hungarian museums and public squares. She has studied in Budapest and Vienna (with the outstanding member of the Wiener Werkstätte, Herta Bucher) in Munich (sculpture with Killer, and ceramics with Neimayer,) then in Copenhagen (with Willumsen) followed by a year and a half at the Sèvres porcelain factory. Her work is well known abroad.

I didn't go through this enumeration simply to show how an every-day, common name can be filled with a meaning sufficient to turn it into a symbol, but rather to point out that Hungarian art doesn't develop in a hermetically sealed way somewhere on the outskirts of Europe, it is part of a body whose bloodstream nourishes it, and gives it life.

This is something which must be stated again and again in the case of Margit Kovács. She too is surrounded by romantic myths, as though her work were not natural, and her skill an extraordinary phenomenon. One of her exhibitions was held recently, in the summer of 1970, at the Műcsarnok, Budapest's most important gallery. The showing had to be extended because of the tremendous interest. At the same time one has to take note that young people are perplexed by her art, which Professor Máté Major explained in this way: "The art of our times, 'modern' art has certainly reached a different stage. It boils and bubbles over impatiently and, in a rush it searches for adequate expression of an increasingly complex reality, for the means, tools and forms for creating a new reality—and—perhaps—certain arts—will find it in a high level synthesis never before experienced."

Is Hungarian art really going in another

direction? Margit Kovács is one of the creators of modern Hungarian ceramics, along with István Gádor and Géza Gorka. She's not third in line, for modern Hungarian ceramics progressed along three parallel roads, just as today there are parallels behind the concepts of "modern" and "contemporary". There isn't a single potter who might be called modern, but there are innumerable experiments, and the boiling, turmoil and restlessness of our era, the present years can be seen in the fact that while Géza Gorka is the example of art feeding on folk forms and the "Habán" traditions, István Gádor is the discoverer of the values of negative forms in three dimensional plastic art, and his influence at the College of Applied Arts is to induce students to unceasingly search for the new. Margit Kovács, who unites decorative beauty and moral content through rich expression, has opened a road of equal value to the artists of today. Contemporary art is more than non-figurative and constructive notions. Modern Hungarian art includes an archaicizing trend. In this respect, Margit Kovács has undoubtedly found the "high level synthesis" Máté Major writes of. The success of her exhibition is not a reflection of the desires of the grand old men of figurative art, but of that synthesis.

There are two prejudices which must be discussed. One is the tendency to look on her as a "potter and no more". It should be sufficient to mention the della Robbia family of the Italian Quattrocento in this connection. Would anyone call them "potters", using the term as meaning a separation from and subordination to and denial of entry into the circles of "art"? The other prejudice ties the art of Margit Kovács to story-telling. There is barely a work on her which doesn't include a phrase indicating her close connection with the fairy taleworld. But what kind of stories are these, and what is the story in itself. A made-up event made more interesting by additions of amazing and naive elements? This might be a dictionary definition, but it lacks two essential elements. The reality on which the fairy-tale feeds, and the comparisons, metaphors, allegories in which it hides. It also contains the symbol, which makes it universal. Margit Kovács never uses comparison, metaphor or allegory.

She goes back to pagan mythology (Dragon, Apollo, Sirens, the Abduction of Europa), biblical themes (Annunciation, the Expulsion from Paradise, the Crucifixion, the Trumpet on Judgement Day, Susannah, Salome, David, the Four Evangelists, the Kiss of Judas), but at the same time she turns to the European and Oriental past (Homer and his Times, Joan of Arc, Chinese girl), to the Byzantine age (the flooring of the Városmajor church) and to folk tradition (Shepherd, Mourning Women, Bread Slicer, Weaver, Village Fun, the Old Fisherman, "Oh Fishermen, Oh Fishermen.") Even by only listing titles one indicates a capacity for creating a comprehensive synthesis, but not story-telling.

Those who refer to the fairy-tale with regard to Margit Kovács are no doubt thinking of a special feature of her work that can barely be described in words, which determines her art no less than it does the music of Zoltán Kodály. There can be no question of this being some kind of "decorative art" (a false definition used to criticize Kodály also!) or ornamental play. There is no question here of again recomposing the "elements" of folk art, or of reviving the Romanesque or Gothic forms of the early Middle Ages. Let us not confuse fairy tales with poetic imagination, that lyrical tone which welds every-day events and dramatic conflict into the simplicity of a simple sentence, a single motion, colour, line, and form.

Just as Luca della Robbia was not the master of hidden symbolism, the sculpture and plastic art of Margit Kovács is direct and uncircumscribed in its meaning. And perhaps it is the Middle Ages itself, and the folk idiom whose elements provide the greatest encouragement for what she has to

say? It was not by accident that in 1948, the opening of her exhibition at the Budapest Fényes Adolf Hall was announced to his students by Professor Tibor Gerevich immediately following his university lecture on the sculptural art of the Quattrocento. Nor is it accidental when Margit Kovács says: "I don't want to shut myself off from anything." This is exposure rather than admittance. Margit Kovács said this too: "I never went off to collect anything. But when I found something in embroidery, books, poetry, and love-songs, I searched for Hungarian folk art. But not only Hungarian. It was a joy to discover the Slavic, English, and French folk songs too. I don't say that I understand them. But I have no personal experience of shepherds or flocks of sheep either. I am from the provinces, but I lived in a city, in Győr. I was always attracted to biblical themes—even when they weren't in vogue—as one of the sources of free-story telling... They often ask me what kind of clothes are worn by my figures, or from what region the folk dress I paint on them, or tool onto them, comes from. They're not from any region, and they are from every region of Hungary: I want to show their souls."

This is what Margit Kovács's art says: "free association", which in theme, intonation, melody, and in questions and statement alike is unlimited—and again, that the artist does not belong to this or that region, and is not tied to any special folk ornamentation or style. There is no sense in approaching it from the direction of humour, criticism, folk art, or the moral theses of biblical ancestors. This art is so tremendous and summarizing that from the expressivism of the early works to the return in the present ones; from the constructive system in forms made on the potter's wheel to the almost dry, cut structures of the geometric forms in the present works (Nasty Old Women, Mourning, Joan of Arc), and from characteristic naturalism (Fishermen, Chestnut Roaster, Tiredness) to plastic work complete in structural harmony (Kolonda, David), we can find all variations.

*

Can we state that if Kodály's music has a place in the 20th Century, then Margit Kovács is also among the creative artists of the first half of the century? Value and place are not determined by the fact that she works in clay, but by what she captures of the world. In other words, how much can she tell us of what we, people travelling toward the end of the 20th Century, in a society that is becoming more communal are concerned with and are interested in. The only ones who do not recognize the richness of what she tells us are those who would simplify and narrow down our years. No doubt she contains our century's respect for material, and the exploitation of the opportunities for forming it. She greets folk art, and in her plastic forms she resurrects the Middle Ages with its straightforward, simple, rustic, but emotionally overflowing world of form. She keeps imagination in first place, instead of making it dependent on way of description. A characteristic of our century is that it has projected the past into the present (let it be pagan, or the Byzantine and Christian Middle Ages, or the Renaissance), and folk art (not tied to locality, Hungarian, Slovak, French, English) has brought it forward to fulfillment. This is modern, and beyond a doubt, contemporary. Her pottery has moved on into sculpture, erasing the borders of yesteryear between the fine and applied arts. With this, she has given body to the synthesis which we expect of the artist of the future.

Ákos Koczogh

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

TOWN AND CORRIDORS

A man who regularly reviews books will sooner or later feel in debt. He owes lines of print—a few lines at leat—to the authors he failed to review, either because he had no space or because he did not read their works at the time. This feeling may appear presumptuous for, after all, it assumes that the notices of the reviewer are important for the author and useful for the reader—it also shows, I hope, a certain humility and respect towards colleagues. And I myself, frequently troubled when I turn over in my mind the novels which I omitted to review at the time, naturally prefer to attribute my unease to the nobler of these emotions. And debts, of course, have a habit of accumulating. Let me pay off some of them at least, if only to assuage my conscience a little.

One of my oldest debts is to Tamás Bárány's book "Town in Evening L'ght" (*Város esti fényben*, Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó, 1968, 407 pp.). Tamás Bárány is one of the most prolific of those writers we now have to call middle-aged. And as with all very productive writers, he has written good stuff, mediocre stuff and bad stuff. With the usual hindsight after reading this novel a reviewer is tempted to say that the trouble with most of Bárány's books up to the present it that he failed to recognize his own nature as a writer; fundamentally a realistic writer, too often he has rounded his stories off into the conventional happy ending, too often accepted literary and stylistic clichés. But one must immediately add—as excuse and explanation—that even if this is true, the times did not favour his real development until recently. I congratulated him on this new novel with the exclamation: "At last a book in which you have given free rein to the devil in you"—one of those little sophisticated epigrams the Hungarian literary world loves and which, with any luck, its author fondly hopes, will pass into general currency and earn him more prestige than any amount of honest work. But there is some truth in it.

The fact is that the author's emotions composed this book. They determined the choice of his characters and how he presented them. The publishers call it a "novel", but actually it is closer to the type of fictional sociology for which Roger Martin du Gard's *Vieille Europe* is the classic Western example. The setting, although obviously real—in the book a newly established factory town in the provinces—is given a name that cannot be found on any map. The lives of the individual characters are obviously based on real living people, meshed together, as a writer must, with other lives or with his own imaginative material where he considers it important for his purposes, though he will on occasion sketch them in, crudely and half-shaped, as in a report.

The story of the "novel" is of an author invited to a "reader-writer meeting" in the provinces, a fairly general custom in Hungary intended as a friendly cultural mission with

the noble purpose of popularizing literature, but only too often, owing to cultural indifference and lack of interest, degenerating into a most discouraging affair. Before and after a reader-writer meeting of this frightfully disillusioning kind, the fictional author surveys the new city and its new inhabitants. He rings the bells of the different doors in an immense box-block of flats—or peers into them as Le Sage's *diable boiteux*—and uses the different vignettes of life, each of them an excellent little short story in itself, as a panorama of Hungary today, or rather of a few lives, feelings, problems and attitudes which may fairly represent the whole. A large number of different types are to be found in a block of this kind: a graduate engineer, an electrician, a doctor, an accountant; and different attitudes—the happiness of work well done, the boredom of attractive women with too much leisure, the clever calculations of greed, or careerist disappointments, stupidity, boastful tirades designed to impress, professional obsessions, a sage desire for peaceful compromise. All this is only natural—it is probably very much the same story in all big blocks of flats from Tokyo to New York.

It is really not the abstraction of human lives and attitudes which is interesting and original in Tamás Bárány's book, but their ways of self-expression, the small details, the micro-climate of human behaviour. For all this is peculiarly modern and peculiarly Hungarian. And it is at this point that the anger and vehemence experienced by Tamás Bárány mark their impress on the book. He is enraged by the views, manner of living and attitudes of some of the characters—or conversely, for those of a sympathetic cast, outraged by the adversities and sufferings they have been forced to undergo in the present time and age—the hardships of the teacher ousted by his superiors because he refused to give an important personage good marks without any test in the adult examination courses compulsory for officials at the time, the torments of the electrician who had been ostracised in the 1950's, living in an isolation of fear and suspicion because he married the daughter of a *kulák*. Bárány hates corruption, vulgarity, greed, and "the Scorn, that patient merit of the unworthy takes"—hates them with the anger of a medieval preacher, and describes them with the calm objectivity of a sociologist. These two—the deceptively objective perception, the burningly objecting apprehension—form the two elements of the book, fused into shape and form by the catalyst of an unemotional, almost flat prose style. The novel might be considered as a modern sequel—freed of illusions and romanticism—to the panoramas of life and morals unrolled for us by Fielding and Smollett. I hardly know how true a picture of London or Bath the eighteenth century novel presented. I do know, however, that Tamás Bárány's book has the authentic and characteristic ring of truth and is, of course, as one-sided and prejudiced as all books that cry aloud for justice commonly are.

*

I have wanted to write about Endre Vészi for a long time, not only to pay my own debt, but as part of the collective debt owed him by all Hungarian critics and reviewers. This short-story writer of very high standard —who is, by the way, also a poet and a stimulating dramatist—is annually "discovered", and then forgotten until the next year. His literary integrity, his particular type of talent, quiet, sober and deep flowing, do not seem to have the power to command the attention that far less gifted writers manage so easily to attract. Of course any provocative scandal likely to cause a storm will get more publicity than a subtly fine piece of writing. And yet Endre Vészi is a strange and rare personality: a background of literary involvement in the working-class movement, and frequently drawing on working-class subjects among the wide variety and range of his themes; and a strongly intellectual, peculiarly poetic and often abstract style, combined with profound psychological insights—this is a combination

that can be found in only very few of the writers in either the older or the younger generation.

I can easily find the occasion for paying my debt—Vészi's long short story "The Entrance Corridor" (*A hosszú előszoba*, Magvető Könyvkiadó, 1970, 236 pp.) has just appeared. This is a strange undersea world of dreams. Mrs. Stahl, a widow, has converted her large flat to a number of tiny rooms opening on to her long entrance hall. She sublets these little rooms and lives on the proceeds. The lodgers have been forced into these holes not only by the housing shortage, but also by their own cruel and irreparable isolation and unhappiness, driving them like LSD into irrealistic separate worlds of their own. There is only one couple living here for purely practical reasons, and by the end of the novel, they escape into a flat of their own; but indeed they escape Vészi's attention as well. They do not really belong to this surrealistic refuge with the long corridor.

The judge on pension is, on the other hand, a suitable lodger. Before the war he learned the virtue of obedience, and in the fifties he practiced it as one of the two minor judges in the political trials of the time, signing the death sentences and repressing his dissent within himself, never making it vocal. Now he sits receiving imaginary clients in a café, struggles night and day with the former president of the court—his own conscience. The real world does not exist for him. His great confrontation, his great justification and his great indictment is made once at dead of night, when he wanders into a deserted swimming-pool, where his imagination transmutes all the inanimate objects of the real world into the agonizing backdrop of his own private stage. The swimming-pool and the garden surrounding it become the accusing luxurious private villa of the accused President of the Court. The great scene ends in the mud and wet and delirious fever of the pool itself; reality breaking in, but passing unperceived. Even this is without irony, and it does not alter anything anyway.

In the same way reality has no power to change the life of Lajos Gold, the student who never finished his university studies. Every night Lajos Gold hears Hédi, the lascivious wife of the next room lodger, coming home, heels tapping, hips swinging. He hears her go to bed on the other side of the wall—five inches from him. He does not know Hédi, he has never seen her. But the lodger's wife next door is in reality a small, solid petty-bourgeois woman who does not stay out until late at night. There is no Hédi. There is no one there. The Hédi of his imagination, the heels tapping in his head are Martha's, Lajos Gold's divorced wife, who deceived him, planted another man's child on him, is now getting married to the child's real father, wants to change the child's name, and in the meantime goes to bed again with Lajos Gold—perhaps to smuggle a future child of his into her new marriage. Lajos Gold is drifting; after a number of failures he could now be a successful photo reporter if he worked. But he does not go to the studio, he lies about at home in his pyjamas, every now and then offering vodka to the studio messenger boy, forgetting that the vodka bottle is empty again.

In comparison to the schizoid over-excitement of the judge and the catatonic stupor of Lajos Gold, Rózsi Tóth seems to be living just an everyday life. Rózsi Tóth is a telephone operator—a telephone operator with an absolutely enchanting, bewitching voice; only this melodiously seductive, ravishing voice emerges from a repulsive, elephantine body. This monstrous body condemns Rózsi, yearning for a man, to solitude. In vain do men ask her for dates over the phone, charmed by her beautiful voice; at the last moment she dare not go, for she dreads the cruel shock of mutual disappointment. And when, after prolonged bouts of listening-in to other people's conversations, and a series of protracted self-arguments, she finally gives way and meets a puny little man with a need for mothering, the result is disastrous:

not only does the man rush away from her in panic, but increasing frenzy takes hold of Rózsi in the night, and in the end she is even dismissed from her job because of her habit of listening in.

Mrs. Stahl, the landlady, is herself part of the menagerie. She was given the flat by her one-time employer for "personal services", and although he had deeply disgusted her she remembers him with gratitude on this account. The same emotion is felt by the women friends of Mrs. Stahl, with whom an occasional gathering is arranged in honour of her employer's memory. They all worked at the same confectioner's shop, all of them were the proprietor's mistresses, and he nauseated all of them, which does not stop them being still jealous of one another.

And then the meagre refuge provided by the flat with the long corridor, Mrs. Stahl's source of income, collapses from one day to the next. The house, built of bauxite-cement, the fashionable building material of the 1930's, is classified as dangerous and torn down. Not indeed the whole house, only the sixth story, topheavy for the foundation. The sixth story where the long entrance corridor runs. "And the entrance-corridor itself"—we learn in a monologue put into Lajos Gold's mouth—"is pushed out into the infinite, or at the very least into the stratosphere. Or possibly is blasted off as a space station. The entrance corridor, with its walls and in them the coffin-shaped doors, as a space station."

This is, of course, only part of the world fashioned in this book. The rest cannot even be suggested in a mere review. Vészi creates his atmosphere through his poetic, clever and minutely precise style, and through the use of irony. I might perhaps have enjoyed the book still more if he had offered the refuge of the entrance corridor to more significant socio-psychological solitaries like Lajos Gold or the judge, instead of Rózsa Tóth and her commonplace biological unhappiness.

Hungarian fiction written in Rumania —Transylvania—has recently produced a number of welcome surprises. The literature of this region has now recovered from the aesthetic and political regulation which at one stage, in each socialist country, produced a naive didactism which was given the name of schematism, and is gradually even learning to lay the ghost of its own literary folklore past—and very fancy Szekler folklore pa.t at that—which gave Hungarian literature a great poet and writer in the thirties in the person of Áron Tamási and since then a series of pseudo-foklore imitators.

From what has reached me of the new Transylvanian harvest, I have picked two outstandingly interesting books. One of them is Tibor Bálint's novel, "The Weeping Ape" (*Zokogó majom*, the State Publishing House for Literature, Bucharest, 1969, 589 pp.). The "Weeping Ape" is a restaurant where Hector, the waiter, one of the sad monsters in the novel, is employed. Hector himself is a weeping ape, everybody is a weeping ape. The novel is the personal, sufferring and perceptive record on a complete inner hell. The subtitle describes the novel as "The Calvary of a Resourceless Family" but in fact it offers a collection of confused, hopelessly miserable lives rendered acceptable and authentic only by the heartrending personal touch of the author—a pathos all the more effective for its envelope of objectivity. This is the miserable lot of innumerable people and families, but in the first place of the Vincze family. There is poverty, the poverty of the father, a perpetually unemployed baker's assistant; and of the sister, Böske, a girl of easy virtue, who marries ugly Hector the waiter, and wandering, suffering, quarrelling, raging with him, reaches insanity and death by uraemia. There is the fate of Vincze's son, Kálmán, the autobiographical figure in the novel, who watches all this horror from early childhood on and who, although he emerges from it as a journalist, can never rid himself entirely of its scars.

Except for Kálmán's life and development the fate of these people is static. Only death brings change. These lives get no better and

no worse—they can only disintegrate and decay until they are ready for death. Sickness, poverty and helpless impotence reduced them to decomposition. There is no escape, except for the few who climb out of it, like Kálmán, or run away, as the crippled giant, an important secondary character, manages to do. The novel consequently has no plot or story—it is simply a collection of episodes moving from the future to the past, strung together by the flow of time, quite perceptible despite the back and forward shifts which break the natural sequence. The only story is that Kálmán grows up and that beautiful and noisy Böske grows old and dies.

Although Bálint's novel deals exclusively with this inferno, I would not simply call it a novel about poverty. There is in it something painfully and almost improbably grotesque; the fates of most of the characters do not seem to be influenced by the predictible gravity of the given world; it is as if they move through a coarse and clumsy ballet to prove that the laws of gravity do not apply to their unreal world.

It might perhaps indeed have been even better if Tibor Bálint had limited the number of horrible and terrifying episodes which confront us here, occasionally verging on monotony, and the number of words, occasionally verging on garrulity.

"Mother Promises Me Untroubled Sleep" (*Anyám könnyű álmot ígér* by András Sütő, Criterion Publishing House, Bucharest, 1960, 244 pp.) is a book about other, more realistic kinds of torments: about the sufferings of the author's own family and village. The writer himself calls his book "Notes in a Diary" and it is in fact the diary of a winter visit in which the present and the past mingle in a whimsical confusion of associations. The whole atmosphere of the book, however, gives it exceptional unity, despite the fact that dry stories and excerpts from petitions and applications are mixed with anecdotes and the poetic echo of childhood emotions. The principal character in the novel—if it has any—is the writer's father. He is a master of all trades, skilled in everything, willing to try anything, but all his great undertakings turn sour on him, either because of his own deficient sense of reality or on account of the obstacles put in his way by the outer world. Because of his ownership of a broken-down threshing machine he is declared a *kulák* in the fifties, tormented and thrown out of his own house. In his despair he offers to present the threshing machine to the state; at first the sacrifice is refused, and finally when it is accepted, he gets the price of a bottle of wine for it. The vineyard he plants on an unfertile hillside under the persuasion of a state campaign, and which after four years of terribly hard work on his part bears fruit, is taken from him the same way as the orchards other people planted—and then all is left to rot. There is scarcely a family in the village without at least one man in it who has been to prison for failing to surrender the due quota of grain demanded by the state, or for some similar "crime". For all these endless tribulations the villagers blame the "faceless" people, the local representatives of power, who until quite recently interpreted national policy according to their own harshness, meanness or stupidity. Sütő himself does not blame them personally. Alongside each individual episode he ranges the appropriate excerpts from the pamphlets of the fifties—inanities of texts and prescriptions. It was on the basis of these political pamphlets that people were persecuted, the fruit of good work wrecked, and a cheerful willingness to work destroyed.

The family regards all this as an unavoidable and natural disaster: they lie low, they try to dodge the blows, they make attempts to protect themselves in their own weak and impotent fashion. (As, for instance, the famous petition and autobiography writers in the fifties who tried to soften the hearts of officials with eloquent ideological compositions.) And when the calamity has passed they remember their adversities in a spirit of gentle reconciliation and humour. Personal

trouble, grief in love, sickness are recalled the same way. A deep cheerfulness and confidence pervades this book, despite the fact that it describes torments to make the blood boil, insane stupidity and needless suffering. And the restless father beside the gentle, sickly mother—herself a deeply sympathetic and beautiful figure—is painted with the optimism, lyric beauty and humour only given to such characters in really good novels. This is the chronicle of a family more stirring in its simplicity and more poetic in expression than any I have recently read.

IMRE SZÁSZ

WHO EXPLOITED WHOM?

IVÁN T. BEREND and GYÖRGY RÁNKI: *Közép-Kelet-Európa gazdasági fejlődése a 19—20. században* [The Economic Development of East Central Europe during the 19th and 20th centuries]. Közgazdasági és Jogi Könyvkiadó, Budapest, 1969. Ft. 40.

Having given me Dr. Nemeskürty's book on the Hungary of the High Renaissance and Éva Haraszti's on the Chartist Movement, the editors of the *New Hungarian Quarterly* seem to have felt that after this Tokay and paprika flavoured goulash I needed a strong dose of Alka-Seltzer. This work is packed with statistics. Covering, in space, an area from Poland to Greece, and in time, from the late eighteenth century until 1945, it manages to supply a mass of detailed information. Unlike the other two books, it is not at all concerned with persons or, at first glance, with national politics. Populations increase, migrate, become literate. In various countries and at certain times percentages of land are divided into different sized areas of ownership. The quality of crops and their prices rise and fall. Capital, first in the form of foreign loans, accumulates or disappears. Banks and railway spread their networks. The number of factories of different types grow and, towards the end of the book, we are supplied with such modern details as the percentage of the population possessing telephones or motor cars.

A work of this kind is something of a welcome change. After the wars of religion during the seventeenth century those with different beliefs were able as "natural philosophers" or scientists to cooperate in working at physics and chemistry, and heated matters of faith could be dismissed as "enthusiasm". I do not feel disposed to dispute with the scholarly authors the size of the maize crop in Bulgaria in 1902, or even what countries owned many of the oil shares of Rumania in 1914.

Besides, this book is of special interest to me as it fills a gap. The study of the economic history of Europe only became popular in England when the Habsburg and Ottoman Empires had disappeared after the First World War. Their previous "economic development" was naturally ignored. Thus, as an undergraduate I recall reading, for example, Professor Lilian Knowles's *Economic Development in Nineteenth Century France, Germany, Russia and the United States* (1932). It is true that Professor Macartney's *The Habsburg Empire* (1968) gives many facts and figures about economic developments and so do various books on the Balkan states. In such works however one has to dig and sift the economic material from other historical strata.

Nor does this book use economic facts in quite the same way as do more conventional historians. There has recently been a vast

amount of discussion of the factors which produce an industrial "take off", and an attempt to chart the stages of the subsequent development. There is the problem how this was achieved by the first industrial countries, notably Britain, and the more complex question how later arrivals, whose own economies have to some extent been harmed by those more advanced than they, can overcome their difficulties and join the others. This book points out how Central Europe and the Balkans during much of the Middle Ages were scarcely behind the West of Europe, but, owing to a number of causes, they became far more backward and had to start their industrialisation under severe handicaps.

It is one of the many merits of Messrs Berend and Ránki that they are so fully cognisant of the Russian, the German, as well as the Anglo–American literature on their theme; that they know so much, too, about the development of lands both within and without their chosen area, so that their study is not in the least parochial but can make fruitful comparisons and contrasts with conditions both East and West.

However such wide reading also has its disadvantages. Sometimes, looking at the many tables in this book, one feels as if one is contemplating a chart giving the results of the Olympic games. There are apparently strong teams like Britain that forge ahead, only to lose points later on, though not so many, incidentally, between 1880 and 1914 as at one time was thought to be the case. Austria–Hungary after a rather shaky start seems suddenly to put on speed in the early twentieth century. Then, as a result of political rows, the side splits into rival teams who all drop behind, though Czechoslovakia keeps a slight lead. But one reader, at any rate, wishes to know what exactly is the race that is being run? How are the teams selected and whether, inevitably starting at different times, they all had to take the same course? The way population growth, the agricultural revolution, banks and communications are treated reminds one of Professor Rostow's racing rules. But the long complicated sentences describing the growth of semi-abstract entities, the tendency to see "internal contradictions" among many of the participants, denotes another school of racing opinion. The fact, too, that there is neither an index, nor, worse, a chapter giving conclusions makes it more difficult for an admitted amateur, wrestling also with a foreign tongue, to comprehend. Reverting to my original simile, I discover that though this powder contains many of the same ingredients and may be concocted for the same purpose, this is not pure Alka Seltzer, but produces a more cloudy glass and that, furthermore, some Hungarian wine (Red) appears to have been spilt in it.

Of course I may be only revealing my own lack of familiarity with foreign remedies for post-prandial headaches. Certainly in many ways this book is very salutary for an Englishman. Though during the nineteenth century some English industrialists did in fact set up factories abroad, what most of them really wanted was food and raw material from less developed regions. Many British historians have ignored the reactions that this produced, one of which was the development of a kind of love-hate nationalism and a conviction that Frederick List's *National System of Political Economy* (1841) described their parlous state and the remedies against it much better than the writings of Adam Smith or Ricardo. But List's national enthusiasms, especially where nationalities were comparatively small, and worse still, intermixed, may not have been a very good guide, even if, as this book reveals, interest rates on foreign capital and foreign ownership of native resources meant that the people could justly feel that they were being exploited. Yet most Englishmen and some Hungarians have considered that Count Széchenyi, the admirer, but no blind imitator of England and her economic development, understood far better how to develop Hungary's economic life under a free trade system than did Kossuth, the disciple of List. The

names of neither of these two statesmen, needless to say, appear in this impersonal work. But should they not? For List and for that matter Marx, unlike Adam Smith, rightly or wrongly associated economics very closely with politics and so on occasions do Messrs Berend and Ránki, much more than they realize. Thus, for example, they judge the Dual Monarchy, not only in purely economic terms, but also in terms of power politics. Furthermore they tend to look at matters from a Hungarian nationalist point of view. They give as one of the reasons for Hungarian backwardness the more advanced economy in some of the Austrian and Bohemian territories and regret that Hungary was not able to put up a tariff behind which she might have developed her own industries; but surely Hungarians could not have it both ways. After all in Britain textiles were chiefly produced in Lancashire and Yorkshire. British cratfsmen, like others, suffered from cheaper forms of production, even if, as consumers, they profited by lower prices. But no tariff was put up so that Wales or East Anglia should develop textiles, though admittedly today great efforts are made to develop regions threatened by industrial change. Hungarian agriculture did very well at the expense of Austrian industrialists who were forced to pay more for their food as wicked Hungarian landlords, using their political power, forced the Dual-Monarchy to accept an agrarian tariff, something landlords were unable to achieve in England. Hungary also used her state power under dualism to develop Budapest at the expense of the periphery of the country where other nationalities lived and these, looking at the nascent states of the same nationality beyond the frontier, developed an urge to build up a national economy of their own, protected from Hungarian "exploitation". The authors are fully aware of the economic disadvantages of the emergent "bourgeois" nationalisms of the "succession states" after 1918 as their own country was the sufferer. They praise J. M. Keynes who had little sympathy for these new nations, for his appreciation of the economic disadvantages which went with this new "Balkanisation", but these states had learnt their lesson in part from the Hungarians. One wonders too, if Austrian and Bohemian industry was such a menace to Hungary. Was the market for cheap manufactured goods saturated in Hungary and beyond? Did the Hungarians during the nineteenth century show great eagerness or skill in building up textiles, for example? This is not the impression one obtains from visitors' accounts of their travels to the country. But perhaps the authors and this reviewer, starting from opposite positions have drawn nearer to each other. Few Western writers would now maintain the adequacy of pure nineteenth century liberalism. Whilst one of the most valuable discoveries, and of great importance to them, which Messrs Berend and Ránki make is that in a capitalist world within a free trade area, admittedly often prudently assisted by the state, Hungarian industry did achieve an industrial 'take-off' and as a result before 1914 became less and less dependent on foreign capital.

I must confess that, though, as St. Paul said of his statements on marriage, "I speak as a fool" on economics, I consider that the authors fall between two stools, something no doubt quite easy to do in "Middle Eastern Europe". If this book is not to be an objective, statistical reference book and social and political factors are to be introduced to explain economic development, the authors' terms of reference are too narrow. More material, admittedly of a debatable nature, concerned with national and social politics should have been introduced and discussed. There are no statistics, incidentally, on armament expenditure and on the strength of armies, though occasional shots are fired at capital and capitalists from an unexplored, undefined region. On the other hand power politics and class conflict might have been eliminated altogether from the book and the area not treated so much in terms of sovereign national states and of total

national product. Population of towns or of regions could have been given. More could have been said on the distribution of wealth; how much was possessed by cooperatives, friendly societies and trade unions; variations in wages might have been supplied for different industries; and the amount spent on state welfare. This would have supplied a different view of "economic development".

However, all these considerations only reveal how the author has been stimulated to ask questions by what must be regarded as a pioneer work of considerable importance. Nor does he always question. The authors are certainly not animated by a desire to draw a picture of "the good old days", yet one appreciates their scholarship and fair-mindedness, their willingness to recognize the achievements as well as the defects of capitalism during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in this region. Even in the period between the two wars, a peculiarly dark one for Hungary, they show how some economic development did take place in the case of Austria and Hungary through League of Nations loans, and by the intervention of foreign, some of them English, firms before the economic crisis of 1929–31. On the other hand they are justified in giving the large sums paid to foreign lenders; to reveal, for example, the corruption and speculation during railway development in Hungary, when they were being built by private enterprise, not all Hungarian, before the financial crash in 1873. There is a valuable chapter, too, describing how holding banks and cartels created price rings in certain sections of industry. In Hungary land monopolist Counts, already fixing prices in agriculture, often sat on the boards.

Above all this book is of value in describing the action and reaction, in a particular but varied region, to capitalist development, largely directed from outside. An Englishman should try to appreciate the often no doubt unconscious assumptions which challenge subconsciously held assumptions of his own. He should recognize how much the writers have learned from their mastery of western economic literature and feel disturbed at his own ignorance of that from Soviet and East European sources. He should be grateful, too, for the great quantity of factual and statistical material, the diligent, wide-ranging authors supply. After all, if this is not Alka Seltzer, it may be an equally good remedy for too much rich food and drink that the traditional kind of history of this region has so often supplied.

NEVILLE MASTERMAN

PÁL TELEKI'S SUICIDE

LÓRÁNT TILKOVSZKY: *Teleki Pál, legenda és valóság* (Pál Teleki, Legend and Reality), Budapest, 1969, 191 p. The volume appeared in the "Popular History" series brought out by the Kossuth Publishing House.

Count Pál Teleki, Prime Minister of Hungary, took his own life on April 3, 1941 because of the Yugoslav events—that is to say, because the Hungarian government, in violation of the treaty of friendship and perpetual peace concluded between Yugoslavia and Hungary in December 1940, joined in Hitler's armed action against Yugoslavia.

Teleki was already in 1964 the principal subject of a noteworthy study produced by Marxist historiography in Hungary.* Gyula

* Juhász, Gyula: *A Teleki-kormány külpolitikája 1939—41* (The Foreign Policy of the Teleki Government 1939—41). Publishing House of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Budapest, 1964, 368 p.

Juhász had relied on rich literary sources and made use of hitherto unexplored archival material when writing on the Horthy period, which Hungarian historians after 1945 criticized rightly and necessarily, censuring the leaders of those times from both a moral and political point of view. Teleki was portrayed in a much more true-to-life and more complete way and the circumstances of his suicide were explained in more detail than by any earlier writer. Essentially, however, Juhász's purpose was to outline the foreign policy of the Teleki government, and to analyse the political notions which set the course of Hungarian foreign policy at the beginning of the Second World War.

Lóránt Tilkovszky provides a complete portrayal of Teleki, including the 1939–41 figure as depicted by Gyula Juhász—and something more. In a very interesting and lively manner he illuminates the political and psychological background of Teleki's puzzling death. He surveys Teleki's entire life, the early beginnings of his ideas and aspirations, his attitude during the revolutions of 1918 and 1919, his role in the restoration and consolidation of the power of capitalists and landlords, his manifold activities in the Hungarian endeavours to revise the provisions of the Peace Treaty that concluded the First World War, the far-reaching activity of Teleki the geographer, politician and Chief Scout, the energy of this exceptional mind concentrated in conscious and active service of the Horthy regime. It is Tilkovszky's merit that he brings this man seeking and finding a meaning in many activities close to his readers. Whoever has already written a biography knows that it is impossible to characterize a hero when looking at him from a long way off. The writer has to identify himself with the period, with the setting in which his hero lived, to penetrate his world of ideas, to become acquainted with his character and his ideals. And when he does this he has to apply a moral, political and ideological standard by which to measure everything he relives and revives. Tilkovszky succeeded in doing this.

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Pál Teleki was an aristocrat, a revisionist and a nationalist politician of considerable stature who was able to some extent to learn the lessons the First World War taught; who had certain important ideas about social organization through conservative reforms; who was able to clothe the irredentist ideology in scientific garb and who put the science of geography at the service of revisionism; who was likewise able to realize that the grievances produced by the post-war peace treaties had grown into a European problem, and who for this very reason, in order to make the policy of Hungarian revisionism acceptable in Europe, was able to collect the relevant scientific facts for the first time in Hungary. That is why Teleki fought for the establishment of the Institute of Descriptive Sociology of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences and the Institute of Political Science of the Hungarian Statistical Society in 1924 and 1926 respectively. He believed that "we have to know our country better if we want its government to satisfy the demands of the age, and this postulate is still more valid when we strive for territorial reintegration." The two scientific institutions, working together to some extent, began collecting data under Teleki's direction "to clarify in different ways the state and social structure, the economic and cultural life" of Hungary and neighbouring countries. According to Tilkovszky, the collected data were processed and made available in the form of a card index system. Teleki personally taught the staff of both institutes the most up-to-date methods of record-keeping. After ten years the catalogue already comprised more than 800,000 basic entries and provided information for many government decisions. This material enabled Teleki to take control of the propagation of the policy of revisionism abroad.

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Tilkovszky does not succeed in showing the way Teleki developed. The Teleki of the 1920s, who took part in the organization of the counter-revolutionary regime, does not seem to be identical with the Teleki of 1940–1, who was bound to fail because he was unable to turn against a regime into which he had grown. He shows a sound instinct however in the way he defines the differences and similarities between the two faces of Teleki—the friend of Horthy and the friend of Bethlen. Tilkovszky demonstrates that Teleki, while substantially supporting Bethlen during his tenure of office that lasted for more than ten years, was still not impressed by Bethlen's mastery of political intrigue. Teleki wanted "organization of society," he saw that the regime was cracking owing to unsolved socio-political problems, and he thought the solution had to be conservative reforms directed, in his view, only by the aristocracy.

English readers will be specially interested to see—Tilkovszky relies mostly on Juhász in telling this story—what an essential, practically decisive role was played in Teleki's suicide by a telegram he received from György Barcza, the Hungarian Minister in London. The cable stated that Hungary, in the event of a perfidious attack on Yugoslavia, must reckon with a declaration of war by Great Britain. (Regrettably, all Tilkovszky quotes from the telegram is: "The particular emphasis on the special Hungarian motive explained will hardly be understood here; in either of the above two contingencies the whole Anglo-American world will charge us with the breach of a treaty and possibly with stabbing our new friends in the back.") This fact underlines our opinion that Teleki, even by the standards of that period, was not—could not be—a politician who considered possible consequences. Already in the autumn of 1940, as Tilkovszky points out, when the Hungarian government assented to the transit by rail of German troops dispatched to secure the Rumanian oil fields, the British government made it unmistakably clear to the Hungarian government that if the country was allowed to serve as a base of military operations, the severance of diplomatic relations would be inevitable. (Viewed from an objective angle, Teleki's attitude seems all the stranger since György Barcza, the Hungarian Minister in London, as well as István Bárczy, Permanent Secretary at the Prime Minister's Office, had on several occasions supplied him with realistic information about Great Britain's intentions and the foreseeable outcome of the war. For example, between June 23 and August 10, 1939, Bárczy was on holiday in Paris and London, and his friends in England told him that after the occupation of Prague the British government no longer trusted the Germans and started rearming. Bárczy handed Teleki a written note predicting the imminent outbreak of the Second World War and the victory of Great Britain and her Allies.)

Could Teleki thus entertain the hope that, if in the early days of April 1941 he would succeed in cutting down German demands and obtain the reduction to three or four of the five divisions requested to be mobilized against Yugoslavia (as he wrote to Gábor Apor, the Hungarian Minister to the Vatican, the day before he committed suicide) and in wheedling other concessions from Horthy and through him from Hitler, he might be able to prevent a declaration of war by Great Britain? Teleki may possibly have thought, as István Pintér argues in a popular Horthy biography, that the Hungarian government, in spite of its commitments to the Germans, would be able to stay out of the war, and somehow obtain a share of the spoils of German victories and keep them later on, after the defeat of Germany, as a reward for neutrality.

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On April 2, the day before his suicide, Teleki wrote to Apor not only that "this Yugo affair has put us in the most terrible situation" and that "we shall lose our honour in the eye of the world if we attack Yugo-

slavia" (this is quoted by Tilkovszky somewhat inaccurately, he seems to know only the English text of the letter in question, published by R. V. Burks in the *Journal of Central European Affairs* 1947, No. 4.) but he also ventured the following opinion: "The situation is awfully difficult since if we resist, we shall be crushed first and more ruthlessly—if we do not go to the Bácska, the Germans will settle in there, and if they will not be driven out of there, they will build a German state out of Bácska-Bánát-Hunyadvár-Szászföld and possibly Baranya-Tolna*... I shall try to get away with it and *sauver la face*..." He tried to get away with it and save his face—that was what characterized the attitude and policy of Prime Minister Count Pál Teleki and, in the final analysis, brought about the impasse he came to.

After Teleki's suicide Winston Churchill in a radio talk, said that at a future peace conference a seat would have to be left empty for Count Pál Teleki. "This would serve to remind those present that the Hungarian nation had a Prime Minister who sacrificed himself for that justice for which we are also fighting."

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By and large Tilkovszky correctly views Teleki and his place in the period. It is a pity that he does not consider some of the minor details more carefully. (For example, it would be worth while to examine Teleki's letter written purportedly—since it is undated—in 1940 under the title "Report and Indictment." The letter was published in English by R. V. Burks (op. cit.). The Hungarian original found in the C. A. Macartney material of St. Anthony College Library, Oxford, contains the following passages, which throw doubt on 1940 as the date: "...owing to the consequences which culminate in today's situation it was a sin against the nation. As a result of the error I have to leave, to pay for the sin. This applies to my person." There was supposedly an interval of six months between Teleki's letter of April 2, 1941, to Apor and the letter under discussion. This is the opinion of a handwriting expert. A further expert opinion would be most interesting.)

Tilkovszky introduced many witnesses which makes it surprising that he did not rely on the evidence of important and still active scholars who were keen-eyed men and knew Pál Teleki, his cultural work and policy, such as Domokos Kosáry who is a noted historian himself.

These minor comments, however, do not affect the merits of the book, the author's sound description of the period, his striving for the essential, his effort to pick the determining features and main characteristics of Pál Teleki out of a whole series of conflicting opinions and tendentious statements. Tilkovszky is really pertinent when he writes: "Teleki joined in a common attitude not with the Germans but with the whole of Europe in opposition to Bolshevism, and his conflicts with the Germans stood out more sharply within this broader community."

ÉVA HARASZTI

* All of these were within Hungary's borders prior to the First World War.

THREE STRANDS IN DANUBIAN DIPLOMACY

France, Hungary and Rumania 1930–1945

MAGDA ÁDÁM: *Magyarország és a kisantant a harmincas években* (Hungary and the Little Entente in the Thirties. Akadémiai Kiadó, Budapest, 1968, 389 p.)

MÁRIA ORMOS: *Franciaország és a keleti biztonság 1931–1936* (France and Eastern Security 1931–1936). Akadémiai Kiadó, Budapest 1969, 453 p.

DÁNIEL CSATÁRI: *Forgószélben, Magyar–román viszony 1940–1945* (In the Whirlwind: Hungarian–Rumanian Relations 1940–1945). Akadémiai Kiadó, Budapest 1968, 494 p.

From 1960 onwards there has been a revival in Hungarian political literature. Following the propaganda pamphlets of somewhat doubtful historical value during the period of the "personality cult" an increasing number of books and studies of unquestionable interest are now seeing the light. Members of the Historical Insitute of the Budapest Academy of Sciences are systematically searching the State Archives, and especially the files of the former Royal Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and even make frequent trips abroad to study diplomatic archives relating to international relations from 1919 until the end of the Second World War.

The publication of Hungarian diplomatic documents connected with the origins and history of the Second World War provides an important, hitherto unpublished basic documentation. And the works based on this documentation which analyse the political events of the thirties and forties frequently have significance transcending the frontiers of Hungary. This is true of the questions discussed by Miss Ádám and Miss Ormos respectively in two volumes recently published in Budapest.

These volumes are devoted to relations in the inter-war years between a number of Western nations, including France, in the one case, and the countries of the Danubian region, Hungary in particular, in the other.

The clauses of the Treaty of Trianon were of particular importance to Hungary, and the Hungarian leaders placed the recovery of former Hungarian territories before any other considerations.

Horthyite Hungary considered herself the victim of an attempt at encirclement. She accused her neighbours, Rumania and Czechoslovakia in particular, of seeking to force the country under the Caudine Fork of the Little Entente.

Both Miss Ádám and Miss Ormos condemn the conduct of French diplomacy with considerable severity. What, however, strikes the reader of the diplomatic documents published by the French Foreign Office, so frequently cited by the two authors, is the clear-sighted apprehension of the French representatives in the various Danubian countries. It must be admitted that unfortunately the authorities in Paris did not pay sufficient attention to the repeated warnings of their diplomats about the danger of German penetration in central and eastern Europe, which explains why, from 1936 onwards, French prestige perceptibly declined in all the countries of the Danube basin.

Miss Ormos, who devotes more attention to the French attitude to the security of eastern Europe at the beginning of the 1930's emphasizes that even before Hitler seized power the system of alliances created by the Paris Government was unequal to the task of maintaining the *status quo*. Every French failure in Central and Eastern Europe was tantamount to a German success. The question of a Franco-Soviet pact of non-aggression had been raised immediately after the election victory of the Nazis in September 1930. But the French political parties

were at one in believing that such a pact was unworkable without the agreement of the Central and Eastern European states bound to France by treaties, and especially Poland and Rumania, immediate neighbours of the Soviet Union. Poland indeed, equally disquieted by the manifestations of German nationalism and imperialism, was prepared to contemplate a rapprochement with Moscow, and made no objection to the French plans.

There were, however, tremendous obstacles to the formation of a coalition directed against the German menace. Amongst others France and the Soviet Union were in opposition on diplomatic questions. In the event a Franco–Soviet treaty of mutual assistance was finally signed in May 1935.

Miss Ormos claims that Pierre Laval, Prime Minister at the time, conceived the Franco–Soviet alliance as a tactical move rather than an effective aim in itself. She adds that serious efforts were made to win Italy over to French interests and, with this in view, to allow her play a more important role in the Danubian valley.

During that whole eventful period Horthyite Hungary, still hoping for a revision of the Treaty of Trianon, was drawing nearer and nearer to the Axis Powers. Miss Ádám and Miss Ormos devote a great many pages to investigating the relations between the countries of the Little Entente and Hungary, and make it clear that the leaders of these countries—and not Horthy alone—had little by little become tools in the hands of Hitlerite Germany.

As the French diplomatic documents published in Paris in recent years reveal, there were also realist Eastern European circles aware of the danger of German expansionism and anxious to resist it, but they could not commit themselves to such a stand without military support from France.

This military support failed to materialise, and once again the diplomatic outposts of the Quai d'Orsay in the Danubian countries signalled the growing success of Berlin's efforts.

Under the stringent examination of French Danubian policy in all its various aspects which the two authors have respectively undertaken in the two works, its failure is evident. It is true that the governing regime in each of those countries—and especially Regent Horthy and his entourage —bore their share of responsibility for the development of events. But a study of the many books and documents published in the past few years leads to the inevitable conclusion that the Treaty of Trianon, signed in 1920, for which France bore particular responsibility, played a definite part in aggravating antagonism among the Danubian nations. Instead of uniting against fascism these nations were far more concerned to destroy one another, to Hitler's immense benefit, who skilfully exploited the situation during the Second World War.

And this is true, above all, in Hungarian–Rumanian relations, which accounts for the interest aroused by Dániel Csatári's book, which constitutes a courageous new departure. It deals with a particularly delicate problem: the relations between Budapest and Bucharest during the Second World War. It should be remembered that the main point of dispute was Transylvania. The ownership and history of this region had been a bone of contention between Hungary and Rumania for many years. In August 1940, following the Vienna arbitration by the Axis Powers, Hungary "recovered" the northern parts of Transylvania, with a Hungarian majority where, as in the whole of this region, Rumanians and Hungarians lived side by side.

The Vienna arbitration did not end the tension. The persecution of the Hungarian minority under the Rumanian majority was replaced by the persecution of the Rumanians by the Hungarians. On the other side of the new frontier, in the parts of Transylvania which remained under Rumanian sovereignty, the victims were the Hungarians. Two regimes, reactionary and chauvinist to the core, confronted each

other, to the prejudice of both the Hungarian and the Rumanian people. Both the Budapest and Bucharest governments were Hitler's puppets, who made use of them in his war against the Soviet Union.

Mr. Csatári deserves the highest praise, indeed for producing a piece of work which should finally put an end to subjective and simplified versions of these events. His book is unbiased and very honest; it describes the facts as they were. The documentation used by the author is unimpeachable; Mr. Csatári has gone through all the official—and secret—records available in Hungary and Rumania, including collections of newspapers and even confidential police reports.

It is impossible to summarise a book which in fact describes the almost day to day developments in the dramatic relations between Hungarians and Rumanians. But the author's purpose is clear: to demonstrate that, despite the equally culpable attitude of the Hungarian and Rumanian governments, progressive elements attempted to open a dialogue between the two countries. Hungarian and Rumanian patriots, both long suffering under the same oppressions, endeavoured to bring them together and put a stop to intolerance, injustice and persecution. Mr. Csatári makes no attempt to palliate the actions of either the Hungarian or Rumanian leading circles. He stresses the fact that they were equally responsible for what happened in Transylvania during the war, in the course of which Rumanians and Hungarians alike suffered enormously.

Mr. Csatári's work is contribution to a better understanding of East European problems. And the foreign observer, who is interested in the future of that region, will find particular enjoyment in books such as these by Miss Ádám, Miss Ormos and Mr. Csatári. For, in the last analysis, the lesson to be drawn from these three new essays in Hungarian political writing is the same: special importance should be attached to closer co-operation among the Danubian peoples. These peoples understand one another, as evidenced by the interpenetration of their often chequered histories. In 1970, indeed, frontier problems no longer exist in Central and Eastern Europe. But respect for human rights, including respect for the rights of national minorities, is to the interest of all the countries of the region. Only their enemies and adversaries would profit from a fresh outbreak of nationalism and intolerance. And conversely, coexistence characterized by tolerance and mutual understanding would give them additional authority in the world.

THOMAS SCHREIBER

FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF

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A TOOL FOR THE SCHOLAR

The Catalogue of Incunabula Preserved in Hungarian Libraries

Catalogus incunabulorum quae in Bibliothecis publicis Hungariae asservantur. Edited by Géza Sajó and Erzsébet Soltész. Budapest, Publishing House of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, 1970. Vols. I–II.

Every country with large and important libraries is proud of its incunabula, if only because it provides evidence that its people cherished books, used them and preserved them. Book collecting in Hungary goes back to the era of the Árpád dynasty, which became extinct in the thirteenth century. Written records formed part of the Christian culture; and the monasteries and royal courts of old, and later the colleges, possessed libraries from their early beginnings.

The Bibliotheca Corviniana[1], the collection of manuscripts assembled at the court of King Matthias Corvinus (r. 1458–1490), the great patron of arts and sciences, is of course the most celebrated of all, and was indeed famous in its time. The dates are crucial. Straddling the crossways between manuscript and print it contained both illuminated manuscripts which are works of art, and which constituted the chief treasures of this remarkable library, but also a number of incunabula.

For it was in the reign of Matthias Corvinus that the first printing press in Hungary was set up in Buda.

The erudite English-language introduction to the Catalogue by Erzsébet Soltész provides a great deal of information about the early incunabula of Hungary. The printing press was set up in 1472, sixteen years after the appearance of the first book ever printed, the Gutenberg Bible, five years before William Caxton set up his press at Westminster. The comperatively early introduction of printing into Hungary may have been assisted by the fact that Buda was then the centre of a flourishing intellectual life and the focal point of Renaissance culture in the country, but was more probably stimulated by the existence of numerous humanist scholars who had flocked to the court. The printer, András Hess, learnt the art of printing in Italy, and had been invited to Buda by the royal deputy-chancellor. There he printed the first two Hungarian incunabula —the famous *Chronica Hungarorum* or history of the Magyars, and a volume containing works then popular with the Italian humanists, a treatise by Basilius Magnus, *De legendis libris gentilium* and Xenophon's *Apologia Socratis* in a Latin translation. There is no knowledge of any other productions of the Hess press, and still less is known of the second press somewhere between 1477 and 1480, only known by its publications, two religious books and a printed indulgence issued by the vicar of a church in Pozsony (Bratislava), possibly to be granted in exchange for funds towards the war against the Turks.

But though those were the only incunabula actually printed in Hungary, there were a number of volumes commissioned by Hungary from presses abroad, books such as breviaries and missals for Esztergom and Pécs or Hungarian monasteries, an important law book containing the legal codes of King Matthias, the Latin edition of the succession contract concluded between Matthias and Emperor Frederick III in 1463, and bought by the Palatine Joseph in the nineteenth century at the price of one gold coin a page, most important of all, the *Chronica Hungarorum* by the Royal Protonotary, János Thuróczy, and—a hint of the scientific awakening to come—*Arithmetica* by Georgius de Hungaria.

The storms of history wrecked most of the ancient Hungarian libraries, even as they

[1] See article by the same author in *The New Hungarian Quarterly*, No. 33.

destroyed practically all the churches and palaces built in the early centuries of national existence. Only in some of the least disturbed and most remote areas and in a few monasteries, apparently poor, small number of libraries remained intact. The importance of these chiefly ecclesiastical collections lies in the fact that they provide a thin thread of continuity in the history of Hungarian libraries. It was only in the eighteenth century, after the Turkish occupiers had been driven out at the end of the previous century, that libraries began to flourish again, and the majority of the incunabula now in Hungarian libraries were collected during this period. Considerable additions were made durint the nineteenth century, many by private collectors, and to-day they form a whole worthy of international attention.

The central catalogue of incunabula under review has been edited with scrupulous care by Géza Sajó and Erzsébet Soltész, and gives for the first time a comprehensive survey of the 7,107 incunabula preserved in 56 different libraries and institutions in Hungary.

Over half of these volumes are in three major Budapest libraries; the National Széchényi Library (1,748), the Library of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences (1,159), and the Budapest University Library (1,035). Hungarian bibliophiles of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries were the principal benefactors in the development of the first two of these collections, presenting or bequeathing to them a large number of rare books of international importance and many valuable works, some at least with particular reference to Hungary. Most of those which were in use in Hungary, however, are to be found in the possession of the Budapest University Library, the oldest public library in the country, originally founded in Nagyszombat (Tyrnava), and partially transferred to Budapest under the orders of Maria Theresa in 1777. This collection, which has grown steadily from the sixteenth century onwards, took over the disposal of the monastic libraries after their dissolution between 1782 and 1787 when they were secularized by Joseph II, apparently acquiring something like 223 incunabula from Jesuit sources in the process, and a number from other religious foundations.

The distinction of possessing the largest collection of incunabula among the provincial libraries belongs to the library of Kalocsa Cathedral with 502 items, and this is partly due to the fact that a neat agreement called the Conventio Kollonichiana compelled all the archbishops of Kalocsa, a number of whom were devoted collectors, to bequeath their books to the library. Another is the Episcopal Library of Székesfehérvár, founded in 1777. There had been medieval libraries in both these places, destroyed by war and Turkish occupation, but most of the early printed books stem from the eighteenth century, the second renaissance of book-collecting in Hungary. Two archishops, Pál Széchényi and László Kollonich, laid the foundations of the new Kalocsa library, and most of the books at Székesfehérvár were collected by Bishop János Pauer.

Several incunabula which made their way to Hungary as early as the fifteenth century, are preserved in the Library of the Esztergom Cathedral (290), the Central Library of the St. Benedictine order, Pannonhalma, founded 1001 A.D. and regarded as the oldest library in Hungary (236), the Library of the Episcopal Seminary of Győr (194), the Great Library of the Transtibiscan Reformed Church District, Debrecen (145), and the József Bajza Library at Gyöngyös, attached to the National Széchényi Library in Budapest (202). This collection is one of the most interesting, historically speaking, in the country, since its mediaeval books have been preserved almost intact, and it also contains volumes from the old libraries of several other Franciscan libraries in the country. Many of the Franciscan monasteries were abandoned in the Turkish-ruled areas of the country, and the monks fled with their books to Gyöngyös,

the only place, apart from Szeged, where the Franciscans were tolerated by the Turks, which explains the survival of so many foreign books of the fifteenth and sixteenth century.

The other incunabula in Hungary—about 700 in number—are distributed among 44 smaller libraries and institutions. The Department of Graphic Art in the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts, for instance, possesses a few valuable fifteenth century books, with illustrations which provide important examples of the graphic art of the time. Among them is the rare edition of the *Biblia Pauperum* by Albrecht Pfiszter, dating about 1462 or 1463. Among the rarities of the Semmelweis Museum and Library of Medical History is Johannes Manardus's work entitled *Opus de erroribus Simonis Pistoris circa morbum Gallicum* published in Nuremberg around 1500. From 1513 on Manardus was the court physician first to King Vladislas II (r. 1490–1516) and later to Louis II of Hungary (1516–1526), and this work of his is a contribution to the arguments raging about syphilis, "the French sickness", spreading all over Europe at the end of the fourteenth century. As far as the present author knows, only a single foreign catalogue mentions a copy of this work by Manardus.

The excellent introduction to the Catalogue by Erzsébet Soltész, written in English, provides a great deal of fascinating information on outstanding incunabula in Hungary and their history. The earlier, incomplete, catalogues of the different collections are reviewed and the available bibliography is given. The author provides detailed information on incunabula of specifically Hungarian interest, for which a specialized knowledge of the relevant Hungarian literature, including a thorough acquintance with the history and technical details of early presses and the background history of the period is necessary.

The main part of the work is the Catalogue itself, giving the titles and particulars of the incunabula in alphabetic order according to author. In addition to the main entries, all the relevant bibliographical data on the different editions are given, the copies preserved in Hungary are listed with the names of the libraries possessing them, their shelf mark and, where necessary, a brief description of each.

The editors of the Catalogue designed this work to be of value not only for librarians, but also for literary and science historians and scholars. As a result certain indices have been included not generally considered essential for a catalogue of incunabula, such as the lists of translators and commentators which reveal the versatility and multifarious interests of the writers of those times, and which often include such little-known works as prefaces and dedications. The Index of non-Latin works forms an important section of the Catalogue, since it is of considerable assistance in the study of Hebrew, Czech, and Old Church Slavonic incunabula, which are relatively rare in Hungary. The Hebrew incunabula were identified by Sándor Schreiber, who also made the attribution of the recently recognized Maimonides fragment preserved in the National Library of the Hungarian Jews. The Oriental Collection in the Library of the Academy of Sciences also possesses the thirteen Hebrew incunabula, as well as a number of Hebrew manuscripts, acquired when the Academy came into possession of part of the collection of Dávid Kaufmann, a writer and professor at the beginning of this century.

Essential to all catalogues of this description is the catalogue of printers, classifying the incunabula according to countries, towns, printing presses, dates and names of printers. This catalogue in point of fact calls attention to a number of regrettable gaps among the incunabula preserved in Hungary. One is the absence of any incunabula written in English or printed in England. Similarly Hungary has only two publications from Portugal printed

by the famous printer of incunabula in that country, Rabbi Eliezer, and only two to represent early Polish presses.

There is also a catalogue of owners, indexing the volumes by libraries and institutions, which enables the reader to locate any of the incunabula to be found in the Hungarian collections.

The 78 reproductions have been selected from incunabula of international importance either on account of their rarity or because they contain important references to Hungary. They include a Missale printed at Senj in 1494 in Glagolitic type, of which only two copies are known; a volume by Nicolaus de Ausmo sent to King Matthias by Pope Sixtus IV; with an illuminated marginal decoration containing the coats of arms of both Pope and King; the *Chronica Hungarorum*, the first Hungarian book printed in Hungary; two rare editions of the Hungarian legal code printed in the reign of Matthias; Augustine Moravius's work on the Waldenses, and the Manardus volume already mentioned.

These two fine, well-printed volumes are both a contribution to bibliographical source materials in Hungary, and a contribution in the form of a first-class tool to international scholarship.

DEZSŐ KERESZTURY

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

THE INCREASED IMPORTANCE OF IMPORTS IN ECONOMIC LIFE

Gerd Biró

AN IDEOLOGICAL CONFESSION

Iván Vitányi

AMERICAN HISTORIANS LOOK AT AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

István Deák

THE HUNGARIAN CAMPION

Neville Masterman

THEATRE AND FILM

THE PLAY, THE DIRECTOR AND THE AUDIENCE

(Endre Fejes: "Ignác Vonó", Károly Szakonyi: "Break in Transmission".)

The state of the theatre in Hungary has always aroused interest. Up to the outbreak of the Second World War, Budapest was regarded as a theatrical centre, and theatre managers used to turn up in Budapest to inspect new plays for possible performances abroad, such as plays by Ferenc Molnár or Menyhért Lengyel. What is it, one wonders, that has kept this general interest alive? It reflects the interest of the Hungarian audience in the theatre, and also the interest of Hungarian writers in this medium. Both of these interests can best be understood by examining the changes in outlook which came after the Second World War.

In the first place, the new social order enabled the whole population to attend the theatre; before the war, theatre-going was confined to those above a certain financial level. The new government nationalized the theatres, and initiated subsidies which enabled theatres to charge only minimal prices for tickets. Furthermore the government took an active role in providing theatres that would be accessible to all. It organized travelling theatres, the most popular of these being the Village Theatre, which has ten mobile companies and travels around the country throughout the year, giving performances in those villages and small towns whose inhabitants cannot come to the larger cities to see plays. It is relevant to mention here the fact that during the fifties, workers in various trades, including labourers, office workers, and even members of the armed forces in Budapest and other large cities attended the theatre in groups.

These however were not the only changes that took place. Before the war plays were generally written by authors who understood the stage, and achieved success by those means. They tended not to be the most profound writers, nor the most inspired. Only the Budapest National Theatre, which was even then owned by the state, demanded and occasionally won, plays from the best writers.

In the post-war social system it was felt that plays should be written by those writers who showed most social involvement in their works, rather than by those who possessed the most expertise, and the theatres themselves were called upon to bring about this change. The detrimental results of this cultural policy are only too well known. In practical terms, it meant that drama was viewed as a means of direct political agitation, and its value assessed solely in terms of its ideological content and tendency. The retrograde effects of this policy on the theatre itself are less well known. It treated knowledge of theatrical techniques, and professional ability, a "feel" for the theatre as incidental, and made it the responsibility of the theatres themselves to see that these factors were retained. This is a responsibility comparable to that of orchestrating a piece written for piano. This

violent separation of the elements of professional technique and content in drama and the placing of responsibility for the former on the theatres, had, among others, the effects of increasing the work, and the importance of literary directors (and of course, their numbers as well). The concept on which this cultural policy was based, which dictated to writers both what and how they should write, was that the theatre could shape any writer or non-writer into a good dramatist, and any work into a good drama, if it made the effort. This gave the theatre the right, or rather, the obligation, to interfere at any level and the theatres desperately tried to comply. Often they handled the plays of excellent or so-called "excellent" authors, and they shaped the chosen work into dramatic form as best they could (depending on the play, and the ability of the theatre itself). It wasn't the author, but the man who reshaped the play who was held responsible for its success or failure. This state of affairs led to an unnatural anxiety within the theatres. They tried to comply with the demands made on them at any price, making desperate efforts to produce a satisfactory number of new plays on suitable themes, even at the cost of including some that were absolutely worthless. Natural selection came to an end and with it the spontaneous process by which the drama and the stage discover one another, and the compulsory showing of second-rate works of no integrity pushed down standards in the theatre. This lowering of standards put both the critics and the cultural authorities in an uncomfortable position, and finally they made a statement to the effect that if a play was weak the theatres would do better not to show it. But, when the number of premières dropped in the following season the same demand was made again: Where are the new works? And the cycle began all over again.

This forced and unnatural state of affairs ended in the early 1960's. The situation in the theatres became calmer in this respect, and plays of some real value appeared one after the other. Bureaucratic interference was abolished here, as in the rest of Hungarian literary life, and this was undoubtedly a tremendous aid to development.

However, the cultural policy of the early fifties did have some positive results, though these are less often mentioned. To take one example, it made the general public more used to the idea of going to the theatre, especially to its performances of classic works. This became evident when a new policy was adopted which exchanged the former over-organized and rigidly controlled system for more democratic, more decentralized, and more intelligent methods. Television became popular very rapidly in the 1960's, and while this frightened the theatres, it caused no serious crisis.

The complaint is frequently heard in Hungary that the spectrum of theatre audiences is too narrow and should be broadened. This is a justified complaint; nevertheless, in comparison with most countries, and particularly with certain western ones, the situation here is enviable, and this envy has been expressed more than once. Now Hungarian theatres can take the responsibility of producing new plays under less nervewracking conditions than before; but for the real theatre people the first performance is always a challenge. This season the Hungarian theatres have made every attempt to live up to this challenge.

I have already used this column to review the two most important premieres of the season, Gyula Illyés's "The Cathars" and István Csurka's "Fall Guy for Tonight". There are two more which I would like to mention now.

Endre Fejes's "Ignác Vonó", which is on at the Madách Theatre is the third of his works to be staged, and his first comedy. Fejes first became known as a writer of prose, and his novel "Scrap Iron Yard", caused considerable discussion when it appeared several years ago. The novel gives an evocative picture of a typical semi-proletarian

family in a district of Budapest. It shows the changes in their living conditions over fifty years and shows at the same time how their way of thinking, their lack of any sort of ambition does not change at all. They stay locked in their absurdly petty selfishness, living their lives in the margins of the pages of history, seeing nothing, and looking for nothing, beyond their own limited joys and sorrows. Certain critics were shocked by the book, and by this idea that people whose way of thinking was left over from the era of Francis Joseph, could remain as elements in today's society; for this reason they doubted the credibility of the novel. But Fejes's book is a good one, and in the end, he received government recognition for it. This typically epic narrative—which covers half a century—was, to everyone's surprise, adapted for the stage by Károly Kazimir, the daring and imaginative director of the Thália Theatre, and, even more surprisingly, the play was a tremendous success. After this Kazimir adapted another of Fejes's short stories for the theatre, but this was not successful. Now Fejes's latest theatrical work, "Ignác Vonó" has been given its first performance by the Madách Theatre.

Here too Fejes brings to life people of his homeland in the strict sense of the term, that is, of one of the typical petit-bourgeois districts of Budapest. He knows this life intimately, and loves it, and this is exactly why he castigates it. The story begins with a sort of prologue, set under cover on the Italian front during the First World War. Ignác Vonó, the honest, but habitually untruthful, day-dreaming private, is wounded. He is discharged, and receives a non-commissioned officer's position at the Budapest headquarters of the social security organization, where he carries out his work responsibly in the period between the two world wars. Meanwhile he rents a room from a widow. The widow becomes his mistress, and the author's outstanding literary achievement lies in his description of this relationship. The widow Mák and Ignác Vonó tear each other apart the whole time, they live continually at breaking point, but this furious quarrelling is in fact an incredibly enjoyable game, and the more seriously they indulge in this verbal bullying, the more they enjoy it. Their entire lives, and the whole of their relationship, come under the influence of this conflict. But within it, at a deeper level, there is humour, love and loneliness, as the widow attempts to hang onto the man, and chain him to herself, and the man wants to maintain his independence, and keep himself free. The first two acts are essentially a description of this relationship given additional colour by the attitude of Ignác Vonó to his work and his relationship with his superior.

The third act is placed after the Second World War. In this act, the aging Ignác Vonó becomes acquainted with a pretty girl from an aristocratic family, a nun from a convent that has been dissolved. Through a misunderstanding the girl believes Ignác Vonó to be a member of the dispossessed class of nobles, and she draws him into her own circle, where the nobles have formed a group which is preparing to take revenge for the overthrow of the old regime. They also accept Ignác Vonó as one of them and at this point he leaves the widow Mák, and marries the former nun. Everything seems to be going well, when the defeat of the 1956 insurrection brings Ignác Vonó out of his illusory world back to reality.

The audience wholeheartedly enjoyed the first two acts, but left in a state of disillusionment at the end. The critics too were unanimous in their opinion that the third act of the play is a mistake an tends to cancel out the value of the first two acts.

Ignác Vonó—and the author of the play too—moves in his own world, his own community, in the first two acts of the play. The lively play of Fejes's wit, the ironic dream-like quality of his imagination, his language, and the jaunty humour of his Budapest slang, draw the audience into that world. But in the third act the author no

longer takes the audience into the world of his characters, but rather takes his characters out of their true world. Neither the personality of Ignác Vonó, nor the talent of Endre Fejes is at home in the world of the former aristocrats. The action of the third act seems at times like an operetta and at others a vulgar attempt to show up the aristocrats for purpose of propaganda in the crude 'socialist realism' style of the fifties. In the first two acts, two outstanding actors, playing Widow Mák, and Ignác Vonó, give a display of theatrical fireworks, which the audience laps up, but not even they know what to do with the third act.

The other important new Hungarian play was given its first performance in the little playhouse of the Vígszínház (Gaiety Theatre) the Pest Theatre. It was written by Károly Szakonyi, and is called "Break in Transmission". This is Szakonyi's third and by far his best play to have been performed so far.

There is very little action in the play, and what there is can hardly be described. The two act comedy really deals with a single evening with the Bódog family of Budapest. (Bódog is a Hungarian family name. It was originally a translated form of the christian name Felix, in its old form, so it means happy.) The youngest child in the Bódog family, whose parents are already old age pensioners, is celebrating his birthday, if you can use the term celebration to describe the family dinner attended by the boy's pretty, divorced sister, and his older brother, who is married and no longer lives at home, but comes home for the occasion together with his wife. The whole evening goes just like any other evening, and the father isn't even sure if his son is celebrating his 18th or 19th birthday. The Bódogs fail to notice that their daughter, who has been bitterly disillusioned once, is about to get into a mess for the second time. Already she lives an unhappy life, in a spirit of empty cynism. There is only one thing of any importance for them, to which they pay attention—the television set. They spend the whole evening sitting in front of it, and even blink away at it during dinner. But even that is not reality—they have no interest in the real world, even on television. Later they are joined by their neighbour, who is in a wheel chair. They watch television simply because it keeps them amused, as though it bore no relation to their own lives, and they react to it, from time to time, with the stupid, automatic reflexes of their own limited world. The elder Bódogs are simple people; though they have no financial problems, because they always manage to wangle whatever they need beyond their pensions. They have connections, they bend to the rules to a greater or lesser extent; what with bribery, and you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours they always find a way. Their elder son is a more educated person, an engineer, who lives on a higher level, but he and his wife have much the same view of life. Their minds run on the same lines—a car, a plot of land, a house one day, and everything else—and in the meantime, television. They have no other demands. The only action in the play occurs because the younger son, the only one who is disturbed by this empty way of life, tries to change it. One room of the house has been let to a boarder —a bare-footed, bearded young man, who looks like a hippie. The boy admires him, and calls on him to stir up the family. However, when no-one pays any attention to this hippie Christ, the boy asks him to perform some miracles; so he restores movement to the paralyzed leg, and turns the seltzer water into wine. The family drinks it, but nobody notices the change. The paralyzed man walks, but he doesn't even notice this. His eyes never leave the thriller on the television; the others do just the same, continually mouthing banalities. At this point "Christ" stops the transmission. The break in transmission causes a bit of confusion, but this doesn't last long. Everything remains the same and not even Christ can do anything after that. In fact,

the feminine charms of the daughter almost manage to draw him into the group as well. When the boy realizes this, he packs his things, and leaves the house for good. They only notice later.

As I sat in the audience and listened to Szakonyi's dark, sometimes Chekhovian dialogue, I kept thinking that if someone had given me the play to read, I might never have realized that it was a comedy, and in fact, a comedy verging on rollicking farce. This suspicion of mine was confirmed by a radio programme in which the author said that he had originally not written the work as a comedy; it was the outcome of his very bitter feeling against that form of life. The fact that the audience laughed uproariously throughout "Break in Transmission" is due largely to the director's concept of the play.

Zoltán Várkonyi is one of the most outstanding directors in contemporary Hungarian theatre. He has a gift for the fantastic, and a knack of coming up with original ideas; he works well with the actors (he is himself an outstanding actor and a successful film director) and is in spite of his age (he is nearly sixty) in touch with current trends. All this makes him an above average director, and his production fresh, alive and contemporary. His work is not philosophically profound nor is profound thinking in general a virtue of his work and for this reason he has had several tremendous flops, but his stage instinct—he feels at home on the stage as a fish in water—the fact that he can think in terms of stage *action* sometimes helps him to succeed where a thoughtful, philosophical director would have done a less effective job.

Zoltán Várkonyi felt that the world depicted by Szakonyi was comic rather than tragic. This does not mean that the problem is any less important, or less real, but rather, that it should be a cause for laughter. Therefore he altered the emphasis of the play. On the stage he constructed the home of the Bódog family, in a way that was not all absurd, and not even caricatured, but simply satirical. And into this home, at the front of this realistic, petit-bourgeois set, between the players and the audience, and therefore heavily emphasised, he put an abstract version of a television set. The set is abstract because it is simply a glass, or plastic tube, bent in the form of a TV screen. This is what the actors are staring at throughout the play, and it is essentially nothing at all. The performance would be very different in a realistic setting, with a realistic television set on the wall of the set. This attitude informs Várkonyi's thinking throughout the play, and this is why every moment of the performance is lively, ironic and critical. A production like this demands an outstanding cast, and first-rate teamwork. The truly great cast in the Vígszínház fulfil these demands remarkably well, despite the fact that Várkonyi sets a pace for them which is most rare in Hungarian acting, well known for its slow speeds. A tremendous success.

JÓZSEF CZÍMER

THE FALCONS

Hungarian films have always been closely linked with literature. Even in the initial period, in the 1910's, when most established writers did not consider the cinema an art, Hungarian writers of reputation were already writing film scripts and publishing critical essays on the art of the film, as if a Shaw, a Galsworthy or a Somerset Maugham had played a similar role in England during the first world war. This important and peculiar relationship—taken for granted in Hungarian films—has so far been rarely discussed in a scholarly way, perhaps in order to avoid the not unreasonable but wrong conclusion that Hungarian film directors and critics consider films merely a medium for popularizing literature. This false view has for years been argued in books published in a diversity of languages which pat films on the back as it were in recognition of the benefits they render through transmitting—however imperfectly—some eminent work of literature to the masses. One is therefore reluctant to spend too much time discussing this relationship lest one further feed such a misconception. Hungarian film art never saw itself as a mediator between literature and the masses; it has always developed independently according to its own laws. In Hungary the relationship between writers and film directors is meaningful and is not exhausted by the buying of the film rights of a successful novel in the hope of repeating its success. The relationship between writers and directors is usually a personal one, it often happens that a writer produces an original script on the suggestion of a director or on the basis of hints and ideas outlined by him. Writers often participate in discussions among directors, often join in the debate over films, and are often present in the studios. They like to see films, the critical and well-informed section of the audience contains a fair number of them.

Any comparison of István Gaál's film *The Falcons* with Miklós Mészöly's short story of the same title* should be attempted only against this background. Mészöly wrote this short story free of any direct stimulation by a director, but already at a time when he was closely associated with the cinema. He regularly attended the special screenings held for critics, was familiar with the major trends of film making, had very definite views on them, and in fact, on the urging of some of his director friends, he had even performed small parts in a number of Hungarian films. Miklós Jancsó picked him for the role of a Hungarian sculptor murdered by the Fascists in *Immortality*. The film made in 1959 was awarded First Prize in the Short Films section at the San Francisco film festival the same year. Mészöly also appeared in *Cantata*, *My Way Home* and in several other Jancsó films. Mészöly's strongly visual approach, his laconic conciseness and the peculiarly visual character in which he expresses his thoughts are literary qualities which were probably inspired by the cinema.

The story itself is printed in this issue* there therefore is no need to summarize it.

In what way does the film differ, what is Gaál's contribution as director, what goes beyond mere interpretation? Gaál had never before attempted to interpret the work of others. The scripts of *Current*, *Green Years*, and *Baptism*, his earlier films, were written by himself, and they were based on his own ideas.

Gaál preserved the short story's terse conciseness in his film and he showed sympathy for Mészöly's desire to translate his themes into abstract terms, a method which he, as a matter of fact, has favoured himself on other occasions. At the same time he concretely placed his film, the story

*See p. 83.

floats free of time or place, and is not even linked to any particular society. In Gaál's version, always bearing in mind the realism that is part of the nature of films, a reservation showing a peculiar, rigid asceticism and dangerous signs of a budding fascism, is shown in the context of contemporary Hungarian society which operates rationally, knows and accepts its objectives, and which, not neglecting its problems, can nevertheless be described as stable and well-balanced. This strange, alienated reservation originally came into existence for a rational purpose and without any preliminary mysticism. This reservation is a falconry designed to protect the large fish-breeding stations of agricultural estates that employ practical and rational methods. The idea is to destroy the water-fowl which eat the fish. But this is only a rationalisation on the part of the man in charge of the falcons. What he is really doing is practising falconry, an ancient manly sport that has no rational justification. Falconry was always a sport even in Central European feudal countries where certain mystic overtones had survived from the time when falcons were used for hunting. Thus a kind of falcon—the *turul*—was the fabulous totemic animal of one of the Hungarian tribes which migrated from the prairies of Eastern Europe.

Gaál sees the conflict in the circumstance that this little preserve is neither just a sports establishment, nor is it effective for the purposes for which it is supposed to function, as the extermination of rare water-fowl disrupts the ecological equilibrium. The fact is that the fanatic in charge of the falcons is living a lie to maintain his group which serves no real end except that of its own survival. An institution of this kind which is and end in itself, without social use or benefit, and dissociated from society, is easily perverted into rigidity and inhumanity. A young student, working on a dissertation on falconry, sent to do his practical work on the station, becomes aware and conscious of this. He leaves the farm, he almost escapes from it, to find his place in life among creative and constructive human beings living a rational existence, people who, in great contrast to the short story, watch the military manner of working of the falconry station with sound open hostility.

The photography and the direction of the film, the relationship between landscape and human beings transmits these thoughts and ideas to the audience in the brilliantly original way that reminds of Gaál's earlier films. The very *puszta* which Jancsó, in *The Round-Up* (the location of the two films is identical), exploiting all the resources of black and white photography, used to depict a world that is bleak both inside and out, is now populated with the thousand-and-one colours and shades of human thinking, and in harmony with them, those of nature. Everything is alive and moving in this bleak grassy plain and since it is alive, it fights, struggles and works. The colours suggest the nature and mood of the characters and of the landscape, and they almost intimate what is to follow. Few words are spoken. This terseness is not forced, it arises naturally from the situation. Not words but the practice of falconry indicate the situations whose sequence compels the young man to leave. And when, in the mists of dawn, accompanied by the drone of electric wires, the hero slowly starts on the way back to life and society, it is culture and civilization, as against a Rousseauean nostalgia, whose call determines the future of the hero.

ISTVÁN NEMESKÜRTY

"PARADISE LOST" AT THE THEATRE-IN-THE-ROUND

The Poem

After his successes with Dante's *Divina Commedia* and the *Kalevala* in the past few years at the summer Theatre-in-the-Round, Károly Kazimir, the chief director of the Budapest Thalia Theatre, decided that his production for 1970 should be Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Although at first sight the idea seems fantastic, Kazimir's decision turned out to be sound.

In the first place, English poets have always had an assured position with the Hungarian reading public, and at a certain period John Milton was nearly as much read as Shakespeare and Byron, Goethe and Schiller. The classical Hungarian dramatist Imre Madách also studied Milton, and *Paradise Lost*, not Faust, as was formerly believed, appears to have served as a model to his great philosophical drama, *Az ember tragédiája* (The Tragedy of Man) (1861), a theory confirmed by the structure of the drama, the representation of the main characters, and even certain scenes and lines.

Both *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* were first translated by Sándor Bessenyei into Hungarian from a French version and published in 1796. A hundred years later Gusztáv Jánosi made a careful translation of the original English work. At that time it was considered one of the better literary translations. Today, however, its mannered style dates. Around 1950 an eminent modern poet, Lőrinc Szabó, undertook to make a new translation; his colloquial modern language is something akin to Day Lewis, MacNeice and Spender. His untimely death prevented him from finishing his work and consequently only the first and second books appeared. The freshness of his translation lies in the fact that he draws on the spoken language of contemporary Hungary, and his translation is therefore very different from the language and verbal character of the original work.

When I came to translate the work, however, I planned to recreate Milton's own language as far as possible, which, precisely on account of its distinctive character, had so considerable an influence on the poetry of Blake, Byron, Shelley and Keats. Milton's langauge is based on the 1611 Authorized Version of the Bible, so it was only natural that my translation relied on the Hungarian Protestant Bible, translated by Gáspár Károli, which is somewhat earlier than the English translation, and which equally played a decisive role in the development of the Hungarian literary language.

I must admit that when I was commissioned by the Europa Publishing House to make a new, complete translation of "Paradise Lost" I embarked on it with considerable reluctance. I expected to be imprisoned in the work for years and saw myself sequestered from contemporary life for a long, long time. My prejudice against Paradise was moreover strengthened by T. S. Eliot's very critical attitude towards it. After this great détour would I ever be able to find my way back to my own era again?

The very subject is after all an anachronism: a struggle between God and Satan, the Fall and Salvation—who understands this sort of thing today and who cares? Consider for instance the dry, legalistic interpretation of the heavenly mystery which reduced the relation between God and Man to a formal contract. God showering blessings on mankind under the strict conditions that Man does not touch the fruit of the tree of knowledge; Man breaking God's command, i. e. the contract, and therefore having to be punished for it. Degeneration of body and soul set in, and this corruption was passed on to his descendants in the

form of original sin. God, however, who himself imposed the death penalty of Man, accepted the sacrificial death of his own Son in its place, and yet nonetheless only a small minority of mankind was allowed to find salvation.

How inconsistent the whole reasoning was! Even if one accepted the principle of "an eye for an eye" wasn't the death penalty going a bit too far? After all, man did not kill, he was only disobedient. And moreover in the event God, who imposed that death penalty on man, decided that it was not he who was to suffer it, but his own quite innocent Son. This is no better than shooting hostages. The essential prerequisite of the legal approach is that Man should be able to choose freely between good and evil, obedience and disobedience. But what chance of a free choice did Adam and Eve have face to face with Satan, the fallen angel great enough to defy God: wretched little Man was quite incapable of opposing him. And my patience gave out when the struggle between the Angel and the Evil One was decided by the Messiah. How could he who preached "love your enemies", forgave sinful women, protected the defenceless against injustice—turn into a brigand triumphing in the subjugation of his enemies? Of course I was almost immediately aware that all these contradictions derive from an anthropomorphic view of God, attributing to the Almighty a purely human temper and a lot of nasty impulses such as revenge, vanity and pride of power.

I could go on listing my antipathies. And yet when I began to translate the work, I found the majestic, murmuring monotone of the lines slowly exerting a tranquillizing effect, and I became conscious of writing line after line with increasing attachment, even with passion. Why? Because the mysterious music emanating from this sublime yet austere poetry penetrated the depths of my heart and quickened my innermost nature like Beethoven's five last string quartets. *Es muss sein!*

The Dialectical Struggle

Increasingly identifying myself with the poet I began to perceive his peculiar inner world and the extreme contradiction between reason and feeling which it displayed. As if balancing on a tight rope and looking down with horror at the bottomless depth beneath. The tight rope of Milton's intellectual universe, woven out of the religious world he made his own, is itself full of inconsistencies, and is at the same time inconsistent with his emotional world, with its delectable dream of the idyllic paradise inhabited by Adam and Eve.

The more I am repelled by Milton's explicit conception of a patriarchal world breathing the Old Testament, or rather antique Greece, in its tyrant God and obsequious angels, and the frigid classicism of his conscious endorsement of reason, the more I find myself fascinated, enthralled and entranced by the vast volcanic depths of his implicit and unconscious feelings and passions, by the Miltonian romanticism.

It would be a fundamental misinterpretation of Milton's work if we were to regard it as a vision of the first chapter in the history of Man. The plot is, one might say, a metaphor. We witness the contest between the two great forces of order and anarchy, and the changes that occur in both the universe and our own souls are the outcome of the war between them.

From beginning to end it is a dialectical struggle. Neither of these two forces is a thing in itself; it only exists in relation to its antagonist. In every psyche a war goes on between conflicting forces, a struggle of the unconscious instincts with one another and with the censorious consciousness. Milton's principal characters are consequently dialectical *per se:* they are the battlefields in the struggle of antagonistic forces. And in this internal struggle the human spirit undergoes constant change.

This is the main difference between Milton's creatures and those in other great

literary epics. The character of the heroes of the *Ramayana*, the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid* is static; it neither changes nor develops. Milton's God, Milton's Satan, Adam and Eve, on the other hand, constantly change and develop; Satan, for instance, begins as a somewhat heroic character who earns our admiration; after seducing the first man and woman ever to exist, who had never offered him any harm, he changes into what might be called a Machiavellian evildoer, a sort of Richard III, prepared to use any unscrupulous means to achieve his ends.

God is Absolute Being, and one might therefore be justified in assuming that his character does not change. Milton, however, thinks differently. To him God, like Satan, is capable of change. At the beginning of the poem he is a merciless tyrant. Ignoring all others, he issues his commands. Only He, he believes, has creative ideas; all other beings should be content to serve as mere tools in the execution of His will. One must, however, acknowledge that his creative ideas are good. He is a superb creator and artist, the equal of a Michelangelo, a Bach, a Beethoven. And this creative power transforms Him into quite another character, no longer the ruthless tyrant but a sublime artist full of exalted joy and serenity and tender love for his small creatures. He listens with great understanding when Adam complains of his loneliness and promptly comforts him by creating Eve. When the Creation is finally completed one has to admit that it justifies God and not Satan, whose only and ultimate purpose is to acquire supreme power, no matter the cost, life itself if need be. God protects life against Satan. This is Professor Miklós Szenczi's interpretation of Milton's meaning, and he is absolutely right. Harmony at an ever higher level is the constant purpose of the process of evolution; a constant purpose constantly beset with such difficulties that the struggle to achieve it has to be waged again and again.

The character of Adam and Eve changes as well. Young, innocent, simple, we first see them playing together in the Garden of Eden, younglings in love like all the other fledgeling creatures around them. When the angel informs them of the danger of death which hangs over them he informs them in precisely the same manner as parents informing their adolescent offspring of the facts of life and the dangers of sex, and the young Adam and Eve listen with the same polite attention, with simplicity, and occasionally with an engaging lack of gravity, and the Angel cannot repress his enchantment.

We cannot condemn Eve when she falls into Satan's trap, she is little more than the innocent victim of mighty forces; nor Adam for not abandoning her when she sins. The consequences of eating the apple from the Tree of Knowledge are however irrevocable; suddenly they are transformed into corrupt and desperate adults. Károly Kazimir, who directed the play, was quick to see that eating the apple is very like taking LSD: an ecstatic "trip" is followed by desperate depression and mutual accusation. They have abruptly changed into modern hippies; they make love in a narcotic ecstasy and afterwards turn on each other in an access of revulsion.

Although Sin changed Adam and Eve's nature it could not completely destroy their heavenly image—this is beautifully described by Milton. Their actions are as noble as before. Adam magnanimously forgives Eve, who clings to him, humbly, in a frenzied love. From artless children they have been transformed into individuals with a moral sense, responsible for their actions. This indeed benefits them far more than it disadvantages them; only so can man reach to higher things. It is in him to become a murderer like Cain or a mighty hunter like Nimrod, but also a being capable of altruism and the final self-sacrifice like Christ and Gandhi.

The Modern Relevance of Milton

There is no other great epic that so precisely deals with the moral problems confronting our contemporary world. The Tree of Knowledge, for example, embodies the whole problem of Man's technical achievements. Where will they take us? Will they bring the happiness and well-being we have sought for ages, or will they plunge us into final destruction? Is Man capable of controlling and restraining the potentialities that new and newer discoveries produce? Will he renounce further research if it threatens to injure his future? One cannot admire Milton enough for the prophetic light he throws on the most serious questions of our century. The questions raised by the armaments race, atomic war, the population explosion, the frightening gulf between poor and rich nations, the possibilities of genetic manipulation, the dislocation of the ecological balance, the pollution of the environment, the apparently irremediable ills of urban life, the spread of drugs and many other distrubing issues are reflected in the Miltonian symbolism of the Tree of Knowledge.

The great problem of today, however, is to find some harmonious balance between the developments of science and technology on the one hand and the human psyche on the other. How can Paradise Lost be Regained? The world conjured up from Milton's imagination has become the main nostalgic dream of our age, experienced most intensively by the young, as indicated by the flight from cities and a passionate search for a simple, unpretentious life in close contact with nature. The spell of Milton's Paradise becomes more powerful every day.

We are still fighting the good fight for Paradise, for the new harmony between technology and Nature, and a great and glorious fight it is. In the final analysis this is what we learn from Milton. His great faith and confidence in man raises him above Goethe and Madách.

The Performance

By and large only plays illustrating some thesis or other and abstract parables are considered really "modern" in today's theatre. The plot hangs on a single, sometimes quite insignificant proposition, and this suits the type of director setting out to realize a preconceived notion. Now if such a director puts on a classical play he almost automatically forces it into the Procrustes bed of his own prepossessions, a process which is often all the more exasperating in that these plays are immortal precisely because of the infinite wealth and reach of the discourse, the ideas and the feelings they contain. This abstract, intellectual method of attack could be called the *a priori* method.

Károly Kazimir's method of directing a play can on the contrary be considered the *a posteriori* method, and this is particularly the case with his Milton. His aim is to give life to the spiritual and emotional riches and variety of the work as intensely as possible. He keeps the entire text continually in mind, including the epic, descriptive passages omitted from the stage version. He regards these latter as "stage directions"and analyzes them over and over again; they inspire his imagination, and this in turn endows the play with a sensitive authenticity and the stage-setting, the performance, the movement and acting of the players with life and an irresistible enchantment. "It is a good thing"—says Kazimir—"and a director can be called fortunate—when he can easily adapt himself to the requirements of the work, purely according to his natural inclinations, and without forcing the text in any way. The best directors have been poets, musicians, painters and sculptors at the same time—imaginatively at least."

His task was made all the easier because Milton himself originally intended to make a play of it. The Sun-monologue was first written for this play. This gigantic spiritual struggle has, as a matter of fact, a dramatic construction, and the ever-unfolding dramat-

ic situations spring from the tensions of living authentic characters;

A director must not impose his ideas dictatorially upon his actors; he has no need to if he has chosen them properly; by spontaneously "giving themselves" they will in general meet his expectations. This allows him to take their ideas into consideration, and inspires the performers, happy to be able to give their utmost, and consequently they put everything they have into their performance.

To my great surprise a friendly, almost familiar atmosphere prevailed during the rehearsals, interspersed with humorous interludes which left their mark on the production. This touch of humour is not alien to Milton who perhaps differs from Goethe and Madách precisely in this quality. One can hardly imagine the public bursting into laughter at some spontaneous-sounding pleasantry in "Faust" or Madách's "Tragedy of Man", but Milton's quiet, somewhat acrid humour provides ample opportunities for such moments. The Almighty of Goethe and Madách is so majestic and big-bearded that a frosty and deadly solemnity pervades the scene even when He is not present on the stage, which is why their works are so majestic in an academic rather professional manner. Milton certainly does not lack grandeur either—his wonderful sonorous language is majestic in itself—but there are many opportunities to relax and laugh after the solemn monologues of the Lord and Satan. And isn't the angel—this purely spiritual being—funny when he relishes the eating of fruit and in addition makes a speech about it? It is almost unthinkable that a transcendental being should speak about such prosaic matters as metabolism. Even the Almighty, so grim otherwise, is not lacking in humour.

Pompous majesty is also something very alien to Adam and Eve. When Adam explains matters to Eve, assuming a worried and grave air, he gives the impression of a rather naive boy at the awkward age trying to instruct his silly little companion. But they are nice and charming, like cubs or children. Kazimir realized this and therefore chose small, delicately built actors for the parts of Adam and Eve, having fun and acting with all the natural charm of adolescents. "Satan", said Kazimir, "as I see him, is neither disreputable nor Lucifer-like. He could just as well be the leader of some hippie gang at the flowery, mud-bespattered, merry-making Woodstock hippie-festival, corrupted by the rottenness of the consumer society, yet hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

The Teatrum Mundi

In the Middle Ages the theatre was the *Teatrum Mundi* and took in all of Man's experience in a single dialectic comprehensive picture, in which each partial element found its proper place. This completeness of representation is found in the paintings of Grünewald, Bosch and Brueghel, the *Divina Commedia* and last but not least, in Shakespeare. Since that time, however, the comprehensive picture has been a fragmented and parts of it subject to taboo and barred from literature and the stage. Racine and Molière painted no more than a classicized and fragmentary world, the nineteenth century produced only splinters from a castrated bourgeois world, while in the twentieth century even this ast fragment vanished: Beckett's world is nihil—nothingness. The demand for a genuine Teatrum Mundi, however, for the sum total of experience persisted and Mozart in *Don Giovanni* and the *Magic Flute*, Goethe in *Faust*, Dostoievski in all his works and Joyce in his *Ulysses* were feeling their way towards it. Without question after the last splinter of fragmented life had been liquidated by the theatre of Nothingness the great comprehensive theatre had to return, according to the law of contraries. There is already a public for it. That was why, after the *Divina Com-*

media and the *Kalevala* Kazimir produced *Paradise Lost* in the summer Theatre-in-the-Round. It is unimportant with each of them that they were originally poems and epics and not plays. Dante's vision was in fact inspired by the mediaeval theatre of his childhood and the mysterious glimpse of a young girl he had caught sight of in the street. The material which makes up this Teatrum Mundi is easy to manipulate; it can be transmuted without difficulty from one form of literary or indeed artistic expression to another. In this case the director's starting-point was of course the theatre. And so Milton's poem was transformed into a play—as originally planned by the poet.

The important thing is that this drama should be performed as Teatrum Mundi and not as a conventional play. There is scarcely any scenery except for a timbered frame balcony designed to indicate Hell, Earth and Heaven, and the whole is played out on a large apron stage. It unrolled majestic as a tragedy by Racine, droll as an opera bouffe. The imitation of real life disappeared; there were neither period dresses, nor theatrical formulas nor conventional incidental music. Bach found himself quite at home with delirious, ecstatic rock-and-roll (e.g. in the angel-devil battle) and there was no incongruity between the angels' black-and-white page vestments of Milton's age and the hippie costume of the devils or the Lord's umbrella and bowler hat. One purpose dominated it all, namely, that the irresistible wealth, allurement and beauty of Milton's world should be brought to life again by all available means old and new, whether by ancient ceremony or modern montage.

Paradoxical though it may sound, the performance gave the spectators the impression of "real life", thanks to the authenticity of Milton's characters. For this is the secret of the magic spell by which Paradise Lost rises above *Faust:* the mythical, philosophical subject, seemingly so remote from life as it is embodied, lives in characters of Shakespearean flesh and blood. Samu Balázs, who played the Almighty, displayed the absolute benevolence of a God eager to save all created souls and prompted by an ardent passion for their further development. He suffers through his inability to associate with others precisely because of His pre-eminence (in one of his weaker moments he admits his unhappiness over it to Adam) and the fact that His only method of communication is by command. He is almost hysterically angry and confused over the thought that Satan—smart, quick to acquire friends and loyal companions—may outdo him. Many geniuses living a solitary life, cut off by lack of comprehension, have experienced the same conflict: Michelangelo, Bach, Beethoven... and obviously Milton himself, for it is the artist's self-portrait; Satan (Tibor Bitskey) is also God's counterpart in that in every situation he gains the upper hand due to his quick wits and mental agility; he easily outwits the angels, who are dullards compared to him; any moral justification he may have, however, fades when he descends to deceive poor wretched little Man. He suffers indeed for the part he is playing, knowing his own iniquity, but his pride—the pride of Satan—forbids him to humble himself. Adam and Eve (András Kozák and Vera Venczel) successfully recreate the illusion of absolute innocence implicit in the frisking and gambolling of all unfledged creatures, cubs, puppies, the human young. Nor are the angels who carry out God's will lifeless puppets; what a difference there is between Michael, always serious and martial (Magda Kohut) and the charming sweet Raphael with the Raphael face (Cecilia Esztergályos), occasionally out of character in his delight in Eve's beauty, which seduces him to crave after life as a human being.

In the second half of the twentieth century Milton revived from apparent death. Today the Budapest performance of *Paradise Lost* revealed and confirmed him as one of the most modern of poets.

ISTVÁN JÁNOSY

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

BÁGYONI, Attila (b. 1928). M.D. Studied medicine at Szeged University, was general practitioner in a village for some years. Now in the Public Health Department of Pest County Council. All through his career he has been active both as a medical writer for the press and television, concerned with public health education, and as the author of short stories and plays. Some of the latter have been performed by various provincial companies. At present he is at work on a book on sexual education for the young.

BEREND, T. Iván (b. 1930). Economic historian, D. Hist;, Professor of Economic History at the Karl Marx University of Economics in Budapest, Secretary General of the Hungarian Historical Society. His main field is 19th–20th century Hungarian and general economic development. Most of his published work is done in close collaboration with György Ránki (qu. v.). Main works: "Reconstruction and the Struggle Against Capitalism in Hungary 1945–1948"; "Economic Policy at the Beginning of the First Five Year Economic Plan 1948–50", and in collaboration with György Ránki: "Hungarian Industry 1900–1914"; "Hungarian Industry 1933–1944"; "Hungary in the German *Lebensraum*"; "Hungarian Economy after World War I"; and "The Economic Development of middle Eastern Europe during the 19th and 20th Century" (reviewed by Neville Masterman on p. 193 of this issue.)

CZÍMER, József (b. 1913). Our regular theatre critic.

CSORBA, Győző (b. 1916). Poet, translator. Has published six volumes of poems and translations from Dante, Goethe, Brecht, and others. His poetry is reflective and introvert in character, rich in thought. His imagery is deeply rooted in nature and often strikingly modern and original.

DEVECSERI, Gábor (b. 1917). Poet, essayist, translator and classical scholar. See his "A Guide to the Odyssey" in No. 20, three poems in No. 31, and "Odysseus in Phaecia", a poem translated by Robert Graves, in No. 38 of *The N.H.Q.*

HARASZTI, Éva. Historian, research worker at the Historical Institute of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. See her previous contributions in Nos. 25 and 27 of *The N.H.Q.*

HEGYI, Béla (b. 1937). Journalist, on the staff of *Vigilia*, a Catholic monthly published in Budapest.

JÁNOSY, István (b. 1919). Poet, translator. Studied Greek, Latin and Psychology, taught until 1954, has earned his living as a freelance writer since then. Has published four volumes of verse. Has translated Aischylos, Sophokles, Pindar, Plato (the *Symposium* and the *Republic*), selections from the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, Shelley. Browning, T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, Louis MacNeice, Dylan Thomas, E. A. Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, Robinson Jeffers and others. His latest work is a translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

JEMNITZ, János (b. 1930). Historian, specializing in the history of the international labour movement. See "The British Socialist Press on the 1918 Hungarian Revolution" in No. 31 of *The N.H.Q.*

KÁLNOKY, László (b. 1912). Poet, translator. Has published three volumes of poetry, a volume of selected verse translations from practically every major language, Hungarian versions of plays by Racine, Molière, Marlowe, Goethe and others. A lawn tennis and swimming champion in his youth, he is now a man of delicate health, plagued by

many ailments; his verse reflects suffering and loneliness balanced by a deeply felt belief in the meaning of poetry. As a translator he is capable of exceptional formal brilliance and subtlety.

KERESZTURY, Dezső (b. 1904). Poet, literary historian, essayist, head of the department for theatre history at the National Széchényi Library in Budapest, member of the editorial board of *The N.H.Q.* See "Ignotus" in No. 38, and "The Twentieth Anniversary of the Balatonfüred Heart Hospital" in No. 39 of *The N.H.Q.*

KOCZOGH, Ákos (b. 1915). Writer and art historian. His special field is modern music, art and literature. See his contributions in Nos. 7 and 10 of *The N.H.Q.*

LUKÁCS, György (b. 1885). The eminent Hungarian Marxist philosopher. See "Lukács's Aesthetics" by Ágnes Heller in No. 24, "Lukács on Coexistence", an interview with him in No. 32, and "The Importance and Influence of Ady" in No. 35 of *The N.H.Q.*

MASTERMAN, Neville. Historian, lecturer at the University of Wales at Swansea. See his "Marxist View on Chartism," a review of a book by Éva Haraszti, in No. 39 of *The N.H.Q.*

MÉSZÖLY, Miklós (b. 1921). Novelist and playwright. See "The Window-Cleaner," part of a play, in No. 15, and "Report on Five Mice", a short story, in No. 31 of *The N.H.Q.* "The Falcons," a colour film directed by István Gaál, which was awarded the Special Jury Prize at the 1970 Cannes Festival, was based on the story we publish here.

NAGY, László (b. 1925). Poet, a leading member of the post-war generation. Has published nine volumes of poetry and numerous translations. Works as art editor on the staff of *Élet és Irodalom*, a Budapest weekly. See three poems, translated by George MacBeth, in No. 27. and "The Bliss of Sunday," a long poem translated by Edwin Morgan in No. 37 of *The N.H.Q.* Oxford University Press are planning to publish a volume of his poems in English.

NEMESKÜRTY, István (b. 1929). Literary historian and film expert. He heads a production-group at the Mafilm Studios in Budapest. See his "Swimming Against the Current" in No. 18, and in No. 36 of *The N.H.Q.* Neville Masterman's review, "The Decline of a Great Power," a book he wrote on the consequences of the 1526 battle of Mohács.

NYERS, Rezső (b. 1923). Economist, politician, Secretary of the Central Committee and Member of the Political Committee of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party, M.P. Apprenticed as a type setter and worked in a printing office until 1945. Completed his studies at the University of Economics after the war. As a politician his duties lie mainly in the field of economic affairs and he is Chairman of the Party's Economic Policy Committee. Was Minister of Food Production 1956–57, Chairman of the National Federation of Cooperatives, also Minister of Finance 1960–62. Has written several works on the cooperative movement and the economic reform in Hungary. See his "Social and Political Effects of the New Economic Mechanism" in No. 34 of *The N.H.Q.*

PATKÓ, Imre (b. 1922). Journalist, on the staff of *Népszabadság*, central daily of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party in Budapest. His field is foreign affairs but being an art lover and collector, he occasionally also writes on art.

PETHŐ, Tibor (b. 1918). Journalist specializing in foreign affairs, M.P., Vice President of the Hungarian Journalists'

Union, Senior Editor of the daily *Magyar Nemzet*. Among his recent publications see "European Security and cooperation" in No. 37 of *The N.H.Q.*

RÁNKI, György (b. 1930). Historian, D. Hist, Professor of History at Kossuth University in Debrecen, deputy director of the Institute of History of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. His main field of interest is 19th–20th century Hungarian history with a special accent on economic history. Most of his published work is done in close collaboration with Iván T. Berend (qu. v.) Main works: "The Hungarian Economy during the Period of the first 3 Year Plan, 1947–1949"; "March 19, 1944"; "Memoirs and Reality. The Foreign Policy of the Horthy Regime in World War II."; and, in collaboration with Iván T. Berend: "Hungarian Industry 1900–1914"; "Hungarian Industry 1933–44"; "Hungary in the German *Lebensraum*"; "Hungarian Economy after World War I."; and "The Economic Development of Middle Eastern Europe During the 19th and 20th Century"), reviewed by Neville Masterman on p 193 of this issue.)

SIKLÓS, László (b. 1934). Free-lance journalist. See his "Tackling Shop-Floor Morale" in No. 37, and "Children from the *Tanya*" in No. 38 of *The N.H.Q.*

SCHREIBER, Thomas (b. 1929). French journalist of Hungarian origin, born in Budapest. Commentator on foreign affairs for French Radio and Television, contributor to *Le Monde*, and editor of the series "*Europe de l'Est*" in *Documentation Française*. See "French–Hungarian Cultural Relations" in No. 25 of *The N.H.Q.*

STOCKHAUSEN, Karlheinz, (b. 1928). The German composer and pioneer of electronic music sent us his article on Bartók which first appeared in his two-volume collection, published by Dumont Verlag, Köln.

SZÁSZ, Imre (b. 1927). Novelist and translator, our regular book-reviewer. At present he is on a one-year scholarship at the University of Iowa, in Iowa City, USA.

VARGA, Károly (b. 1930). Sociologist, Doctor of Sociology. Works at the Sociological Research Group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences where he lectures on the methodology of sociology. Recently spent a year in the USA on a Ford Foundation grant at the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Philadelphia. See "The View of Life of Hungarian Students" in No. 37 of *The N.H.Q.*

VARGHA, Balázs (b. 1921). Teacher, literary historian and librarian, on the staff of the National Széchényi Library in Budapest, where he specializes in children's libraries. His research in literary history concentrates on the period of the enlightenment in Hungary. Has written numerous studies on art education and the literary training of children, books on literary and language games and conducted several quiz and game programmes on radio and television.

VARGYAS, Lajos (b. 1914). Folklorist. Worked for a while as librarian, then headed the folk-music department of the Ethnographic Museum in Budapest, lectured on ethnography at Eötvös University. Since 1961 head of the Folk Music Study Group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. See "Scholarship and its Pitfalls," a review of Ninon A.M. Leader's book on Hungarian balladry, in No. 34 of *The N.H.Q.*

VAS, István (b. 1910). Poet, author, translator, one of the outstanding personalities of contemporary Hungarian writing, member of the editorial board of this review. See his poems in Nos. 29 and 38 of *The N.H.Q.* translated by Donald Davie and Edwin Morgan.

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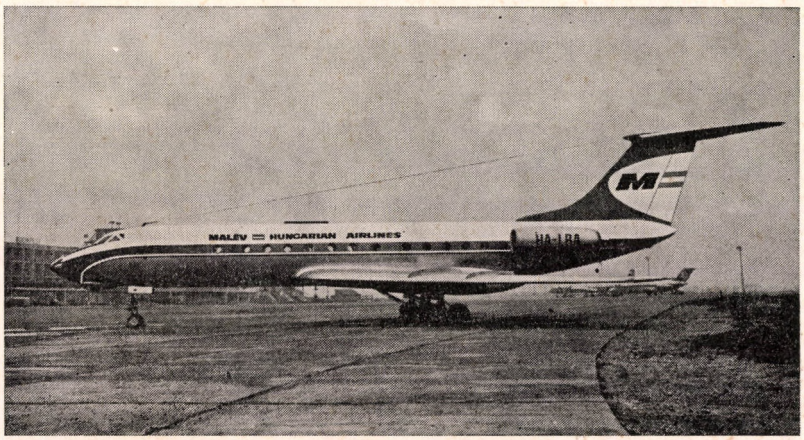

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