14

The New Hungarian Quarterly

World Trade under Peaceful Coexistence
On the Occasion of the Geneva World Trade and Development Conference
Contributions by József Bognár, Maurice Lambilliotte, Imre Vajda, György Tallós and Róbert Hardi

Introduction to a Monograph on Aesthetics
György Lukács

Tivadar Csontváry, the Painter
(with coloured plates)
Lajos Németh

The Genealogy of the Novel
Pamela Hansford Johnson

Photography—Eye-Witness Account of the Era
Jean A. Keim

Picasso's Apocryphal Statement Exposed as a Forgery
Ernő Mihályfi

The New Hungarian Quarterly

Published by Lapkiadó Publishing House, Budapest
Editorial Offices: 12 Váci utca, Budapest, V., Hungary

Annual subscription: 29s post free to any address.
In Hungary: Ft. 80.—

Orders of readers in Great Britain may be placed with:
Collet's Import Subscription Dept., 44-45, Museum Street, London W. C. 1.
Wm. Dawson and Sons Ltd., Cannon House, Macklin Street, London W. C. 2.
W. H. Smith and Son Ltd., Strand House, Portugal Street, London W. C. 2.
Kultura Hungarian Trading Company for Books and Newspapers,
Budapest 62, P. O. B. 149. See also last page of cover.

Orders of readers in Hungary may be placed with:
Posta Központi Hírlap Iroda
Budapest, V., József nádor tér 1

Printed in Hungary by Kossuth Printing House, Budapest

The New Hungarian Quarterly

VOLUME V * NUMBER 14

SUMMER 1964

THE STRUCTURE OF THE HUNGARIAN ECONOMY

by

JÓZSEF BOGNÁR

In 1945, the democratic forces of the country faced the task of leading Hungary—which by international standards had hardly achieved the stage of medium development—through the strong acceleration of economic growth, into the socialist society of equality and abundance.

Scientific views on the final causes and consequences of economic growth and development differ considerably.

Marxist theory examines the process of growth and development in the interrelation of material-technical factors and social-economic conditions (relations of production). These two sides of social production are inseparable. Movements caused by changes in the relations of production do, however, exercise a basic influence on the material-technical factors, their possibilities of development and directions of growth.

Hence, the first prerequisite of economic growth and development is the creation of favourable social conditions.

In Hungary, in order to release the dynamics of planned growth, such social-economic conditions (relations of production) had to be established as—

a) first radically eliminated the feudalistic form of ownership with all their consequences (land reform) and thereby changed the relations of production in such a manner as to conditions for conscious development of the actual forces of production,

b) then made possible the distribution of the factors of production according to a unified plan that enabled full exploitation of the existing "growth potential," the concentration of the healthy forces of society for common objectives, and eliminated the disadvantages caused by individual economic interests running counter to the public interest.

Five years in industry and sixteen in agriculture were needed for the full establishment of the basis for socialist forms of ownership and the opening

up of the new resources of economic growth. This process took place in the midst of acute political struggles in the course of which, despite successful persuasive work, the pre-1956 regime committed numerous errors which ultimately caused social tensions that hindered economic growth.

However, the acceleration of economic growth, could not await the complete establishment of socialist forms of ownership. In the given circumstances, from 1947 on, the government became capable of achieving increasing exploitation of the existing growth potential according to a unified plan.

Economic history from 1945 to our days (1963) may be divided into three periods. Since the third period began but a few years ago, another 15 years or so will be needed for its completion.

It is in the tactical sense that we speak of periods of development because a single strategy of growth-development leads the under-developed or semi-developed economy to the socialist society of abundance; however, tactically—depending upon concrete circumstances—fundamentally differing problems and situations may arise.

Generally, and in our case specifically, the record and concrete estimate of the unified growth-development strategy may only be made after the event, as economic history. The active leadership of the economy did always sketch the objectives of growth and development; they sought to control the means necessary for the acceleration of growth, but for lack of experience they had only inexact ideas of the dimensions, dynamics, and interdependence of the factors of growth, of the possibilities of choice between development variants, of the contradictions which would result from their decisions, or of the time required for the process they had set in motion. Their role and actions have to be judged by the scientist (the economic historian), whose analysis of the objectives and achievements reveals what happened of necessity and what by chance.

The task of science is, however, not limited to the judging of the past. The analysis of the past—in other words, of long-term series—leads the practitioners of socialist economics to ever-clearer and precise formulation and perfection of growth-development plans, knowledge of the types and variants of technical progress, and the consideration of limiting factors and prediction of conflicts.

From a scientific point of view, the past twenty years were, in the first place, a period of gathering experience. But today these experiences can be generalized, and hence, in terms of our unified growth-development strategy—which, needless to say, requires constant perfection—we may not only evaluate the past but approach the future more creatively as well.

First Period: Reconstruction (1945 to 1949).

The Second World War had destroyed a considerable part of Hungary's national wealth and caused grave damages to the forces of production. After the chronic inflation was checked, the government elaborated a unified concept (the Three Year Plan) for the reconstruction of the existing production facilities of the economy. The objectives set in the Plan were accomplished and in some respects even overfulfilled in a relatively short time (2 years and 5 months). In 1949, Hungarian industry produced 28 per cent more than in 1938. The overfulfilment was especially impressive in prime fuels (electric power and oil) and in some consumption goods (sugar).

The successful realization of the reconstruction plan in such a relatively short time must be attributed to the Hungarian people's democracy, a manifestation of the vitality and creative power of the Hungarian people.

However, in evaluating this achievement several circumstances should be taken into consideration:

1. Many historical examples prove that it is easier to reconstruct a lower level of production than a higher one. The growth-rate achieved in the reconstruction period therefore cannot be extrapolated!

2. Quite often powerful production units were paralysed by small defects or the rupture of individual links in production processes, until their discovery and correction activated their production capacities.

3. The nationalization of big industry opened up vast resources for the national economy. Since the capitalists had—for obvious reasons—concealed a part of their capacity and stocks, these non-recurring resources were larger than expected.

4. During the inflation that followed the Second World War, the consumption level of the population was extremely low; in the period of reconstruction, therefore, a high rate of accumulation (21.3 per cent in 1949) and the raising of the standard of living could be realized simultaneously.

The carrying out of the reconstruction plan thus opened the road for the acceleration of economic growth and development.

Second Period: Acceleration of Growth through Mobilization of Manpower Reserves. (1950—1956).

Under socialism economic growth is a prerequisite for the fuller satisfaction of increasing social needs. In the determination of the growth potentialities of the socialist economy, we do not start—like capitalist eco-

nomists—with aggregate demand. According to socialist economic views, the growth rate is determined by the dimension (expansion coefficient) of the interdependent factors influencing growth (in the language of mathematical economics: dynamic variables).

In our study of the Hungarian economy we investigate the qualitative changes of economic variables in relation to each other, in the course of the process of growth. Starting from this method, we distinguish "types of growth" depending on the economic variable whose movement we hold to be most characteristic of the period concerned. This concept of the growth process is—like mathematical models—based on certain simplifying assumptions, the stressing of the essential elements and the neglect of the less essential ones. Mathematical models too reflect the *essential quantitative* changes only. When we speak of "types of growth," we stress the *dominant variable* and view the movement of the other variables in relation to the latter.

Still—within certain limits—this method assists effectively in a better understanding of economic interrelations.

Two circumstances must, however, be taken into consideration:

a) because of the stress laid on the *dominant variable*, the role of the other variables appears smaller than it should;

b) the models do not for the time being fully reflect the movement of *extra-economic* (exogeneous) *variables*.

In determining the growth rate of the socialist economy we start with the "supply" side. (This statement refers to the totality of the economy and does not contradict the requirement that the production of use-values must be adjusted to the concept of the consumption demand.

In the period under review, net national income rose (on the basis of constant prices) by 64 per cent; taking 1949 as 100, the index rose to 164. (The period of the austerity program ended in 1956, but in our comparisons we give 1955 figures, because the continuity of production was disrupted in the last quarter of 1956.)

The 1955 index figure of net industrial production—taking 1949 as 100—was 204, and, as evidenced by chain indices, even annual growths of 22 per cent were registered in industrial production. State-owned industry increased production to an even greater extent; in 1955 the index of net production was 226. The investment rate was kept at a high level throughout, and in some years it was as high as 25 to 27 per cent of the national income.

The number of those employed in state-owned industry grew from 548,000 to 936,000, i.e., 71 per cent, while productivity increased by 32 per cent. The growth curve was steepest in heavy industry, and greatest of

all in the production of fuel (oil and electric power). But the acceleration of economic growth through the utilization of manpower reserves caused numerous problems and disproportions; we refer here only to the most important of these.

1. Agricultural production increased very little. This caused difficulties in both consumption and balance of payments.

2. The index of real wages per employee showed a marked drop between 1951 and 1953. It is understandable that the growth rate of consumption, in the first couple of years of the acceleration process, was unavoidably lower than it would have been without it. But if consumption sinks below what it was in the period preceeding the acceleration process, this is harmful.

3. In spite of the lowering of the index of real wages, the reduction of the consumption fund at a time of rising employment evoked the danger of inflation; hence, to prevent inflation, a reform of wages and prices had to be carried out.

4. The planners had not foreseen two limiting factors that, in the circumstances and character of the Hungarian economy, influenced the rate and direction of growth—those of foreign trade and of the raw material situation.

Because of Hungary's relative lack in resources the economy is import-sensitive, as is shown by the fact that, between 1949 and 1955, each increase of one per cent in the national income was accompanied by an increase of 1.4 per cent in imports. To balance the rapidly growing imports, uneconomical exports had to be effected to an ever-increasing extent.

This import increment consequent upon each one per cent of growth in national income—that is the coefficient of import elasticity—is high in Hungary, as compared with that of other countries. In Western Europe for instance, between 1950 and 1959—i.e., in the period of the liberalization of trade—the increase of one per cent in the net national product was accompanied by "only" a 1.2 per cent increase in imports. In most of the developing countries too this index is lower than in Hungary.

Economic growth set into motion through an increase in employment was accompanied by numerous objective difficulties. These difficulties and tensions were, however, greatly aggravated by the fact that the then political leadership of the country (Rákosi and his collaborators) wanted to confine the growth process to an unreasonably short period of time. A considerable reduction in the standard of living, a chronic lack of balance, difficulties in the supply of raw materials, and a catastrophic amount of unfinished investments caused dissatisfaction throughout the country. The confidence of the masses in the political and economic leadership was shaken.

This situation forced the political leadership to make "concessions" and to reappraise the economic policy it had followed until then. Through a certain re-grouping of the distribution of national income an attempt was made to readjust consumption, investments were reduced, the heaviest burdens of agriculture were somewhat lightened, and the supply of goods to consumers was improved through rearranging industrial production. From the economic historian's viewpoint, the results of these corrections may be summarized by stating that the high growth rate which had characterized the beginning of the period dropped in line with the basic trend of growth.

These corrections meant a break in the earlier tempo and a mitigation of the consequences of the graver errors rather than the appearance of a new concept of economic policy. Nor were the corrections mentioned genuine and consistent, since the political groups interested in maintaining the old economic policy still had the upper hand.

The strengths and weeknesses of economic growth realized through the mobilization of manpower reserves may be summarized as follows:

1. Any program of economic growth launched under the requirements of thrift demands great material and spiritual sacrifices from great masses of the population. If such a program is carried out under capitalism, the rich become richer and the poor poorer. The reason for this is that, because of the narrowness of the market, capital has to be assured a high return by raising the rate of profit, so as to keep the "marginal investment propensity" high.

Under socialism, however, nobody profits from a program of thrift, and the sacrifices required can be divided up justly between the various strata of the population.

2. As long as there are manpower reserves, the process of acceleration must be achieved primarily through drawing these reserves into production. This type of growth-development involves numerous difficulties and tensions, which may be reduced and softened by a far-sighted economic policy, but cannot be entirely avoided. An especially involved situation may arise with regard to consumption and—in case of an import-sensitive—foreign trade.

Approaching the subject from another angle, this means that growth often occurs to the detriment of balance. In general, the shorter the period of the process of acceleration, the greater are the difficulties to be expected in the domains of consumption and foreign trade.

3. The raising of production in industry occurred partly through the creation of new sites of employment (investments) and partly through the utilization of production cpacities that had been left idle under capitalism.

The level of investments—as has already been mentioned—was in some years as high as 25 to 27 per cent of the national income. This caused disturbances in consumption a problem to which we shall revert.

Also, in some years the rate of investments surpassed effective economic-technical organization of the country; in other words, it exceeded the optimum level. Consequently, the stock of investments still in the process of completion grew from year to year. The coming into production of new establishments was thus dragged out, and costs rose.

It was characteristic of that period that mostly only those investments were carried out that clearly served to expand production capacity while complementary and accessory investments were neglected. This explains why a favourable proportion developed between the growth of national income and the ratio of accumulation in spite of the dragging out investments and the increase in stocks of unfinished investments. An increase of one per cent in the national income was accompanied by an accumulation of 1.7 per cent (1 : 1.7). (Complementary and accessory investments primarily raise productivity and not productive capacity.)

An increase in production was also furthered by certain resources outside investments. For example, the maximum utilization (in that period, without reserves) of production capacity by the introduction of shift work, an increase of the working week to 48 hours and the use of depreciation funds for investments.

These sources of production growth do not favour productivity, as the stock of machinery remains unchanged. Further, these sources exist only in industry—primarily in heavy industry—as agriculture is unable to increase production without prior investments. This condition increased the tension occurring in relation distribution of consumption funds, since wages paid in heavy and construction industries were higher than those in light industry or in agriculture.

4. The acceleration of development requires an increase in investments (accumulation), which can only be effected at the expense of the consmuption fund.

In general, it is inevitable that at the beginning of the acceleration period the consumption fund should be smaller than it would have been without such acceleration.

The restriction of consumption may be achieved through various means. In Hungary, this was first attempted through the so-called plan loan (this was a form of forced savings) and through the compulsory delivery of produce to the State. *(Mutatis mutandis,* both forms are now being applied in the developing countries.) When, in spite of these measures, the balance

of purchasing power and stocks of consumption goods became unhinged in 1951, a wage and price reform was carried out. In its course compulsory agricultural delivery quotas were raised too, which not only endangered the interests of the peasantry in production, but adversely affected agriculture's possibilities of development as well. No doubt, the solution of the contradiction between the wages fund and the consumption fund at the expense of consumption also reduces the material production incentives of the workers and undermines work discipline.

Thus it is understandable that, beginning in 1954, the government strove to reduce the tension that had grown with regard to consumption, although this—in the very nature of things—reduced the accumulation fund. As a result of these measures the index of real wages (1949=100) was 102 in 1954, 106 in 1955, and 118 in 1956—in spite of the interruption in the continuity of production.

5. All economic growth is accompanied—initially—by an increase in imports. This is especially true with regard to import-sensitive economies. The Hungarian economy is import-sensitive primarily because of the paucity of raw materials.

It is characteristic that even in 1938 the share of raw materials in total imports was 73.1 per cent, in spite of the country's relatively low industrial development.

When the process of accelerated production begins, the import of means of production has to be increased, because they insure a higher production level. This excess of imports may be balanced either through an increase of exports or a reduction in the importation of other goods (e.g., consumption goods).

Before liberation, 67 per cent of Hungarian exports were from agriculture. To increase exports more, agricultural products would thus have been needed in the first place. However, because of the neglect of agriculture and the policy of a forced rate of accumulation, the share of the gross production of agriculture available for export dropped rapidly: from 14 per cent in 1938 to 5.5 per cent in 1955. (The increase in per capita consumption should not be disregarded either.) The reduction effected in the import of consumer goods did not represent a sufficient plus to cover the necessary import of production machinery. In addition, by 1949 the structure of industry required more raw materials than in 1938. Consequently, the share of raw materials in imports rose to 76.8 per cent.

Therefore since:

a) uninterrupted industrial production required the importation of large quantities of raw materials,

b) the available produce of the formerly leading export sector (agriculture) was heavily reduced, and

c) the economy effected in the importation of consumer goods was in sufficient so (besides causing serious difficulties in the consumer market) —the combined effect of these factors meant that there was insufficient import capacity left to meet the expansion requirements of the means of production.

As a result, a lot of expensive and not always up-to-date production equipment which it would have been better to import was produced at home in that period.

6. To counter-balance growing imports, a new leading export sector had to be developed in the place of stagnant agriculture. Economic cooperation among the socialist countries and the direction of industrialization at home made heavy industry most suited to fulfilling this task. The streamlining and structure of industry thus became a decisive issue. Because of the aforementioned shortage of raw materials, Hungarian heavy industry will always require large imports, and the relationship between the value of imported raw materials and of exported finished products is a central problem in Hungarian economic development. As regards the world market, on the other hand, the quality and technical up-to-dateness of industrial products are among the most important factors in determining prices.

Unfortunately, Hungarian heavy industry had to become the leading export sector at a time when it could not yet fully satisfy these two requirements.

The new structure of industry was in several respects not sufficiently modern. In the course of feverish efforts to balance imports, certain raw-material intensive branches had to be developed, because they could more rapidly attain a production level permitting exports.

In general, the social objectives of production were not achieved in industry with the most up-to-date methods, and often resulted in an uneconomically high use of raw materials (and a consequent expansion of imports) as well as in neglect of consumer requirements. For instance, the low degree of efficiency of energetics increased the demand for the better grade imported fuel; and the neglect of plastics production caused an increase in the importation of non-ferrous metals.

These findings are supported by the correlated data on per capita national income and per capita raw material (steel, fuel, etc.) consumption, which prove that the increase in national income was achieved by a larger use of raw materials than should have been necessary. Between 1949 and 1955, only 25.6 per cent of the growth in the volume of industrial production was due to an increase in productivity.

Viewed through the eyes of the economist, and even having the requirements of developmental strategy in mind, the growth induced by drawing manpower reserves into production brought forth vast changes in the economic life of Hungary. It made industry the leading branch of the economy and it more then doubled industrial production.

It is obvious that every new industrial plant—even if it produced uneconomically in the beginning—brought into being a new industrial leadership, deepened the knowledge and expertness of engineers, technicians and workers and gave them rich production experience. It introduced new guiding principles and new ways of thinking in the economic life of some of the country's regions. Industry acted like a magnet not only on those who were jobless, but on a considerable part of the labour surplus in agriculture as well. Universities, colleges, technical and secondary schools supplied the economy with tens of thousands of trained young experts. After so many centuries of impotent suffering the dynamism of modern industrial society made its appearance and fired millions to feverish work.

Only socialism was able to replace stagnation by dynamism in Hungary.

Third Period: Acceleration of Growth through Increase in Productivity (since 1957).

The fact that the Hungarian economy had arrived at a new stage of development, was already realized—even if imperfectly as yet—in 1954. The increasing unbalance had made it obvious that the growth-rate of the regeneration period could not be extrapolated to later periods. Beyond doubt, the dislocations that were most dangerous politically occurred in the consumption sector. The economic leadership of those days did not understand the economic-political requirements of the new period then beginning, but simply made a few corrections in favour of consumption.

These changes took place amidst very sharp political struggles, which did not always focus on the real issues.

On the one side stood those who maintained that the growth phenomena of the first period, and the methods of directing the economy that sprang from them, would be valid once and for all for the socialist economy. They stubbornly defended the objectives and methods brought forth by an earlier situation.

A considerable number of those standing on the opposing side defended the "new consumers' policy" and did not realize that in the long run the increase in consumption had to be based on a new economic policy.

The bitter debates and sharpening clashes had grave consequences.

Still, in the course of these debates the camp which—appreciating the situation—demanded a new economic policy gained in strength.

This demand was incorporated in the government program adopted at the end of 1956, after the defeat of the uprising that sought to overthrow the People's Democracy.

The principal achievements of the period since 1957 may be summarized as follows:

1. In 1962, the index of national income (1949 = 100) was 250 (as againts 100 in 1949).

The index of national income per person employed rose to 212 during the same period.

The share of industry in the national income rose to 61.6 per cent as againts 49.9 per cent in 1949 and 63.5 per cent in 1953.

2. Agricultural production again moved ahead—especially after the reorganization of agriculture brought about through the countrywide establishment of the cooperative-farm system. Its productivity increased considerably and the proportion of intensive cultures within the production structure continued to develop.

The increase in agricultural production was achieved through large investments, which is borne out by the fact that at the same time the ratio of the rural population to the total was reduced from 49.1 per cent in 1949 to 35.5 per cent in 1960.

3. The index of real wages per capita employed was 159 in 1962 (as against 100 in 1949 = 100, 82 in 1952 and 106 in 1955). The preconditions for transforming the structure of consumer demand were thus given; for, as long as the principal source of increasing purchasing power is growth in the number of employed, the demand structure is out of date and production cannot get the necessary impulses through consumption.

Furthermore, an increase in real wages is a precondition for the introduction of modern production techniques. As long as real wages are low, the enterprises are interested in achieving the production objectives set them by employing more labour. The introduction of modern techniques involves large investments, evident in the fact that the ratio of investment per place of employment has radically risen. From the point of view of the enterprises, an increase in productivity thus becomes advantageous as soon as are no more sizeable manpower-reserves available and real wages are relatively high.

4. By 1962 the index of net industrial production had risen to 445 (from 100 in 1938, 128 in 1949 and 262 in 1955), and the structure of

industry had become more up-to-date. As compared to 1957, the production of state-owned industry had risen by 68 per cent, primarily through a growth in productivity. Production per employed rose by 34 per cent and the number of employed by 26 per cent.

5. Hungary has taken part in the international division of labour to a steadily growing extent. Per capita foreign trade was $223 in 1962, as against $20 in 1938 and $118 in 1955. (In evaluating the 1938 figure we have to take into consideration that there has since been a drop in the value of the dollar. At today's dollar value it would have amounted to approximately $55.)

Per capita foreign trade is high also in comparison with other countries (USA: $200, Italy: $186, etc.) Here we must keep in mind that in densely populated small countries per capita foreign trade is generally higher.

The share of exports in the national income rose to 33.5 per cent in 1962 (from 8.7 per cent in 1951 and 17 per cent in 1955).

The principal aspects of economic development achieved through the raising of productivity may be summarized as follows:

1. As mentioned earlier, this period of economic growth and development has not yet come to a close. Ont the contrary, 12 to 15 more years are necessary for its full unfolding.

The stable balance of interdependent growth factors has, therefore, not yet taken final shape.

Some tendencies are still in an embryonic stage and cannot yet be reflected in figures.

2. When the earlier extensive growth becomes intensive, a greater accumulation is needed for every increase of one per cent in national income—and that for two, decisive reasons:

First, the complementary and accessory investments which are being realized increase productivity but not production.

Second, in order to improve efficiency and productivity, the out-of-date production machinery is replaced. The life-span of machinery does not depend upon its useableness in the physical sense, but is determined by a complex of various economic factors. Replacements reduce, the efficiency of production machinery within one and the same economy.

In the Hungarian economy, a one per cent increase in national income was achieved by an accumulation of 2.8 per cent between 1958 and 1962 (1 : 2.8). Between 1945 and 1955 the average index was 1 : 1.7.

3. Consequently, the period of intensive growth demands an increase in investments and in the accumulation ratio, respectively. In Hungary,

between 1959 and 1962, the accumulation ratio rose from 20.8 per cent to 28 per cent.

The introduction of intensive development too is inevitably accompanied temporarily by a slower growth rate of consumption than would otherwise be the case.

A foresighted economic policy thus saw to it that consumption was merely at a lower level compared with the level it would have provisionally achieved without the setting in motion of this intensive development.

4. The structure and technical level of industry have developed considerably, and the share of such branches as chemicals, precision engineering, communication equipment, vacuum engineering, and others has increased, though not yet to a satisfactory extent. Current investment developments strengthen this tendency.

Within various branches of industry, technical knowledge has increased and the given production objectives are attained with improved technology and the use of less raw material.

Improvements in the structure of industry and in the technical standards have increased the exportability of industrial products.

In 1962, 58 per cent of Hungarian exports were finished products such as industrial equipment or industrial consumer goods.

5. Through the development of the export capacity of industry and the easing of the problem of raw materials an *increase in economical exports* has become the principal task in place of that of reducing imports.

The ratio of raw materials in Hungary's total imports dropped (55.7 per cent in 1962), and at the same time a considerable increase in the importation of production equipment. Its share in total imports was 30 per cent in 1962 as against 12.3 per cent in 1955.

This increase in the importation of production equipment helped to accelerate technical development.

6. In agriculture, a beginning was made with the improvement of the biological productivity of the soil, followed by mechanization on a large scale.

As a result, 227.6 kgs of fertilizer (phosphorous, nitrogenous and potash fertilizers together) were used per hectare in 1962, corresponding to 53.4 kgs of active ingredients. The extent of the use of artificial fertilizers is still considerably below that in the developed industrial countries, but its dynamic increase is impressive.

	Total Quantity (kgs per hectare)	Active Ingredients (kgs per hectare)
1938	13	2.3
1949	21.6	4.0
1955	47.5	10.1
1962	227.6	53.4

The number of tractors also increased, and in 1962 there was one tractor for every 104 hectares, (as against 1 : 799 in 1938 and 1 : 423 in 1949). Although this is still below the level attained in developed countries, the rate of advance is encouraging.

The development of agriculture is indicated by the fact that, though the total population of Hungary increased, the rural population decreased by more than a million. This means that each person employed in agriculture now produces food for more than six inhabitants.

Even so, this proportion compares unfavourably with that prevailing in the most advanced countries, but it is roughly equal to the proportion existing in Italy.

7. In the improvement of industrial and agricultural productivity, the intensification of education and skill of workers—"investment in man"—play an increasing role.

The *educational reforms* are characteristic of this developmental period: a steep rise in the number and proportion of secondary- and technical-school students, an increase in the number of university students, and, a reduction of the gap between production and education.

Since the solution of complicated production tasks requires great mental concentration, considerable resources are being applied to development of scientific research.

8. A gradual transformation of the structure of consumption has begun.

The index of real income for individual consumption *per capita* of workers and employees rose to 178.0 (from 100 in 1949, 87.5 in 1952 and 121.8 in 1955) and that of peasants to 167.8 (from 100 in 1949 and 124.8 in 1955).

As to food consumption, the sale of nutritions agricultural produce, such as meat, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and "colonial" products, has increased as has that of durable consumer goods among industrial products.

Increased demand requires the fast development of industries producing consumer goods.

In emphasizing the rapid improvement of the consumption structure,

two shortcomings have to be mentioned, the gradual elimination of which will require considerable time.

First, because of relatively high production costs, too little is available to meet distribution costs.

In the second place, personal services advance at a slow rate, because the labour forces available are inadequate, and technical development has not yet reached the stage where the majority of services can be entirely mechanized.

9. While, the concept of *quantitative growth* was dominant in the first period, the second period has been characterized by the aim of achieving a *balanced, harmonious growth.* Exploitation of expansive possibilities of the growth factors is still being striven for. But economic policy now pays more attention to the factors that limit the rate and direction of growth and also to adjusting the selection and supply of use-values to meet prevailing demand.

This aim is significant in both consumption and production sectors, for every producer is at the same time a consumer.

In this period it is no longer expedient for the planning organs in each case to select the highest of various possible rates of growth.

If, for instance, the higher growth rate—because of the import-sensitivity of the economy—leads to uneconomical exports, then it is more rational to choose the lower growth rate.

Generally speaking, in this period of growth and development the planning organs have to choose between *genuine alternatives.*

Different types of economic growth and development presuppose not only different economic policies but also different socio-political situations and different methods of direction and execution of tasks within the general framework of socialist planned economy.

There is every justification for referring to the advantages of a planned economy in making the harmonious integration of economic and extra-economic factors *possible.* However this *possibility* does not mean that the *objective difficulties* attending growth and development can be completely avoided. Economic growth accelerated solely or mainly through the utilization of manpower reserves, to mention just one example, causes serious political tensions, even if adequate foresight is brought to bear on the problem.

The restriction of consumption, when it occurs, is—to put it mildly—never popular. The sacrifices have to made immediately—but the results show only much later. The political atmosphere is often characterized by extremes. The adherents of progress are most enthusiastic and view with

suspicion those who are dissatisfied; also, those who at first are indifferent often become dissatisfied, and the enemies of economic and social advance carry on active counter-propaganda.

This tense atmosphere and lack of confidence renders difficult the unification of society for the common objectives.

On the other hand, economic growth, accelerated through an increase in productivity, demands and at the same time encourages the creation of real national unity.

Strata that formerly were passive, or were eventually forced into passivity, thus tend to join *en masse* in the work of economic construction.

In other words, the extra-economic factors (the socio-political environment of the economy) can and will assist in hastening economic growth.

The economic plan is a complex concept in which numerous elements are united.

These elements—depending on their character and sphere of action—may pertain to *content*, to *method* or to *direction and execution*.

The plan expresses primarily a *concept of economic policy*, expressed in inter-related figures, tasks and objectives.

We have already spoken in detail of the question of *content* (i.e., the concept of economic policy).

Under *method* of planning we understand those modes of procedure and mathematical processes that enable us to make a correct choice of economic-political objectives, and the envisaging of these objectives with the smallest possible social effort.

As a result of painstaking generalization of experiences, the methodology of planning has developed very fast in recent years. It must be emphasized that the planning methods evolved in Hungary are based on the latest advances in economic science (such as construction of macro-economic growth models, input-output method, optimalization, etc.).

The period of planning occupies an important place among methodological problems.

Earlier, plans were made only for short, one year periods, of medium three- to seven-year periods.

Such plans will, of course, be needed in future too. However, the dynamism of interdependent factors influencing economic growth cannot fully evolve within such short or medium periods. Further, not all the so-called "bottlenecks" of the economy can be eliminated either in short or medium periods. Finally, certain domains of the economy, such as power production or international cooperation require longer planning periods.

Long-range planning makes it easier for economic leadership to recognize clearly the principal tendencies (the order) of development, and thereby creates a favourable opportunity for the carrying through of structural changes.

Long-range planning also brings very important changes in the planners' way of thinking. This process is assisted by the fact that the interdependent factors influencing growth and development—become discernible, in the true sense of the word, in the "chronological system" of the long-range plan.

The changes in the outlook of the planners assist in bringing about a decentralization of economic direction and execution.

In Hungary, as in other socialist countries, long and protracted debates took place around the problems of *direction and execution.*

Here we find careful and cautious experimentation rather than bold resolution. This may be explained by several circumstances. The problems of direction and execution are undoubtedly very involved, and the partial regulations evolved in the various domains of the economy form an interdependent system. When we change one regulation, the whole system of primary, accessory and derived interrelations has to be adjusted accordingly. Moreover, the changes, required in the sector of direction and execution touch on fundamental questions of economic theory (prices, wages, profits, accumulation methods, depreciation, etc.).

In this sphere, socialist economic science and economic leadership face, in some respects, more difficult problems than their capitalist counterparts. Under mature capitalism, the norms of spontaneoulsy evolved and continuous processes, statistically observed over long periods, have to be established, and, once these are recognized, certain corrective factors have to be introduced.

The socialist economist, on the other hand, does not yet have the experience of such long periods at his disposal, for—historically speaking—only the period of the first type of growth has been closed. His experience thus only extends to the manner in which the factors mentioned above influenced the given growth type. From these data he has to determine which growth factors most favourably influence the realization of the more advanced type of growth.

Finally, the *vis inertiae* of the economic bureaucracy has to be taken into account. The issues of direction and execution relate to customary practices in the management of affairs. Tens of thousands of persons, who work in this sphere, discover that their social position and sphere of work are influenced by these changes. Many "fear for their desks"—to use a current expression. And all bureaucrat feel that without their effective participation the plan would be endangered and the economy would sink into anarchy.

This "invisible, grey, dilatory" resistance is much more difficult to overcome than openly expressed opposition to change.

Yet, in spite of these difficulties, the new methods of direction and execution are slowly but surely being put into practice, for the realization of the more advanced type of growth requires methods of direction and execution that differ from those of the more primitive type.

The methods of direction and execution of the first growth period may be summarized as follows:

1. Predominance of direct methods (orders) in leadership.

The frequency of direct orders was increased by the circumstance that the factors affecting plan fulfilment did not operate in the direction of the planned objectives. An attempt was thus made to bridge this situation by orders issued without consideration of interrelations and background.

2. The carrying out of orders running counter to the objective movement of economic factors obviously had to be controlled by force. For this reason, the economic leadership concentrated huge forces to assure their bureaucratic control.

3. Because of the frequent shortage of raw materials a large bureaucracy was built up to deal with this problem, and this was thought to be a requirement of planned economy.

4. In these circumstances, the management of enterprises lacked the requisite independence.

It was not drawn into the realization of economic objectives, it could not choose from alternate means necessary to achieve the objectives, it could not develop its economic contacts freely.

(Fully centralized direction.)

5. The system of incentives for enterprises acted in a single direction —that of a quick quantitative increase in production. Under such conditions, the satisfaction of consumer needs was neglected.

6. Agricultural production was essentially controlled by the method of compulsory deliveries to the State. (In certain instances, industrial enterprises made contracts with the agricultural producers.) Compulsion with regard to delivery decided—in essence—what the various production units had to grow.

These methods of direction and execution caused many conflicts in the first period too. To a considerable tent these conflicts could have been avoided through scientific leadership.

The realization of a type of growth based on increase in productivity requires methods of direction and execution that differ radically from those of the first period.

The new methods are being introduced slowly, step by step.

Their application is made necessary by the new economic policy and made possible by the policy of national unity. In the life of the country a political atmosphere has been created that is based on mutual trust, respect and responsibility between governing and governed. This atmosphere of mutual trust and responsibility is opposed to exaggerated centralization, petty tutelage and the throttling of creative activity.

The principal traits of the changes in methods of direction and execution may be summarized as follows:

1. There has been a vigorous advance in the role and responsibility of science in determining economic objectives and in searching after means for their realization.

Through the new achievements of economic science, the tasks can be approached and accomplished more precisely than before.

2. The direction of the economy—for the purpuse of realizing the plan objectives—is effected primarily by indirect methods, consisting in the creation of an economic environment (prices, wages, profits, development funds, etc.) conducive to the realization of the plan objectives.

In the past few years a complete producers' (wholesale) price reform was carried through in Hungary. Earlier, the prices of raw materials and semi-finished products were lower than either their production cost or their value. This induced enterprises to seek solutions to their production problems through the augmentation of the use of materials. This practice increased the country's difficulties in procuring raw materials and obstructed the evolving of a higher technology. The price reform, on the other hand, has induced the economizing of raw materials, based on the introduction of more advanced production methods.

Agricultural production is being influenced mainly through financial means, i.e., prices and credits.

Primarily because of political considerations, the price changes have so far left the sphere of consumer prices relatively unaffected. But in this domain too moderate views have been expressed, urging that technological up-to-dateness should be taken into consideration to a greater extent in fixing consumer prices.

A few years ago the government decided to increase wages in all trades.

This decision has encouraged the enterprises to solve their production problems primarily through the adoption of up-to-date techniques, and to economize on manpower.

Big debates are going on in Hungary about the role of profits. The

opinion is often voiced that profit should be the main criterion for judging the work of any enterprise.

Since the introduction of new production methods requires substantial financial means and may temporarily cause an increase in production costs, the government has decided to create funds for technical development at the enterprises in order to balance the added costs.

3. To an increasing extent, economic policy relies on methods of material incentives.

In this regard, the introduction of profit-sharing in industry meant a notable change in the indirect influencing of the activities of enterprises.

The distribution of agricultural income (within the cooperative farms) is based on a particular combination of work-performance and ground-rent. Its incentive character is direct and beyond doubt. In addition, in recent years a particular system of production bonuses was introduced, which is proportionate, not to the time spent at work, but to its yield.

4. The independence of the interprises and of the cooperative farms is growing.

Here are some manifestations of their independence:

a) Within general economic policy, they help to themselves determine their production objectives through a dialogue with the superior organs.

b) They are increasingly free to choose the means necessary for the realization of the approved plan.

c) They establish their sale and purchase contacts more directly.

d) They have certain funds of their own as well as the possibility of obtaining direct credits, to bring their production equipment up-to-date.

The process of growing independence and responsibility has only begun and is far from completed.

No doubt, the change in methods of direction and execution is a relatively slow process. But it is incontestable that the new type of growth and development—or, rather, the economic policy embodied in it—is helping to establish the most suitable methodology of direction and execution.

WORLD TRADE AND HUNGARY

by

IMRE VAJDA

"*Des affaires avant tout, le bénéfice viendra ensuite*"—this famous slogan of Félix Potin, noted French "*entrepreneur*" of the last century, could be placed as a legend above the entrance of the Geneva Palais des Nations on the occasion of the United Nations World Trade and Development Conference, and all documents of the Conference should carry this slogan as their motto. Indeed, this somewhat wantonly sounding phrase, which reflects the Offenbachian mood of the bourgeoisie of the Second Empire, had never more truth in it than today, when world trade "*affaires*" set the pace, and the "*bénéfice*" either does follow them —or does not. And even if the Conference to be held in the sight of Mont Blanc is not being awaited with equal expectations and hopes in all parts of the world, even if the attention of some circles is mainly directed towards the almost simultaneously opening American-Western European tariff negotiations, known as the "Kennedy-round," it is beyond doubt that sighs, whispers and cries of "des *affaires*" may be heard from businessmen, economists and politicians the world over.

True, the days of that other slogan, "Trade not aid!" voiced with such proud exclusiveness and embodying so many illusions of a few years ago, seem to have passed. It has been discovered since that, in the given market conditions and considering the differences in levels of development, which change so slowly that they too can be considered as given, trade in itself may be preferable to the lack or decline of trade—or of exports, to be more exact—but this alone is no sufficient "engine of growth," a role it is unable to fulfil in conditions of unfavourable trends in the terms of trade. The developing countries do need aid, aid of considerable proportions, but it is obvious that the industrial and commercial "entrepreneurs" of the developed industrial countries, entrepreneurial activity as a whole require aid too. This is indicated by the sequence of international negotiations that

have taken place without interruption since the end of last year and are going on right up to the Geneva World Conference. This reference to a point of time is really quite arbitrary, since only a transitory, though icily silent, break separated explosively tense session of the Common Market at the end of 1963 from the negotiations fourteen months previously which ended with the memorable brusque rejection of the United Kingdom. But then too, like beforehand as well, the forced search for "affaires" in the hope of later "bénéfices" played an extraordinarily important role in Western policies; and in the wake of the controversies attending the large Eastern wheat purchases at the end of 1963, it can hardly be doubted that this element too has assumed a significant part in the decisive sector of world politics, that of East-West tension.

To complete the picture, one should mention the negotiations that have been carried on in the socialist camp, within the Comecon, at an increasing pace since 1963 and whose declared main objective has been the expansion of the mutual exchange of goods and, beyond that, the increase of trade with other countries of the world. Diverging as the social system, economic order and level of development of the various countries may be, the intensification of world trade is considered a central and decisive task of governments everywhere. And it is a fact that without steps undertaken by the governments, entrepreneurial activity on the world market comes up against narrow limits and cannot unfold.

The importance of world trade is visibly on the increase, and so is the responsibility of individual governments to search for practicable ways in line with this increasing importance. The Eighth East-West Round Table Conference, which met in Moscow in December 1963, aware that the gravest economic problems of our times are rooted in the arms race, the delay of universal disarmament, the situation of developing countries and the harmful measures motivated by the cold war, unanimously demanded, among the international measures capable of being immediately put into practice in order to introduce disarmament and to ease tension, that all restrictions hampering trade, finance and international credits by invoking political discrimination or strategic considerations should immediately be abolished, and it called on the governments of all countries taking part in the United Nations World Trade Conference to carry this out. Taking a stand on behalf of peace, the Round Table Conference did not fail to emphasize that it attributed great importance to the free development of world trade as a means of peaceful and friendly contacts among nations.

The writer feels that the causes of this increased importance of world trade in our time are worth serious thought. Taking the world as a whole,

this process has not been brought about by some acute crisis, by a situation like that of three decades ago, when for years the volume of world trade seemed to be falling irresistibly towards zero, at a rate reminiscent of the greatest known catastrophies of history, and this breath-taking fall compelled everybody to turn his attention to this sphere. Now, on the contrary, world trade is constantly, if not evenly, increasing; since the 1958 slackening its volume has grown year after year. The London National Institute of Economic and Social Research wrote in its last report:

"Taken as a whole, 1962 was a fairly satisfactory year for world trade and payments—as it was for the increase in production in the industrial countries. Trade expanded normally; there was a reasonably good balance both between industrial countries and primary producers and among the industrial countries individually. But total world reserves increased very little, and the situation worsened for some primary producing countries already in difficulties." (National Institute Economic Review, No. 23—February 1963, p. 36.)

The value of world trade increased in 1959 by 6 per cent, in 1960 by 12, in 1961 by 4 and in 1962 by 5 per cent. The 1963 increase is also estimated at at least five per cent. The report quoted above admitted that the situation of the developing countries was unlike that of the industrially developed ones and that their crisis had become almost permanent; it was this permanent character that had caused the worsening of their position to the point where it could now be considered untenable. Yet, it cannot be said—and the above-mentioned resolution of the Round Table Conference referred to this—that the position of the developing countries formed the one focal point of the growing interest in the problems of international trade. Elsewhere too, throughout the world, there are causes operating in the same direction.

If we compare the increase in trade with that in economic activity—and with the Gross National Product, which gives expression to the latter—we again find no reason for the growing importance of international trade. There has been no great disparity, no sudden change between the two indices; these curves of development follow each other quite closely and are unlikely to cross each other. However, the picture presented by national income is insufficient for an understanding of the real position; the structural changes hidden by it also have to be examined. The importance of services is growing in the economic activities of developed industrial countries. In the United Kingdom, according to the above-mentioned report, the number of workers and employees in service industries approximately equals that of those employed in the whole secondary industry. Of this trend the

report has this to say: "The labour force in distribution and other services will probably go on rising—it has after all risen every year in the past decade". (L.c.p. 21.) It has further to be taken into account that the number of public employees—civil and military—is steadily increasing. In the United States the change to the detriment of those engaged in direct production and in favour of those employed in services has been even more emphatic in the last ten or twenty years than in Great Britain. This is evidenced, for instance, by the fact that, while the value of all purchases in the United States grew by 9.6 per cent between 1956 and 1961, the value of services increased by 22 per cent in the same period; in 1962 the citizens of the United States spent more than one third of their income on services. However, the share of services in the national income consists in most countries overwhelmingly of *internal* services, save in those countries where tourism from abroad plays an outstanding role. The reverse side of the coin is presented by the increasing concentration of industrial production (and of trade in agricultural products). This process of concentration has brought about immense changes in the structure of production. Research into economic history has, for instance, found that in Germany and France, before World War I, 95 and 98 per cent respectively of all industrial and mining enterprises employed less than ten persons! Large enterprises had also been formed, of course; yet a certain historian wrote of the Germany of the beginning of this century that "modern economic development had transformed the top structure of the German economy while everything beneath it still remained medieval,"* which may have been a conscious but not quite unfounded exaggeration. The same contradictory picture could be applied to France and many other countries of Europe.

Fragmented small-scale production did not, of course, turn towards the world market; its prosperity was based on home consumption—until the home market was taken over by large-scale industry. When this occurred—slowly between the two wars and with stunning rapidity since the Second World War—it collapsed and its representatives were absorbed by other social strata. Industry, concentrated in larger and large plants, sought and seeks by all means to expand in the direction of an external market that is of the same fundamental importance to it as the internal market used to be to small-scale industry. The structural social change caused in modern society by the development of modern technology, the direct practical application of scientific achievements, the science of business and work organization and the prevalence of the entire outlook of the "economies of scale"

* Alexander Gerschenkron, Economic Backwardness in Historical Perspective, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1962., p. 64.

—a change that eliminates the small production unit—is by its very existence oriented towards exports, especially in relatively small countries. And, in this context, every country is "relatively small" that is smaller than the Soviet Union and the United States. The share of these two in world trade corresponds to this. In 1957 the Soviet Union had a share of 42.8 per cent in trade within Comecon, in 1962 only 39.6 per cent. The share of the United States of America in world exports was reduced in the same period from 16.3 per cent to 15.2 per cent; ten years earlier, in 1947, it had been 30.8 per cent.

From the above I think we may now draw some conclusions. The generally increasing share of national income that comes from services is indifferent as far as international trade is concerned, and is of little significance in it. The generally decreasing share that comes from production is, in consequence of the concentration that has taken place in the last decades, much more oriented towards exports, and its "bénéfices," often even its existence, depend on the results it is able to achieve in foreign markets. This applies especially to smaller countries, the area, market and resources of which are insufficient for the growing demands. Let us quote two British authors to illustrate this thesis:

"There are a number of cases in which the size of the British home market is apparently too small to encourage rapid progress... In certain industries the British market is not big enough to encourage the growth of specialist producers of equipment—who themselves might have created new possibilities of progress." *

Large-scale industry, increasingly interested in exports, exerts an influence on governments and demands of them policies that ensure the opening up of external markets. In doing so, however, it also deprives itself, with rare exceptions, of the possibility of excluding foreign competition from its home market. *Do ut des*—the logic of things is implacable, though the results are not always something to rejoice over. From this analysis the conclusion has to be drawn that the process of growth in world trade will continue, unless it is interrupted by some grave crisis—whether of a political or economic nature. In consequence, the struggle for better positions will continue too, and it can be assumed that sooner or later industrial circles in the United States also will demand a share in international trade more energetically than hitherto.

***

* C. F. Carter and B. R. Williams, Industry and Technical Progress, Oxford University Press, London, 1957, p. 155.

Beyond doubt most of the foregoing also applies to the socialist countries, including Hungary. Here too large-scale industry has swallowed up small production units and in some branches of industry it has reached a scale that exceeds the capacity of the Hungarian market. This applies first of all to the most dynamically developing branches of industry—the machine and chemical industries and the plants supplying them with materials and with semi-finished products. Here too with the growth of prosperity the role of services gets increased importance; this role at the same time demands the development of contacts with external markets in the sphere of industrial production. The scarcity of raw materials in Hungary, which has been referred to repeatedly in these columns, is a further contributory factor. This augments the volume of our imports year after year and results in Hungary's having to increase its imports by between 2 and $2^{1}/_{2}$ per cent for every growth of one per cent in production, which is a more unfavourable ratio than is the case with Great Britain or the German Federal Republic.* It goes without saying that an import-sensitive economy must be export-sensitive as well, since it can pay the bill only by exporting goods and services. As in the case of every other country, a deficiency in the balance of payments induces Hungary too to increase her exports.

Although Hungary exports mainly to the socialist countries, her export orientation extends to all regions of the world market, where it has to overcome numerous new problems; some of these derive from domestic development, but most from the attitude of the markets in question. We do not wish to refer here to oft-repeated political and economic issues. Nor is it necessary to enumerate all the discriminatory measures with which Hungary is faced not only in the United States, where—for the time being, but perhaps not for long—they represent a hardly disguised government policy, but in a number of Western European countries too, where they are practised in a more discreet, more hidden form. It would be of little purpose, finally, to join battle here with the equally well-known and oft-repeated arguments that are advanced in the West against the foreign trade monopoly, tariff and price system and allegedly "arbitrary" marketing policy of the socialist countries. All of us would gain by regarding this debate as closed and by mutually accepting unalterable facts.

Let us rather try today to throw light on an aspect of international economic relations that is seldom dealt with in economic literature despite its important role in practice. These relations are maintained by institutions, offices, and governmental agencies, yet they are established and operated

* See Imre Vajda, Prospects of Hungarian Trade, The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. IV, No. 11.

by human beings; and their manner of operation, their success or failure depend, in their numerous details, which together add up to a considerable factor, on the attitude of those who run them.

Capitalist development gave rise to the generally accepted, positive—in some theories, such as Schumpeter's, even exaggerated—appreciation of the "entrepreneur" and of entrepreneurial activity; this social attitude did not, of course, come into being at one go, but was the result of a long process, just as capitalism itself needed centuries to unfold fully and to have its system accepted. The opinion expressed by Augustin Thierry, in his book on the Third Estate,* about the general tax-farmers *(fermiers généraux)* of the ancien régime, the principal entrepreneurs of that era, is characteristic. They were hated and despised, their existence itself was a slap in the face of all established moral norms—yet they flourished, rose in social status and carried on their enterpreneurial activities with irresistible energy. *"Toujours maudits et toujours nécessaires,"* Thierry wrote of them, until finally the evolution of the economy transformed the ethics of the period to fit its own image. The enterpreneur remained *"maudit"* only in the eyes of those whom he exploited, but otherwise he became, according to Schumpeter, the hero of the bourgeois order, and it was for his sake and profits that wars were fought, nations subjugated and ideologies created.

In socialist society enterpreneurial activity and innovation, "creative destruction," are the tasks of the state. And this society would not be socialist, would have to deny the laws of its own origin—the negation of the capitalist social order—if it did not reject the capitalist order of values, including the hero-worship of the multi-millionaires who made their way to the top through the misery and destruction of tens of thousands and whom Schumpeter—ranking them with the farmers whose toil made the wild west productive—modestly and not ignorantly called "entrepreneurs." As a result, the first "entrepreneurs" of the socialist state, the first heads of its enterprises, inevitably considered themselves the negation of their capitalistic predecessors; this point of view was naturally dominant also in their selection.** A problematical situation arose especially in foreign trade, where contact between the managers of socialist enterprises and their capitalist business associates became cumbersome and was characterized by a mutual distrust and reluctance that sometimes led to mutual contempt.

* *Essai sur l'histoire de la formation et du progrès du tiers état Paris*, 1856/I, pp. 108—110, Gerschenkorn, *op. cit.*, p. 59.

** It would be interesting to examine the type of socialist *"entrepreneur"* and the problems attending them, in the framework of the whole economy. In this study, the author has had to forego such an analysis and to restrict it to the heads of enterprises active on the world market, in their capacity of socialist entrepreneurs.

Negation, however, is hardly an adequate basis for a leading position in society, which, on the contrary, sets positive demands involving positive attitudes and corresponding norms. These norms not only express what the individual vested with a certain role—in this case the manager of socialist foreign trading enterprises—*is not* (he is *not* a reckless entrepreneur in the "classical" capitalist sense of the word, who is after personal enrichment and power, nor is he a grey, faceless figure afraid of personal initiative and eternally waiting for instructions from his superiors); they also express what he *is*, though, of course, in a less final, less unequivocal, less concrete form, seeing that it took a century for capitalist society to give birth to the negation and that the new society has had less then twenty years in which to formulate a positive norm. Yet, we already see the outlines of the new requirements, together with the personalities that recognize and approach these requirements and in whose attitudes they take shape. We know that the *absolute* opposite of the egotistic incarnation of the "entrepreneur" is not practicable under the conditions that have evolved thus far; and we expect of the socialist "entrepreneur" too a combination of personal initiative and innovations in the interests of the national economy, of his enterprise and, within this, of himself.

In order to be successful he has to be aware that he is a factor in a rather complicated, interdependent social (not only economic) mechanism and that he can achieve real results only if his activities as "entrepreneur" clash as little as possible with the needs of socialist society; at the same time he has to pay attention to the special position, circumstances and interests of the country or enterprise with which he is dealing. Just the same, this is enterpreneurial activity, a purposeful concentration of will and independence within recognized limits—an activity that differs essentially from the executive, administrative, bureaucratic activity necessary to complete it.

It cannot be asserted that a social mechanism capable of ensuring complete unity of interest and initiative on all levels has as yet been created or that the perfect entrepreneurial type outlined above has come into being. Only an approach to the optimum is possible, and this optimum is in itself a historical category subject to changes. It is obvious, e.g., that the more developed and involved the production machinery underlying foreign trade and the more precise the supply and processing of data, the easier it becomes to determine the advantageous variants of economic decisions; at the same time the initiative and innovating role of the individual in socialist "entrepreneurial activity" will grow. It is equally obvious that this initiative will not be unrestricted and that the laws and needs of socialist society will effectively limit it.

The author trusts it will not be taken amiss if he expresses his conviction

that the "entrepreneur" of the market economy in the West is also no longer the same as he used to be in the classical era of this type. His arbitrariness is no longer boundless; he too has to recognize the complex needs of society—in this case, capitalist society—and to adapt himself to them, even if he tries to circumvent these limits. The two sketchily described types no longer oppose each other as rigidly as at the beginning of their contact and at their parting of company, and it is to be hoped that their roles and tasks may bring them closer together in some spheres of cooperation, nevertheless, the basic difference between the two will remain, since it is inherent in the socialist and capitalist regims. The socialist "entrepreneur" acts and exercises his initiative on behalf of society as a whole and of the entire economy. The capitalist "entrepreneur," on the other hand, acts mainly in his own interests—in which he has the approval of his own social system—but governmental measures seek to confine his actions within the framework of the general interests of society.

*

There is every indication that Hungarian foreign trade is approaching an important turning point in its development. In recent years, including 1963, the country's imports have increased rapidly. The structure of the economy, the demands of rising consumption, the situation of the world market and the experiences of other countries all indicate that restriction of imports provides no solution. Such restrictions may have deflationary effects and lead to a recession, which a circumspect economic leadership consciously husbanding the country's resources, especially in a socialist planned economy, must and can avoid. Economic growth is a demand of our era that is so unequivocally accepted and corresponds so fully to its needs that it cannot be renounced under any circumstances.

The problem must therefore be solved not by retreat but by bold advance, by greatly increased activity on the world market and by a wide expansion of the country's exports. To meet it, a new type of socialist entrepreneur is needed, whose tasks and possibilities the author has sought to sketch here in their general, sociological outlines. It is his modest hope that he will thereby contribute towards their further development, in the spirit proclaimed by the Round Table Conference:

"We attach great significance to the development of all potentialities of world trade as a means of strengthening peaceful and friendly relations between nations. The improvement which has recently taken place in international political relations should provide the basis of a great and imaginative breakthrough in the field of trade and economic development."

PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS OF WORLD TRADE UNDER PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE

by

RÓBERT HARDI

I

The growth of the forces of production and the development of the international division of labour over the past years have given rise to an important increase in international trade. The factors that have brought the problems of world trade to the fore in the present era are analysed in detail in Professor Imre Vajda's paper on the subject.* International trade has become one of the driving forces in the growth of national economies, particularly in the case of small countries. Their inconsiderable territory with its limited interior markets compels the small countries to join in international trade with a view to ensuring the efficient and rational production of their industries, while the restricted range of raw materials at their disposal forces them to cover the raw-material requirements of their industries through imports. Hungary too may be ranged with these countries, as illustrated by the fact that exports account for some 32 per cent of its national income and that its raw-material needs—other than bauxite and lignite—must be met largely by imports. The effect of international trade and its trends on the Hungarian economy is thus considerable, the country's balance of international payments is basically determined by the exchange of goods, and the living standards of the population are to no small degree dependent on external trade.

It is thus comprehensible that economic circles in this country should pay great attention to trends in international trade, analyse its development and draw appropriate conclusions from it.

On the part of Hungary the preparatory work for the World Trade and Development Conference was carried out by a National Preparatory Committee composed of theoretical and practical economists.

Beyond its importance in the economic sphere, great political importance

* See the preceding article of the present issue.

is also attributed in this country to the World Trade and Development Conference, because under existing conditions the economic domain has become one of the main fields of international cooperation on the one hand and of peaceful economic competition between countries with different political systems on the other. The World Trade and Development Conference too should, accordingly, take place in the spirit of peaceful coexistence and deal with all problems hampering international trade. For the same reason the program of the Conference cannot be restricted—as certain groups would have it—to a discussion of those questions, most important in themselves, that relate to assistance to developing countries and to the more intensive participation of the latter in world trade, but must also deal with other obstacles to the development of international trade, including East-West relations. Besides, these two sets of problems are interrelated, as an increase in aid to developing countries will depend on the removal of barriers to East-West trade.

2

The theses discussed at the Bellagio conference have made it clear that some of the barriers to East-West trade have a direct bearing on trade between the developing and the socialist countries. The participants in the conference were unanimous in the view that these barriers should be removed and that fostering East-West trade was in the common interest of all parties concerned. In addition to other advantages, this would provide a much broader basis for the future development of world trade.

It would be a practical manifestation of the principle of coexistence in economic life if, instead of imposing the trading norms of one group or another, uniform rules for international trade could be agreed upon—rules that would take into account the differences between the various socio-economic systems, facilitate reciprocal adjustments and lead to a more extensive international division of labour than now prevails.

So far these views have not yet gained general acceptance. Leading economic circles in some capitalist countries are still reluctant to acknowledge their soundness. Trade between the advanced capitalist countries undoubtedly accounts for the major part (some 67 to 68 per cent) of present-day world trade. Some Western economists and politicians therefore consider the norms developed in the trade between Western countries as valid for trade *in general* and wish to see them applied in world trade as a whole. Besides the general rules they would admit exceptions only with the reservation that some countries are still unable to adopt the norms developed in Western trade but are, nevertheless, steadily drawing nearer to them. Such views are irreconcilable with the idea of coexistence, for they fail to

recognize that there are social, economic and political groups that do not find these norms to their advantage and wish to adhere to their own socio-economic standards. Far from regarding their own norms as an exception, these groups consider them as entirely different from the Western ones and have no intention of approaching or reaching the latter.

The countries which apply norms different from the Western ones—i.e., the socialist and the developing countries—handle 32 to 33 per cent of world trade and constitute some 80 per cent of the countries participating in it. Such a large proportion of economic practice differing from that of the advanced capitalist countries can obviously not be treated as an exception.

From what has been said it follows that, once the coexistence of different social, economic and political systems has been accepted, general rules cannot be aimed at, especially when one bears in mind that the same regulations would have entirely different consequences in the case of different types of economy. Thus, for example, the Bellagio conference, while recognizing the soundness of the principle of doing away with protective tariffs in Western trade, did not hesitate to advocate protectionism in developing countries as the only means of strengthening young industries.

Any refusal to accept the principles of peaceful coexistence constitutes a grave obstacle to the development of East-West trade. This is demonstrated by the fact that the circles opposed to peaceful coexistence—now, fortunately, only a minority—are doing their utmost to sustain the embargoist atmosphere of a cold-war phase that belongs to the past. These efforts contradict the spirit that has brought about the World Trade and Development Conference. The increasingly marked shift towards an international détente will presumably help to liquidate such cold-war arguments and lead to an increase in the volume of world trade through an increased exchange of goods between East and West.

Among the East-West problems the World Trade and Development Conference will have to deal with are those arising from relations with the closed economic groups in Western Europe and for which a solution must be sought. The discriminative measures now endangering these relations must be eliminated on the basis of the principles of equal rights and mutual advantages. This applies primarily to relations with the Common Market, whose measures endanger the further development of an already important volume of trade.

3

The second group of subjects to be dealt with at the World Trade and Development Conference relates to the problems of the developing countries.

In the domain of external trade these countries have to struggle with grave difficulties. A detailed analysis of these problems lies beyond the scope of the present article; I wish therefore to touch only on a few questions.

In the developing countries 90 per cent of income derived from external trade come from primary basic materials. This fact admits of two consequences, viz.,

a) that trends in raw-material markets will continue to play a decisive role in the successful realization of development plans of the countries in question, and

b) that—as raw-material exports in themselves will not go a long way towards improving the economic position of these countries—their main target should be diversification of the economy and acceleration of the rate of increase.*

An analysis of data pertaining to the past ten years reveals that the trend in the terms of trade has been continually adverse to producer countries, with exchange ratios steadily deteriorating. A solution of the problem was sought by the developing countries in the so-called commodity agreements. These have, however, largely failed in the past owing to inadequate control of supplies. Attempts at maintaining prices by means of stockpiling proved a failure because of lack of financial means, while industrial recessions brought about particularly heavy stock accumulation. Unrelated study of the situation of the various commodities has also brought about difficulties. No appreciable benefit has thus resulted from the commodity agreements. The conferences dealing with aid to developing countries nevertheless see some limited possibilities for the successful operation of such agreements.

This will, however, depend on cooperation between producer and consumer countries, which should be stipulated in the agreements. It is, moreover, of primary importance that the agreements should be worked out with circumspection and in great detail, on the basis of international cooperation. It must also be taken into account that an increase in the price of any commodity may be instrumental in speeding up the development of substitute materials.

Finally, it will be necessary for the developing countries to cooperate in the field of raw-material policies and to coordinate their individual development plans.

The socialist countries, whose economic development is based on long-term planning, may be able to render the developing countries considerable

* According to UN estimates (World Economic Survey, Part I) it would require an annual increase of about 4.7 per cent in real income throughout the 1960's, reaching a rate of 5 per cent by 1970, to improve the economic position of developing countries. In raw-material exports, on the other hand, only a 3.7 per cent annual increase can be expected for that period.

assistance in this field. The import requirements of the long-term national economic plans may ensure the developing countries large-scale and realizable export possibilities. Coordination of the long-term plans of the socialist countries with the production programs of the developing countries is another type of possible cooperation.

4

The commodity-agreements tackle the problem of regulating raw-material markets from the angle of supply restriction. Another approach could be the stimulation of increased demand.

The latter method will generally prove more expedient. Growing commodity exports will contribute to increased income from exports in the developing countries, and this, in turn, will secure the importation of goods and equipment necessary for their economic advance. Economic policies in the advanced Western countries have so far but rarely appreciated the urgent necessity of helping the developing countries by expanding their export markets. To achieve this end the capitalist countries should gradually lift customs duties that hinder raw-material exports from developing countries. High taxes having a depressing effect on the level of home consumption should be abolished. In the various gatherings preparatory to the World Trade and Development Conference it was repeatedly urged that in the agricultural policies of Western Europe and North-America the emphasis should be shifted from subsidies to income-stimulating measures. These and similar steps that would ensure a shift in the industries of the advanced countries towards those branches in which they enjoy certain comparative advantages could help to expand the markets in the advanced countries of a whole range of important commodities coming from the developing countries, such as cane sugar, oil-seeds, vegetable oils, etc.

Steadily rising standards of living in the socialist countries may also contribute considerably to the growing volume of trade in raw materials and tropical produce. The socialist countries, including Hungary, have had very little direct contact with these countries and have traded with them mainly through Western channels. Now, with the establishment of political and economic relations, it has become possible to conclude long-term raw-material agreements that would provide the developing countries with a stable and steadily growing volume of exports. The socialist countries are, moreover, prepared to undertake the necessary steps, made possible by the interior structure of their economies, to stimulate imports from the developing countries. First among them would be a decrease in the prices of tropical products on the home markets, resulting in increased demand. Price

decreases of this type have recently taken place in a number of socialist countries. In Hungary a decrease in the price of coffee has, for instance, brought about a 100 per cent increase in the volumn of sales. In addition, there is a growing propaganda in favour of tropical produce. Thus efforts are being made in the U. S. S. R. to increase coffee sales by the introduction of new blends and the preparation of coffee extracts.

5

The principal problem of developing countries consists, as has been pointed out, in the diversification of their economies. So far their efforts to achieve this go in two directions.

On the one hand, they are setting up home industries to replace imports, while, on the other, they pay increased attention to developing their export industries. From the viewpoint of economic development both measures can be justified. In the present stage import-saving investments are more frequent, as export possibilities are rather uncertain and often run up against the commercial policies of other countries. Special care should be taken to avoid the setting up of industries where products may not find an adequate demand. To secure exports it has been proposed that the industries of advanced countries should switch from the production of labour-intensive consumer goods of simple technology to that of more capital-intensive and more complicated goods and cover their requirements in the former commodities through imports from the developing countries.

The successful implementation of this idea depends on whether the advanced countries are prepared to facilitate the exports of the developing countries by appropriate measures in the sphere of import policies (customs duties, quotas, etc.). Although finished and semi-finished industrial products now only account for 14.1 per cent of total exports from developing countries, they are the most dynamic group as regards rate of increase. From 1955 to 1961 the export of industrial products has increased by 4.3 per cent. The secretariat of the ECE has carried out computations concerning the prospective trend of the developing countries' industrial exports. By 1980 these exports are expected to reach a value of 15,000 million dollars as against 2,000 million in 1954, a rise of 650 per cent.

In diversifying their industries the developing countries are greatly assisted by the socialist countries.

Exports from socialist to developing countries consist mainly of capital goods. Long-term credits granted by the socialist countries are primarily for building up state-owned industries. Nor are the socialist countries averse

to fostering the industrial exports of developing countries. At present, the proportion of industrial imports by the socialist countries is still low; in 1960 the share of semi-finished and finished goods in their imports from developing countries was 8 per cent, while in the case of imports from advanced capitalist countries the corresponding percentage was 15. It should be born in mind, however, that the share of consumer goods is low also in trade between the socialist countries. Yet, long-term contracts can in the future secure a more stable and rapid rate of growth for the exports of developing countries than is provided by the capitalist countries. Consideration is also being given to the possibility of creating a mutually advantageous market on the socialist countries for certain actual or potential export commodities of the developing countries. Appropriate forms of enterprise, conforming to the requirements of the developing countries, are being sought for exports based on what is called progressive assemblage (i.e., the utilization of local semi-finished and finished goods in production), a possible form being that of joint enterprises.

Mention should, finally, be made of the technical aid the socialist countries have so far rendered and will continue to render in helping to industrialize the developing countries. Highly qualified specialists are being made available and technical as well as scientific personnel is being trained. Extensive cooperation in all spheres of economic life can be furnished, thus assisting the developing countries to organize their economies and to overcome their growing pains.

6

The establishment of an organization able to ensure the implementation of the program here outlined is an objective of primary importance. It should be realized that expansion of world trade, intensification of contacts between East and West, and assistance to developing countries will raise a set of economic and development problems of special character, calling for energetic and coordinated treatment. The existing international organizations are ill-suited for the purpose, as they adhere to the norms of trade between economically advanced countries. A case in point is the principle of reciprocity, which cannot be enforced in trade with developing countries, compelled as they are to protect their rising industries and to resort to restrictive measures because of difficulties in their balance of payments. They also have to assist their young export industries to overcome disadvantages resulting from lack of experience, initial development and limited sphere of operation. The developing countries should also be allowed to discriminate in each other's favour when they aim at liberalizing trade in an

area of considerable extent. It was on the basis of these and similar considerations that the Moscow round-table conference put forward the proposal to set up a world trade organization within the framework of the United Nations.

This new organization would have the task of removing the obstacles to the development of international trade and of ensuring the most favourable conditions for developing countries in expanding their agricultural and industrial production. This new agency would not replace GATT and other existing international organs; besides coordinating their activities it would assume responsibility for a whole range of tasks that have been neglected.

Last but not least we must speak of the disarmament issue. A reduction in the proportion of resources devoted to military purposes as a consequence of the easing of international tension would open up new vistas for all countries. It would also make an increase in economic aid possible. Although a slackening in the demand for strategic materials might in the short run sensibly affect the countries supplying them, appropriate measures to maintain the developing countries' capacity to import from the industrial countries would, even if income from raw-material exports were to decline, go a long way towards helping both groups to overcome the difficulties of the transition period.

The World Trade and Development Conference will be called upon to solve problems of major importance. The present détente in international relations inspires the hope that it will succeed in laying the foundation for a large-scale offensive in the realm of international trade and economic development.

TWO FORMS OF ECONOMIC COOPERATION

We are publishing two articles, representing two points of view in the debate on economic integration. In the first article Maurice Lambilliotte (Brussels) discusses present trends prevailing in the Common Market, auguring an "Open Europe." György Tallós, in the second article, points out one aspect of developments under the Council of Mutual Economic Cooperation: the efforts of socialist countries to exploit their raw-material sources in common thereby partially solving one of the vital economic problems—that of supplying their industries with basic raw materials.

(The Ed.)

OPEN EUROPE . . .

by

MAURICE LAMBILLIOTTE

The era in which the Rome Treaty envisaging the organization of a vast common market of six countries (West Germany, Belgium, France, Holland, Italy and Luxembourg) was elaborated was still that of the Cold War and of systematic mistrust towards any attempt at a relaxation of tension between East and West. The fact that this European Economic Community comprised countries that were all members of NATO was bound to increase the misgivings of numerous other countries who feared that this "Europe of the Six" would, under a pretext of defence, from the very outset assume an attitude of determined hostility primarily towards the countries of the socialist camp.

It is not surprising therefore, that what could easily become a factor of increasing international tension (not to mention the dangers it held out of paralysing economic and other exchanges) should have encountered protest and suspicion in the East.

The famous European prosperity, which gave rise to the Rome Treaty, dates from 1955. Since then, many things have happened. Undeniably, the *détente* has been making headway and will continue to do so. Fortunately, the E. E. C. itself has not been impervious to the influence of this climate of *détente*. It has gradually opened up the possibility for Western Europe of being less committed to the policy of the United States—to a point where the United States, which, a few years ago, claimed the leadership of the West (unable to secure for itself an even more extended leadership) has been compelled to accept, in the economic sphere, a partnership with its NATO allies, organized in what is, at present, the "Europe of the Six."

If the growing economic and financial independence from the United States has already succeeded in changing the outlook of the leaders of some E. E. C. countries, the rise in investments and the expansoin of trade (well beyond the boundaries of the Common Market) have shown that as soon as there is a relaxation of international tension economic factors assert themselves in all their irreversible force.

*

It was not unjustified to recall these facts, as they will permit the formation of a more objective opinion about the will that now exists to work for the establishment of an open Europe, instead of an economic bastion that is a mere counterpart of a political and military fortress.

To the various factors that have helped to transform gradually the intention and the very atmosphere of the E. E. C., one must add the growing realization (shared by numerous leaders in the West) of the necessity as well as the possibility of peaceful coexistence which, in turn, should develop towards an increasingly positive cooperation in the future. German industry, for instance, is no longer as closely tied up with the war industries as it used to be, and it fully realizes the importance of the Central and East European markets (including that of the USSR).

Great Britain and some of the Benelux countries share the same optimistic view concerning the possibility of a more lively trade with the East. This, of course, is another influence helping to change the character of the E. E. C. There is no doubt that the multiple contacts between the statesmen, the signing of trade and cultural agreements with the countries of

the socialist camp—and even (although this may be no more than a symbolical act) the upgrading of legations to the status of embassies—indicate an unmistakable will for a *détente*.

The Common Market has thus been making progress. In June 1963, the International Centre for the Exchange of Ideas organized, in Brussels, a Colloquy on the Common Market. The representatives of the socialist countries also attended, as did delegates from India, Japan, Brazil and from North and Black Africa, in addition to those African countries (as well as the Malgasy Republic) which had earlier signed agreements of cooperation with the E. E. C.

At this Colloquy, which, through its very spirit, initiated a completely free exchange of ideas, the representatives of take socialist camp had an opportunity to voice their grievances and fears regarding the consequences of Common Market policies, should it choose to resort to more or less autarchic practices. Professor Imre Vajda's interesting contribution to the debate attracted particular attention through its clarity and the pertinence of his arguments.

This Colloquy had no other purpose than mutual and frank information. It was of equal interest to the representatives of the Common Market Commission and the delegates of the countries outside it. It enabled the leaders of the C. M. C. better to appreciate the reasons for the mistrust so far displayed by the representatives of the socialist camp for a policy which until recently, one must admit, could easily be confused with some watch-words of the cold war.

*

No one would now think of minimizing the achievements of the E. E. C. and the considerable spur it has given, in the course of a few years to expansion of the Old World's entire economy. But it is in the sphere of industry that progress has been the most rapid. This progress has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

This situation is easy to explain: the birth of a vast common market of more than 200 million consumers called forth a burst of confidence. There has been a massive investment of US capital in certain European industries. This has been followed by investments on an even larger scale from the countries of the Old World, and has called forth a substantial repatriation of capital which, alarmed at earlier signs of decline, had fled from Europe.

The investments have made it possible to modernize industrial equipment in most of the six countries in question, exclusively within the E. E. C. The production effort which led to this modernization has had other implications as well. It provoked, in most major sectors of industry,

a policy of mergers on a European scale. One may safely say that this "capitalist" effort has, in itself, been as decisive as the customs measures taken and other arrangements made by the E. E. C. itself. This undeniable capitalist offensive has also been qualified as a setback for socialism and for the spirit of social and economic democracy that is, nevertheless, permanently progressing in our countries. It would be just as futile to try to play down this powerful capitalist effort as it would be to overestimate its significance. As a matter of fact, the influence of the trade unions makes itself felt simultaneously with the prosperity of the common market; nor can the power of these workers' forces be doubted by anybody. It has brought about a substantial wage increase and multifarious social advantages. It has also had other, perhaps less obvious, effects. We refer to the spirit of economic orientation, of programming and planning which, under trade union pressure, has forced most E. E. C. member states to curb the formerly exclusive influence of capitalists in the allocation of investments.

Another idea of momentous consequences works in the same direction as this orientation; it is a prelude to planning and is liable to bring the economic structures of East and West closer together in the future. What we have in mind is the importance the majority of the governmets of the six E. E. C. countries will have to attribute to the sphaping of the economy of their own territories. Such a task, whose democratic character must be recognized by anyone having an inkling of the problems of modern economy, is certainly no evidence of a growth of capitalist influence. Capitalist concentration, marked by the amalgamation of industries on a European scale is a prerequisite for the adaptation of up-to-date production units to technical progress. What is more, it also confirms certain Marxist predictions. The greater the increase in the influence of the democracy of the workers —simultaneously with the growing power of the peasants and, in general, the consumers—the more the influence of Big Capital, which was all-powerful too long a perion of time, will diminish. The time not far off when the big industries themselves, while retaining certain characteristic features of private interests, will be obliged to participate in plans inspired, above all, by the interests of the community.

*

We have thought it interesting to trace this tendency, not in order to praise without reserve everything that has been done in the framework and under the impact of the Common Market but, on the contrary, to emphasize that even in Europe the spirit of socialism and of social and economic democracy is, slowly but irresistibly, gaining the upper hand.

The mentality prevailing in the E. E. C. with regard to the developing countries may be considered another sign of this evolution. The assistance given these countries is increasingly effective and less and less conditioned by certain political necessities and considerations.

The fact that the European Economic Commumity—like any other living institution—is evolving and takes events and happenings, political and economic currents into account, proves that it is not *a priori* dominated by any particular system of thought or ideology. It is of an essentially pragmatic character. And perhaps this is all to the good in a world in search of itself and of its new structures.

Thus, the Europe of the Six is in full evolution. It has had its crises. The gravest was the one called forth by General de Gaulle's speech of January 1963. This press conference terminated, in a rather brutal manner, the negotiations begun (with French consent at that) with Great Britain, which had officially announced its intention of joining the E. E. C. as a full-fledged member State. In the same speech, General de Gaulle expressed his aloofness and, at the same time, that of the Europe of the Six as regards the United States and its aspirations to leadership of the Western world.

The reactions provoked by the somewhat haughty attitude of the President of the French Rebuplic are notorious. Some observers even thought at the time that the Europe of the Six would never recover from these skirmishes. General de Gaulle's stand towards Great Britain and the United States seemed all the more inopportune as it was accompanied by the signing of a Franco-German pact of cooperation. This pact, signed in Paris with somewhat calculated pomposity, expressed, first of all, the views of General de Gaulle and Chancellor Adenauer. Far from consolidating the positions of France, this pact which the Germans themselves, especially since Chancellor Erhard took over, regarded as rather compromising, has contributed to France's isolation from her Common Market partners.

The French have become aware of this isolation and, even more, of West Germany's open preference for NATO as against closer union with France. General de Gaulee, nevertheless, came forward in 1963 with a veritable ultimatum concerning the E. E. C.'s agricultural policy to be determined by the end of 1963. There was a new alarm. Was the meeting of the Minister of Agriculture of the six E. E. C. countries, joined very soon by their Foreign Ministers, to result in a declaration of impotency? Some considered this inevitable. There was even talk of a forced "hibernation" of the Europe of the Six. The possibility of a Ministerial Marathon was evoked, would come to an end only upon reaching a decision, whether positive or negative. In fact, the Europe of the Six, at the end of December

1963, stood at the crossroads and had to make a choice that would determine its destiny. The French envisaged a closer integration that would have given an actual priority to French agriculture on the markets of the Six. This would have involved a return to protectionism. It also meant an orientation towards a closed Europe and, what is more, towards a Western Europe of autarchic tendencies. Bitter and laborious discussions made a reconciliation of views possible. French and other agricultural producers have been assured more stable outlets, without the Europe of the Six having closed its gates to agricultural imports from other countries.

Two facts are worth stressing in connection with this December 1963 meeting in Brussels. The Six, at last, reached an agreement on an agricultural policy that will go into effect by stages and will directly extend to the entire Common Market by 1970. Thanks to this agreement, the Six will be able to present a common front at the negotiations that are to begin in May 1964 with the United States and which are known as the Kennedy Round. While securing profitable outlets, inside and outside Europe, to European agriculturists, by means of an interplay of bonuses and various interventions, the Six have definitely voted for an open Europe that will no longer bow to autarchic trends.

For the agriculturists of the six countries this more organic European solution, which grants real powers to the E. E. C. bodies, is to a varying extent, a great stride forward on the road to increasing equality between their economic and social conditions, and those of industry. This is a momentous decision for the future. The common fund, whose important financial resources are to be managed by a European body—the E. E. C.—will not only secure profitable outlets for the agriculturists of the six countries in question, but will also make possible a more rational orientation of all animal and vegetable produce of these countries. The economic and social progress awaiting the agriculturists of the Six will tend to reaise their living standards to those now provided by industry and trade. This, in turn, will convert them into a new market outlet.

*

True, the Europe of the Six is still very far from having found final solutions to its main problems. Nevertheless, it seems to have chosen the correct road for the future, that of an open Europe capable, perhaps, of playing a more active role in peaceful coexistence.

One is thus justified in saying that, at the end of December 1963, the Europe of the Six tore itself loose from its political roots, so closely bound up with cold war politics.

This open Europe will then be able to get ready to assume its traditional function of an economic complex devoted to the processing of raw materials; and, as a result, to engage in more intensive trade relations with the Third World and to providing more effective assistance in supplying economic equipment to the countries belonging to it.

As regards these two overlapping and complementary points the role of an open Europe as a future, yet dynamic, factor of trade with, expansion of and assistance to, the Third World and or a truly peaceful coexistence becomes even more evident. On this score a certain confidence is justified. Vigilance on the part of countries outside the common market must not diminish, of course; but systematic diffidence should cease. A *détente*, as prelude to peace, must pass through a psychological stage, above all that better mutual understanding and of a more positive desire for cooperation free of ulterior motives. We ourselves shall devote our efforts to this open Europe which already exceeds the limits of the six countries of the Rome Treaty, for we are convinced that confidence calls for confidence and that friendship between the peoples is also contagious.

HUNGARY'S SUPPLY OF INDUSTRIAL MATERIALS AND THE COMECON

by

GYÖRGY TALLÓS

A special feature of Hungary's foreign trade is that the importation of raw materials and semifinished products considerably exceeds their exportation. Raw materials and semifinished products constitute, according to the average figures of the second Five-Year Plan (1961-1965), about 63 per cent of Hungarian imports and only 21 per cent of exports. These figures illustrate the fact that Hungary's stock of raw materials is extremely limited: the country's domestic sources are especially scanty in respect of fuels, energy, non-ferrous metals, ores (except bauxite), wood, as well as raw materials required for the textile and leather industries. The supply of raw materials is particularly inadequate in the processing industries, and it is obvious that only international adjust-

ment can remedy the situation. It follows from the existing disproportion that Hungary has to pay for the excess of imported raw materials by exporting other articles, such as industrial goods and manufactures of agricultural origin. The products of our machine and light industry constitute, accordingly, about 55 per cent, those of the agriculture and food industry 23 per cent of Hungary's total exports (averages of the second Five-Year Plan).

*

Importation and exportation are—as everywhere—closely interconnected categories, governed by existing conditions of production. Without buying the lacking raw materials abroad, it would be impossible to maintain and develop production. On the other hand, without selling to foreign clients commodities that satisfy their requirements it would be impossible to obtain the necessary raw materials. These ideas are set forth in "Fundamental Principles of the International Division of Labour," a document adopted and published by Comecon. The document points out: "The division of labour must insure that each country be in a position to market its specialized products and to acquire all necessary raw materials, other materials and commodities." It is in pursuance of these principles that the Comecon countries have developed their economic cooperation and consolidated their foreign-trade relationships during the last 15 years. One of the most notable results of Comecon is to have permanently solved most of the problems regarding the power supply and raw-material shortage of a number of member countries, including Hungary. This arrangement, based on the socialist system of planned economy, called for a multilateral adjustment of carefully estimated demands and the conclusion of corresponding long-term foreign-trade agreements. All these operations were governed by the principle of mutual aid and the widest development of productive forces in the participating countries.

Hungary has to import much of the raw materials and semifinished articles required by heavy industry, and even more of the primary materials (62 to 65 per cent) needed in the light industries. According to the average of several years, about two thirds of these imports come from the Comecon countries. However, the picture becomes much more instructive if we consider only those basic commodities without which industrial production is unthinkable. For instance, Hungary's entire import requirements of crude oil, coke, electric power, coal and natural gas, 90 per cent of the lacking wood material and 70 per cent of the necessary cotton are obtained from the Comecon countries. Moreover, the regular supply of these commodities

from the socialist countries covers a notable quota of Hungary's home consumption.

Hungarian imports from the Comecon countries in percentages of home consumption

	1955	1960	1963 (preliminary figures)
Electric power	4.5	5.4	8.2
Coal	13.7	10.6	19.4
Iron ores	73.8	71.0	72.4
Fir and pine timber	59.4	44.0	74.7
Crude oil	13.5	53.9	47.3
Cotton	51.0	83.7	64.6

It is planned to increase the volume of imports in the coming years, along with the progress of the national economy. Hungary's requirements of fuels and power, for instance, are expected to show an increase of approximately 70 per cent in the next decade. This raises, of course, the problem of increased imports, but most of the surpluses for this purpose have already been foreseen in the course of preliminary negotiations with the interested socialist countries.

*

Development of productive forces goes hand in hand with a modification in the types of goods produced, so that foreign trade is subject to constant structural changes. This is especially true of socialist countries. Rapid industrial progress in these countries involves not merely quantitative increases but also the production of new commodities and the establishment of new industrial branches, resulting in a rapid and radical change in the nature of imported and exported goods. This process, although based in all Comecon countries on socialist industrialization, is governed by factors that vary from country to country. Those richer in raw materials have, for instance, to choose between expanding their processing industries in order to utilize all or most of their raw materials and reserving a part of the latter for increasing their export trade. Apart from natural economic considerations the possible or expected mutual assistance also plays an important role in the decision taken.

It is a noteworthy feature of such cooperation that the Soviet Union's share in the exports of raw materials and semifinished goods to the other

Comecon countries considerably exceeds the average. While Hungary's imports from the Soviet Union will have grown to three times their initial value by the end of the decade 1955-1965, the total of her imports will have doubled and that of her imports from the other Comecon countries will show an increase of 80 per cent during the same period. Of course, the Soviet Union has incomparably more raw materials and reserve stocks than any other socialist country. On the other hand, it could amply utilize all its raw materials at home; moreover, the exploitation of raw materials—in the Soviet Union and elsewhere—requires investments that are more costly and must be immobilized longer than is the case in the processing industries. The great value to Hungary of her foreign trade with the Soviet Union is revealed by its very structure.

It is characteristic of the foreign trade of all Comecon countries that, while the volume of raw materials and semifinished products increases along with general industrial and commercial development, their quota (also in world trade as a whole) has shown a downward trend for a number of years. Several factors are responsible for this trend, as revealed by an analysis of the national economy of the Comecon countries. For example, the turnover in machines and industrial equipment has steeply increased in the trade of the Comecon countries during recent years. From 1958 to 1962, Bulgaria expanded her exports of machinery to the other socialist countries more than fivefold, Rumania and the Soviet Union approximately threefold, Poland and Hungary more than twofold. At the same time, the share of machines and industrial equipment imported by Hungary from the Comecon countries increased from 20.6 to 36.9 per cent.

Against a more than threefold rise in machine exports from the Comecon countries, their exports of raw materials increased only by 50 per cent. This relative decrease in raw material exports is due, among other things, to the fact that the socialist countries need a steadily increasing portion of their raw materials for their own rapidly developing industries. This applies not merely to the machine industry but to sundry industrial branches as well, particularly to the chemical industry, which is rapidly developing in all Comecon countries.

The quota of raw materials and semifinished products in Hungary's imports amounted to 72.8 per cent in 1950, to 70.3 in 1955, and no more than 55.3 in 1962. A similar trend is observable in other socialist countries: a drop from 61 to 53 per cent in Czechoslovakia, from 56 to 45 in Bulgaria, and from 54 to 41 in the Soviet Union. Other factors responsible for this trend, in respect of Hungary, are the transition to the manufacture of commodities requiring less raw material and other measures of economizing

raw materials; besides, the establishment of new industrial works (e.g., in the metallurgical, chemical and building industries) now makes it possible to produce certain materials that previously had to be imported.

*

Taking all this into account, it is of prime importance for us to promote the socialist international division of labour by elaborating new methods for augmenting the supply of raw materials required by expanding production.

Cooperation between two or more socialist countries for mutual and more economical utilization of raw materials and sources of energy is one of these methods. An example is the bauxite-aluminium agreement between the Soviet Union and Hungary.* It enables a complex utilization of Hungary's bauxite stocks and the Soviet Union's electric power, involving a considerable saving for both countries. The Polish-Hungarian agreement regarding aluminium is based on similar principles. A Polish-Hungarian joint venture has brought mutual benefits for both countries in the mining industry: the HALDEX company is utilizing coal produced from the slag-banks of Polish mines by means of a novel Hungarian procedure. Wider cooperation in metallurgy might also yield notable results. It has already proved fruitful between Hungary and Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Poland, and—to a lesser degree—between Hungary and Rumania. Deliveries made under such agreements account for more than 50 per cent of Hungary's exports of rolled steel. They enable the participating countries to dispense with costly investments or at least to obtain basic material and rolled steel on the most advantageous and mutually profitable terms. Hungary exports more than 50 per cent of her output of thick unalloyed plates, mostly to socialist countries. She imports from the socialist countries a quantity of reinforced concrete amounting to nearly 40 per cent of its home production. A further possibility of cooperation between the Comecon countries is in the field of rolled steel and tubing.

The elimination of superfluous freight costs means a considerable saving not merely to the immediately interested countries but to the entire economy of the socialist world. The so-called "Friendship" pipe line which carries Soviet oil to the countries of Eastern and Central Europe, the joint freightcar pool, the office for ship chartering of the Comecon countries and other joint undertakings result in significant economies.

Ore concentration in the vicinity of their place of occurrence, erection of smelting works near ore or coal deposits, long-distance transport of pig

* See also Nagy András' article: Aluminium Production in Hungary, in Vol. IV, No. 12 of The New Hungarian Quarterly

iron and other metallurgical products instead of ores and coke all serve to reduce expenses.

It has repeatedly been suggested that, to ease difficulties connected with raw-material supplies, joint investments should be made for exploiting them in those Comecon countries that have the most suitable conditions. Such schemes might also be useful in the case of countries that are unable to finance such investments. Several agreements of this description are already in existence. Hungary, for in stance, has undertaken to finance part of the investments necessary for the extraction of phosphorite in North Russia in order to participate in the yield of the plant. Hungary's steadily growing demand for imported raw materials (e.g., non-ferrous metals) might well be satisfied by arrangements of this kind. Participation in investments abroad need not consist in the delivery of the very equipment required for the plant to be erected. Other merchandise (e.g., consumers' goods) could be furnished too, which would enable the investing country to regroup its resources, technical assistance could be provided, Hungarian geologists and other experts could offer their services, etc.

It might prove very advantageous and profitable for all interested countries if two or more socialist countries made joint investments in order to open up, exploit or even partially work up the still unused raw materials in recently liberated, developing countries. Such aid would directly promote their industrialization, and they would pay for machinery and industrial equipment with the raw materials thereby produced.

When suggesting or elaborating new investment schemes Hungary's limited possibilities must, of course, be taken into account.

*

Though important items in the foreign trade of the socialist countries, raw materials and semifinished products should not be considered apart from the total complex of goods exchanged. Several socialist (and advanced capitalist) countries sell a considerable amount of raw materials and semifinished products in return for industrial and agricultural products. If this were not so Hungary could not to maintain the present sound structure of her foreign trade—i.e. importing mainly raw materials and exporting mainly finished goods. The problem is as to what finished products (machines, consumers' goods, etc.) would be offered in exchange for raw materials and semifinished manufactures. The ratio of commodities is becoming gradually less and less of a problem in international, dealings, as the quality of Hungarian products is improving and thereby reaching world standards.

The principle that industry and foreign trade have to satisfy buyers' re-

quirements by delivering high-quality products must never be lost from view. At times one is confronted with proposals for an apparently quite simple solution of these problems. Essentially, they boil down to the suggestion that differences between the foreign-trade structure of two socialist countries could best be balanced if they were to exchange equivalent amount of goods belonging to one and the same category—raw-materials against raw-materials, machines against machines, etc. (at a previously fixed rate, possibly 1 : 1). By disregarding structural differences of production, this would undoubtedly weaken existing bonds and result in foreign-trade restrictions. It would inevitably lead to an effort to ascertain the amount, type and provenance of the raw materials contained in each group of goods, since considerations of this kind would manifestly play a role in such a system of "proportionment." To avoid such erroneous propositions the "Fundamental Principles" declare that "a balancing of mutual payments is not equivalent to an equilibrium in the mutual payments for particular categories of products and individual groups of commodities."

The next very important task will be that of drawing up a mutually satisfactory five-year plan for the period 1966-1970, in which the individual foreign-trade interests of the various Comecon countries will have to be harmonized. Hungary's third five-year plan should be in accordance with that wider plan, the most important precondition and aim of which is the furtherance of socialist international division of labour. Hungary can reckon on being continuously provided by her Comecon partners with most of the materials necessary for her industrial and agricultural production. Those responsible for Hungarian industrial and foreign-trade policy will, in turn, endeavour to draw sound conclusions from the advance of world socialism and promote socialist cooperation in the field of foreign trade through proposals that will serve to advance this trade.

ON THE CITY'S RIM

by

ATTILA JÓZSEF

On the city's rim where I am living,
when the dusks cave-in the sky,
like the smallest of bats on soft wings
the greasy flakes of soot fly,
settle and cling as hard as guano,
gnarled and encrusted lie.

So these times encrusten our souls.
As thickest rags of rain
mop uselessly this jagged tin roof,
wiping over the stains,
so sorrow, trying to loose what's caking
our hearts, swabs them in vain.

Even blood wouldn't wash it free — we're made
this way, perversely foaled.
We're a novel breed; our talk is odd;
the hair sticks on our polls
differently; we're not rolled out of God
or Reason; we're from iron, coal, oil;

We're straight out of basic material,
hot, savagely in the moulds
of this monstrous society slopped,
made to stand and uphold
the mysterious meaning of mankind
on this enduring world.

We follow after priests, soldiers, burghers,
we're the latest production,
exact resounders of history's word.
So you hear, when we're struck,
the note of all human creations,
like a violin plucked.

Since our solar system unravelled,
no species destined to last
was ever so deadly served as ours,
though foul enough the past:
our homelands long are ravaged by famine,
bigotry, battle and pest.

None were so humiliated
of any shaped to lead
as under the bright stars you have humbled
our unquenchable breed.
But we cast our eyes to the earth — and there we have seen
the earth's secret revealed.

Look what a precious beast we released:
Machine, our master fool!
How she shatters the brittle villages
like thin ice on a pool.
The town's plaster, when she leaps,
peels off, while heaven booms!

Who's to check such a beast? The landed squire?
The herder's savage cur?
Her nursing began with ours, this Machine's,
it's we who grew with her.
A trained bitch? Call her then if you can!
We know her name, good sirs.

Already now we can see you
kneeling beside your beds
to pray to this Something which is still
only your earthly bread.
For be warned, she holds only to him
from whose hand she has fed.

So here we are, pent and suspicious
as ever, offsprings of dust.
Pick up your hearts! They're his who can lift them,
they go to him, they must!
But only he can be that strong
who is fulfilled with us.

Up then with heart, up above factories!
A huge and sooty one
it will look, truly — as though you had seen
drown in its own smoke, the sun,
and had heard through profoundest arteries
the throbbing earth as it spun.

Up! Around this world that's parcelled out
the lattice fence sways low,
squeaks and swoons from our puffings already
as if from a gale's blow.
Huff it down! Up with the heart!
On the heights let it glow!

Let it come to blaze and illumine
our virtue for order,
that beautiful power by which man's mind can know
the infinite's finite borders:
the productive forces that are pulsing about —
within, the instinct's warders.

On the city's rim my song is screeching;
the poet, your kin, cries,
looks on while greasily, flabbily,
the soot falls by, falls by.
Settling, it clings as hard as guano,
gnarled and encrusted lies.

Words on the poet's lips are a clatter,
yet it's he who engineers
this world's magics and enchantments;
he foresees mankind's career,
constructs harmony within himself
as you shall, in the world's sphere.

(Translated by Earle Birney with the collaboration of Ilona Duczynska)

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

C. P. SNOW, JOHN STEINBECK AND PETER BROOK IN BUDAPEST
Tamás Ungvári

ORGANIZING THE NEW HUNGARIAN NATIONAL LIBRARY
László Farkas—Tibor Tombor

OTTÓ HERMAN, ETHNOGRAPHIST
Gyula Ortutay

THE REPORTS OF VEESENMAYER, HITLER'S SPECIAL ENVOY TO HUNGARY
Elek Karsai

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY
Zoltán Horváth

THOUGHTS ON ARTHUR MILLER'S NEW PLAY
Miklós Vajda

BOOKSHELF
Péter Nagy

EMILY DICKINSON
Robert Goffin

INTRODUCTION TO THE HUNGARIAN PAPERBACK HOMER
Gábor Devecseri

WHO'S AFRAID OF EDWARD ALBEE?
Elemér Hankiss

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE CHRISTIAN MUSEUM AT ESZTERGOM
Dezső Dercsényi

THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY IN BUDAPEST
József Czímer

THOUGHTS ON ANTONIONI
László Fülöp

NEW EXPERIMENTAL SHORT FILMS OF THE BÉLA BALÁZS STUDIO
Gyula Maár

NEW HUNGARIAN FILMS
Bálint Tóth

THREE RECENT EXHIBITIONS
György Somlyó, Géza Perneczky, Zsuzsa D. Fehér

PÁL KADOSA — PORTRAIT OF A COMPOSER
Ferenc Bónis

MUSIC EDUCATION IN HUNGARY
István Gábor

INTRODUCTION TO A MONOGRAPH ON AESTHETICS

by

GYÖRGY LUKÁCS

The book herewith presented to the public* forms the first part of an Aesthetics, centering in the philosophic foundations of the aesthetic *Setzung* (setting), the derivation of the specific category of aesthetics, its delimitation from other areas. By concentrating on this complex of problems and touching concrete questions of aesthetics only where it is required in order to clear up the problems, this volume forms a closed entity in itself and is also completely comprehensible without those that are to follow.

It is indispensable to delineate the place of the aesthetic attitude in the totality of human activities, in human reactions to the outside world, the relationship of the aesthetic form created by the latter and its categoric construction (its structure, etc.) with other types of reaction to objective reality. Impartial observation of this relationship provides, in rough outlines, the following picture. The behaviour of man in everyday life is the most important, though it is still largely unexplored in spite of its central importance for the understanding of higher and more complicated types of reaction. Without wishing to anticipate the detailed explanations given in the work itself, it is necessary to mention here briefly the basic ideas of the construction. The everyday behaviour of man is both the starting and end point of all human activity. This means that if we imagine everyday life as a huge stream, science and art branch from it in higher forms of reception and reproduction of reality, become differentiated and take shape according to their specific aims, achieve their pure form in this characteristic stemming from the needs of life in society, to return at last—as a result of its effect, its influence on the life of people—into the stream of everyday life. Thus, this stream is constantly enriched by the highest achievements of the human

* We are publishing here the introductory chapter of György Lukács's new monograph *Esztétika* ("Aesthetics", due from Akadémiai Publishing House, Budapest, in 1965)

mind, assimilates these to its daily, practical needs, from which new branches of higher forms of objectivization arise as questions and demands. Such a process calls for thorough investigation of the complicated mutual relationship between the immanent consummation of works of science and art and the social needs giving rise to them. The special categories and structures of man's scientific and artistic reactions to reality can only be derived from this dynamics of genesis, of development, of self-regulation, of being rooted in the life of mankind. The reflections in the present work are of course directed towards recognition of the peculiarity of the aesthetic. However, since people live in a single reality, with which they stand in mutual relationship, the essence of the aesthetic can only be understood even approximately in constant comparison with other types of reaction. The relationship to science is the most important, but it is also indispensable to discover the connections with ethics and religion. Even the psychological problems appearing here occur as necessary consequences of questions aimed at what is specific in aesthetic *Setzung*.

Of course, no aesthetics can stop at this stage. Kant could still be satisfied with answering the general methodological question of the claim to validity of aesthetic judgments. Irrespective of our opinion that this question is not a primary one but, as far as the construction of aesthetics is concerned, highly derivative, no philosopher who seriously undertakes to clarify the essence of the aesthetic, can—since the Hegelian aesthetics—be satisfied with such a narrowly confined frame and with a placing of the problem so onesidedly oriented towards the theory of cognition. The present text, both in its basic outlook and in its detailed considerations, will frequently deal with questionable aspects of Hegelian aesthetics; nevertheless, the philosophic universality of its concept, its historico-systematic synthesis remain a permanent model for the outline of any aesthetics. Only the three parts of this aesthetics together may achieve a partial approach to this high example. For, quite apart from the knowledge and talent of any one undertaking such an experiment today, the standards of universality set up in Hegelian aesthetics are objectively much more difficult to transform into practice at present than in Hegel's time. The historico-systematic theory of the arts, discussed in detail by Hegel, thus remains outside the area circumscribed by the plan of this whole work. Part Two—bearing the provisional title: "Works of Art and Aesthetic Attitude"—will, in the main, deal concretely with the specific structure of the work of art, which in Part One is derived and outlined only in general form; the general categories arrived at in Part One can only then obtain their real and defined physiognomy. The problems of content and form, *Weltanschauung* and selection of form, technique and form,

etc., can emerge in Part One only in general, as questions on the horizon; their concrete nature can be illuminated philosophically only during the detailed analysis of the structure of art works. The same applies to the problems of creative and receptive attitudes. Part One can advance only to their general outline, rendering the methodological "place" according to the possibility of determination. Also, the real relationship between everyday life on the one hand and scientific, ethical, etc., attitudes and aesthetic production and reproduction on the other, the categoric essence of their proportions, interrelations, effects, etc., demand most concrete analyses, which could not be included in Part One in principle, directed as it is towards the philosophic foundations.

The situation is similar as regards Part Three. (Its provisional title is: "Art as a Socio-historical Phenomenon.") Yet Part One unavoidably already contains not only some historical excursions but constantly refers to the original historic nature of each aesthetic phenomenon. The historico-systematic character of art was first formulated, as mentioned before, in Hegel's Aesthetics. The rigidity of the Hegelian systematization deriving from its objective idealism has been corrected by Marxism. The complicated mutual relationship between dialectical and historical materialism is in itself a significant indication that Marxism does not seek to deduce historical stages of development from the internal development of the idea, but on the contrary strives at grasping the real process in its complicated historico-systematic determination. The unity of theoretic (in this case: aesthetic) and historical determination is realized in its final consequence in an extremely contradictory manner and can therefore be penetrated, both in principle and in single concrete cases, only through an uninterrupted cooperation between dialectical and historical materialism.* Aspects of dialectical materialism dominate in Parts One and Two of this work, as it aims at giving conceptual expression to the essence of the aesthetic. There is, however, hardly any problem that can be solved without at least an indicative clarification of the historical aspects inseparably united with aesthetic theory. Part Three is dominated by the method of historical materialism, because the historical determinants and characteristics of the genesis of the arts, their development, their crises, their leading or subordinate role, etc., are in the foreground of its interest. Its task is to investigate first of all the problem of uneven evolution in the genesis, in the *Sein und Werden* (being and becoming) and in the effect of the arts. At the same time this means a breach

* Tendencies towards the vulgarization of Marxism during the Stalin era are also revealed by the fact that dialectical materialism and historical materialism were temporarily treated as separate sciences and "specialists" were even trained for each of these branches.

with all "sociological" vulgarization of the origin and effect of the arts. Such a permissibly simplifying socio-historical analysis is, however, impossible without making constant use of the results of dialectical-materialist research into the categoric construction, structure and disposition of each art in order to perceive its historical character. The permanent and living mutual influence of dialectical and historical materialism is shown here from another side, but no less intensively than in the two first parts.

As the reader may see, the construction of these aesthetic investigations differs rather strongly from the usual. This does not, however, imply an originality of method. On the contrary, the investigations involve no more than as correct as possible an application of Marxism to the problems of Aesthetics. If such a definition of the task is not to be misinterpreted from the outset, it is necessary to explain, if only in a few words, the position and relationship of this Aesthetics to that of Marxism. When I wrote my first contribution to the Aesthetics of Marxism about thirty years ago*, I advocated the thesis that Marxism had its own aesthetics, and my view met with considerable resistance. The reason was that, prior to Lenin, Marxism, even in its best theoretical representatives such as Plechanov or Mehring, limited itself almost entirely to the problems of historical materialism**. Only since Lenin has dialectical materialism returned to the centre of interest. This is why Mehring, who incidentally based his aesthetics on Kant's "Critique of Judgment," could see in the divergencies between Marx—Engels and Lasalle no more than the clash of subjective judgments of taste. This controversy has, of course, long been solved. Since the brilliant study by M. Lifschitz on the evolution of the aesthetic views of Marx, since his careful collection and systematization of the scattered utterances of Marx, Engels and Lenin on aesthetic questions, there can be no more doubt about the connection and cohesion of their train of thought***.

However, the demonstration and proof of such a systematic connection is

* The Sickingen debate between Marx—Engels and Lasalle in Georg Lukács: Karl Marx und Friedrich Engels als Literaturhistoriker, Berlin 1948, 1952.

** F. Mehring, Gesammelte Schriften und Aufsätze, Berlin 1929; now: Gesammelte Schriften, Berlin, 1960 ff.; by the same author: Die Lessing Legende, Stuttgart, 1898, last edition Berlin, 1953; G. W. Plechanow, Kunst und Literatur mit Vorwort von M. Rosenthal, Redaktion und Kommentar von N. F. Beltschikow, translated from Russian into German by J. Harhammer, Berlin, 1955.

*** M. Lifschitz, Lenin o kulture i isskustwe, Marksistsko-Leninskoje isskustwosnanije ("Lenin on Culture and Aesthetics, Marxist—Leninist Aesthetics") 2/1932/143 ff.; by the same author: Karl Marx und die Aesthetik, Internationale Literatur, III/2/1933/127 ff.; M. Lifschitz und F. Schiller, Marx i Engels o isskustwe i literature ("Marx and Engels on Art and Literature"), Moscow, 1933; Karl Marx-Friedrich Engels, Über Kunst und Literatur, publ. by M. Lifschitz (1937), German edition by Kurt Thoricht—Roderich Fechner, Berlin,1949; M. Lifschitz, The Philosophy of Art of Karl Marx, translated by T. Winn, New York, 1938; by the same author: Karl Marx und die Aesthetik, Dresden, 1960.

still far from solving with finality the demand for an aesthetics of Marxism. If aesthetics or at least its perfect skeleton were explicitly included in the collected and systematically arranged utterances of the classics of Marxism, then nothing but a good running commentary would be needed in order to present us with a complete Marxist aesthetics. But there can be no question of this! Ample experience shows that not even a direct monographic application of this material to each particular question can provide what is scientifically essential for the construction of the whole. One has to face the paradoxical situation that a Marxist aesthetics does exist and does not exist at one and the same time, that it still has to be conquered, even created through independent research, and that the result still only presents and fixes something already existing conceptually. This paradox, nevertheless, resolves itself upon considering the whole problem in the light of the method of materialistic dialectics. The age-old literal sense of Method, indissolubly connected with the path to cognition, contains the demand upon thinking that it should follow definite paths to definitive results. The direction of these paths is with indubitable evidence included in the totality of the world concept provided by the classics of Marxism, especially as the end-stations of such paths are set clearly before us by the results at our disposal. The paths to be followed and the methods to be met are—though not directly and not visibly at first glance—clearly indicated by the method of dialectical materialism, if one wishes to establish the essence *(auf den Begriff bringen)* of objective reality and to examine the reality of a particular area in accordance with its truth. Only if this method, this direction has been practiced and followed through one's own independent research, does the possibility arise of finding what one is looking for, of correctly constructing Marxist Aesthetics, or at least of approaching its true nature. Whoever entertains the illusion of mentally reproducing reality and at the same time Marx's conception of reality through mere interpretations of Marx, is bound to miss both. Only an unbiased observation of reality and its elaboration through the method discovered by Marx can achieve fidelity to both reality and to Marxism. In this sense, though each part and the whole of this work is the result of independent research, it cannot claim originality, as its means of approaching truth and its entire method is based on the study of the oeuvre handed down by the classics of Marxism.

Fidelity to Marxism, however, means at the same time attachment to the great traditions of the mental mastering of reality to date. In the Stalin era, especially on the part of Zhdanow, those features were exclusively emphasized that separate Marxism from the great traditions of human thought. If this had resulted only in stressing what was qualitatively new in Marxism, viz.,

the leap that separated its dialectics from its most developed predecessors, say from Aristotle or Hegel, it could have been relatively justified. Such a viewpoint could even have been considered necessary and useful, had it not—in a deeply undialectical way—onesidedly isolated and therefore metaphysically emphasized the radically new in Marxism, and had it not neglected the aspect of continuity in the evolution of human thought. But reality—and therefore its mental reflection and reproduction as well—is a dialectical unity of continuity and discontinuity, of tradition and revolution, of gradual transition and leaps. Scientific socialism itself is something completely new in history, yet at the same time it fulfils a human longing that has existed for thousands of years, something the best minds of humanity deeply strove for. The situation is the same with the conceptual recognition of the world through the classics of Marxism. The deep influence of Marxism, which cannot be shaken by any attacks or by silence, rests not least on the fact that with its aid the basic facts of reality, of human life are revealed and become the content of human consciousness. This gives a double meaning to the new phenomenon: not only does human life receive a new content, a new significance through the previously non-existent reality of socialism, but at the same time the present and past that were considered as known, all of human existence, are newly illuminated through the de-fetishization achieved by the Marxist method and research and its results. All past efforts to seize it in its truth thus become comprehensible in an entirely new sense. Perspectives of the future, recognition of the present, insight into the tendencies that have brought it forth in thought and practice, thus form an indissoluble mutual relationship. One-sided emphasis on what separates and is new, conjures up the danger of confining everything concrete and rich in determinations in the genuinely new in an abstract otherness, and thereby impoverishing them. Confrontation of the characterization of dialectics in Lenin and in Stalin shows the consequences of such a methodological difference quite clearly; and the frequent unreasonable attitudes towards the inheritance of Hegelian philosophy led to an often frightening poverty of content in the logical investigations of the Stalin era.

In the classics themselves there is no trace of such metaphysical confrontation of old and new. Their relationship is manifested rather in the proportions produced by socio-historical evolution itself through letting the truth make its appearance. Insistence on this only correct method is, if possible, even more important in aesthetics than in other areas. For here an exact analysis of the facts will show with special clarity that conceptual consciousness of the practical achievements in the domain of aesthetics always lags behind such achievements. This is why those few thinkers who rela-

tively early attained clarity regarding the real problems of aesthetics have become extraordinarily significant. On the other hand—as our analysis will show—often apparently distant trains of thought, e.g., philosophical or ethical, are very important for the understanding of aesthetic phenomena. Without anticipating too much of what has its appropriate place in the detailed considerations, let us only mention here that the entire construction and all explanatory details of this work—just because it is indebted to the Marxian method for its existence—are deeply determined by the results achieved by Aristotle, Goethe and Hegel in their various writings, not only those dealing directly with aesthetics. If, in addition, I express my gratitude to Epicurus, Bacon, Hobbes, Spinoza, Diderot, Lessing and the Russian revolutionary-democratic thinkers, I have, of course, only enumerated the names most important to me; this does not exhaust by far the list of authors to whom I feel obliged for this work, in its entity as well as in its details. The manner of quoting corresponds to this conviction. There is no intention of discussing problems concerning the history of the arts or of aesthetics. What we are interested in is the clarification of facts or lines of evolution that are important for the general theory. Therefore, in harmony with the particular theoretical constellation, those authors or works will be quoted who either expressed something—correct or significantly false—for the first time, or whose opinion appears especially characteristic of a certain stage of development. It would not correspond to the intentions of this work to strive for completeness in citing literary evidence.

It follows from what has been said so far that the polemic edge of the entire work is directed against philosophical idealism. The fight against its theory of cognition would naturally exceed the framework of this work; we are concerned with the specific questions in which philosophic idealism has proved to be an obstacle to the adequate comprehension of specifically aesthetic facts. We shall speak of the confusions that arise when aesthetic interest centres on beauty (and perhaps on its salient features) mainly in the Second Part; here this group of questions will only be touched on casually. It is the more important, in our opinion, to refer to the necessarily hierarchical character of any idealistic aesthetics. For, if the various forms of consciousness figure as ultimate determinants of the objectivity *(Gegenständlichkeit*—quality of being objects) of all things investigated, of their place in the system, etc., and are not—like in materialism—considered as types of reaction to something objectively existing and already concretely formed, independently from consciousness, then they necessarily become the supreme judges of mental order and construct their system hierarchically. Historically the degrees such a hierarchy contains differ widely. But this will not be discussed here, as

we are solely concerned with the very essence of any such hierarchy, which falsifies all objects and relationships. It is a widely spread misunderstanding to believe that the materialistic conception of the world—priority of being over consciousness, of social being over social consciousness—is also of a hierarchical character. For materialism, the priority of being is above all the establishment of a fact: being exists without consciousness, but no consciousness exists without being. But no hierarchical subordination of consciousness to being follows from this. On the contrary, only this priority and its concrete theoretical and practical recognition by consciousness create the possibility of a real conquest of being through consciousness. The simple fact of work is a striking illustration of this. And if historical materialism states the priority of social being over social consciousness, this again is a mere recognition of an existing fact. Social practice too is directed towards dominating social being; nor does the fact that it has been able to achieve its aim in a very relative degree up to the present set up a hierarchical relationship between the two, but merely determines those concrete conditions in which successful practice becomes objectively possible, while at the same time, of course, determining its concrete limits, the scope offered by the respective social being for the unfolding of consciousness. Thus, historical dialectics—and by no means a hierarchical structure—becomes visible in this relationship. If a little sailing boat proves to be helpless against a storm easily overcome by a mighty steamer, it is only the real superiority or limitation of the particular consciousness in the face of being that becomes apparent, not a hierarchical relationship between man and the forces of nature; the more so as historical evolution—and with it the growing comprehension by consciousness of the true quality of being—constantly increases the possibilities of rule by the former over the latter.

Philosophical idealism has to design its world concept in a radically different way. It is not the real and changing relationship of forces that create a temporary superiority or inferiority in life; but from the outset there is a hierarchy of those potentialities of consciousness that not only produce and arrange the forms of objectivity and the relations between the objects, but are also mutually linked by hierarchical degrees. To elucidate the situation in the light of our problem: when Hegel classifies art under apprehension *(Anschauung)*, religion under perception *(Vorstellung)*, philosophy under concept *(Begriff)*, and considers them as ruled by these forms of consciousness, then an exact, "eternal," irrefutable hierarchy has been created, which—as everybody familiar with Hegel knows—determines also the historical fate of art. (That the young Schelling fits art into his hierarchical order in a contrary manner does not alter the principles.) It is obvious that an entire

knot of pseudo-problems is thereby created, which has caused methodological confusion in every aesthetics since Plato. Regardless of whether idealistic philosophy, from a particular aspect, establishes a superiority or inferiority of art with respect to other forms of consciousness, thought is diverted from the investigation of the specific characteristics of objects, and the latter will—often quite inadmissibly—be brought to a common denominator to make possible their comparison within a hierarchical order and their insertion at the desired hierarchical level. Whether we are concerned with problems of the relationship of art to nature, to religion or to science, etc., the pseudo-problems must everywhere cause distortions in the forms of objectivity, in the categories.

The significance of the break thus brought about with every kind of philosophical idealism becomes even more obvious in its consequences if we further concretize our materialistic point of departure, viz., if we comprehend art as a peculiar manifestation of the reflection of reality, a manifestation which itself is but one among various forms of the universal relationship of man to reality, of man's reflection of reality. One of the most decisive basic ideas of this work is that all types of reflection—we analyse primarily those of everyday life, of science and of art—always picture the same objective reality. This starting point, however obvious and even trivial it may appear, has far-reaching consequences. Since materialistic philosophy does not consider all forms of *Gegenständlichkeit*, all categories belonging to objects and their relations, as products of a creative consciousness, like idealism does, but rather sees in them an objective reality existing independently of consciousness, all divergencies and even contradictions can arise within this materially and formally united reality. To be able to understand the complicated dialectics of this unity of unity and diversity, one has to break first with the widely held idea of a mechanical, photographic reflection. If this were the basis from which the differences grow, then all specific forms would have to be subjective disfigurements of this only "authentic" reproduction of reality, or the differentiation would have to possess a purely ulterior, completely unspontaneous, only consciously-mental character. However, the extensive and intensive infiniteness of the objective world compels all living creatures, above all man, to adaptation, to unconscious selection in reflection. The latter—despite its fundamentally objective character—thus also possesses inescapable subjective components, which at the animal level are purely physiologically conditioned, while with man they are, in addition, socially conditioned. (Effect of work on enrichment; expansion, intensification, etc., of human capacity to reflect reality.) Differentiation—especially in the areas of science and art—is a prod-

uct of social being, of the needs growing from its soil, of man's adaptation to his environment, of the increase in his capabilities correlated to the necessity of becoming equal to entirely novel tasks. True, physiologically and psychologically these reciprocal effects, these adaptations to the new must be achieved directly within the individual, but they acquire from the outset a social universality, because the new tasks, the new circumstances that have a modifying influence, are endowed with a universal (social) quality and permit of individual-subjective variants only within this social scope.

The elaboration of the specific traits of the aesthetic reflection of reality takes up a qualitatively and quantitatively decisive part of the present work. These investigations are, in accordance with its basic aim, of a philosophic character, i.e., they are centred on the question of what are the specific forms, relations, proportions, etc., acquired by the world of categories in the aesthetic *Setzung* common to every reflection. Of course, psychological problems are unavoidably broached as well, and a special chapter (the eleventh) is devoted to them. It has to be emphasised, furthermore, that the basic philosophic aim necessarily dictates primarily the elaboration, in all the arts, of the common aesthetic traits of reflection, though—in harmony with the pluralistic structure of the aesthetic sphere—the peculiarities of the individual arts will as far as possible be considered in the treatment of the category problems. The very particular phenomenal form of the reflection of reality in such arts as music or architecture make it inevitable to devote a separate chapter (the fourteenth) to these special cases, with a view to clarifying these specific differences in such a way as to preserve in them at the same time the validity of general aesthetic principles.

This universality of the reflection of reality as the basis for all interrelationships between man and his environment has, in the final analysis, very far-reaching ideological consequences with regard to the concept of the aesthetic. For every consistent idealism, any form of consciousness of significance in human existence—in our case the aesthetic—must be of a "timeless," "eternal" nature, as its genesis is explained hierarchically in connection with a world of ideas; insofar as it can be treated historically, this is done within a metahistorical framework of "timeless" being or validity. However, this apparently formal methodological position must necessarily become converted into content, into *Weltanschauung*. For it necessarily follows that the aesthetic belongs to the "essence" of man both productively and receptively, whether it be determined from the standpoint of the world of ideas or the world spirit, anthropologically or ontologically. Our materialistic outlook must produce an entirely opposite picture. Objective reality, which appears in the various types of reflection, is not only subject to permanent change,

but the latter bears evidence of well-determined directions, lines of evolution. Reality itself, in accordance with its objective nature, is historical; the historical determinants of content and form appearing in the various reflections are correspondingly only more or less correct approximations to this aspect of objective reality. A definite historicity can, however, never consist in a mere change of content of unchanging forms, with unalterable categories. This change of content must have a modifying influence on the forms, must lead first to certain functional shifts within the categorical system, and at a certain stage even to explicit transformations: the creation of new and the disappearance of old categories. A certain historicity of the doctrine of categories follows from that of objective reality.

Of course, one has to be most careful as to the degree and extent to which such changes are of an objective or of a subjective quality. Although we hold the view that in the last analysis nature too has to be considered historically, the single steps of this evolution that its objective changes have hardly any importance for science. All the more important is the subjective history of the discovery of objectivities, relationships, categorical connections. Only in biology might it be possible to ascertain a turning-point and hence an objective genesis in the formation of the objective category of life—at least in the part of the Universe known to us. The situation is different qualitatively where man and human society are concerned. Here we are undoubtedly faced with the genesis of single categories and of categorical connections that cannot be "derived" from the mere continuity of evolution so far; this genesis sets special claims to cognition. It would, however, lead to a distortion of the true facts if we wanted to separate methodologically the historical exploration of the genesis from the philosophical analysis of the phenomenon brought forth by it. The true categorical structure of each such phenomenon is most intimately connected with its genesis; the demonstration of a categorical structure is possible—completely and in its right proportions—only when the objective dissection is organically connected with clarification of the genesis; the derivation of value at the beginning of Marx's "Capital" is the best example of this historico-systematic method. Such an amalgamation will be attempted in the concrete explanations of the present work concerning the basic phenomenon of the aesthetic and its sundry branches. This methodology becomes a matter of *Weltanschauung* insofar as it involves a radical break with all those views that perceive in art, in the artistic attitude, some extrahistorical, idea-like phenomenon or at least something belonging ontologically or anthropologically to the "idea" of man. Like work, science and all social activities of man, art too is a product of social development, of man becoming man through his work.

Even beyond this, however, the objective historicity of being and its peculiarly emphatic appearence in human society have important consequences for grasping in principle the specific quality of the aesthetic. It will be the task of our detailed explanations to demonstrate that the scientific reflection of reality seeks to free itself from all anthropological, sensual and mental determinations, and that it endeavours to portray all objects and their relations as they are in themselves, independent of consciousness. Aesthetic reflection, on the other hand, sets out from the world of man and is directed towards it. As will be explained in due course, this does not mean a simple subjectivism. On the contrary, the objectivity of the objects is preserved, but in such a way that every typical form of relatedness to human life is included in it, so that its appearance corresponds to the particular stage of man's interior and exterior development, which is a social development. This means that every aesthetic formation includes—and takes its due place in—the *hic et nunc* of its genesis as an essential aspect of its decisive objectivity. Every reflection is, of course, determined objectively by the fixed place of its realization. Even in the discovery of truths in mathematics or in pure natural sciences, the point in time is never accidental; however, this is of objective importance more for the history of science than for knowledge itself, from the point of view of which it may be considered completely indifferent when and under what—necessary—historical conditions, say, the Pythagorean proposition was first formulated. Without entering here into a discussion of the complicated situation in social sciences, it must be stated that the effect of the temporal position may, in its varying forms, obstruct the elaboration of real objectivity in the reproduction of socio-historical facts. The opposite is true as regards the aesthetic reflection of reality: never yet has a significant work of art taken shape without creatively bringing to life the respective historical *hic et nunc* at the portrayed moment. Regardless of whether the artists concerned are conscious of this or create in the belief that they produce something timeless, continue an earlier style, materalizse an "eternal" ideal taken from the past, their works, if artistically genuine, grow out of the deepest endeavours of the era of their production; content and form of truly artistic works cannot be separated from this soil of their genesis just from the standpoint of aesthetics. It is precisely in works of art that the historicity of objective reality receives its subjective as well as its objective shape.

This historical nature of reality leads to another important set of problems, which is primarily also of a methodological nature but, like every problem of a correctly—and not just formally—understood methodology, turns necessarily into a matter of *Weltanschauung*. We have in mind the problem of *Dies-*

seitigkeit (immanence). Considered purely methodologically, immanence is an essential demand of scientific cognition as well as of artistic creation. Only when a set of phenomena appears as being fully comprehended purely through its immanent qualities, through the equally immanent laws affecting it, can it be considered as scientifically known. In practice, of course, such perfection is always only approximate; the extensive and intensive infiniteness of objects, their static and dynamic relations, etc., do not allow any perception in its respective given form to be regarded as absolutely final and as forever excluding corrections, limitations, extensions, etc. This "not yet" in the scientific conquest of reality has in the most varied ways, from magic to modern positivism, been interpreted as transcendency, irrespective of the fact that much that was once classed as *ignorabimus* has long since become part of exact science as a soluble, if perhaps practicllly still unsolved, problem. The rise of capitalism, the relationship between science and production, combined with the great crises of religious ideologies, have replaced naive transcendency by a complicated and more refined one. Already at the time when the defenders of Christendom attempted to rebuff the Copernican theory ideologically the new dualism was formed: a methodological conception that connects the immanence of the given world of phenomena with the denial of its ultimate reality, so as to dispute the competence of science to declare something valid about this world. On the surface, the impression may arise that the devaluation of the world's reality does not matter, since, in practice, people can fulfil their immediate tasks in production, whether they consider the object, means, etc., of their activity as things that exist in themselves or as mere apparitions. However, such a view is sophistic for two reasons. First, every active man is always convinced in real practice that he is dealing with reality itself; even the positivist physicist is convinced of this when, e. g., carrying out an experiment. Second, such a view, if it is—for social reasons—deeply rooted and widely held, disintegrates the more mediate spiritual-moral relations of man to reality. Existentialist philosophy, in which man, "thrown" into the world, faces the Nothing, is—from a socio-historical viewpoint—the necessary complementary antipole of the philosophic development leading from Berkeley to Mach or Carnap. The real battlefield between *Diesseitigkeit* and *Jenseitigkeit* (transcendence) is, beyond question, ethics. For this reason, the decisive determinations of this controversy can only be touched on but not fully explained in the present work; the author hopes before long to be able to present his views in systematic form on these questions too. Let us only note here briefly that the old materialism—from Democritos to Feuerbach—was able to explain the immanence of the structure of the world only in a mechanical way; and

therefore, on the one hand, the world could still be conceived as a clockwork needing transcendental influence to set it in motion; in such a world concept, on the other hand, man could only appear as the necessary product and object of immanent worldly laws, leaving his subjectivity, his practice unexplained. Only the Hegel-Marxian doctrine of man's selfcreation through his work, which Gordon Childe in a fortunate turn of phrase has formulated as "man makes himself", has completed this immanence of the world concept and created the ideological basis for an immanent-worldly ethic, the spirit of which has been alive for long in the ingenious ideas of Aristotle and Epicure, Spinoza and Goethe. (In this connection, the theory of evolution in the living world, the constantly closer approach towards the origin of life from the reciprocal effects of physical and chemical laws, of course, plays an important role.)

For aesthetics, this question is of the greatest importance and will consequently be fully set forth in the detailed elaboration of the present work. It would serve no purpose to anticipate here briefly the results of these investigations, which can only possess convincing force through development of all factors concerned. Nevertheless, to avoid hiding the author's standpoint in the Foreword, it will suffice to say that the immanent *Geschlossenheit* (enclosedness), *Aufsichselbstgestelltsein* (self-centredness) of every genuine work of art—form of reflection that has no analogy in other domains of human reaction to the outside world—always willy-nilly expresses in its contents an avowal of *Diesseitigkeit*. Therefore, the contrast between allegory and symbol is, as Goethe so ingeniously recognized, a question of "to be or not to be" for art. Therefore, as will be shown in a separate chapter (the sixteenth), art's struggle to liberate itself from the tutelage of religion is a fundamental fact in its formation and development. The genesis has to demonstrate how art has fought its way from the natural conscious confinement of primitive man to transcendency, without which initial stages would be unimaginable in any area, to a certain independence in the reflection of reality, to its peculiar elaboration. What is of moment here, is the evolution of objective aesthetic facts and not what their executors thought of their own actions. Especially in artistic practice, the divergence between action and consciousness of it is especially considerable. Here the motto of our whole work, taken from Marx: "They know it not, but they do it," takes on special significance. It is thus the objective categorical structure of the work of art that again changes into *Diesseitigkeit* every trend of consciousness towards the transcendent, a tendency that is naturally very frequent in the history of mankind; it achieves this by appearing as what it is, as part of human life, immanent as a symptom of its momentary *Geradesoseins* (being just so).

The frequent rejection of art, of the principle of aesthetics, from Tertullian to Kierkegaard, is nothing accidental, but rather the recognition of its true nature by the camp of its born enemies. Nor does the present work simply register these inevitable struggles, but takes a resolute stand in them: for art, against religion, in the sense of a great tradition that extends from Epicure through Goethe to Marx and Lenin.

The dialectical development, dissection and reunion of such manifold, contrasting, converging and diverging determinations of *Gegenständlichkeiten* and their relationships require a proper method for their presentation. In briefly explaining here its fundamental principles the author in no way wish to use the Foreword as a means of justifying the method of presentation. Nobody can see its limits and faults clearer than the author himself. He only wishes to stand up here for his intentions; he is not entitled to pass judgment as to where he has duly realized them and where he has failed. Thus, in what follows only the principles will be dealt with. These are rooted in materialistic dialectics, the consistent carrying out of which, in such an extensive area comprising so many remote subjects, calls above all for a break with the formalistic means of presentation that rest on definitions and mechanical delimitations and on "neat" compartmentation in subdivisions. If, in order, at a single stroke, to reach the centre, we set out from the method of determinations *(Bestimmungen)*, as opposed to that of definitions, then we return to the dialectical foundations of reality, the extensive and intensive infiniteness of objects and their interrelations. Every attempt to grasp this infiniteness mentally is bound to have imperfections. Definition, however, fixes its own partiality as something final and must therefore violate the fundamental character of the phenomena. Determination is considered from the outset as something provisional, needing completion, something whose very nature requires it to be carried on, developed, specified. This means that whenever, in the present work, an object, a relationship of *Gegenständichkeiten*, a category is moved into the light of conceptuality and concreteness through its determinations, it always involves a dual meaning and intention: to denote the respective object in such manner that it is recognized as something unmistakable, without however claiming that recognition at this stage should comprise totality and that one should therefore stop there. The object can be approached only gradually, step by step, by examining one and the same object in various contexts, in various relationships to various other objects, whereby the initial determination is not cancelled in the process—otherwise it would have been false—but on the contrary is constantly enriched and, as it were, steals ever closer upon the infiniteness of the object towards which it is directed. This

process takes place in the most varied dimensions of the mental reproduction of reality and can in principle be treated as completed only relatively. If, however, this dialectic is applied correctly, there is a constantly increasing advance in clarity and richness of the determination concerned and of its systematic coherence; it is therefore necessary to distinguish the reappearance of the same determination—in various constellations and dimensions—from simple repetition. Progress so achieved is not only a step forward, a deepening penetration into the nature of the object to be grasped, but it will at the same time—if performed really correctly, really dialectically—throw new light on the road already traversed in the past; indeed, only now will it become passable in a deeper sense. In the days when my first, very inadequate attempts in this direction appeared, Max Weber wrote me that they had a similar effect to Ibsen's dramas, the beginning of which only became comprehensible from their ending. I saw in this a clear understanding of my intentions, even though the work in question did not merit such praise. Perhaps, so I hope, the present effort may lay more claim to being the realization of such a method of thought.

Finally, the reader should permit me to refer quite briefly to the origin of my Aesthetics. I set out as a literary historian and essayist, who sought theoretical support in the aesthetics of Kant and, later, of Hegel. In the winter of 1911/12, in Florence, the first plan for an independent, systematic Aesthetics arose, on which I worked in Heidelberg between 1912 and 1914. I am still grateful for the sympathetically critical interest that Ernst Bloch, Emil Lask and above all Max Weber displayed towards my attempt. It failed completely. And if I here passionately oppose philosophical idealism, this criticism is directed against the tendencies of my youth as well. Seen superficially, the war interrupted that undertaking. The "Theory of the Novel,*" written in the first year of the war, was directed more towards problems of the philosophy of history, for which aesthetic problems served only as symptoms. My interest centered on ethics, history and economics. I became a Marxist, and the decade of my political activity coincided with my coming-to-grips with Marxism, of making my own. When I returned to an intensive occupation with artistic problems, about 1930, a systematic Aesthetics was merely a distant perspective. Only two decades later could I think of realizing the dream of my youth with an entirely different world concept and method, and of tarrying it out with an entirely different content and radically contrary method.

* Georg Lukács, *Die Theorie des Romans. Ein geschichtsphilosophischer Versuch über die Formen der grossen Epik*, Berlin, 1920.

BRUSSELS ENCOUNTER WITH MARIE DE HONGRIE

by

ZOLTÁN HALÁSZ

My trip had another purpose, and yet, when the turbojet plane soared up from the runway of Budapest's airport, I could not rid myself of the thought that I was at last flying to an appointment in Brussels for which I had been yearning since my early youth. I was on the point of meeting a striking figure of the Renaissance, Marie de Hongrie—a quondam queen of Hungary, who lived four and a half centuries ago. Her relics are preserved in Flanders, of which she became governor in later life.

I was a student at a secondary school when I first beheld the pearl-bedecked diminutive bridal attire of Queen Maria in our National Museum. My fantasy conjured up the figure of the young princess who, a bride at the age of ten, was joined in wedlock to Luis II, King of Hungary, a nine-year-old boy. The wedding ceremony was performed by an Archbishop before the high altar of the Cathedral of Vienna. I visualized the newly wedded child in Matthias Corvinus' battered old royal palace of Buda, among a crowd of intriguing peers and courtiers. This young queen later took on the dimensions and qualities of a Shakespearean heroine in my imagination, when I pictured her as a lovely young woman at the moment of bidding farewell to her husband, who was setting out against the Turks. . . Hardly a few weeks had elapsed when a royal messanger, pale and weary to the point of death, staggered into the palace. Stammering from fright, he told the story of Mohács: the story of the lost battle and the annihilation of Hungary's whole army; of the King's death is the mud of the swollen brook. . .

Maria, Queen of Hungary, was 21 years old at that time. Her character showed many peculiar and contradictory features; deeply shaken and overwhelmed by grief as she was under the impact of the double blow, the death of the King and loss of the army, the centuries-old dynastic tradi-

tions and the instinctively felt interests of her royal heritage would not allow her to become a helpless prey to sorrow and terror. She took a leading part in the political intrigues which—at the very moment of the country's downfall—secured the throne of Hungary for her House. The Hapsburgs acquired Hungary, which was to become their most precious "European colony." However, the young widow took good care, despite all the intrigues and delays, to have the treasures of the royal palace packed away in numerous iron-reinforced boxes: the sculptures, paintings, the work of master goldsmiths, all the precious objects which King Matthias Corvinus, the munificent patron of the arts, had acquired from the Renaissance masters. These treasures included a fairly large number of the Codices from the library of King Matthias, also the incunabula made in the printing shop of András Hess at Buda. According to the chronicles, the queen succeeded in saving from the Turks the famous masterpiece of Jan von Eyck, "The Marriage of Giovanni Arnolfini and Giovanna Cenami," a painting which first appeared in Brussels and then in London.

Frankly, flying towards Brussels, it was no longer either the Shakespearean heroine or the intriguing woman of world politics I was eager to meet, but Maria the humanist, whose controversial personality was illuminated by the flame of the Hungarian Renaissance. This flambeau was fated to blaze for the last time in the distant Netherlands, before it was extinguished by the grim darkness of Hungary's Turkish occupation, which lasted one and a half centuries. The sons of happier nations, who have never had to face the threat of national extinction and whose history was free from the fear that pervades the Hungarian literature of past centuries, can hardly understand the passion with which Hungarian tourists try to trace documents which illuminate their nation's past. True, a Britisher visiting Budapest is quite pleased to discover that the Chain Bridge (Lánchíd), the first permanent bridge across the Danube, was built by a compatriot of his; and a Frenchman will surely appreciate the many traces of Gallic culture in Hungary. Yet, while the Briton and the Frenchman will regard these discoveries as so many additional proofs of their universally known and recognized national greatness, we Hungarians are, so to say, in perpetual quest of documents authenticating the very existence of our nation, its history and its cultural achievements. This search has been pursued incessantly during many centuries. It started with Julian the Monk, who, at the beginning of the 13th century, went in search of the Hungarian tribes remaining in Asia at the time of the great migrations, a search that is being continued in our own days by an American sociologist of Hungarian extraction, who is preparing an ethnological map, working among the

numberless descendants of those Magyars who emigrated to Canada during the last hundred years. What really attracted me to Brussels and prompted me to look up relics concerning Queen Maria in a building of the Grand' Place, this veritable jewel cask in the centre of Brussels, was the same desire to find new links between the past and the present.

My eyes were dazzled by the infinite range of colours in the flower market near the building in which Egmont and Horn, those champions of freedom, spent the last night before their execution. Opposite, under the eaves of the Gothic Town Hall, a line of motor-cars of a wedding party was gliding past. The seething crowd of the Sunday bird market engulfed me at the King's House, where I had my appointment with Marie de Hongrie.

I do not think the colourful bustle of the Grand' Place has changed much since the time when Queen Maria and her suite, after the vicissitudes of a journey of many weeks, arrived in Brussels. Of course, the caparisoned horses and the gilded coaches may have presented a more colourful sight than the massed motor cars and lorries of today, and the apparel of the municipal guard was surely more picturesque than the uniforms of the present-day Belgian policemen, but the bird-sellers must have been pretty much the same as nowadays. An old Flemish fellow, sucking his pipe and offering for sale his robins, tomtits and other small birds in their minuscule cages, could have stepped out of a painting of Breughel. . . A weel-dressed Walloon lady, using her Ford convertible as a counter and selling bird-seed in plastic bags, might well be the descendant of one who also sold bird-seed at this very spot four and a half centuries ago. These bird fanciers of Brussels remind me of stamp collectors rather than businessmen; I have the feeling they foregather at the Grand' Place for a little chit-chat and are much more inclined to trade the latest gossip than their twittering birds. I am now looking at an old gentleman who, his head covered with a beret, has brought a single fantail to the market. He is fully absorbed in talking to his pigeon and pays no heed to the bustling world around him. He is quite startled when a would-be customer asks him the price of his bird. For some time he is in a brown study; then—emerging from his meditation—he quotes an astronomical price that makes the baffled customer hurry away.

The Maison du Roi, the quondam residence of Marie de Hongrie, is a symbol of durability and permanence in these hustling surroundings. It was at the gate of the present museum that Queen Maria and her suite were received on July 5, 1531. As I enter the palace a long row of communicating rooms faces me; the very same rooms through which the young

widowed queen was conducted by Miklós Oláh, her secretary, a young priest and famous rhymester-chronicler, who subsequently became the Archbishop of Hungary. In these very rooms he offered a prayer to the Almighty that He should lead the Queen and her retinue back to Hungary after the defeat of the Turkish invaders.

The museum contains beautiful and rich collections of ethnographic material, an abundance of documents and relics bearing on the history of the town; beautiful glass cabinets are filled with porcelain, delftware, goldsmith's works and numerous costumes of the "Mannekin Pis," the charming sculptured symbol of Brussels.

Presently I arrive at the goal of my pilgrimage, the rooms devoted to the memory of Queen Maria and her family. There I see the portraits of her parents; the father, Philip I of Spain, called the Handsome, and the mother, Joanna of Castile, known as Joanna the Mad. From another canvas, the work of the court painter Bernard van Orley, their daughter looks at me impassively. The young Queen's features are no longer those of the young fugitive widow: her facial expression betrays the haughty diplomat who manipulates a hundred strings of political intrigue, who has declared war on the French king and has skilfully thwarted a Dutch move against Hapsburg rule—for Maria is the sister and ally of Charles V in whose realm "the sun never sets." And yet, behind the mask of frigid hauteur, shades of nostalgia and remembrance seem to be lurking.

The imperial lady, the patronesse of Dürer and Titian, had herself portrayed in Hungarian gala costume, with a volume from King Matthias' library in her hand. The inexplicable magic of Hungary must have captivated this woman of political mind and cool reason...

One source of this magic influence was the presence of Miklós Oláh at her court in exile. Miklós Oláh, a true Renaissance priest and dignitary of the Church since his earliest youth, who celebrated his first mass as bishop at the age of sixty, is known to have been a dashing figure with a master mind. The king of Hungary had sent him back to Buda from the battlefield before the disaster, and so he escaped the carnage of Mohács; he followed the young widowed queen to Vienna, Augsburg and then Brussels, the seat of her governorship.

Historians for many centuries—out of a sense of delicacy or perhaps consideration for the reigning dynasty—did not go beyond a few veiled allusions in the matter of the true relationship between the secretary-prelate and his queen. It was surely not only loyalty to the crown that made Oláh follow her into exile, against the advice of his friends, and stay in voluntary exile despite his torturing homesickness; and Maria must have

been prompted by sentimental motives in refusing as suitors the sovereigns of Germany, Scotland and Poland.

Both Queen Maria and Oláh were peculiar, ambivalent personalities, on the threshold between the dark Middle Ages and the enlightened new era.

Though more lenient in this respect than her successors, Maria was nevertheless an executive representative of the Inquisition in the Netherlands and was portrayed by Dutch pamphleteers as a bloodthirsty witch and merciless tool of the Inquisition; her palace at Mariemont was later destroyed by French invaders inspired by passionate hatred.

Miklós Oláh, before his flight from Hungary, was the henchman of iron-handed, cruel aristocrats. Later, as Archbishop of Hungary, he was the initiator of the counter-reformation.

Yet both of them, living among the books, sculptures and paintings in the Maison du Roi, responded to the spirit of humanism and tried to find their way from the long night of the Middle Ages toward the dawn of the Renaissance. Both were readers of Erasmus, and Maria, in spite of her sober, calculating opportunism, went even so far as to defend the philosopher of Rotterdam when he was attacked by Nicolaus Heilborn.

Miklós Oláh kept up a correspondence with the great humanist, and in a letter to him Erasmus defined his attitude towards the religious reforms in England in the following terms: "I should welcome an understanding with the English..." Oláh gathered a circle of literati around himself in Maria's Brussels court; outstanding in this literary circle were Ursinus Velius, poet-historian, and Cornelius Grapheus, historian of culture, who dedicated his *Tipographia Veteris Romae* to Oláh.

Oláh also corresponded with his friends in distant Hungary, who were getting more and more entangled in the chaos of the wars against the Turks. It was in the Maison du Roi that Oláh wrote his great work "Hungaria", a work born of embitterment, nostalgia and an irrational hope of resurrecting past splendour.

In pensive mood I turn over the pages of the book. The work, printed more than a century after its author's death, is by no means a simple geographical textbook. The author introduces it with the modest remark: *Non est animus totam nunc Hungarian detingere, sed eius saltem situm et nonnullorum locorum positionem;* the reader will discover that the "sketch" which conjures up a few towns and landscapes of Hungary is a literary masterpiece. By describing the people of Hungary, their life and culture, as he had seen them before the debacle of Mohács, the author succeeded in recapturing for posterity something of the beauty and glory that seemed to have gone for ever.

A West European student of cultural history, happening to read Oláh's "Hungaria," will undoubtedly regard it as a valuable but in no way unusual source of history. This is quite natural for the citizens of countries where most of the masterpieces of Roman, Gothic and Renaissance architecture, painting and sculpture have remained intact, be it at their original site or in museums; at least this is the understandable attitude of people coming from countries where the old codices and incunabula are still extant on the shelves of libraries. But for us Hungarians, the sons of a country where everything was destroyeed or carried off, Oláh's work is something more: it is Goth relic and message.

It was mainly on the evidence contained in this work that, in the middle of the 19th century, the archaeologist and historian Flóris Rómer tracked down the extant pieces of the Corvinus codices in the libraries of the whole of Europe, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, Constantinople to Brussels. Oláh's work helped in detecting traces of a flourishing Hungarian Renaissance art, as represented by paintings of the master "M. S."* in the Esztergom Christian Museum, or the statue of St. George, a creation of the brothers Kolozsvári, which stands in front of St. Wenceslas Cathedral in Prague.

Now, in the rooms of the Maison du Roi in Brussels, I think of the town of Visegrád in the Danube bend and how the humanist poet's work helped in discovering one of Hungary's most beautiful archaeological relics, a recently excavated Renaissance palace of marble that was the residence of King Matthias. Richly decorated with exquisite sculptures, reliefs and frescoes, as described by Oláh, the marble palace had long been thought to be the idle creation of a poet's fantasy. There was no trace left of the old glory among the peasant houses and contemporary summer homes of the village at the foot of the mountain flanking the river; it required the inspiration of a "fanatic" amateur archeologist, who *believed* in the contents of Oláh's work, to dedicate himself to discovering the treasures described there. He searched for more than a decade before finding a few stones—the remains of a mediaeval wall—in the corner of a vineyard. At this point the excavations began, and presently they were to unearth, piece by pice, representative samples of Hungary's vanished Renaissance pomp: a well, carved in red marble by Giovanni Dalmata; the head of a Madonna, sculptured by an unknown Hungarian master; hanging gardens overlooking the the Danube; the marble fragments of mosaic-floored halls; and innumerable other relics, subsequently unearthed. These finds form a priceless archaeological ensemble and offer a worthy decor for "Solomon"'s Tower

* See Miklós Boskovits's article in Vol. III, No. 6, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

on the hillside and the Citadel at the top—the birthplace of King Louis the Great, of the House of Anjou.

Lost in thought as I examine "Hungaria," I visualize Visegrád with something of the yearning that must have been felt by Miklós Oláh when writing the book in one of the palace rooms. The nostalgia of a past era that pervades the well-polished Latin phrases touches my heart.

When I stepped out of the shadows of the palace into the mid-day sunshine, the bird-market was about to disperse. The elegant lady with the bird seeds had reconverted her counter into a streamlined motor car, and the morose old gentleman, having mounted the cage on his bicycle, began to peddle and pilot his pigeon homeward. I had the impression that he was glad not to have found a buyer for the bird.

"i 10"

I proceeded from Belgium to Holland. I made this detour chiefly for the sake of the museums of Amsterdam. The Rijksmuseum and the Stedelijk Museum are more than mere storehouses of works of art: they help in further developing and spreading the spirit of European culture.

These museums are really perfect even from a technical point of view. The illusion of full daylight is achieved in their art galleries by a combination of ingeniously placed luminous bodies and special synthetic membranes; the walls have a softly coloured granular coating, and the pictures are hung against a pleasantly undemonstrative background.

A combined lounge and refreshment room in the library affords a good view of the park with its statues among the trees. I was especially impressed by the manifestations of carefully studied efforts to educate the visitors in a unobtrusive and yet efficacious manner. Never before have I observed such intimacy between the lectureres and their "groups". When coming face to face with an important painting, the whole group settled down on the carpet or the polished floor, and the lecturer—sitting among his audience or standing beside the picture—explained the details of the work of art.

The chief attraction of the Stedelijk Museum is the peerless collection of Van Gogh's masterpieces, that of the Rijksmuseum the paintings of Rembrandt. But one should not be content with these chief attractions. The cabinets of the Stedelijk Museum, for instance, contain modern drawings and afford a good survey of the graphic art of the 20th century, from Kandinsky to Braque and Chagall. The collections on the ground floor of the Rijksmuseum are a highly instructive summary of the Netherland's

cultural history, showing exquisite pieces of furniture, carpetwork, china- and delftware, and beautiful Gobelin tapestries.

The last rooms of the historico-cultural exhibition are devoted to those works that heralded the new trends in the fine arts and architecture at the beginning of the 20th century. Dutch artists, writers and thinkers made important contributions to the development of the new schools.

Although a tourist speeding through the towns and the rural regions of Holland gathers only fleeting impressions, he cannot but feel that this is the home of modern European architecture. The destruction of Rotterdam by German bombs offered a tragic but unique opportunity for reconstructing a whole city in the most up-to-date style. Rotterdam has been rebuilt as a city of steel, glass and concrete, and it is certain that future students of art history will make pilgrimages to this town, as we make pilgrimages nowadays to Italian, French or Belgian towns that have preserved the styles of past ages.

The historico-cultural exhibition of the Rijksmuseum, on the other hand, reveals the true origins of the burst of architectural activity in the fifties. The room devoted to the "Stijl" movement contains the paintings, drawings and plans, and reveals the ideas, of the constructivist school at the beginning of our century.

The reader will understand how surprised I was when quite unexpectedly I encountered evidence of Hungarian participation in the collectivist school, in a corner room of the Rijksmuseum devoted to the role of the Amsterdam art review "i 10" and its group of vanguardist contributors. It was in the pages of "i 10" that their work and opinions appeared and their aesthetical principles were elaborated.

The copies of the "i 10" are kept in glass cabinets, and almost each number contains contributions from Hungarian aestheticians, painters and architects. An essay by Ernő Kállai bears the title "Painting and Photography" and expounds the theory —quite daring 40 years ago—that photography has to develop into a special art and will have to obey its own special laws; it must not content itself with copying reality in a mechanical, naturalistic manner but has to elaborate its own rules of artistic form and content. Another copy of the review includes a treatise by László Moholy-Nagy, in which he outlines from his then perspective the future development of cinematography and raises the idea of the *Cinéma vérité*—40 years ago! Lajos Kassák too is represented by an essay. Kassák—writer, poet and painter, a remarkable personality in Hungary's spiritual life—outlines in the columns of "i 10" the essence of new architecture: a functionalism based on the technical achievements and coordinaring principles of our age.

Thus a new art was created and developed in Europe at the beginning of our century. While pre-20th Century movements had usually been joined by Hungarian artists only after a delay of several decades, they now participated actively and creatively towards development of the movement. These Hungarian artists grew up in the vivifying spiritual atmosphere of the turn of the century, but, alas, by the twenties their lives had become more difficult than that of their western contemporaries. The hostility and narrow-minded provincialism of Horthy's counter-revolutionary regime drove them into exile. Whether bourgeois radicals or socialists, they had to seek refuge in foreign lands, where they became the champions of new artistic trends. The review *Ma* ("Today") moved from Budapest to Vienna, where it was published in Hungarian, German and English. As the focal point of a circle of painters, sculptors, writers, poets and architects, it became the organ of the new artistic movement, like the *Réalité Nouvelle* of Paris, the *Bauhaus* of Weimar-Dessau, and the *Stijl* and *"i 10"* of Amsterdam.

While thumbing through the copies of "i 10", I recalled my recent interview with Lajos Kassák at his home, in the oldest part of Buda. Although over 75, he still writes prose works and poems, and draws and paints with unabated vigour. He was preparing his latest poems for the press when I dropped in, but was willing to delve into the past to recall the times he ran the review *Ma* and made its pages available to Hans Arp, Kurt Schwitter, Picasso, Le Corbusier, Severini, Giacometti, Trampolin, Michel Seuphor and Ozenfant, publishing, of course, also the works of Hungarian contributors, such as László Péri, Vilmos Huszár, László Moholy-Nagy, Ernő Kállai, Marcel Breuer, not to speak of his own writings.

Something new was born of the travail of those feverish times. Small rivulets welled up at the spiritual centres of art culture in Europe; some dried up, but others swelled to powerful streams that are now carrying the spiritual life of our century in their irresistible current. One of these currents prepared a new way for the art of photography. The articles of Kállai, Kassák and Moholy-Nagy, published in "i 10", inspired Brassai, the Hungarian photographer living in Paris, and his followers all over the world.

The inspiration received by modern architects from the spiritual centres in Budapest, Vienna, Weimar-Dessau, Amsterdam and Paris was perhaps still stronger. The stimulus emanating from *Ma* originated in the realm of pictorial art; it demanded the abandonment of obsolete arabesques and antiquated style elements, and called for simplicity, lucidity and expediency. The artists of the *Bauhaus* expanded the ideas of John Ruskin, William

Morris and Louis Sullivan; they tried to create *Gesamtkunstwerke* of the new architecture by combining the traditions of the old guilds with the possibilities offered by modern industry. Le Corbusier, artist, architect and technical expert in one, converted the fantasies of painters, aestheticians and industrial designers into glass, steel and concrete; he designed and constructed his "floating houses," freeing their structure from all superfluous burdens; he developed the revolution of architecture into that of city planning.

It was at that time that the reconciliation of technics and the arts, hitherto unimaginable, began. Moholy-Nagy and Kassák, plying between Vienna and Dessau, published a book at the beginning of the twenties that has since become a historical document. It was called the "Book of Beauty," and it offered a comprehensive view of the new artistic trends of the century. The book contained 120 reproductions of artists, covering a wide range from Picasso to Chagall and thus including all representatives of the new tendencies. The principal merit of the book was its creative combining of arts and technics; it was the first work to reject the principle of the 19th Century that all products manufactured *en masse* by modern industry were valueless from an aesthetic point of view; it asserted that it was possible, even imperative, that mass products, machines and steel structures should satisfy our sense of beauty. The "Book of Beauty" included not only reproductions of paintings but drawings of artistically designed machines and everyday utilitarian objects as well. It was in this book that the idea of streamlining first emerged; it published the accompanying text to a drawing suggested the adoption of the water-drop form for fast vehicles and recommended it as both beautiful and best suited for overcoming air-resistance. The aesthetics of mass products and the modern art of industrial design owe much to the ideas propagated by the "Book of Beauty".

*

Such were my thoughts as I lingered in the Ryjks museum. I had spent a long time in the "i 10"-room of the museum, so that the sum was setting when I emerged. With darkness advancing, the city was lit up by thousands of lights that illuminated the modern dwelling houses behind the museum. Their clean, modern lines fitted well into the milieu of grachts, house-boats and old patrician houses flanking the canals.

The process of form-breaking is still going on, and some of its results are doomed to fail. To these belong, I think, the psycho-analytically tinged works of the so-called "emotional painting," some of which I saw in the

Stedelijk Museum. Still, a synthesis of the various artistic trends of our age seems gradually to be developing from the seeds sown by "i 10" and other pioneers at the beginning of the century.

Audacity and Synthesis

Once more I am in Brussels. The Citroën rolls smoothly along a splendidly illuminated Boulevard and turns with a sharp curve into the arcades of the skyscraper near the Gare du Nord. It climbs at a breathtaking rate up the serpentine path that replaces the staircase and stops at the Peyresque-Hall on the 10th floor.

It was with some uneasiness that I crossed the threshold of the premises to which I had been invited by Belgian writers, poets, historians and sociologists. My uneasiness was due to the fact that these artists and scientists had gathered there to celebrate the launching of a new literary review, *Audace;* I was afraid that the intimate feast might be disturbed by the arrival of a stranger coming from a "different kind of world."

However, my anxiety was soon dissolved in an atmosphere of common ideas that pervaded "family members" and strangers alike. Marcel Thiery, the novelist, member of the Belgian Academy, spoke of the new life of *Audace*, reborn after a death-trance of half-a-decade. The review used to be an organ of Belgian literature written in French, but was now to open its pages to the creations of other literatures as well. Simenone's message exhorted the editors to live up to the title of the review, to be audacious and broadminded, to widen the horizon of spiritual life.

Everything I heard there could have been said just as well at a session of the Hungarian Pen Club or at a meeting between Hungarian authors and readers. The Hungarian review *Nagyvilág* ("The Wide World") is now ten years old; it acquaints more than 20,000 readers each month with the recent works of world literature, and its editors must nevertheless constantly be on the alert not to lose touch with the newest international trends. And who would say that audacity, the zeal for experiments giving expression to the problems of our socialist world in a new, modern and stirring manner, should not be continuously encouraged in Hungary?

The spiritual fellowship of the participants in the Brussels meeting became strikingly evident when the conversation turned to books, publishers and the relationship between writers and readers. Although French, the language of the writers participating in the Peyresque-Hall talks, offers the advantage of wide publicity, they can well understand (and are even suffering from) the limitations of their small country and are well aware

of the drawbacks of the correspondingly limited circle of readers. They say that, like Simenone, a Belgian writer has to leave his country in order to achieve world fame.

To this I silently add: And what shall *our* writers say, whose language is understood nowhere outside the pales of our country? The linguistic barrier is formidable for Hungarian writers, and even our greatest novelists or poets must have translators—themselves writers or poets—to help their oeuvre cross the boundaries of our country into the realms of world literature. It is due to the zeal of László Gara and a few French poets, his friends, that the French-speaking world at last begins to have some idea of Hungarian lyric poetry.*

There were several persons at the meeting who had read Hungarian poems as translated by Rousselot, Guillevic, Pierre Emmanuel, Roger Richard and others; they were eager to become acquainted with the recent creations of our fermenting and experimenting prose literature. I was besieged by questions as to when the planned anthology of the Hungarian version of Belgian prose works, prepared by István Sőtér, would appear.

"We all feel," said Jean Muno, a young novelist, "that, after a long and grievous but definitely overcome period, the time for mutual approach and contact between the two co-existing worlds has at last arrived."

I too felt this atmosphere of constructive efforts towards synthesis in Brussels, the city of round-table conferences, where the writers, scientists and experts of East and West meet several times every year to discuss topical issues.

The meetings, which in the beginning were careful, reserved and overpolite, are now developing into genuine talks, with full, open discussion and friendly agreement and disagreement. It was during my stay in Brussels that jurists had a conference there, with the object of discussing the existence and significance of private property in the socialist world. The subject was "piquant," important and exciting even for people living in capitalist society. The dissertation of Dr. Gyula Eörsi, the Hungarian delegate, aroused considerable interest. I was told that the next round-table conference would discuss the problems of youth. Maybe, by a certain synthesis of experiences and ideas between East and West, a further step may be taken towards the solution of urgent pedagogical problems.

"But the time is ripe for a vertical synthesis too," says Professor René Dekkers of Brussels University, as he points to the carved crossbeams of the room, the trestle tables and trestle chairs, the suspended homespun peasant cloths and the many life-size photos on the walls, which, combined

* See in this connection György Rónay's essay on page 185 of our present issue.

with intricate colour- and light-effects, conjure up the atmosphere of the beautiful mountain landscape of the Alpes-Maritimes.

"This is Peyresque, our exciting experiment."

I learned that Peyresque was the name of a small French village where the Alps meet the sea; it is one of the earth's most beautiful spots, but it has fallen victim to a process that is now all too frequent in Southern-France. Like so many other villages, Peyresque has gradually become depopulated owing to the crisis of small-scale agricultural production and the magnetic effect of urban life on people wearied by rural toil and environment. Young people were the first to leave the countryside; they were followed by the middle-aged peasants and finally even by the older generation, so that only a few very old people remained. Most of the houses that lost their inhabitants crumbled from neglect.

A few students of Brussels University happened to get to the neighbourhood of Peyresque during their summer holiday. They were fascinated by the beauty of the landscape and saddened by the desolation of the dying village. After much deliberation and many discussions, the young men decided to act as "patrons" of Peyresque. As it seemed impossible to reverse the "iron laws" of economics, it was decided to revive the village in the form of an international health resort for students. Several years have elapsed since then, and Peyresque, reborn, is now teeming with multitudes of young people throughout the year.

The village and its picturesque surroundings are visited by Belgians, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans and Englishmen; I hope that young people from Hungary will also enjoy the new health resort before long.

True, the countries of Eastern Europe try to settle the great problem of changing the rural way of life in a different manner, i.e., by a basic transformation of their agriculture. Yet, there can be no doubt as to the beneficial effect of the Peyresque experiment. And—quite apart from the outcome of this venture—one cannot ignore the fruits of other, more direct efforts to bridge the gap between the main currents of contemporary ideas.

Maurice Lambilliotte's periodical is fully representative of this tendency in Belgium's spiritual life; its title, "Synthèses," most aptly expresses its aims.

"A new chapter of history has begun... A new humanism must emerge. Mankind cannot disobey indefinitely the urge to unity: and this unity is unthinkable otherwise than through the manifold contributions of the different peoples"—writes Maurice Lambilliotte in "Synthèses."

I am happy to have met in Brussels this new and living humanism as well as that of Marie de Hongrie's age.

TIVADAR CSONTVÁRY

by

LAJOS NÉMETH

None of the founders of modern painting had to wait as long as Csontváry to win appreciation and recognition. Although there were always a few critics who ranked him among the greatest Hungarian painters, other leading art experts and some artists of considerable sophistication declared Csontváry's art purely pathological. The fact is that the general public was in no position to judge the paintings for a long time for there was no access to them. The last retrospective exposition of Csontváry's works had been held in 1930, and in 1946 the main examples of his minor works were shown in an exhibition arranged on the premises of the Communist Party in Budapest's 2nd district. Although some of his monumental canvases could be seen at the School of Arts in Budapest until 1949, opponents of his art objected, and after the canvases returned from a very successful exhibition arranged in Paris in that year a great number of Csontváry's works were hidden away in the cellars of various museums. An objective appraisal of the artist was further delayed by the fact that no Csontváry literature by art connoisseurs existed, and this made it possible for nearly fifty worthless forgeries to find their way into private collections, whose proprietors thought they were getting genuine Csontvárys. It was quite a discovery, therefore, when in the summer of 1956, at an exhibition entitled "Horticulture in the Fine Arts" in the "Műcsarnok" State Exhibition Hall in Budapest, the painting "Pilgrimage to the Cedar Tree" was shown, eclipsing all the other works exhibited with its sublime blaze and magic play of colour.

In the past year the situation has undergone a change. After the paintings received the Grand Prix at the Brussels World Exposition and won still more admirers through the Brussels show and the beautiful portfolio of Ervin Ybl, Csontváry's art found itself in the limelight, and well-founded studies contested the summary condemnation of his *oeuvre*. At

last, in the summer of 1963, most of the works could be seen in an exhibit at the István Csók Gallery of Székesfehérvár. In consequence of the resounding success this had, the works were afterwards shown at the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts. Thus, almost a half century after his death, Csontváry arrived in the spot he had so long coveted, a place of honour in the vicinity of Raphael.

Of course, the mere fact that Csontváry's paintings had rarely been seen by the public does not adequately explain the belated recognition of his art, for the critics who offered the weightiest arguments against his *oeuvre* were well acquainted with at least his principal works. There were several reasons for this lack of understanding. Incalculable damage was caused, for instance, by the irresponsibility of some contemporary artists and critics who harped on Csontváry's undeniable psychosis, making him the butt of comic anecdotes, and picturing him as a dilettante pharmacist who had run amok as a painter; this started off the Csontváry research on the wrong track from the very first. A number of studies concentrated their attention on whether or not the painter was lunatic. Instead of making a scientific aesthetic analysis of Csontváry's paintings, the eccentricities of his behaviour were raked over. While we have no desire to minimize the importance of research work on psychosis and its relation to Csontváry's art (the work of the psychiatrist Dr. Rezső Pertorini should be mentioned for its pioneer significance in this respect) there can be no doubt that the whole appraisal was led astray by giving this question a central position. More than fifty scientific studies deal with the various aspects of Van Gogh's psychosis, yet his position in the history of art was not determined by the tragic mutilation of his ear but by the aesthetic value of his *oeuvre* and its influence on the development of European painting; nor does a medical opinion on the alcoholism of Rembrandt have the slightest effect on Rembrandt's position in the history of art. A monograph on Csontváry's psychosis may be instructive and may help to some extent in understanding certain characteristics of his art. It is not of decisive importance, however, because not only feelings are involved in art but facts, the objectivized expression of thought. The value and evolution of Csontváry's art cannot be explained simply through the development of his psychosis, even though this did colour and modify it. Like the *oeuvre* of all great artists his art follows an intrinsic logic, has its own law; its value is not a by-product of the artist's psychosis. So much dust has been, however, kicked up around this question that for a long time they prevented the public from approaching the paintings without prejudice and discovering their genuine aesthetic value rather than picking out their eccentricities.

A correct evaluation was also made difficult by the extraordinary variety and originality of Csontváry's art. Any appraisal based on its category in the history of style is baffled by its seeming contradictions, although in reality this *oeuvre* is extremely logical—it is simply not bound to any school and has no immediate kin; it cannot be included in any system in the history of style or fitted into any logically constructed process of development. Csontváry is one of the great creators of style in the history of art whose own works made a world of their own; his phantasy for creating images was not guided by anything learned in schools or museums but by a power generated in his own inner world. Obviously this was not easy to evaluate if one's opinion was influenced by prejudices in regard to style and by an insufficiently flexible approach to the laws of development.

*

Csontváry lived in the epoch of the great turning point in European painting. He was born in the same year as Van Gogh. Mihály Munkácsy was one of his first artistic experiences, but he was painting his most important pictures during the same years when Picasso was forging his style, in the period of the Fauves and Cubism, and towards the end of his life he was already disputing with the Futurists. In the strict sense his artistic epoch extended from romantic realism and impressionism to the artistic trends of the 20th century, to the development of the "isms".

But like every great artist he outgrows his epoch, because he sums up one development and opens the way to another. His period is not only the sixty-six years of life which were granted him, but begins somewhere about Altamira, in the distant age when painting was born. Not only because he distils the art of different epochs into a specific Csontváry idiom but because he actually rediscovers the essence of painting. He re-lives, as it were, the whole development of painting from primitive art, from the primordial, sacral experience of creating an art object, to that sovereign aesthetic stage, the creation of style. "It was enough to watch me, my son; now do as I do"—this is what his demiurge, which he himself created, tells him. And in fact he contains almost everything, from Altamira to post-impressionism and even what followed—beginning with the desire to create something equivalent to nature and proceeding through the struggle with transcendental problems to the discovery of his own note in composition, and in divisionism. The perspectives of many decades are required for an understanding of these paintings; and the questions raised by the epoch itself, by the great turning point in art receive an answer.

The main problem of painting at the end of the last century was whether it would be able to break through the agnostic and solipsistic approach into which it had drifted when impressionism began interpreting reality in terms of mere impressions, and naturalism bogged down in simply mirroring phenomena—and whether, on the other hand, it would also avoid the impasse of academicism, the arbitrary pseudo-solutions of abstractly interpreted classic rules of form through which the real questions of the epoch are evaded. Inseparable from this is the problem of whether it can overcome subjectivism, for while this may be richly productive it also contains great dangers, as could be seen in the developmental phase starting from romanticism; can it avoid the unforeseeable difficulties that arise when an arbitrary subjectivity takes the place of the search for necessities? Also inseparable from this complex of problems—determined in the last analysis by the cultural crisis of capitalism—is whether it can get over the fragmentariness of decadence, the crisis in *Weltanschauung* which Ady expressed in the line, "Everything fell to pieces that was whole." It is well known that the greatest painters of the epoch, Cézanne, Seurat, Gauguin and Van Gogh faced the same problem and answered it in a masterly way; they defeated the subjectivism of "everything is just a mood," they did not stop at the surface of things but created an artistic world of their own.

In his notes and autobiographical sketches Csontváry always declared his fidelity to nature; he thought it was his vocation to solve the problem of the *plein air*. Nor did he, in words, set objectives for himself which went beyond the aesthetic principles he might have learned as a disciple of Hollósy. Although some of his remarks about art in 1910 seem to indicate that even then he was aware how far he had advanced from the standpoint of *plein air* naturalism, he was evidently trying, when he demanded a "decorative art" inspired by the ideas of Greek philosophy, to bridge the gap between the actual contents of his completed *oeuvre* and the aesthetic arguments he claimed as his own. We must also consider the fact that the words "nature" and "*plein air*" soon meant something else to him than they did in the terminology of naturalism and impressionism. What he understood by these concepts and how he actually transposed them in terms of the canvas amounted to tackling and solving a complex of problems that belonged to the phase of development after impressionism and naturalism. In this undertaking, however, one can also trace the lessons of the entire preceding development founded upon mimesis and detect the essential components of the period to follow.

In contrast to the naturalists and impressionists, Csontváry was never

interested in the temporal but always in the permanent, the essential. He was in search of law, of necessity, but formal order to him, as to all truly great artists, was the reflection of the urge to create order in all things. His whole creative method was dominated by the search for essential relationships. The letter he wrote to a photographer in Debrecen before painting his picture of the Hortobágy plain shows that even before actually seeing the place and receiving a concrete impression of it, he tried to define the essence of his subject: "What is the main motif in the plain," he asks, "the sky, the sunset, the sunrise? The stormy clouds in the sky or the bare earth? What creates the atmosphere? The groups of animals in the distance or in the foreground—individual horses or herds of horses sweeping along"? The completed painting contains everything which comprises the essence of the subject—storm, sunset, repose and explosive movement. The actual sight of the place interfered with the vision arising from Csontváry's preliminary search for the intrinsic motif. Since his imagined composition had concentrated from the very first on the essentials, it was natural that in studying the subject on the spot he sought the solution in which the inner reality of the motif discovered would best be revealed. This method determined not only the creation of the Hortobágy picture but of his other great compositions also. He returned year after year to Taormina and explored the essentials of the landscape from different angles. Even when he had found the "great theme," he did not prepare impressionistic sketches but calculated the size of the painting as determined by the scale of the scene, and then ordered the canvas. Meanwhile, until the canvas arrived he would continue to contemplate, to "feel" the setting. His picture was not born of an impression but of long meditation. He summarized on his vast canvas all the artistic experience that had been evoked in him by sunsets and sunrises observed innumerable times. During the months of contemplation he had absorbed the essentials of the landscape, the beauty of the scene. The wonderful experience of sea and atmosphere had become refined to an image of memory, to an element of his mind. The incidental impressions of a passing state of mind, the merely subjective reaction to reflections of the play of vanishing colours and lights would fade into the background of his mind, where they were sorted out by the pictorial imagination and ripened by memory and incessant contemplation. In consequence of this long inner concentration and process of selection, Csontváry's essential, structural characteristics crystallized. Since the pith of the subject is inseparably linked with the idea of permanency, Csontváry's creative method differed basically from that of impressionism or naturalism, which are concentrated on the temporal. He sifted the constant element from the

temporal experience and this is why the motifs in his pictures became exalted to an essence of substance, transcended the world of impressions and moments, and became part of the realm of the constant.

Of course the fact that Csontváry never ceased to look everywhere for the essential, permanent element, and that his creative method was concentrated on this search, had consequences in his form. Within the limits of this brief article we can merely allude to certain characteristics of it.

Csontváry's demand for totality can also be observed in his representation of space. His *oeuvre* is extremely varied in respect to the representation of space, for he passed through several developmental phases, preparing himself through a naturalistic approach to space for a sort of classic structure as in the "Mosque of Pigeons in Jerusalem" or "Moroccan Teacher." However, it is interesting that in his principal works he departed from the naturalist and impressionist approaches and even went beyond the illusionism of the linear perspective as evolved in the Renaissance. As we know, classic perspective essentially consists in representing a cut from nature as the painter sees or might see it from a particular vantage point at a particular moment. This principle logically led to impressionism, which continues the demand for representation of the visible world and assumes an illusionist position. Csontváry broke with the kind of space representation determined by a particular vantage point and a particular moment. One also finds occasionally in his writings critical remarks about the Renaissance solutions of perspective. In his opinion the classic line-perspective went astray in founding its laws on lifeless mathematics; his alternative proposition was, as he termed it, the "perspective of feeling"—an aesthetic category of his own. This conception had a complex meaning. Partly it meant that in his great canvases such as "The Greek Theatre at Taormina" or "Baalbek" he made historical events assert themselves with a symbolic purpose as a part of his composition. But it also referred to his particular system of space representation. As in his painting of Hortobágy he was not trying to represent one aspect of the theme or another, but its essence, its totality. In his landscapes he sought the essence of the region; often he put elements together which could not possibly have been seen from a particular vantage point according to the laws of linear perspective and Leonardo's theory of perspective, but which had to be included for representation of the theme's essentials.

This becomes clear in his painting of a bridge dating from the Turkish epoch in Mostar. In another painting Csontváry creates a picture of a little town in Hercegovina which gives an impression of topographic accuracy. When, however, the picture is compared with photographs of the place, it

turns out that Csontváry did not follow the classic rules of perspective but arbitrarily composed the characteristic details, which could only be seen from several vantage points, into a single view that nevertheless suggested verisimilitude. He painted the view as seen from the left bank of the river Neretva but included in the composition things which could only be seen from the right bank, thus presenting the essential characteristics of the town more completely. This trait can also be observed in some of his monumentally large paintings. His procedure thus had a certain similarity to that of Cézanne who in his Mont St. Victoire paintings had already relaxed the "single vantage point" rule of classic perspective; while preserving the single site of the particular vantage point, Csontváry modified the angle from which he observed his subject. Csontváry's method is also suggestive of the Cubist approach to space construction, at least in its transition from the first to the second (the geometrical to the analytical) phase when the Cubist painter, in opposition to the illusionist, subjective impression of space, sought an objective arrangement of things in space determined by the things themselves. Instead of maintaining the "single vantage point" of classic perspective the Cubist put together in one composition aspects of a view seen from several vantage points. With Csontváry, however, something else was involved; in contrast to the Cubists he made no breakdown of the abstract space construction problem; it was his demand for totality that caused him to depart from the "single vantage point"; through a perspective giving several vantage points, he hoped to reveal the essence of the subject. In some of his paintings he compsed the scene obtained from several vantage points into a spatial unity, but in other cases his final solution stressed the different angles of his spatial approach. In his painting "Carriage Drive by Moonlight in Athens," for instance, we can observe a conscious unity between flat and massive arrangements of space.

His method of composition is also determined by his demand for totality, by his search for the absolute. The composition, i.e., that which emerges from an inner determination in the germ of the picture, can be born only as an equation of totality. It was therefore inevitable that Csontváry could not make use of impressionism and naturalism, which took from the fissured, disintegrating whole only fragments and moments. As we have seen in connection with Csontváry's approach to space, through which he strove to present the pith of his chosen subject, his landscapes did not satisfy the taste of the 19th century with its slogan of "landscape-mood," but projected a sense of inevitability. This, however, could not be attained without composition. His great desire was to create classic compositions that would go beyond Raphael, but he did not propose to use an academic approach to attain

this. His mode of composition is varied. Even in the approach of the early works we can trace powerful lines in the composition that evolve from chains of rhythm, while the entire structure originates from the equilibrium of flat and three-dimensional elements. In these paintings, however, the artistic organism lived in a symbiosis with the natural organism of the chosen theme. Csontváry left out only what was present through mere chance, he regrouped and selected and thus raised the component parts to the realm of aesthetics. The compositional solution was only valid for the chosen theme whose essence it revealed. In "Mary's Well at Nazareth," the "Seaside Ride on Horseback" and the "Pilgrimage to the Cedar Tree" he departed from a compositional solution. In the "Pilgrimage" the composition of the painting was primarily determined by symbols arising from a personal vision. In the two other paintings the compositional order was not related to a model in nature, but Csontváry's independent *a priori* logic boldly determined its own type of scene. The projection of space and of anatomical proportions in the drawing was not motivated by an intention to be true to life but by the inner necessity of the composition, which was determined *a priori*, just as in the great compositions of Cézanne representing bathers. In Csontváry's paintings the equilibrium of masses and forms, the interrelationship of colours and the inner rhythm are all arranged according to a compositional principle that arises from the idea of that great uniform style. His composition is not just solved superficially either, but is given life by the logic of an underlying guiding principle. His great, ideal compositions such as the "Pilgrimage" or "Mary's Well" are unique in his time, worthy kin of classic compositions, but modern in spirit.

The compositional development of Csontváry is inseparable from his aim at a monumental style which should be all of a piece. In his own artistic development he passed through the more important phases of the development of the art of painting. He began with descriptive naturalism, advanced to a naive expressionism, i.e., a subjective interpretation of the scene, and subsequently, through a pantheistic worship of nature, to an objectivity in which "the things themselves speak." In the "Pilgrimage" he arrived at the threshold of the creation of myth, and in his last compositions he was searching for style, style in Goethe's sense, rising above pure manner and achieving a synthesis of the laws of form which are generally valid and which unfold from within—as in the art of ancient times. This striving was also closely connected with his demand for totality, since style in the classic sense can only be the artistic formulation of a homogeneous world. One element of this search for style was his attempt to achieve an *a priory* method of composition, but it mostly showed itself in his individual use of colour.

One of the greatest merits of Csontváry's art is the overwhelming effect of light he achieves through his colour arrangements. He proudly declared that he had really achieved the artistic representation of open air, solved the *"plein air"* problem. But not even his interpretation of *plein air* is identical with that of impressionism; it is rather related to divisionism. In his analyses of colour and light he discovered the laws of divisionism and post-impressionism, the characteristics of complementary colour and *valeur** painting. He sought out in the colour wheel the contrasts that would animate each other; he broke his colours into their component parts and at the same time strove to give the separated forms a homogeneity in contrast to the opposing patches of colour, which creates an effect of powerful vitality. This was necessary because the dissolution, the play of the glittering reflexes, makes difficult the synthesis required for the creation of style, whereas the balance of patches of decorative colour can become the basic style element in the classic sense and produce a more lasting, solid effect, as against the temporality of *valeurs*, of the subjective impression. He did not go so far in the decorative synthesis, however, as his contemporary Gauguin; but he did preserve the results of the *valeur* picture and divisionism. In his creation of an original unity of antagonistic artistic solutions, Csontváry is almost unique in the history of painting. The symbiosis of the *valeur* effects, in which he used the laws of complementary colours and which he achieved through his technique of colour patches and through making the patches cohere despite their decorative temblors and inter-reverberations, creates an unprecedented colour experience. It amalgamates the magic freshness of impressionism, the search for optic laws in a divisionism full of light, the sense of repose in the atmosphere, and the decorative effect produced by the enhanced colour value of the whole—the totality of the contrasting patches. Csontváry's world of colours, like his compositional solution, thus becomes an element of a planned monumental style.

*

The pantheistic fusion with nature, the demand for totality, the search for laws that defeat subjectivity make up only one aspect of Csontváry's art. The objective versus the subjective attitude, the search for law which characterized the efforts of Seurat and the striving to project himself and pass a sentence on his epoch which characterized Van Gogh are amalgamated into an unparallelled unity in the *oeuvre* of Csontváry. He never believed himself a mere painter, he believed that in working as a painter he had solved

* *valeur:* tone-value

problems in a higher sphere. In his troubled writings he attacked the "perverted" and "degenerate" epoch he lived in, "the errors of cultured man" and the "jostling which is called modern life," giving Tolstoian arguments that partly derived from oriental mystic theories. His nostalgia for the East also represented a search for unsullied sources, for a vein untouched by the warped civilization of the guilty cities. His great composition, the "Entrance to the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem" passes sentence not only on his own epoch but also on the "great past," on the bitter history of humanity. Csontváry always intended his art to be a social act. His aim was to create a great composition embodying an idea. He wanted to paint a heroic type, a sort of prophet of the epoch, when his career started, and he chose the Turk-baiter János Hunyadi and then, in Miklós Zrínyi, the naive figure of a folk hero who would not surrender. But as the artist became increasingly isolated from society, gained no awareness of the progressive movements of his time and retired more and more into a world of his own, he was not able to create such a heroic type, either in his naively interpreted historical heroes or in his passionate Christ contending with his own fate. The nearest he came to it was in the "Great Tree," the reigning, lamenting prince without a people who became himself in "The Lone Cedar." Here he resembled Van Gogh, who after searching in vain among heavy-handed peasants and angular-faced weavers, finally found his own tragic identification in the sunflowers and the delirious cypresses.

As in Bartók's "Two Portraits," an acceptance of two poles of life characterized the art of Csontváry: a rhapsodic joy at the beauty of nature and tragic self-projection into the deepest recesses of hell. Equal to his monumental pictures with their pantheistic inspiration is the expressionist phase of his art, where the storm in his soul, which was due in part to psychosis, was projected into nature to become the dominant element of the picture. In these pictures the rules imposed by the scene itself slacken. Among them we also find his weaker and more primitive paintings. In most cases, however, the subjective vision was so majestic and sovereign that it broke through all barriers of craftsmanship and raised the subject to the realm of prophecy, as in the "Praying Saviour." The distortion caused by his expressive zeal created an enduring type of form. The subjective self-projection characteristic of expressionism and the pantheistic humility before nature merged into a curious unity, sometimes even within one painting, for example in "The Great Tarpatak Valley in the Tátra Mountains." In a related spirit the projection of his own subjective feelings and the verisimilitude of nature are symbolically intertwined in this mythic cedar paintings. This unparallelled amalgamation of subjective and objective factors is one of the most

exciting aesthetic phenomena of Csontváry's art, but to analyse it would require an independent study.

*

From all this it follows that determining the place of Csontváry in the history of art is an intricate task. Several of his contemporaries are akin to him, from the ingenuous *douanier* Rousseau to the conscious Seurat. Divisionism, post-impressionism, expressionism and even elements of surrealism are found in his work, and yet he cannot be identified as the representative of any particular school. He is related at least as much to the trecento as to his contemporaries, he is related equally to the Gothic altars of northern Hungary, to the icons of Byzantium, to Japanese painting or to the cave-drawings of the Bushmen. There is no one like him in Hungarian art. Although he studied as a disciple of Hollósy, his path took another turning than that of the Nagybánya artists. He is related to Rippl-Rónai only insofar as he too was interested in the form problem of post-impressionism. Some art historians mention him in connection with Gulácsy, but he has nothing in common with the latter except that both were solitary and their art was influenced by a psychosis. The Hungarian aspect of his art did not lie in an attachment to any Hungarian movement in art but in the aims he set himself. He deemed himself the rightful heir of Kőrösi Csoma and those who wanted to save the nation; his objective was to create a Hungarian national art. He instinctively realized, however, that "national" and "universal" are correlative conceptions. He wanted to change the course of Hungarian history, to create a synthesis of West and East, since the Hungarians had come from the East, but he knew that this synthesis could only be a universal one. Writing of himself, he said that the only man who could be a genius was one who was enamoured of his country and who thought of the whole world with love.

Csontváry's painting is a great treasure in world art. He was one of a company of original talents at a great turning point in the history of art who concluded a thousand-year development and created new laws. Like Van Gogh, Cézanne, Gauguin and Seurat he also sought solutions of universal validity to the great problems of the epoch. The originality of his answer could only have been produced by an artist who broke the barrier between dementia and genius, who was immersed in the deepest abysses of his own soul and yet enthusiastic about the smallest phenomenon of nature. He was far more than a "postimpressionist." His answer was not only valid for his own period, and his own period was not only confined to the span of his lifetime; he is one of the timeless artists, one of the inheritors of the "great past."

THE GENEALOGY OF THE NOVEL

by

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

I

"Nothing," King Lear said, "will come of nothing." Nothing can. All art is a continuum. Even before the first man scraped the first thought on stone, the *word*, nurtured and developed in the consciousness of his race, made his creative act possible. In the beginning was the word.

One of the most dangerous literary ideas of the present century is that of textual experiment as a supreme desideratum. The moment this gained ground, fastening so strongly upon the imagination of critics that they were unable to attend to any other element in the art of the novel, novelists were in danger of falling into the decorative and sterile. Some of them, to whom the nature of what they were saying took unquestioned precedence over the manner of saying, began to panic. It seemed to them that they were singing in a foreign language; their hearers attended to the music, to the essence of the sound, but had no idea what the words meant and, furthermore, did not care. The coming of the New Criticism forced attention back to the text, which had been neglected for many years; but in doing so (the doing was, of course, of great intrinsic value) it diverted attention from the meaning, not of the individual sentences, but of the work as a whole.

It is not within the nature of the genuine creative experience to *determine* a complete break with the past. The artist cannot wake up, one bright morning, and say—"I will do something which is absolutely new. 'What it shall be I know not,' but it shall be a thing entirely devoid of ancestry." Great changes in art come when the time for them is ripe; they come from the artist who is different in his inner essence from his predecessors, they happen without his conscious volition and because he is what he is.

In a remarkable passage in his book, European Painting and Sculpture, Eric Newton reminds us of the curious backward swing from the naturalism of Periclean Athens to the formalism of Byzantium. For

years, art was struck dumb; smiling sideways, the madonnas neither spoke, nor breathed, nor had movement. "The pendulum swung until Giotto, with one of those magnificent, single-handed gestures that make ordinary mortals seem weak and timid, stopped it dead and started it swinging... through the cycle with which we are now familiar, Giotto, Masaccio, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Monet, Cezanne."

This did not happen because Giotto decided that it should. It happened because of something which was in his own nature, something passionate, histrionic, and filled with energy. He did not, when he painted the frescoes in the Arena Chapel in Padua, make a complete break with Byzantium; rather, he informed it with life, with emotion, with joy, pity, terror, compassion, so that it became instinct with his own rich humanity and his own forward-looking. Newton continues: "Giotto gave his figures a physique and brought them back to earth; he took them out of the vague indeterminate space in which they had existed for so long and set them in definite places on the earth's surface, set them among rocks, or in meadows or houses. They have structure, they breathe."

The true innovator is seldom the greatest artist in his own field. Shakespeare was less of an innovator than Marlowe. Virginia Woolf and James Joyce were better artists than Dorothy Richardson, who opened the road to them both. Almost every artist of the very highest class has his own John the Baptist, preparing the way, making the paths straight. Textual innovation comes about because the subject demands a specific means of expression, and because no other form will do. Matter and form are Siamese twins that cannot be separated without the death of one or the other.

"Le style, c'est l'homme" has become so much of a cliché that we are in danger of forgetting that it is one of the wisest things ever said about the nature of art. What we write is what we are: what we are, *as writers*, is determined by our literary ancestry. And that is international.

For that narrow criticism which rejects work in translation, there is small excuse. If we cannot read a work in its language of origin, we shall miss *something:* in poetry, we may miss all. But the novel is something far greater than the sum of its parts, and it is infinitely better to know the Russians through Constance Garnett, or even to know Balzac through the distressing translations of the Saintsbury edition, than not to know either. Russian and French 19th Century literatures have penetrated deeply into the consciousness of novelists writing in English; if we attempt to read those novelists without understanding their literary forebears, we cannot begin to understand what men they were, or what impulses really move them.

I am going to try to examine the genealogical tree from which depends

the fruit of Balzac, Scott, Dickens, Dostoievski and Marcel Proust; but first, it may be useful to take a look at the "experimental" writing which dominated the first forty years of this century in England.

2

It is something of a tragedy that the word "experiment," when applied to literature, was ever shrunken down to imply the merely textual. Proust, a great "experimental" writer, built his discoveries upon and within a classic framework. His textual experiments are interesting and enriching; but his important experiments were with human beings in the context of Time. The "experiments" of, say, 1915 to about 1945 were predominantly textual, and any other sort tended to be unobserved by the critic trained in the study of verbal techniques.

The "stream of consciousness" novel, or "novel of sensibility," really began with Dujardin in France *(Les Lauriers sont coupés,* 1887): but the first English exemplar was Dorothy Richardson, whose Pointed Roofs, the first of a novel series, was published in 1915. This work exists entirely in the consciousness of Miriam, the heroine, of her moment-by-moment living in the here-and-now. Dorothy Richardson, like so many pioneers, was not a patch on her successors. She had ideas and a strong personality, persistence, total immersion in her art; but only a slender talent. The "Miriam" books are extraordinarily heavy-going, unselective, humourless, opaque. Yet nothing like them had happened in England before.

In 1922 a better example of the genre, Jacob's Room, appeared; and in the same year, Ulysses. Virginia Woolf was a woman of high talent, Joyce, I suppose, a man of genius. (One should deny one's dubieties no less than one's enthusiasms.)

No writer is responsible for the errors of those whom he influences. The fact that he does influence others indicates the degree of his achievement. The trouble with both Virginia Woolf and Joyce was that their successors, by exploiting no more than, in the one case, a new visual, and in the other a new aural, technique, nearly drove the novel into the sand.

Before Virginia Woolf, many writers had been gifted with a strong visual sense; Dickens' faces and cities glare out of the page like things seen by the flare of firelight, and Carlyle's French Revolution is like a four-hour epic in technicolour. But before her, novelists were not aware of any *compulsion* to make their work visible. The visual equipment of Jane Austen is extremely slender; her description of, say, a house and park has the tone of a house agent's brochure. George Eliot saw better; occasionally,

in flashes, as in her portrait of Rosamund Lydgate putting up her plaits, she saw brilliantly; but she never felt that she *had* to see, that it was obligatory. Trollope's visual sense was small. There can be little doubt that if Virginia Woolf's experiments in visual presentation had been carried out at the beginning of the 19th Century, the textual surfaces of Jane Austen, George Eliot and Trollope would have been very different.

Before James Joyce, no writer felt compelled to try to reproduce the precise rhythms of speech. Dickens, though his ear was magnificent for aural comedy and grotesquery, fell down repeatedly when purely realistic speech was vital; Rose and Harry Maylie, Edith Dombey and Carker, Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, to take some examples at random, converse together in the unmistakeable accents of the stuffed owl. Trollope's ear was magnificent always, George Eliot's most of the time, Jane Austen's was excellent when she was not slipping too far into stylisation. But the "naturalistic" dialogue of, say, Sir Walter Scott, seems bewilderingly bad to us today. Ever since Joyce, writers have had to try to hear properly; not to hear with the meaningless comprehensiveness of the tape-recorder, but with an ear for what is precisely significant. The dialogue of naturalism, because it is unselective, inevitably rings false; Joyce's "realistic" speech, exquisite in the art with which it is chosen and arranged, rings true as Waterford glass.

The "experiments" of Woolf and Joyce were, however, basically textual. The new "seeing," the new "hearing," were exciting and revivifying, and to a great number of young writers following in the Woolf—Joyce train, seemed all-important. Matter was of minor importance; the drawing of character in the round almost an indecent act. Commentary, the great prop of Tolstoi, Dostoievski, Balzac and Marcel Proust, went straight into the ashcan. The old idea of the novel as a "pure" art was revived. To deal with these new textual concentrations, a whole new critical apparatus was erected.

There was a touch, in all this, of the Marx Brothers. "Where's the Criticism?" "It must be in the house next door." "There isn't a house next door." "Then we'll build one." This process fractionated the art of the novel so seriously that for many years a wedge was driven between the practitioner and the ordinary cultivated (but not specially trained) reader. In critical esteem, everything had been cast out but the surface of the writing, the arrangement of words. The ordinary cultured reader, searching unconsciously for experiments of quite a different kind and failing to find them, turned away from the novel and began to boast, with a sense of moral superiority, that he only read history and biography.

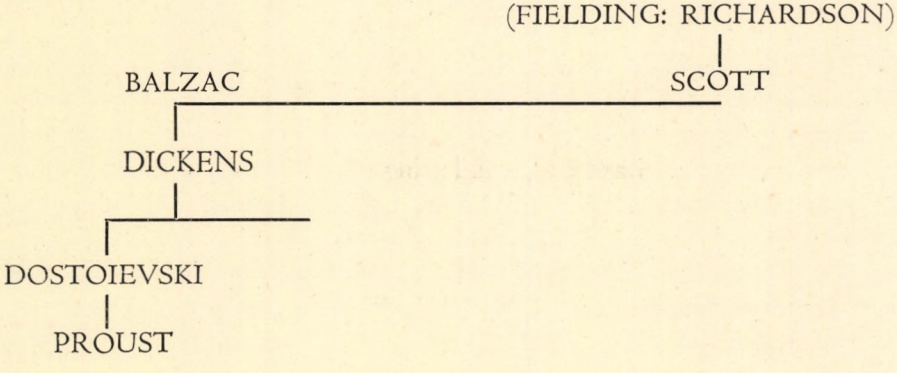
3

Little criticism had been directed to the very different experiment of Marcel Proust.

Proust manipulates the French language in an extraordinary fashion, working it into patterns of intricacy and richness which are strange in themselves; he did this because he could not make his more important experiment without doing so, i.e., his form was compelled by his matter. What was this experiment? An experiment in Depth, a bathyscape experiment. He was trying to find out (by means resembling the scientist's as much as the metaphysician's) what was the nature of Time in relation to Memory; the nature of the mutations of Society; the nature of the affective emotions, love, friendship, sexual jealousy. No more important exploration in depth had been made by any novelist since Balzac himself.

Yet, though he was seeking for new forms of expression, notably the use of discursion, suggested by Balzac, but for the first time used by Proust *integrally* (so that scarcely a discursive flight, into etymology, natural history military science, etc., could be excised without damaging the novel as a whole) he did not attempt to formulate a new basic structure. The structure of *A la recherche du temps perdu* is in the classical tradition of the 19th Century. There is no experimenting with Time in the Dunne-ish sense; Proust does not, like Aldous Huxley, play cat and mouse with it; in the whole of the great work there is one flash-back *(Du coté de chez Swann)* otherwise it is a straight narrative, a story overridingly concerned with Time and with People.

It is impossible to understand the nature of Proust's genius and how he was trying to use it, unless we understand his literary ancestry. The tree looks something like this:



Let us begin with Dickens. Did he derive anything at all from Balzac? Not really: but from Scott, who so profoundly influenced Balzac, he did. He is rather in the position of a son who, though bearing his father's genes, has never known that father, but only his father's elder brother.

What did Dostoievski derive from Dickens?

He went to Dickens' cauldron, he turned up the gas and let the broth boil over. Dickens' freakishness, his wildness, his shaggy-dog humour is given, by Dostoievski, a dimension of almost clinical madness. He blackens it and makes it enormous. Dickens, writing for a family public, had to keep an eye on its squeamishness; there was no such problem for Dostoievski. Where Dickens suggested some exciting horror of the personality (in Quilp on the level of the Brothers Grimm, in Bradley Headstone on the plane of reason) Dostoievski created a living demon; without Dickens we might have had Prince Myshkin, Raskolnikov, possibly all three Karamazov brothers; we should never have had old Karamazov, Svidrigailov, Marmeladov Dostoievski watered the dragons' teeth his master had sown.

What did Proust derive from Dickens? Much more, I think, than is commonly realised. Edmund Wilson suggests that Saniette derives from Twemlow, and the Verdurins from the Veneerings: I am sure of it. I sometimes fancy that he also derived from Our Mutual Friend a significant cadence:

> The Jew... "stealing through the streets in his ancient dress, like the ghost of a departed time."

What would that sound like in French?

I think it would sound rather like Proust.

He caught from Dickens much of his wild humour; without Dickens I doubt whether Marcel would have jumped on Charlus's hat (though we know Proust tore a friend's hat to pieces in one of his sillier fits of pique) or listened to the reconciling strains of "Joy After the Storm" played by a band of hired musicians outside the Baron's door. He may have caught from Dickens, more than from anyone else, the device of false direction—nobody is what he seems at first—though Dickens introduced it by the curious device of pairing good and bad, and letting other characters be deceived as to which was which (Codlin and Short, Casby and Pancks, Spenlow and Jorkins, Fledgeby and Riah). Dickens, of course, could never keep it up, never keep a secret; had he been Proust he could never have let his reader believe for more than two minutes that M. de Charlus was either a womaniser or an hotel detective.

Proust caught from Dickens something of manic liberty, or, perhaps more precisely, the trick of taking liberties, of exploiting *le fou rire*. He brought into French literature a wildness which had never been there before, and he brought it in straight from Dickens.

His debt to Balzac and to Dostoievski was overt, written into *A la recherche*, into *Jean Santeuil* and into *Contre Sainte-Beuve*. He had, it was said, "Balzac in his pocket." Fascinated by Balzac's explorations of high society, he was determined to explore it better, to see it from the inside, to draw his own Mme de Beauséant, his Princesse de Cadignan, his Duchesses de Langeais et de Maufrigneuses. Fascinated by Balzac's studies in inversion, he was determined to draw out of Vautrin a greater, grander, nobler, more plausible demon, in the persons, three in one, of M. de Lomperolles, M. de Quercy, and M. de Charlus. While worshipping Balzac, he understood his crudities, and after *Jean Santeuil*, learned to exclude them from his own work.

Balzac's characters often quite closely inspired his own: "La Muse du Département" posed for one of the first sketches of Mme. Verdurin,* and there is more than a suggestion of Lucien de Rubempré below the pretentions of Morel. Proust suspected that anything Balzac could do, he could do better; yet knew he could never aspire to Balzac's enormous range. Balzac is equally happy in the slums and in the salons, in the stews, in the counting-houses, the prisons and the kitchens: Proust had to make from his own restricted world of the upper middle class and aristocracy, a microcosm of the whole of society. Sometimes he catches the precise Balzacian echo. At the end of *Gobseck*, the Comtesse de Restaud, the young woman who has been caught rifling her husband's corpse while it is still warm for the papers which she thinks will deprive her of a fortune, is being discussed by her social peers.

"'Madame de Beauséant recevait Madame de Restaud,' dit le vieil oncle."

"'—Oh, dans ses raôuts,' répliqua la vicomtesse.'"

But only at her big crushes. There is the whole monumental cynicism of the society in which the Dukes and Princes of Guermantes stand like giants of purest gold, immersed in time.

From Dostoievski, Proust took darkness. I am never quite sure that Proust really *felt* the dark as Dostoievski did. *A la recherche du temps perdu*

* I have, however, recently discovered some striking character-similarities between The Devils and *A la recherche*, to which I propose to devote further study. This is the single novel of Dostoievski's which affected Proust most deeply. I suggest that Varvara Petrovna Stavrogin, with her own "little clan", was one of the impulses which evoked Madame Verdurin; note that even her pianist, Lyamshin, anticipates Viradobetski ("Ski"). There are also marked traces of Stefan Trofimovitch in M. de Norpois.

is not, for all the tragedy it contains and all the horrors, friendship destroyed, love in ashes, beauty disfigured and made grotesque by the disguises of old age, a tragedy. It is a young man's book and it is about a great triumph. The world, for all its integral terrors, was to Proust persistently attractive, marvellous, surprising. There is a vein in his nature (a thin one perhaps, but it is there) of something not far from light-mindedness; it is only his enormous intellectual equipment and moral strength which keeps it in its place. If cheerfulness cannot often be said to break in, humour persistently does—a grim humour, often, but never a charnel humour, and never a pitch-black one, like Dostoievski's. For it is the darkness in Dostoievski (and "the Dostoievski side of Madame de Staël!") which Proust admires and envies. In *A la recherche du temps perdu* there is no scene which is truly Dostoievskian, though there are several which derive through Dostoievski from Dickens. Jupien's brothel ought to have caught the Dostoievskian edge, perhaps: but it is simply too funny. It turns its horrors into a marvellous piece of comedy, a wonderful pirouette upon the thinnest layer of ice. The great "death of the grandmother" scene in *Du coté de Guermantès* is far more like Balzac in impulse than it is like any death scene Dostoievski ever wrote.

But if we admire with passion a writer whose nature is far different from our own, we are bound to catch some kind of colour from him, however faint. He casts upon us, in shadow, his complementary colour. The foundation on which we erect what is original and our own is the accretion of all that has entered into our aesthetic consciousness, whether we reject or accept; which is why the study of comparative literature is of supreme importance not only to the student of the novel, but to the novelist himself.

4

I am not attempting to balk the problems of translation. With novels and plays, we have to take our luck where we find it. Archer's Ibsen is far from satisfactory, yet through him Ibsen first came to us. Can it be seriously urged that for those of us who cannot read the Riksmaal, Ibsen should be ruled out? Our debt to Constance Garnett cannot be exaggerated, though her Russian translations are little more than workmanlike. With Scott-Moncrieff, the English reader had a stupendous piece of luck, since Remembrance of Things Past is a work of art in its own right, worthy to stand with the great translations into English, beside Urquhart's Rabelais and Dasent's Burnt Njal. (Of course it is not perfect. There are mistranslations, misunderstandings, in sertedmodernisms, such as the

references to *Patience* and to *Charley's Aunt*, which throw the chronology of the work even more out of gear than it was in the first place: but the feeling for the prose texture, the exactitude with which narrative and speech rhythms are rendered, these are miraculous.)

Some novelists suffer more in translation than others, because of intrinsic difficulties in style. Russians have told me that we lose little by reading Tolstoi in English, since his style is so plain and unadorned; that Dostoievski's prose was so journalistic that we lose nothing of importance at all; but that we can have no idea whatsoever of the merit of Mikhail Sholokhov if we cannot read him in the original. He is said to have used the Russian language as it has never been used before, working the demotic speech of the Don Basin not only into his dialogue, but into the narrative fabric itself; this is in the essence of his poetic approach, and lies at the heart of his somewhat savage humour. I have heard this said many times, both by colleagues of his own age and by students in the universities.

Unless we are polyglots, we are forced to judge out of a degree of imperfect knowledge. But unless we believe that the most important element in the novel is its prose-style, we must come to terms with imperfection, or else make only ignorant and parochial judgments of the writers in our own language.

5

The most strenuous attempt to make a clean break with the past has come from the Anti-Novelists of France. I do not dispute that some of these are writers of considerable talent; I do dispute the value of much of the work they are doing. Their concept of narrowing-down the novel into something like a "pure" form is deliberately willed, and willed, I believe, out of a belief no newer than Flaubert's. Their present "experiments" differ hardly at all from Dorothy Richardson's in 1915: she, also, abandoned narrative and deep involvement with character for the sake of stringing together moment-by-moment impressions in the here-and-now.

I heard an English (dramatic) critic say recently, to his own satisfaction and my horror—"...ever since we were freed from the tyranny of having to tell a story." What I find alarming is the unthinking acceptance of the idea that there is something evil in narrative as such, and in character as such—to say nothing of commentary, which was, of course, a dirty word from about 1922 to the end of the 1940's.

I am inclined to think, in fact, that the disparagement of narrative comes not from an aesthetic but a social root. If, as is true of great areas of modern society, we do not really believe in the future, then we are bound to shrink

away from events moving in time. Narrative is, of course, nothing more nor less than events moving in time. I do not think it is fanciful to correlate societies interested in narrative with those interested in the future—and societies only interested in momentary non-narrative art with those who have given up the ghost.

The novel is not a pure art: its glory lies in the fact that it is impure, that it is by its nature compendious. Any form of "experiment" which has as its aim a thinning-out, a reduction to "essentials" arbitrarily agreed, must end in sterility and without successors. (Finnegan's Wake has no successors, nor can have: it is a common critical error to mistake a full stop for the start of a new chapter.)

I am not naive enough to think that practitioners of the Anti-Novel would have any objection to the idea that their method must dry up the art-form completely. Out of the stone-dead lion might come, of course, a swarm of bees, and this is their hope. But no art-form can be driven deliberately to death, nor deliberately revived. Trying to do so is a very old aesthetic game. The first white square on a white ground was painted in 1919 (Malevich, inventor of "Suprematism", Museum of Modern Art, N. Y.), and I am sure many people felt a weight off their shoulders at the time: the painting still goes on, with, at the moment, a marked revival of interest in the rebirth of the image. There is no need to labour the question of Dada, which, stimulating enough in itself, had no outcome whatsoever; nor the total decline of Marinetti's Futurists.

6

What the "willed" innovators never seem to grasp is that the novel in its modern form is a relatively new art. Although it is customary to assert that it began with Samuel Richardson, I am inclined to think that to date it from Jane Austen, who shaped the form in the way most familiar to us, is more accurate. This would mean that the modern novel has had a run of no more than one hundred and sixty years; very much less, for example, than the run of what we call "modern" painting, which must be dated from Giotto.

There are still innumerable situations, character-types, ideas social and moral, with which novelists have not yet dealt. The very violence of the changes in the world of the 20th Century present new challenges, call for new visions. What we now need is no longer a dominant concentration upon textual experiment, but upon experiment in depth. We have now to experiment, in order to achieve understanding of the complexity of the world

we live in, and of the people whose whole lives have been altered by the scientific and technological changes which have come about: which means, *all people.*

We have, during the past decade, made our experiments in "contracting out," and they have left us pretty threadbare. We may attempt to run away by any device conceivable: like Margaret Fuller, we are forced in the end to accept the universe.*

However, any sort of complete change in the nature of our art, to consort, to dovetail with our time, is something we cannot plan: it happens when the time is ripe for it, and it happens as a sudden wonder, the birth of a prodigious child. As Eric Newton says, "An artist's style is not something he deliberately adopts. Like a man's handwriting or the tone of his voice, it is an inevitable part of himself. It is his personality made manifest." Giotto swung the pendulum, and the whole of art moved into the modern age. Were his contemporaries aware of what he had done? Of course not: the knowledge came slowly, with the realisation of those painters who could not have worked as they did had Giotto not existed, that they were now building from a new plateau of accrued thought and aesthetic experience. I believe in the birth of the prodigy: I believe that these prodigious children may have been born, and may already, at this moment, be affecting the very core of our art. But it is not at once that we shall know them by name.

* This, however, despite the ready jibe of Carlyle, was a highly imaginative statement on her part, indicating a conceptual scientific attitude.

CROCODILE EATERS

or

THEY KNOW WHAT LOVE IS

Burlesque and tragedy in one act

by

MIKLÓS HUBAY

CHARACTERS

HECTOR BERLIOZ
ESTELLA, the grandmother
CHARLOTTE, her daughter
ADOLPHE, her son-in-law
LOULOU, her grand-daughter
MAID

The scene of the story is laid in Lyon, at the end of September, 1864.

Bourgeois salon in a French country town, in the period of the Second Empire. The master of the house has taken seriously the slogan of Napoleon III: Enrich yourselves! He is getting rich. His chandeliers are already illuminated by gas. Coloured luxury articles and draperies are to be seen everywhere. After all, we are in the decades of the great Paris world exhibitions, when technique and bad taste were spreading rapidly, and rank and wealth were measured by them.

On the left side there is the entrance from outside, while the other rooms are to the right. At the back there is a large French window with light white muslin curtains and dark velvet draperies before it.

A fire is burning in an open fire-place. There is a small clock on the mantelpiece.

It is getting late—past nine o'clock.

An old lady is sitting in front of the fire-place reading in the light of the portable oil lamp. She wears her black gala dress. She is the widow of Monsieur Fornier, née Estella Duboeuf, now 69 years old.

SCENE I

MAID: *(A domestic of 40–50 years, who has served at a sufficient number of houses to know that it is not worth while to overwork oneself and that one must not make a greater effort than is absolutely necessary. She comes from the right, with a small portable oil lamp in her hand. She speaks a little too loud)* I have made the bed.

ESTELLA: All right.

MAID: *(Goes to window and draws velvet curtain)* It is getting late.

ESTELLA: The concert seems to take a long time.

MAID: Shouldn't we extinguish that lamp?

ESTELLA: As you see, I am still reading.

MAID: *(Potters about, but just won't go out)* Usually they are at home by this time.

ESTELLA: Most likely there have been many encores, no end to them.

MAID: Of course; the best thing would be to go to bed.

ESTELLA: Tell me please, why do you shout when you are speaking to me?

MAID: Am I shouting?

ESTELLA: You certainly are.

MAID: Maybe. One gets accustomed to it. Wherever I served, there were old ladies. And almost all of them were deaf. *(Meanwhile she stirs the fire, to have an excuse for lingering)*

ESTELLA: Don't put out the fire!

MAID: *(Squatting)* A spark may fly out—the carpet may have a hole burnt in it or the house may take fire—I won't have it deducted from my wages.

ESTELLA: I shall take care.

MAID: Till midnight?

ESTELLA: Till midnight, or daybreak. As long as they don't come home. If I didn't go to the concert, at least I should like to know about it.

MAID: Just imagine, in my former place an old lady was so curious...

ESTELLA: I am not deaf.

MAID: I am not shouting... That when my fiancé came to see me, she at once came to the kitchen, pottering about. Maybe she could hear something...

ESTELLA: *(Turning her head away)* Are there still "fiancés" coming to see you?

MAID: That was in my former place... And what if there are? I am not that old!

ESTELLA: You may go.

MAID: *(Remains standing)* They might come.

ESTELLA: *(Softly)* They are coming.

MAID: I can't hear them.

ESTELLA: They have closed the door now. *(She stands up)*

MAID: *(Turning down the oil lamp)* So, at least Monsieur cannot say that we are burning too much.

Voices from outside. Half-light in the room

SCENE II

The same, Adolphe, Loulou, later Charlotte

ADOLPHE: *(Is the first to enter. He is Estella's son-in-law, a country lawyer of 40 to 50 years of age, but on the right track to becoming a member of Parliament in Paris)* What an illumination!... Good evening, dear mother.

LOULOU: *(Hurries in, wearing what may be her first evening dress)* Dear grandmother, it was marvellous! *(Falls on her neck)* Oliver is a darling, he simply crammed me with sweets the whole time. At the end, some people even hissed. Thank you so much for having given him your ticket... You are an angel!

ADOLPHE: *(Stands before the fire-place, unbuttoning his collar and shouting outwards)* Charlotte! Charlotte! Do you know the gentleman who bowed from the second row?

Silence

ESTELLA: Was it a big success?

LOULOU: *(Throws herself into an armchair)* At least thirty persons came to introduce themselves in the interval. Oliver nearly had a fit, so many young men came to us. *(Undoes her hair meanwhile)*

ADOLPHE: *(Taking off his pumps one after the other)* Charlotte! The mayor and his wife were really very nice, weren't they? *(Sits down)* What a charming little woman... *(Holding his feet towards the fire. To the maid)* Why do you let the fire go out? *(Aloud)* Charlotte! What is your impression?

The maid having collected the shoes, blows on the fire, so that the ashes shoot up

CHARLOTTE: *(A fine-looking woman of about 40, wearing a wonderful dress, but with her shoes in her hands)* This is the last time I have put on this rag! Good evening, dear mother, why don't you go to bed? *(To the maid)* Unbutton my waist! It's easy for the mayoress to be charming, when she has all her dresses sent from Paris... Don't tear off the buttons! *(Suddenly)* Tear them off, tear them off!

ESTELLA: *(Waving the maid gently away)* That will do. *(Begins to unbutton her daughter herself)* It is still a very pretty dress.

CHARLOTTE: Oh, come now, mother, how do you know what's fashionable?

ESTELLA: A nice thing is always nice.

ADOLPHE: That's it!... Thank you, my dear mother-in-law.

CHARLOTTE: For you it's good, mother, you are past everything.

ADOLPHE: *(To the maid, who watches, silently amused)* Get going, please. At your former places were taken-off shoes left in the drawing-room?

THE MAID: *(Grumblingly picks up the shoes)*

ESTELLA: *(Gently, to change the subject)* You havn't told me yet how Monsieur Berlioz conducted the orchestra.

ADOLPHE: It was first-class! He never looked at the score. That is what I call genuine art. It's the way I deliver my speeches for the defence.

ESTELLA: And otherwise, what does he look like?

ADOLPHE: Oh, quite different from our country conductors. As he came out, looking at us, with the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole, and it crossed my mind that here is one of the forty men who may be called immortal in their lifetime, a man who has won so much honour for the country, I didn't shout "Long live Berlioz!" but "France for ever!"... A number of persons looked at me. He too...

CHARLOTTE: You are wrong. He looke dat us because I began to wave my handkerchief.

LOULOU: *(With both legs in the air, waiting for the maid to come back and take off her shoes)* He looked at us when Oliver dropped one of the paper-bags and the sugared chestnuts fell down to the stalls. We had a lot of fun, because there was that old man sitting underneath whose skull is of silver—why, you know him, grandmother, that general—and Oliver said "the tin-roof is cracking"...

ESTELLA: My dear Loulou, when we were young...

LOULOU: *(Jumps up and rushes gaily to her grandmother)* Yes, we know, grandmother, we respected old people, we always behaved decently, we didn't giggle with young men...

ESTELLA: Yes, indeed, that's how it was!

LOULOU: *(Seizing Estella's waist)* But we are different, we are young, we like to dance...

CHARLOTTE: Loulou!

Loulou waltzes around the room alone, humming a tune of Offenbach's

ESTELLA: Was it this they sang at the concert?

LOULOU: Oh no... I learned it from Oliver.

The maid continues to hum Offenbach

ADOLPHE: You would do better to bring in my slippers.

The maid goes off, silently, to the rhythm of Offenbach

SCENE III

Without the maid

ESTELLA: But do tell me, what does that Monsieur Berlioz look like? I once knew his family.

LOULOU: *(Teasing her)* But that was still in the past century... Before the great revolution.

ESTELLA: Not in the past century, my little girl. Even you might know that much. Napoleon was already emperor at the time.

LOULOU: *(Almost touched)* Dear grandmother! But that was still the great Napoleon.

ESTELLA: Of course, the great Napoleon. I remember very well, when he left for Moscow, he passed at the back of our garden...

LOULOU: You don't say so! Napoleon the Great passing at the back of our garden... And where did he return?

ADOLPHE: Silence! First of all, you must not keep repeating how great Napoleon the First was. Do you mean to say that Napoleon the Third is small?! Well, I never! Go on grandmother. How nice for me to be able to tell in society that our family has had contact with eminent personalities... Go on, please!

ESTELLA: I have had no contact with them. What an idea!

ADOLPHE: But you have just said so.

ESTELLA: Yes, yes... the Berlioz children. But at that time I was already a big girl. Attending balls! I too had admirers.

LOULOU: Grandmother...

ESTELLA: Yes, of course I did! *(Reflecting)* Hector? *(Shakes her head)* No use, I can't remember him, but his name is still in my mind. I can almost hear his mother shouting: Hector! *(She laughs)* I still remember his mother. She wore impossible hats even in the vineyard. She had such a funny voice: Hecto-or!

ADOLPHE: All right, grandmother, I am afraid no family tradition will come of this... Maybe Hector was just a dog. *(Laughs)* Hector!

ESTELLA: *(Seriously)* No. Hector was the son of Doctor Berlioz. The famous one.

CHARLOTTE: Go to bed, mother. Pleasant dreams... *(Gives her a kiss on the forehead)*

ADOLPHE: They are dears, these old people... *(Ends in a yawn)*

ESTELLA: *(In the door)* Charlotte, I don't like this new maid of yours.

CHARLOTTE: But it was you, mother, who said that this one would do because she was not so young.

ESTELLA: She has lovers. Still.

Thunderous music can be heard. All stiffen, like living pictures

ADOLPHE: *(Is the first to recover his wits)* What's that?

LOULOU: *(Runs to the window and draws aside the velvet curtains)* Oh... a torchlight procession with music!

ADOLPHE: Charlotte! What day is it today? As far as I know, it's neither my name-day nor my birthday. Why do they offer me a torchlight procession today?

CHARLOTTE: They must have heard that you intend to stand for election and they have come to support you.

ADOLPHE: Then I shall have to deliver a speech... Where are my shoes?

SCENE IV

The same, with the maid

MAID: *(Comes in, bringing the slippers)* A torchlight procession! A torchlight procession!

ADOLPHE: Do give me my shoes, will you! *(Takes them)* Not my slippers! *(Throws them aside)*

MAID: *(Draws the velvet curtains apart)* A torchlight procession!

Lights of torches and huge shadows of musicians and their instruments appear on the white muslin curtain. Above them, like a storm bird, the shadow of the conductor

ALL: *(Lifting their eyes to this shadow)* Berlioz!

ADOLPHE: My shoes! *(Runs out)*

SCENE V

The same, without Adolphe, and later without Charlotte, Loulou and the maid

CHARLOTTE: Perhaps it's not for him but for me... He looked at me when I waved my handkerchief... My shoes! *(Runs out)*

LOULOU: It's not to mothers they give serenades. Mother is ridiculous... Where are my shoes? *(Runs out)*

MAID: At none of my places did we ever get a torchlight procession. *(Snatches up the small oil lamp and swings it)*

ESTELLA: What are you doing?

MAID: I give a sign. It is the custom.

The bell rings outside

MAID: *(Puts the lamp on the floor)* The bouquet is coming now! *(Runs out)*

ESTELLA: *(A great shadow herself, in front of the lamp, with her eyes hanging on that other shadow)* After all, he carries his years quite well... The famous one...

A prodigious finale sounds

SCENE VI

Estella and the maid

MAID: *(With a letter and a huge basket of flowers)* Here is the bouquet. And a letter, Madame Fornier, née Estella Duboeuf... What do you say to that?

The music has ceased. Silence

ESTELLA: *(Taking the letter and the flowers)* Is any answer requested?

MAID: It was a messenger. He has gone... What am I to do with the flowers?

ESTELLA: *(Reading)* Put them down. *(Folds the letter)* Go to the hall, and when Monsieur Berlioz rings, tell him that I cannot receive him, I have already gone to bed. I shall answer his letter tomorrow.

A bell rings

ESTELLA: Here he is. Don't let him wait. His legs may be weak too.

The maid leaves. The bell again rings

ESTELLA: How impatient he is...

SCENE VII

Estella, Adolphe, Charlotte, Loulou, later the maid

ADOLPHE, CHARLOTTE AND LOULOU: *(Come in from the right, giving the last touches to neck-tie and hair, and with a shoehorn. Speaking all at once)* The bell is ringing... You stay here!... Put the room in order! ... Where is that maid?

CHARLOTTE: Oh mother, why don't at least you go to bed?

ESTELLA: I am going. *(Starts)*

MAID: *(Standing in the door, to the left)* Monsieur Berlioz won't go away, he says if he is not received, he will jump into the Rhône.

ADOLPHE: Monsieur Berlioz is here? Who said we won't receive him?

ESTELLA: *(Quietly)* I did. Monsieur Berlioz made me an offer in his letter, to which I had no other reply.

ADOLPHE: *(Quietly)* An offer?

LOULOU: An offer? To grandmother?

CHARLOTTE: Loulou, please, go out.

SCENE VIII

Without Loulou

ADOLPHE: So the serenade is for you?

ESTELLA: Yes, for me.

CHARLOTTE: Mother, you have never spoken about this "liaison."

ESTELLA: *(Drawing herself up)* My daughter, I never had nor shall I ever have any kind of liaison!

MAID: *(Drily)* Monsieur Berlioz says that he didn't get any answer to his last letter either.

Adolphe sits down silently. All of them stare at the grandmother. Noise from outside. Then silence

MAID: Am I to send him into the Rhône?

ADOLPHE: *(Jumping up)* An immortal? From my threshold? In the town which has given him a royal reception? What would the mayor say to it? The emperor?... Not to mention the civilized world...

CHARLOTTE: My dear, you must speak with him.

ADOLPHE: Why should I?

CHARLOTTE: Because you are the master here.

ADOLPHE: You are right. *(To the maid)* Show him in!

ESTELLA: Wait! *(To Adolphe)* I hardly remember this man. A long time ago, he wrote me a letter. I didn't answer. I deliberately didn't go to his concert. However famous he may be, you must not forget that in this house my peace of mind comes first. *(To the maid)* Now you can go. *(Goes off in the opposite direction)*

ADOLPHE: The ladies should retire. *(He begins to put things away)* Hurry up!

CHARLOTTE: *(Starts. Looks back)* What are you doing?

ADOLPHE: I am packing away the fragile things.

The women go off

SCENE IX

Adolphe, later Hector

ADOLPHE: *(Hides quickly a crystal vase. Knock on the door. He jumps up and silently rehearses the words of welcome... Then aloud)* Come in.

HECTOR: *(Enters. He is 63 years old, shrivelled up, with hardly any flesh left on him. His head is like a skull at an anatomic demonstration, with ruffled grey hair left on it. He is all bones, tough sinews, gnarled muscles. His thin mouth indicates perfect self-control and reserve. His sudden mortal lassitudes are as surprising as his sudden persistent flare-ups. He wears a black tail-coat and a loose silk neck-tie, with the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole)*

ADOLPHE: *(Hastening to meet him)* My dear sir, when I applauded in a box of the concert hall and my wife waved her handkerchief, we didn't dare to hope that this very night we should have the pleasure...

HECTOR: *(Stopping him with a gesture)* Excuse me, sir, but where is Estella? She is not ill, I trust?

ADOLPHE: I am just coming to that... For it is indeed a great pleasure to welcome the personification of French genius...

HECTOR: Be so kind as to speak about *her*, please. I am quite desperate; what has happened to her? Did she get my letter?

ADOLPHE: My mother-in-law has retired and asked me to...

HECTOR: *(Seizing him)* She is not well? I felt it.

ADOLPHE: Your visit has perhaps really been somewhat sudden. And therefore, as I said before, she asked me to...

HECTOR: You say—sudden! When I have been waiting for this meeting for forty-eight years! Where is Estella? Tell me the truth: is she in love with somebody else?... Is there someone else?

ADOLPHE: Monsieur, I find many excuses for your interrupting my words. You are an exceptional being, and in an anxious state of mind, nevertheless...

HECTOR: *(Simply)* I am only a man who has suffered a great deal and who is trying to find his happiness before he dies.

ADOLPHE: *(Shrugging his shoulders)* What can I do? Again he interrupts me.

Silence

HECTOR: Speak, sir. I am listening.

ADOLPHE: Thank you. I was just going to remark that not even the presiding judge interrupts me... *(Berlioz makes a gesture)* Please, don't interrupt me. I shall at once come to my mother-in-law, whom, by the right of your childhood acquaintance, you call Estella... *(Another gesture)* Please, don't be impatient. If you have waited forty-eight years, you can endure another minute.

HECTOR: I cannot. Already outside in the hall I began to feel ill and my heart stood still.

ADOLPHE: Don't frighten me. Please take a seat.

HECTOR: *(Sits down)* Don't be afraid, I cannot die until... *(Stops speaking)*

ADOLPHE: Until?

HECTOR: Until... Full stop. *(Breaking into a smile)* You see, sir, I interrupt also myself, when I am about to say something unnecessary. Let this be a consolation for your unfinished periods.

ADOLPHE: May I put some questions to you?

HECTOR: As a lawyer, if I have not misunderstood you?

ADOLPHE: No, please, but as the head of this family.

HECTOR: As far as I know, Estella is not a minor.

ADOLPHE: No. On the contrary. She is at an age where she cannot be exposed to gossip—any more than a young girl.

HECTOR: *(With nonchalance)* My family has been acquainted with that of your mother-in-law for a long time. Nobody can find anything objectionable in my visit.

ADOLPHE: But at the head of the municipal orchestra? With a torchlight procession?! Remember, sir, I am a man in public life. My fellow-citizens have great confidence in me, maybe I shall be their representative in Parliament, who knows?

HECTOR: Your fellow-citizens will think that the serenade was for you. That I have come to pay homage to your political genius.

ADOLPHE: Thank you.

HECTOR: Let me hear your questions.

ADOLPHE: *(Confidentially)* Tell me, was there anything between you two?

HECTOR: I loved her in silence and have preserved her memory on the altar of my soul ever since.

ADOLPHE: How long?

HECTOR: As I have said before, forty-eight years.

ADOLPHE: Sir, this devotion is touching, but of a degree—how shall I put it—that is abnormal.

HECTOR: Abnormal? *(Stands up)* Who has the right to say of my griefs and hopes that they are not normal? It was I who taught the French to dare to be insane. How many rust-eaten chains has humanity torn off on hearing my music, ready to move heaven and earth! Oh, I have conducted not only orchestras but, with my unsheathed sword, revolutions, making kings fall on their knees on the galleries of the Tuilleries; and, with my Rákóczi march, I have roused a nation, yes, a whole nation, on the shores of the Danube. Austria trembled at it. It was I, I, who put into music the damnation of Faust and the love of Romeo... I have broken down the walls of concert halls that nothing should separate us any more, either from hell or from heaven... You applauded all this and waved your handkerchiefs; what is more: you bought tickets for a box. Because you thought this clown was raving, suffering, and ruining himself to entertain the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes. And when once, only once, I set out to follow a dream of my childhood, to get hold of it before I am put into my coffin, when I wish to close my life with a confession of eternal devotion—who has the right to deprive me of the modest hope of being able to love the woman I love? Who, I ask, who has the right, in the century of romanticism, here in a Europe that has learned liberty from my music—but only to *play* at liberty, for in her soul she has remained a slave, like yourself; who, I say, has the right to tell me, free as I am in my soul, that I should play at being normal?... Can you answer that? Do you understand what I ask you? Why should I alone pretend to be normal?

A short silence

ADOLPHE: *(Confused)* I meant that... *(Falters)*

HECTOR: Just continue, please. I shall not interrupt you. Well?

ADOLPHE: It isn't that. But... I cannot continue.

HECTOR: Don't trouble. It wasn't you I addressed anyway, it was posterity. But I shall never hear the answer... Better let me have a glass of water.

Adolphe looks around, but since he has packed away the jug and the glasses, he rummages for them behind the furniture, with one eye on his guest, wondering whether he has noticed

HECTOR: *(To himself)* Posterity can bring justice, but not even a glass of water.

ADOLPHE: *(Finds the set behind the couch, happily fills a glass, and offers it)* My dear sir, look here, we are grown men, no grammar-school boys any more. Let's talk sensibly.

HECTOR: *(Moistens his lips and drinks)* I wish to talk with Estella.

ADOLPHE: I don't want to disillusion you, but time has marked her, too. And that for you, who, I believe, has a free entrance to the Opera through the small back-door, who may knock for admittance to the dressing-rooms, who may see young

ballet-dancers every day—they are pretty, aren't they?

HECTOR: I shall introduce you to them.

ADOLPHE: Really? Thank you! I often come up to Paris. Last time I went to see the Dame aux Camélias. What do you think of it? I should like to know your opinion. It's a masterpiece, isn't it?

HECTOR: I haven't seen it.

ADOLPHE: You haven't? And you an artist? Funny! The scene with that dying woman...

HECTOR: Sir, time is passing!

ADOLPHE: We have got it, sir. The solution. The solution is: Paris.

HECTOR: I don't understand you, sir.

ADOLPHE: A country town always remains a country town. Worse than a village. Should we, however, move to Paris, it would be different. My wife would open her salons; you know, she is passionately fond of artists, famous writers, she waved her handkerchief to you—did you see it?—from the left third first-tier box. The cream of Paris would meet there; you too would be welcome every day. You could bring all your colleagues, the other immortals, you could accompany my wife to the theatre, she hasn't seen La Dame aux Camélias either...

HECTOR: Excuse me...

ADOLPHE: *(Silencing him with a gesture, continues)* I know, the grandmother... I have a better idea. Here is my daughter. She is of the same age as Estella was when you knew her. Look at her photograph: exactly like her grandmother. But young and fresh. At the same time, she has remarkable musical talent, which I wouldn't dare to say of her grandmother. She has been learning to play the piano for several years—my daughter, I mean—but you know these country piano teachers... If you will give her one or two lessons a week, like Francis Liszt to that Lady of Geneva, or perhaps polish her voice, you may indulge in the illusion that nothing has changed in forty-eight years: here is Estella in her blooming youth, only her name is Louise.

HECTOR: Please express my homage to little Louise...

ADOLPHE: Our friends call her Loulou... Shall I have her come in?

HECTOR: Don't. It is with little Loulou's grandmother I wish to speak.

ADOLPHE: All right. I shall try. How many minutes do you desire?

HECTOR: If you put it that way, I can only say that I would like to pass every remaining minute of my life close to her.

ADOLPHE: Will half an hour do?

HECTOR: An hour! At least an hour!

ADOLPHE: We'll leave it at three quarters of an hour... *(Points at the clock on the fire-place and looks at his own watch)* You have the same time? All right, then. As you see, I am not cold-hearted. *(Makes for the door, then turns round)* To avoid any misunderstanding, I have to remark that my mother-in-law has a small fortune, but by now it already belongs more or less to her heirs. It is not in my capacity as a lawyer that I say this, but because I know life. In a family it always causes trouble, when instead of a death notice they receive a wedding-card from the testator.

HECTOR: I swear to you that Estella's dowry does not interest me.

ADOLPHE: Well, I thought I had better explain... *(Starts, then suddenly)* Perhaps you possess a considerable personal fortune yourself?

HECTOR: *(Drily)* I have inherited a hundred thousand francs from my father.

ADOLPHE: Yes... Is that all?

HECTOR: I have sold a country house.

ADOLPHE: Yes... *(Not moving)*

HECTOR: As the librarian of the conservatoire, I draw a regular monthly salary.

ADOLPHE: How much?

HECTOR: Two hundred and sixteen francs.

ADOLPHE: And as an academician?

HECTOR: Nothing.

ADOLPHE: You have become immortal for nothing? The state must save a nice sum on that!

HECTOR: I receive royalties on my compositions.

ADOLPHE: That makes about...?

HECTOR: One or two thousand francs a year.

ADOLPHE: Because half is stolen. Why don't you get a good lawyer to handle the whole matter? I would double the sum for you. You might give your friends my address.

HECTOR: Then I have appointments as a conductor. Right now, I am about to go to Russia.

ADOLPHE: State orders?

HECTOR: Fortunately I am no favourite of the powers.

ADOLPHE: That could also be arranged...

HECTOR: Sir, my convictions... *(Bangs the table)*

SCENE X

The same, Charlotte

CHARLOTTE: *(Enters because of the noise)* What is going on here?

ADOLPHE: Nothing, darling. We are only talking politics. My wife... How do you like her?

HECTOR: *(Makes an obeisance)*

CHARLOTTE: Happy to see you. My mother was profoundly touched by your devotion. And she hopes that you have abandoned your fatal idea.

ADOLPHE: He has, he has. Please ask my mother-in-law to be kind enough to come here.

HECTOR: Only if she wants to.

CHARLOTTE: *(Looking at Berlioz)* But you will take care of her, won't you? She is not so young any more.

HECTOR: When a sacred image is given to a faithful soul, must he asseverate that he will take care of it?

CHARLOTTE: *(Smiles because she too is a woman)* I believe you, Monsieur Berlioz.

Leaves the room

SCENE XI

Without Charlotte

ADOLPHE: Well, you have already won her sympathy. If you say to a woman: sacred image...

HECTOR: It wasn't to her I said it.

ADOLPHE: That's all the same: it remains in the family. "Sacred image." Such a thing would never enter my head. "Sacred image—faithful soul" ... Where can such things be learned?

HECTOR: Nowhere these days.

ADOLPHE: Of course, that's romanticism!

SCENE XII

The same, Charlotte

HECTOR: Is she coming?

CHARLOTTE: *(Nods with a small mysterious smile, and lights the gas flames of the chandelier with a special rod)* At my mother's request.

HECTOR: *(As if his strength were leaving him)* My God!...

ADOLPHE: Besides, I am also a child of romanticism. My dear parents have given me a romantic name...

CHARLOTTE: Hush, Adolphe... Let us disappear now. *(Leaves the room to the right)*

ADOLPHE: *(Looking at his watch gaily, from the door)* There it is! A quarter of an hour has gone already! *(Off, leaving the door open)*

HECTOR: *(Alone)* Murderer! He has shortened my life by one third. *(Stares at the door, stepping back a little)*

SCENE XIII

Hector and Estella

ESTELLA: *(Appears in the open door, in this shadowless and merciless clinical light. Stops)* Good evening, Monsieur Berlioz.

HECTOR: *(Clutches hold of a chair)* Estella... you have not changed at all...

ESTELLA: *(Looks up at the chandelier, blinking a little)* I thought this light would dispel all false illusions.

HECTOR: The same cold contempt, the same unconcern. The same indifferent glamour.

ESTELLA: Take a seat, Monsieur Berlioz.

HECTOR: *(Slowly sits down in a chair. Quietly)* Estella... Blue star.

ESTELLA: *(Sits down next to the fireplace)* We are indeed old acquaintances, Monsieur Berlioz... You were still a young lad.

HECTOR: Do you remember?

ESTELLA: To tell you the truth, not very much... You won't mind if I do my embroidery, will you?

HECTOR: I remember everything.

ESTELLA: Really? It was a pretty long time ago. What have you done ever since, Monsieur Berlioz? What did you do in the past half century?

HECTOR: I suffered.

ESTELLA: Oh, but I thought that life in Paris was so gay. Ovations, success...

HECTOR: Paris—is a grave-yard. I too was buried there.

ESTELLA: You don't say so? We have read so much in the papers about your success. An opera of yours has been produced lately, if I am well informed.

HECTOR: I should be very glad if you did not mistake me either for Gounod or for Meyerbeer. It is their operas that are being produced. Not mine.

ESTELLA: *(Feeling her way)* Faust?

HECTOR: *(Whispering)* That was by Gounod. I composed the Damnation of Faust. But they do not play that.

ESTELLA: It is sure to be beautiful... And how is your family? As far as I can remember, you had sisters.

HECTOR: My younger sister has died.

ESTELLA: Oh...

HECTOR: *(Suddenly)* And I had a cousin. He also used to spend his summer vacations in grandfather's vineyard. Gaston, the famous dancer. In those days he was already a lieutenant...

ESTELLA: I married rather early. The children came. Two of them I buried, and two I brought up. I have been a widow for twenty years. A long time.

HECTOR: Why didn't you answer my letter... The one I wrote twenty years ago, when I learned that your husband had died?

ESTELLA: In my great sorrow I answered only letters of condolence... Besides, I am a very lazy letter-writer, Monsieur Berlioz, if you only knew!

HECTOR: *(Stands up)* In that letter, I opened my heart to you... That was the first time... And now...

ESTELLA: Not so loud, my daughter is in the next room.

HECTOR: Is she listening?

ESTELLA: I asked her to remain within close range.

HECTOR: Then tell her, please, that her presence is not required.

ESTELLA: I told her at the very beginning to remain, even if we were to ask her to go away.

HECTOR: Have you been so afraid of this meeting?

ESTELLA: Not at all. Only I find your perseverance rather astonishing. And I do not like surprises. We country people live a very quiet life.

HECTOR: How you keep on saying: country, quiet, family, husband, children...

ESTELLA: Because this is the truth. I have always tried to be a good mother to the family.

HECTOR: You have failed. The truth is that all the time you glittered on the dark firmament of my life.

ESTELLA: *(Bursts out laughing)* Oh, I was a muse, was I? A muse?

HECTOR: There is nothing to laugh at.

ESTELLA: I'm sorry, but if you had seen my daily occupations—because from hen-setting to jam-making, everything was on my hands, and I got it all done—you

wouldn't say with such enthusiasm that I was a muse! A muse—like those famous belles-dames of Paris, Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, Madame d'Agoult... *(Laughs)*

HECTOR: Not like them. They have become dust. But like Dante's Beatrice.

ESTELLA: Every woman would be happy to hear such words.

HECTOR: Women cannot hear such words. Only the chosen may. Once in a thousand years.

ESTELLA: But I am still happy not to have neglected the education of my children for such illusions.

HECTOR: Your earthly destiny was not to bear children and to live a humdrum married life...

ESTELLA: Monsieur Berlioz, I forbid you...

HECTOR: You are right. I am sorry. Give me your hand... But if you only knew that there is no greater sorrow than to see in old age where you have spoiled your life.

ESTELLA: *(Without having given him her hand)* You see how it is, dear Monsieur Berlioz, and yet you want at all costs that I should also arrive at such a bitter recognition. Why will you not leave me in my holy ignorance and the belief that my life was good as it was. And blessed be the name of the Lord for it.

HECTOR: Give me your hand. As a sign of forgiveness.

ESTELLA: *(Reaching it out to him)* Monsieur Berlioz, I think you are fond of suffering.

HECTOR: *(Sincerely)* Believe me, Madame, not even suffering gives me pure pleasure, because reflection spoils everything. The fact that I see everything with such stunning clarity. My intellect cannot but laugh at what I am doing. Now too. That I keep clasping your hand. Like a school-boy.

ESTELLA: Then just let go and there will be no one to laugh.

HECTOR: How long I have yearned to touch your hand. *(He is still holding it)*

ESTELLA: Hush, my daughter... *(Tries to draw her hand away)*

HECTOR: I won't speak a word. *(Silently kisses her hand)*

ESTELLA: *(Aloud)* I am afraid, Monsieur Berlioz, the room is slowly getting cold.

HECTOR: *(Softly)* Have mercy on me, as a nun has on a miserable sufferer, or as a good sister...

ESTELLA: I shall try to...

HECTOR: *(More feverishly, but still softly)* The wound that makes me suffer was struck by you...

ESTELLA: What can I do about it?

HECTOR: *(Jumps up)* It's simple. Let us elope. My carriage is waiting outside. In two days I leave for St. Petersburg. I shall take you with me as a grand-duchess.

ESTELLA: *(Rises. Stands aghast)* You are insane.

HECTOR: Why? Francis Liszt also eloped with a lady. If he could do it?!

ESTELLA: But not with me.

SCENE XIV

The same, Charlotte

CHARLOTTE: *(Appears on the threshold, obviously as agreed)* Is there anything you want, mother?

ESTELLA: *(Without looking at her)* Go away now. Or bring some wood. I am having a little talk with Monsieur Berlioz.

CHARLOTTE: *(Crosses the room to the door at left)*

ESTELLA: Listen, monsieur... *(Waits until Charlotte shuts the door behind her)*

SCENE XV

Without Charlotte

ESTELLA: We are now without witnesses... You had a right to ask why I declined to receive you. An old woman may

also have her vanities. I was twenty when you saw me the last time. Or twenty-one. Since you remember me with such reverence, what I wanted was to remain a memory. But no, you wanted reality. Very well, then! Let us light the lamps and, if that is not enough, please, come nearer, look at my face! *(Lifts the table-lamp)*

HECTOR: *(Also seizes a lamp)* No! You look at me! Look at these deep furrows, my grey hair, the chaos of my devastated soul in the mirror of my eyes. Sometimes I break down and sob for no reason. For fifty years I have been on my way to you. So far I have taken account of conventions. I always shrank from the decisive step. I have had enough of delay. I want to die with my head in your lap.

Short silence

SCENE XVI

The same, Charlotte

CHARLOTTE: *(Comes in with logs of wood)* Have you lost something?

ESTELLA: Yes. *(Puts down the lamp)*

CHARLOTTE: *(Looking at them)* What is going on here? Monsieur Berlioz, you have taken an unfair advantage of my absence! *(Puts down the firewood)* Although you promised... *(Hugs her mother)* How fast your heart is beating...

HECTOR: I have said nothing that I would not repeat in your presence.

CHARLOTTE: I know, you would! I heard what you said at the beginning. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

ESTELLA: Keep quiet!... You see, Monsieur Berlioz, what harsh judges young people are.

HECTOR: Some day they will learn.

CHARLOTTE: What are we supposed to learn? I should like to know!

HECTOR: That every sacrifice in life was a suicide. But it will be too late then. *(Stands before the fire-place and throws a log on the fire)*

ESTELLA: I think, Charlotte, you had better go out.

CHARLOTTE: Don't, mother, it's no good.

HECTOR: Every sentiment and every thought must once be fulfilled. *(Throwing more wood on the fire)* In this respect, my heart, which has learned passion from Shakespeare, is in full harmony with my intellect which from Descartes has learnt to think logically unto death.

ESTELLA: That's all Greek to us, Monsieur Berlioz.

HECTOR: *(Stands up)* Every girl of sixteen would understand it: will you marry me, Estella?

CHARLOTTE: Mother, I will have none of this! I shall speak to my husband.

ESTELLA: Be quiet. Monsieur Berlioz is an old man, let us not expose him to being rebuked by a younger man.

HECTOR: This is nobody else's business! We are free. We have payed off our duties to society: I have created, you have born children... And we have discharged our debts to God, because both of us have suffered a great deal.

ESTELLA: First of all, Monsieur Berlioz, we are old. This we have mutually ascertained and admitted just now. And secondly: we are not even equally old. You are a good many years younger than I.

HECTOR: That doesn't matter!

ESTELLA: And thirdly, do put down that poker, or you will finally really knock down a vase with it.

HECTOR: *(Puts it back on the grate, murmuring)* I say, it does not matter.

ESTELLA: My mother—your dear grandmother, Charlotte—always told me that it brings no good if the man is younger. And she was a wise woman. Although perhaps not so wise as your sages.

HECTOR: I have prepared myself for this objection well in advance. *(Takes out a sheet of paper)* I have been collecting data for twenty years. World history refutes your wise mother. *(May put on spectacles)* Here you

are: Cleopatra's first husband was ten years younger than she...

ESTELLA: Cleopatra! *(Laughs)* I have never thought of following in the footsteps of Cleopatra.

HECTOR: Please yourself. I have more recent examples. Balzac idolized Madame de Berny who was exactly twenty years his senior. To continue...

ESTELLA: Stop it. Put that paper away. And sit down. With this vehemence you might have conquered anybody. The most beautiful women in the world. Even the empress. She is said to be a very sweet woman.

HECTOR: She is. But her husband is a blockhead. As is usual in such cases.

ESTELLA: Maybe. That's new to me. My son-in-law venerates the sovereign... Now, why don't you sit down?! So!

CHARLOTTE: I don't know if we should not rather look at the clock...

ESTELLA: You just sit down too, Charlotte, here next to me. You will see, Monsieur Berlioz will find out for himself that he has knocked at the wrong door. *(Suddenly)* Just tell me, monsieur, what colour was my hair?... It's no use looking at it. It is completely grey now. What was it then?

HECTOR: Your hair?

ESTELLA: Well?... *(To Charlotte)* No prompting!

HECTOR: I think it was... fair. *(He closes his eyes)* Yes, fair! I swear, it was.

ESTELLA: I'm sorry, it was brown. Chestnut-brown. Wasn't it, Charlotte?

Charlotte looks astonished at her mother, then nods affirmatively

HECTOR: Impossible.

ESTELLA: Yes, it was.

HECTOR: I still see you at the top of the rock, with a blue ribbon in your hair—your beautiful fair hair streaming in the wind.

ESTELLA: Blue ribbon? Another mistake! I never wore a blue ribbon. I hate blue. Isn't it so, Charlotte?

HECTOR: Take care, dear Madame, false testimony is punished even by God. *(Dives into his inside pocket)*

Charlotte remains silent

HECTOR: Good. *(Withdraws his empty hand)*

ESTELLA: *(Lively)* I am afraid, Monsieur Berlioz, that you are the victim of your imagination. You think you remember things that have perhaps never existed.

HECTOR: You want to rob me of my past, is that it? Then that vineyard wasn't true either, where we used to pass our vacations, there in Miolan?!

ESTELLA: *(Almost claps her hands)* Another mistake, Monsieur Berlioz. It was not Miolan, but Meylan...

HECTOR: The name doesn't count.

ESTELLA: Your memory is all wrong. Miolan, fair hair, blue ribbon... Monsieur Berlioz, is it possible that we don't even know each other?

HECTOR: You stood there on the rock. With a blue ribbon in your hair.

ESTELLA: There wasn't even a rock in our vineyard.

HECTOR: Before coming here yesterday I made a pilgrimage to that vineyard. *(He takes out a piece of stone and puts it on the table)* This I broke from that rock. *(Putting down further objects)* This bark is from the chestnut-tree, where the swing was hanging... *(A small twig)* This thick blackberry-bush was growing in the door of the press-house. Up there on the mountain. Do you remember?

ESTELLA: Tell me, Charlotte, have I ever spoken to you about this vineyard?

CHARLOTTE: You haven't, mother.

ESTELLA: So you see.

HECTOR: Don't make me go mad!

ESTELLA: And what is the most important now: I am very sorry, but I don't remember you at all. *(Now playing with him)* Though the memory of old people, as far as bygone days are concerned...

HECTOR: *(Pulls out a blue ribbon from*

his inner pocket) And this, here, you don't remember either?... It was yours!

ESTELLA: Funny... you found that also somewhere yesterday?

HECTOR: I have been carrying it for forty-eight years here, over my heart.

ESTELLA: *(Putting it to her hair)* How it has faded. Where did you get it? Did you steal it?

HECTOR: You lost it. I found it...

ESTELLA: Where?

HECTOR: Dear little Charlotte, you don't mind my calling you so? After all, I might have been your father—*(Smiling)* of course, that's only a way of speaking...

CHARLOTTE: Yes?

HECTOR: Will you kindly leave us alone now?

CHARLOTTE: *(If she has been standing or sitting next to her mother, she now puts her arm around her shoulder)* Not now. Because your words have again roused mother. How fast her heart is beating...

HECTOR: That's good. It means she is beginning already to remember. We are on the right track.

CHARLOTTE: You think a great deal of this blue ribbon...

ESTELLA: Just go now, dear. And don't be uneasy.

CHARLOTTE: *(Kisses her mother on the forehead)* But mind you, I shall have the door open, in any case. *(Off to the right)*

SCENE XVII

Without Charlotte

HECTOR: Hush, don't speak... What a marvellous scent emanates from this sleepy, downy blue blackberry... Why are you trembling so? *(Tracing on the table)* The Izère flows this way. Here is grandfather's house. And there, behind the meandering Izère, in its cloak of eternal snow, the icy beauty of Mont Blanc...

ESTELLA: It wasn't Mont Blanc, but Bella Donna.

HECTOR: So you do remember?

ESTELLA: You are exaggerating everything. To you every mountain is Mont Blanc.

HECTOR: Oh no; I wanted to conquer Mont Blanc too. And here, beyond the garden, a lake.

ESTELLA: It was only a pool.

HECTOR: Of an evening, one could hear the frogs croaking.

ESTELLA: Well, that's true. The frogs.

HECTOR: You see? And on the peak of Bella Donna the dusk was still gloaming. With a blue star sparkling above it. The Stella Montis.

ESTELLA: Orion.

HECTOR: In the evening you came to see us. I was hiding in the dark dining-room and began to play on my little flute the farewell-song of Orpheus: "J'ai perdu mon Euridice... rien n'égale à mon malheur." Then already, Gluck was my ideal—besides you. My cousin said: "Wouldn't you rather play the piano, Hector!"... And the two of you began to dance. The waltz was becoming fashionable in those days.

ESTELLA: *(Lifts her handkerchief to her eyes)*

HECTOR: You are thinking of something else.

ESTELLA: Oh no, no. I was only thinking of what was once and is no more.

HECTOR: What?

ESTELLA: My youth.

HECTOR: It was right here. Didn't you feel it?

ESTELLA: Monsieur Berlioz, I am grateful for the sentiments you have so faithfully retained for me. *(Rises)*

HECTOR: *(Jumps up)* You really think that with a few tears shed for heaven knows whom you can get rid of me now?!

ESTELLA: So you are at it again! It is of no use.

HECTOR: I shall repeat it until you say yes. *(Goes to the door and shuts it)*

ESTELLA: It will be boring.

HECTOR: The ocean also repeats itself. And what is the ocean compared to my bitterness.

ESTELLA: If you are as despondent as all that, go see a doctor.

HECTOR: I was born for happiness. I wanted to compose hymns of joy. But when I was told that you had married, I composed the end of the world in a mass. It was such a doomsday that God's judgment will be no more than an imitation, mere plagiarism.

ESTELLA: I don't appreciate your bad jokes.

HECTOR: You are right. Say: God, and I shall believe in God. Say: Hector, and I shall believe in myself. And I shall find harmony.

ESTELLA: I am not going to arouse new illusions. Every day my life grows shorter. What is left for me?

HECTOR: I promise you a happiness, which will stop the fleeting passage of time. Together with my Faust, you shall exclaim: How beautiful thou art, oh instant!

ESTELLA: A single man has filled my life: my husband.

HECTOR: He is dead.

ESTELLA: I am living for his memory. Alone.

HECTOR: That is not true! *(He has said it, and cannot unsay it)*

ESTELLA: *(Trembling with emotion, softly)* And now, please go away!

HECTOR: Now less than ever. Now I shall keep on saying... Do you know where I found that ribbon?

ESTELLA: Get out of here! *(Picks up the little silver bell)*

HECTOR: *(Steps close to her. Takes hold of her hand, so that she is unable to ring. Whispers)* I was there in the press-house. It was the 15th of September, 1816, a Wednesday. Three o'clock in the afternoon. I had noticed that you were in the habit of walking there. I was hiding in the treading vat.

ESTELLA: Be quiet!

HECTOR: No. Not now any more. I wanted to speak to you. To declare my love. For the first time... And you came. I recognized your steps. You slipped in. You stopped there, in the door, a step from me. Your hand was scratched by a blackberry twig. I heard your breath, just as I do now. Then, other steps...

ESTELLA: It is not true!

HECTOR: It is. And Gaston came, my cousin. In his scarlet-red uniform.

ESTELLA: Have mercy on me! *(Sinks into a chair)*

HECTOR: *(Drops to his knees at the same time)* You didn't have any mercy on me either. I was doomed to see and to hear everything. And when you were gone, I crept out of my hiding-place, prostrated myself on the earth that was still warm and bit into it, my flood of tears made the pounded clay muddy and the taste of that muddy clay is still in my mouth, I feel it in every kiss... *(Kissing her hand, he suddenly looks up at her)* My darling, what is it? Are you feeling ill?... Speak!

ESTELLA: No. I am all right. Although I ought to die now...

HECTOR: Good. Let us die together!

ESTELLA: With me? With such a person?

HECTOR: My goddess, my muse, my ideal, my madonna! There, swallowing the dust, I solemnly vowed to enlist as a soldier the very next day, to become a captain, a general, a new Bonaparte, to conquer the world and then to come and take you away from that lieutenant...

ESTELLA: Gaston left two days later. I never saw him again. He didn't even write.

HECTOR: The coward! I know. I wanted to kill him for that. I learned to fence with a vine-prop...

ESTELLA: *(Caresses Hector's head)*

HECTOR: But Napoleon ended up at St. Helena. The military schools were all closed. And I was unable to conquer the world.

ESTELLA: What a price I have had to pay for having taken that one false step.

HECTOR: You did take it—but in full glory. I saw it. The blessed souls are likely to scream like that when they appear before God. I heard it. Don't be ashamed! Passion is woman's only virtue. All the rest is nothing but fiction and falsehood. You rose to heaven there, before my eyes. That scream was like the light of nascent stars. Immaculate, blue flickering... Ever since, I have been chasing that star, like a pale moon, with the sound of my fiddle.

ESTELLA: I thought the penance of fifty years was enough. Toil and victory, renewed every day. That endless line of snow-white diapers, shining shirt-fronts and mended stockings. Under them I sought to bury my past. And the "very good" marks of the children. I even learned Latin with them. I saved a dowry for my daughter, and what a trousseau! Every pillow-case was a masterpiece of eyelet embroidery...

HECTOR: Thus did you waste your precious time! *(Kisses her fingers)* Knowing that we would die and all would be over.

ESTELLA: I had a husband. Who suspected nothing. It was for him I did it.

HECTOR: *(Stands up)* And yet he died. And your children also died. And the others will die too. If we live for others, nothing remains for anybody.

ESTELLA: Such was my fate.

HECTOR: That is not true. The passion with which you gave yourself to an oaf...

ESTELLA: Leave him alone. My pain too can be sacred. *(Stands up)*

HECTOR: At the side of a more worthy partner, this sacred passion could have continued to flame.

ESTELLA: Whom are you talking of?

HECTOR: Of myself.

ESTELLA: You were a child. Forgive me: an adolescent.

HECTOR: But I am no longer.

ESTELLA: Too late.

HECTOR: Standing at the threshold of happiness...

ESTELLA: Oh, with one foot in the grave.

HECTOR: That is just what is so marvellous about it.

ESTELLA: People would laugh at us. What shockingly bad taste, they would say. Two mummies, and now they begin... Disgusting!

HECTOR: They will admire us. I shall compose a bridal march that will make humanity fall on its knees and, with eyes brimming over, see how we two—as mortal as anybody else on earth and as full of yearning life—yes, two inspired mummies set off hand in hand to overcome the greatest enemy of love.

ESTELLA: What? Death?

HECTOR: No. Old age... That is what humanity is expecting of us. Every previous generation has suffered from this, but lacked the courage to say a word, for they were always rebuffed—keep quiet, old frump, don't be a fool! But my music cannot be reduced to silence. The suppressed desire of a hundred thousand generations shall hammer in it... Two hundred strings, two hundred wind and percussion instruments. A choir. And the bridal march of Lohengrin shall shrink into insignificance beside it. Pam-pam-pa-pam!—is that music?! Wagner will be hissed off the stage!

ESTELLA: *(Turns her back, gazing into the flames of the fire-place)* You are dazzled by your artistic ambitions!

HECTOR: Forgive me. You are right. I won't write down a single bar. I shall throw into the fire all I have written so far. Every minute of mine shall be yours.

ESTELLA: Next year I shall be seventy.

HECTOR: I love you.

ESTELLA: That is not love. You merely saw me there. I have had sons too. I know what they suffered in adolescence.

HECTOR: All the better if you do. That

love is more than empty words. It includes secrets of this kind.

ESTELLA: Keep such secrets to yourself!

HECTOR: And if it were Gaston who appeared? With his secrets?!

ESTELLA: My answer would now be the same.

HECTOR: Are you certain?

ESTELLA: I am.

HECTOR: Thank God! I was afraid that you were still in love with him.

ESTELLA: I loved him very much. I almost died afterwards. But I didn't die, I only buried myself.

HECTOR: We should not trifle with this word. For soon we shall learn what it means in reality.

ESTELLA: I am old and wicked. Ask the servants. I hate young people. All that was once has gone by.

HECTOR: I didn't tell you that yesterday, when I was in Meylan, I went to the press-house...

ESTELLA: Spare me that horrible press-house, I have suffered enough for it. *(Walks up and down in anger)* Why do you begin over and over again?

HECTOR: ... I went into the press-house, prostrated myself on the ground, the wasps were buzzing around me, and the earth was as hot as it had been then. And I broke into tears just as then.

ESTELLA: This is a fixed idea I cannot have anything to do with any more. *(Turns away)* I beg you not to deride me!

HECTOR: Forget what happened in the meantime!

ESTELLA: Mere words!

HECTOR: *(Looking at the fire)* The wood has burned down again. Shall I make up the fire? *(Kneels down)*

ESTELLA: Don't... Gaston also said he loved me. My husband too said he loved me. They were lying.

HECTOR: I swear that I love you!

ESTELLA: So did they.

HECTOR: But I would ask them, like Hamlet, whether they would devour a crocodile for you? *(Pulls the poker out of the embers and rises. Then grabs the burning-hot end and stands there, turning pale)* You will believe me that I love you.

ESTELLA: *(Shrugs her shoulders)* I am not going to spoil my life for the third time. *(Turns round)* What has happened? You are as pale as death... Hector!

HECTOR: Thank Heaven that you call me so for once!

ESTELLA: Good God... your hand! Put it down at once!

HECTOR: Not until you believe me that I love you.

ESTELLA: I believe it, I believe it...

HECTOR: That I love you more than my life.

ESTELLA: I believe it... Enough...

HECTOR: ... that Hector loves me more than his life.

ESTELLA: That Hector loves me more than his life. *(Grabs the iron to take it out of his hand)* What a fool you are!

HECTOR: Don't pull, it is glued to my skin... *(Sits down. At last he drops the poker)*

ESTELLA: Show me your hand. *(Rings the bell)* We must have oil put on it... *(Kneels down before him)*

HECTOR: It's nothing, nothing. But you know I cannot endure physical pain, only mental anguish.

ESTELLA: How could you do such a thing?

SCENE XVIII

The same, Charlotte

CHARLOTTE: *(Comes in from the right)* Anything wrong?

ESTELLA: Get some oil.

HECTOR: An accident... Only an insignificant accident...

Charlotte goes off

SCENE XIX

The same, without Charlotte

HECTOR: People will say he could swagger and yet was unable to endure a little pain...

ESTELLA: But you are trembling...

HECTOR: *(Towards the door)* Don't let her come in. I feel ashamed.

ESTELLA: *(Stands up, goes to the door and stops there)* I remember everything quite clearly. There flowed the Izère... Once, during vintage-time, you brought me muscat grapes.

HECTOR: Yes... *(Strokes his injured hand)*

ESTELLA: *(Only to divert his attention, gaily)* And the grape-picking girls, what were they singing... Don't you remember?

HECTOR: I really don't know any more.

ESTELLA: But of course you know...

HECTOR: It hurts.

ESTELLA: *(Receives the bottle of oil through the door and comes, softly singing)*

Le mal d'amour est une maladie,
L'herbe du pré est tant soulagère.

HECTOR: *(Winces)*

ESTELLA: Sing, my dear. *(Nurses his hand meanwhile)*

L'herbe du pré ne peut pas le guérir...

HECTOR: I don't remember...

ESTELLA: A fine musician you are—to take so much asking... Just sing, I shall correct you. "Derrière..."

HECTOR:

Derrière chez nous il y a-t-un vert bocage,
Le rossignol y chante tous les jours;
Là il y dit dans son charmant langage:
Les amoureux sont malheureux toujours.

ESTELLA: *(Has finished bandaging his hand)* So! *(Presses a kiss on it. Stands up)*

BOTH:

Sur le bord du Cher il y a-t-une fontaine,
Où sur un frêne nos deux noms sont
taillés.

ESTELLA: *(In the meantime has moved to the fire-place, stopped the clock and returned singing, towards the end of the song. Upon its conclusion, they burst out laughing and repeat the last line)*

Où sur un frêne nos deux noms sont
taillés.

HECTOR: You see, you had nothing to correct. I sang as I did when I was in the chorus at the Vaudeville theatre. *(Laughs)* Some forty years ago.

ESTELLA: And when did you laugh the last time?

HECTOR: I think this has been the first time in my life.

ESTELLA: Well, then after all you have profited by this meeting.

SCENE XX

The same, Charlotte

CHARLOTTE: My husband says it's getting late. *(Looks at the clock)* I don't understand...

ESTELLA: Time has stopped.

A short silence

CHARLOTTE: It must have stopped right now.

ESTELLA: Yes, when we were laughing so heartily with Monsieur Berlioz... Good-bye, my friend, I promise you that, from now on, I shall also keep thinking of those beautiful days at—how did you say?—Miolan... Oh, don't make such a wry face, I should like to retain your smile in my memory. *(Offers her hand)*

Charlotte turns her back on them, so that there should be no witness to this farewell

HECTOR: *(Smiles. Puts Estella's hand to his forehead)* When shall we see each other?

ESTELLA: A year from today, if it is not inconvenient to you.

HECTOR: *(Smiling)* Gladly—if I am not dead by that time.

ESTELLA: *(Smiling)* If not in Geneva, then in the next world.

HECTOR: *(Smiling, bows in the door)* I envy Dante, who had not only a Beatrice,

but also faith—in a reunion beyond. *(Bows smiling. Waves good-bye. Off)*

ESTELLA: *(Smiling, waves after him from the other end of the room)*

SCENE XXI

Without Hector

A door bangs outside. Charlotte winds up the clock, and starts it again

ESTELLA: Lay out Adolphe's robe. He will be at court tomorrow. I shall iron it in the morning.

CHARLOTTE: *(Turns towards her mother, looking at her with a tender little smile and compassion. She nods)* All right, mother.

ESTELLA: And tell that maid to do this room better. When Monsieur Berlioz knelt down, his trousers became dusty. I blushed for shame. *(Turns round, starts)* But you needn't fire her for that. She can remain, for all I care. *(In the door)* Sleep well! *(Off)*

SCENE XXII

Charlotte, later Adolphe

CHARLOTTE: *(With slow, absent-minded movements, like an automaton, puts one vase after the other in its place)*

ADOLPHE: *(Enters softly, in his dressing-gown, with a burning cigar)* Well, what has happened?

CHARLOTTE: *(Doesn't answer. Her movements grow faster)*

ADOLPHE: Have they had enough of cooing?

CHARLOTTE: *(Moves with stormy speed, the objects cracking in her hands)*

ADOLPHE: Meanwhile I have taken a look at the statutes concerning copyright protection. The family is entitled to the royalties for fifty years following the author's death. I have calculated...

CHARLOTTE: *(Throws a jar on the table)* Tell me, what sentiments have you ever offered to me? *(Stands face to face with him)*

ADOLPHE: What's the matter?

CHARLOTTE: Would you ever grasp a burning-hot iron for me? Would you stop the time for me?... It is to you I am speaking!... Would you devour a crocodile? What have I ever received from you? What sort of love? Answer me!... Do you know at all what love is? *(Begins to laugh. Dashes a vase to the floor)* I don't know either—and I shall never know! *(Smashes another vase)* Never! *(Another vase)* Never!... *(Stops, with a vase in her hand, and—in a soft, dreamy voice says)* They, they know what love is!

Curtain

PHOTOGRAPHY—EYE-WITNESS OF THE ERA

by

JEAN A. KEIM

Essentially photography is visual information on times past. This new type of image is generally considered a revolutionary factor in the documentation which has been left us more or less voluntarily by past centuries and which we refer to when we learn and understand more about the times that preceded our own. Since the most ancient cave paintings countless other visual documents have come down to us (despite the havoc wrought on them by the vicissitudes of time). Although often difficult to interpret, they have at least preserved their original form, whereas oral tradition, owing to the many distortions of hearsay, can only be utilized after intensive research and control, and is even then subject to controversy.

Today photography has invaded the life of every man who possesses his own camera; photography is constantly present in newspapers, in books, and on the walls of buildings, to inform, attract and seduce; it has become a familiar element of everyday life and no one except for benighted souls in remote regions would any longer question its value. Everyone is accustomed to recognizing or re-discovering in the photographic image elements which he can easily identify, and he accepts the information thus conveyed without dreaming of contesting its authenticity.

According to generally accepted opinion, photography offers something completely new; it is supposed to be an impartial and direct registration of reality, with practically no human intervention; the world as it exists is supposedly reflected on the photo without any deformation. Thus the very existence of the photographer, if not of the one who makes the pictures available, is denied, as well as the use of technical elements that might lead to an imperfect reproduction of reality.

The photographer has been walking with his camera through the world of his day, capturing scenes that present themselves to his eye and that

seem to him to be endowed with special interest. To these as a participant in his era he imparts a particular value, probably without always being fully conscious of it. First of all he wishes to capture a certain moment; he knows what he wants and is aware of the reasons for his action. The amateur selects scenes for a family album to be leafed through of an evening; the life of the children beginning with the first smile, the important ceremonies of human existence, holidays, travels are all registered with care. As to the professional photographer, he wishes to preserve evidence of a scene of general interest, the memory of which would otherwise vanish. Edward Weston, who has opened up new vistas with his photos and his writings, states: "Photography is the means of capturing the moment, not any moment but the important one, that unique moment in which your subject is fully revealed, the moment of perfection which comes once and is never repeated." The photographer stresses Time, which remains the main element characterizing the picture. The site can be revisited and the protagonists seen again, but the moment never returns. The introduction to *Hungary in Pictures** pointed out that the album consisted of entirely new pictures, because the photos taken a few years ago were outdated.

The choice of the image

It is in the choice of the image that we discover the importance of the person who clicked the shutter at a certain moment, with a certain viewpoint, registering what existed. A part of the world has been seized at a certain angle, within a certain frame of reference, and held fast with an emulsion. In his search for pictures, a man looked about and chose. He was not an active participant in the scene, but a privileged onlooker who had a camera and knew how to use it. Then he selected from among the pictures the one which he was going to present as the final result of his activity. Germaine Krull, who has left her imprint on the history of photography, writes: "The photographer is an eye-witness—an eye-witness of his era."**

The subject itself is not so important. Every photographer is a reporter without knowing it; he may be good or bad, he may know how to look or he may pass by without noticing; but everything that has been caught by the "mirror of memory," to use a classic expression which is worth

* Hungary in Pictures, Corvina Press, Budapest, 1962

** *Pensées sur l'Art*, Pierre Mac Orlan, Germaine Krull, Paris, 1931

discussing, originates from a scene that existed at a given moment and whose reflection is presented to us. The first photo of news value is supposed to have been made by Friedrich Stelzner and Hermann Brouv who, in 1842, made daguerreotypes of the ruins of Hamburg, which had then been devastated by fire for four days.* The first picture story is attributed to Alois Lecherer, who photographed the transportation and mounting in 1850 of the gigantic statue "Bavaria" in Munich. The first panorama by Nicephoro Niepce taken from the window of his house at Saint-Loup-de-Varennes (near Châlons-sur-Seine), despite its now impaired clarity, is a highly interesting document which informs us not only about the history of photography but also about the author and his time.

Our judgment has probably been warped by the present-day importance of the press. As soon as we hear the word "eye-witness" we think of the photo reporter who is supposed to represent us on the spot. We are used to seeing in daily papers and periodicals pictures that report visually on events and permit us after a cursory glance and without even reading the article to believe we know what it is about. The professional photographer does not, by the way, limit his activity to topical subjects, and his photography is not always as sensational as the photo showing the explosion of the dirigible "Hindenburg" at Lakehurst in 1937, made by Sam Shere and Charles Hoff, who were waiting for the normal landing when the catastrophe occurred, or the photo of the assassination in 1960 of Inijiro Asanume, chairman of the Japanese Socialist Party, taken by Yasushi Nagoa, a reporter from *Mainichi Shinbum*. The photographer may study a city, as Charles Malville did Paris in 1867 before the Haussman reconstructions, or as Thomson studied London in 1876 or Strand in New York forty years later; or he may give us the portrait of a famous man, for instance, the Daumier of Nadar, Carjat's Baudelaire, Julie Margaret Cameron's Herschel or Ocup's Lenin.

"The picture-story is a visual account of a fact, imparting the personal testimony of someone who saw it to those who did not," said the French photographer Sougez. The document is also of interest to other eye-witnesses who have only their memory to rely on. Thanks to photography the event can be contemplated at leisure, at lenght, and over a long period of time. Now figures appear in the crowd whom one did not notice before, details are delineated that were not previously visible; a whole new world presents itself which one had not noticed. Fox Talbot, a pioneer of photography, writes: "It often happens—and this is one of the charms

* *The Illustrated London News* published a front-page drawing made in London on the basis of eye-witness accounts of the disaster.

of photography—that the photographer himself, upon long contemplation of what he has reproduced, discovers many things he had no idea of when he took the picture."*

Time permits the thorough exploration of a scene, and enlargement brings out elements which had been difficult or even impossible to understand in a brief moment or on a small scale. Moreover, the lens is indifferent to emotions; impassive, it captures scenes on command. Yet its guided vision remains personal; the photographer's account is his very own.

The photographer who reporst news in his own special way, can even *create* it. His very presence at a certain moment, at a certain place, may lead to reactions that constitute a "pseudoevent," to use the expression applied by Daniel J. Boorstyn** particularly to the press, whether printed, broadcast or televised. The amount of information to be supplied regularly to the public must not diminish; while the production of events is independent of journalism, the consumption by readers of newspapers and magazines remains constant. This results in the repeated all-out effort to get new photos that spotlight some item which did not deserve attention but which thereby acquires undue importance.

It would seem that a photo is an eye-witness of its era not only through what it shows, but also through its mere existence. One is inclined to forget that any object testifies about its era, the book that will be read for centuries equally with the one that will soon be forgotten, regardless of whether it scored a success or remained in obscurity, an almanac, a personal letter, a bill, a label, a woodcut—anything that exists at a given time, whether created in that period or held over from the past. Excavators bring us objects or fragments from lost civilizations—pointed flints, bronzes, pottery, etc., which we examine with care. In the last hundred and twenty years or so, the documentation has been over abundant, and no selection has yet been made, either by man or by the years. And among the objects extant, the place of photographs is by no means negligible.

In the first place, photography has a history of its own, which can be discussed from different angles. Technique has determined its entire development. The clumsy apparatus which the first daguerreotypists had so much difficulty carrying about the streets has become a handy, simple camera. The reproduction of the cliché—a one and only copy at the outset—has become highly varied with the emergence of emulsions that make

* *The Pencil of Nature*, 1844.

** The Image, or What Happened to the American Dream. 1962.

quick photographing possible. New printing processes have opened the way to wide circulation. All these novelties have had their effects on the photo, and under the impact of technique it has developed according to the tastes of the age. The date of a photo can be established not only on the basis of its subject but also by its finish and the manner of treatment. One can often recognize the nationality of the photographer and even guess who took the picture. Styles emerge, influence one another, develop, and die. The whole history of a technique, which is not independent, and of an art, are still the private preserve of a few specialists.

Photography makes its own mark within the framework of its time it is the reflection of its authors, known and unknown; the general atmosphere of the period emerges from countless pictures whose production was made possible by the democratization of a technique that was originally accessible only to professionals and a few amateurs from the aristocracy or the bourgeoisie. It is not only what one photographs but also how and why. Whatever the importance of history as a series of events, it thus cedes its place to social history and the history of trends in ideas.

The use of photography

The photograph has thus taken its place among the documents that contribute towards a better definition of the age and a better understanding of the country, the social group or even of an individual. Obviously it need not have been made by a professional photographer but can be the work of an artist like Degas or Vuillard, a writer like Zola, Valéry, Lewis Caroll or Bernard Shaw, who all made use of that medium.

Nor should one limit oneself to a study of the photos taken. Today, through the extraordinary circulation of they pictures, a new field is opened to the historian and the sociologist, that of the photos made within a certain period for a certain public.

It might be argued that certain of these pictures run counter to the tendencies of the day, for instance, in a highly priced book for a few privileged people. Sometimes, however, they are pioneering photos and their form may become popular later on; they are experiments that may succeed or fail. But the editor-in-chief of a newspaper or magazine or the director of a publishing house cannot afford the luxury of ignoring the public he wants to reach. According to his temperament he may run risks, but only within limits. A study of the photos published, discloses the age—its taste, its sensibility, its grasp of reality. The field is immense—

the use of the photo in the press, the types of picture used, the play given them, the place reserved on a certain page, the front page photo, and the caption in all its forms.*

The results will differ according to the viewpoint and readership of each publication, and also according to country. The same sort of investigations of periodicals where photography assumes a predominant place would make it possible to discern general trends, constants, and developments. Especially the choice and the presentation of covers likely to attract the reader are without doubt clearly characteristic;** the covers of a magazine for the general public or for a certain group of readers will differ greatly. As to women's journals,*** they have rules of their own at given periods, whether in fashion reproductions or the special genre represented by the photo-novel that has been an extraordinary success in Latin countries.

In addition to studying the magazines, books must of course also be considered—textbooks, which are copiously illustrated nowadays and whose genres and forms have changed since the introduction of photography; documentary books such as *Lake Balaton,* in which János Reismann's pictures perfectly complement Gyula Illyés's text, re-creating in counterpoint the atmosphere of a region****; travel books where photos have taken the place of other kinds of illustration; to say nothing of photo books where the text is relegated to the position of an accessory.

As a result of its allure and the power of the impression it makes, the photo has been used for propaganda. Cecil Beaton's *After the Raid, 1940,* which shows a little wounded girl on a hospital bed, her head bandaged, still stricken and clutching the doll she saved from the bombardment, was used as a poster in a campaign of the American Red Cross. It greatly influenced the stand of the United States in regard to Great Britain before the former's entry into the war.

This is why advertising makes intensive use of photography in the newspapers, on the walls of buildings and on the covers of gramophone records and books. What sort of photo, subject and form can sell such and such a product in a given period of time, and why? Psychologists may study the motives and draw their conclusions, even from acts like the choice of postcards which, besides landscapes, sometimes represent scenes of somewhat doubtful taste.

Finally, the collection of photos and photo books are eye-witnesses of

* Jean A. Keim: *La photographie et sa légende,* in Communications, No. 2, Paris, 1963.

** Claude Frère: *Les convertures de Paris Match,* in Communications No. 1, Paris, 1962.

*** Evelyne Sullerot: *La Presse féminine,* Paris, 1963.

**** Lake Balaton: Text by Gyula Illyés, photos by János Reismann, Corvina, Budapest, 1962.

their era not only as far as the period of taking is concerned, but also considering the period of their presentation; and the numerous collections of old photographs, much sought after both for their historic value and their charming and a little outdated form, are perhaps not such peculiar phenomena, after all. The photo yearbooks of the Association of Hungarian Art Photographers* are all documents which not only exhibit the photographic production of this or that year but also register the ideas which the public—and even certain professionals—entertain about art photography.

A creditable witness?

In any case, the photo is the object presented, its authenticity is not contested, because it is not in question, and neither is the value of its testimony, for its mere existence is the testimony.

To be sure, the photo cannot invent anything; it only registers that which is present before its lens at a given moment; hence, it should be the ideal eye-witness whose evidence it is impossible to refute. But this formula is much too simple and on closer examination does not correspond with the facts.

First of all, one must get rid of false witnesses. Ever since Franz Hanfstängl displayed at the Paris World Fair in 1855 one photo where the negative had been retouched and another (representing the same object) where it had not been retouched, it has sometimes been difficult to tell whether the original cliché has not been modified. The scenery may be the sheerest optical illusion, as is the case with wandering photographers whose escapist dreams are staged at the lowest prices. Tricks make it possible to create new scenes from separate elements, such as the picture widely circulated in the United States in 1951 that showed Senator Millard Tydings in conversation with former Communist leader Earl Browder and cost the Senator his seat; or the photo of King Wilhelm of Prussia and his wife at the Berlin agricultural fair on May 25, 1861, which was then remade to include the prize-winning sheep; the royal couple was "transplanted" from another photo and, to make things perfect, a helmet was put on the King's head.**

Setting fraud aside, is every photo a creditable witness? It goes without saying that the photo produces an element taken from reality. "The ques-

* *Magyar Fotóművészet*. Budapest, 1958. 1959. 1962.

** Wolfgang Schade: *Europäische Dokumente* (Historisches Photo aus den Jahren 1840—1905. Stuttgart, Berlin, Leipzig, undated.)

tion, then, is not whether all this truly exists is actual reality, but simply whether it makes up the whole of objective reality."*

In 1895, a book of photographs entitled *Paris sous la Commune* appeared, with the subtitle *Par un témoin fidèle, la photographie* ("by a faithful witness—photography"). Here it becomes absolutely necessary to raise a few doubts about this so-called fidelity. The photographic picture interprets reality after successive choices of the camera, the emulsion, the lighting, the angle, the distance, etc. Two photographers will take two different pictures of the same scene and at the very same moment. Everybody sees and reports in his own manner, interpreting a reality that must be recreated and is sometimes revealed only because the camera sees better than the naked eye.

To make an exact interpretation possible, a photograph must be captioned as to the place, date, person represented and, as the case may be, the object, situation, etc. If this caption is precise and complete, the picture can be understood in its original context and its testimony acknowledged. But a caption may also mislead the spectator, whether it is a deliberate falsification (as in the photo taken of some extras during the war of 1914-18 in the vicinity of Paris and captioned *Victorious American Soldiers in Argonne)* or simply slanted (as in the photo showing President Poincaré with his mouth screwed up because the sun was shining in his eyes—the photo on which was based *The Man Who Laughs in the Cemetery).*

The question also arises whether the photographer has properly captured the scene. It is possible that circumstances prevented him from choosing the angle that would have been suitable for a faithful report. There are cases where, either deliberately or by chance, the photographer caught something that was beside the point, exceptional, or un-typical.

The manner of presentation appears to be extremely important. Which is the truth—the whole picture of a group of women working in a street in southern Italy, or only that detail on the right where a smile underlines the hostile feelings of the people of the south and gives the picture's message another dimension?** The printing process itself leads to novel interpretations. A peasant woman works the land near Mount Etna; the soft tone makes one think of traditional labour, the Greek amphora in the foreground suggests the water one sees at a place of work; but a more sharply contrasted tone gives an impression of desperate agricultural toil and underlines the dramatic necessity for modernization at any price.***

* *Die Gegenwartbedeutung des kritischen Realismus.* 1957.

** *Rivista Italsider,* Milan, No. 5, 1961.

*** *Rivista Italsider,* Milan, No. 5, 1961,

Documentation

The countless books of history in photographs cannot always be trusted on the basis of the pictures. These are often chosen because they are amusing; an anecdotal aspect may prevail over the great trends that are frequently difficult if not impossible to render in one typical picture that creates a synthesis; on the other hand, a large number of simple pictures can sometimes suggest a general ideas. But in any case words are indispensable. The photo can only play "a supporting role."*

This does not prevent a particularly forceful photo from opening up a completely new perspective, as for instance *La Garde de Déshonneur* (The Guard of Dishonour) showing Captain Dreyfus in Rennes, where the soldiers, to avoid saluting the officer, turn their backs on him.**

It is more valuable to use well-known photos to illustrate a particular subject. Nothing could better have depicted German society at the beginning of the century than the photos taken by Auguste Sander, who never used tricks. The personages lost all their individuality and became depersonalized to the point of becoming typical of a group, a caste, a profession, whether the person photographed was a peasant, a socialist leader, a man out of work, a clergyman or a bank clerk.***

It seems that one cannot be sure that the photo is typical at the moment it is taken. The opinion of contemporaries about a picture of today is often erroneous and subject to revision by future historians. We may now consider a photo to be of extraordinary interest as a document; in fifty years it may seem commonplace and uninteresting, while other snapshots, regarded with indifference or even contempt when they were taken, may have become both representative and classic.

A good photo is remarkably uncluttered; it spotlights the main thing and lets the secondary details retreat. If one compares the photos of the period, many taken by photographers who have remained anonymous, with the drawings of Constantin Guys, one sees how related these two types of evidence are. For all their sharpness of vision and accurate reporting, Guys' drawings do not outclass the anonymous photographs.****

Incidentally, one should not believe that a photographic document cannot have the kind of unplanned beauty that a drawing, a painting or a story may have. Perhaps even the most typical photos have the simplicity

* Paul Claudel: *L'oeil écoute*, Paris, 1946.

** Claude Artaud, François Hubert Stevens, Emmanuel Berl: *Cent ans d'histoire de France*, Paris, 1903.

*** *Deutschenspiegel*, Hamburg, 1961.

**** *Au temps de Baudelaire*, Guys et Nadar, Paris, 1945.

and grasp that make the protagonists or the objects in the scene more vivid, just as a well written account will always present the truth better than a badly written one, even though both contain the same information.

A bit of photohistory

It is impossible within the framework of a short article to try to classify, in however simplified a manner, the thousands of photographers who have borne witness to their age in the last century and a quarter. The work of weeding has scarcely begun. Nevertheless, it might be of interest to characterize succinctly two kinds of non-typical witnesses whose actions and attitudes were very differently motivated—those who were officially charged with presenting a picture of a given situation, and those who worked alone and unrecognized.

The photographers for the Farm Security Administration in the United States (between 1935 and 1943) were in the first category. The economic crisis of the 1930's dealt a hard blow to many of the population, particularly the farmers. The Roosevelt administration, which had stated that a third of the country's population was miserably housed, miserably clothed and miserably fed, decided to leave no stone unturned to help the victims regain their economic security. Public opinion had to be mobilized to ensure effective action. The director of the Farm Security Administration requested Roy Striker, a professor at Columbia University, to compile a photographic documentation capable of awakening the conscience of the American people. Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange were the first to undertake the job; they soon were joined by photographers as talented as themselves, and almost 300,000 photos were collected.

Walker Evans (born in 1903) strove to separate people from their surroundings and composed his pictures somewhat geometrically. He presented the farmers, their homes, their churches and everyday life in a most gripping manner. The picture of Farmer Gus Field and his family in their Alabama house, 1935, takes us right into an interior that has been hard hit by the depression. Another, presenting the window of a hardware store at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, November 1935, reveals an extraordinary jumble of simple objects which make up a still-life of overwhelming intensity and dreariness. Dorothea Lange (born in 1895) accompanies the migratory workers on their almost hopeless search for jobs. She was always on the lookout for a picture that told a story. In one of them, showing a pea-picker with her children, at Nipomo, California, February

1936, the children are hiding their faces against the shoulder of the mother, whose attitude and look reflect her desolation and her fear of the future. The photographer deplored the success of this picture, which was so widely reproduced that it caused the rest of her pictures to be forgotten, although they contained just as much truth; for example, the one depicting a street meeting in San Francisco, with an enormous policeman in the centre, turning his back on the miserable crowd he dominates.

All these photos were deposited in the Library of Congress in Washington. In 1948 certain politicians demanded that they be destroyed, on the pretext that they presented a distorted image of the United States. (This shows that not only the passing years endanger archives.) The wish of the politicians was not granted.

The photographers to whom the Farm Security Administration had appealed knew they were supposed to give evidence of the time they lived in. If beauty is by no means absent from their pictures, it appears without having been looked for; Walter Evans and Dorothea Lange were instinctively artists and this only added to the value of their work. They had the joy of realizing that it had not been useless, either to their contemporaries or to their grandchildren.

Other photographers worked without publicity, probably never suspecting that they could be called as witnesses by future generations. Perhaps the best of these, among countless others whose names have mostly fallen into oblivion, was the Frenchman Eugène Atget (1857—1927) who after having failed as an actor and a painter ended up in photography, as a means of making a modest living. He wandered about the streets of Paris with his enormous, awkward camera; he sold his "documents for artists," as he termed them, to painters; he photographed shops for their proprietors; and he also worked on commissions for the Bibliothèque Nationale. The whole face of the French capital is revealed in his photos, which he assembled in series of a hundred—streets, shops, markets, courtyards, homes, gardens, statues, trees, craftsmen, pubs. This candid-eyed "exciseman Rousseau" of photography possessed an acute sense for scenery and composition. *La maison d'André Chénier* conjures up the peaceful atmosphere of the street. *Les bords de la Marne au Perreux* constitutes a poetic image where the far-off landscape is what most attracts the eye. The shop-windows of *Magasin de corsets* or of *Cordonnier* attain astonishing evocative power by their very bareness. These pictures from which human beings are absent are deeply human testimonies. *Joueur d'orgue* or *Boulangère* give an insight into humble everyday existence. It is impossible to speak of the Paris of the first quarter of this century without referring to Atget

who simply made typical photos of marvellous beauty. Not one of his photos was reproduced in his lifetime, for a few that appeared a year before his death in the *Revue Surréaliste*, which had the honour of being the first to present these works. Today Atget's photographs are piously preserved both in public and private collections.

Thus little by little and in a manner that was unsystematic, to say the least, photo archives were built up whose incontestable usefulness to historians has at last been recognized. Unfortunately, in most countries the initiative has been left to private persons; in most cases there are no State-sponsored archives, whereas even the most insignificant pamphlet finds an eternal refuge in the public libraries. As early as 1889 the *British Journal of Photography* advocated the establishment of a big photograph headquarters containing the completest possible archives of the present world situation, and stressed that such photographs would be the most precious documents of the century. Immense progress has been made in this field, especially within the last twenty-five years. Public collections have been established and the importance of photographs is no longer contested. A great effort must still be made to prevent the disappearance of these countless witnesses of the past and to ensure the preservation of documents of yesterday and today possessing "the imperishable charm of works that succeed in capturing the inexhaustible dynamism of the world, even if only approximately, and are able to evoke it in adequate terms."*

* Georg Lukács: *Die Gegenwartsbedeutung des kritischen Realismus*, 1957.

NATIONWIDE DISCUSSION ON EDUCATIONAL REFORM

by

GÉZA KOVÁCS

Some time ago I gave a lecture on the state of public education in Hungary before an audience of about fifty French fellow educationalists in the *Institut Pédagogique National* in Paris. Giving a survey of the school reform and of our ideas on education and teaching, I mentioned that when the planned new curriculum for secondary schools was made the subject of nationwide debate, the proposals put forward by the Ministry of Education had been rejected by the pedagogues. New curricula supported by the teaching profession had, accordingly, been drafted by the competent bodies.

The effect of my remarks was surprising. Although in my lecture I had touched on quite a number of problems, the audience in the ensuing discussion always reverted to the curriculum debate. It wished to know how the nationwide debate had come about and what had been the arguments that caused the original plan to fail. The incident must have struck them as quite unusual.

I had the feeling that the problems behind the questions asked were partly of a formal, partly of a conceptual character. The audience was interested, on the one hand, in the forms in which public opinion had been able to assert itself and, on the other, in our ideas concerning the contents of education. In both they expected, quite rightly, to discover—one is even inclined to say, to seize upon—some peculiar and even surprising aspects of a socialist country, its self-portrait as it were.

The incident does, in fact, deserve attention, and this is why I would like to dwell on the subject more fully.

To begin with the formal aspects of the question, the organization of the educational debate. The practice—only sporadically resorted to in the period following the country's liberation in 1945—of subjecting to extensive discussion the major issues of cultural and educational policy before decision-

taking and legislation has established itself with steadily broadening scope over the past five years. It gained special impetus during the preparatory work for the educational reform enacted in 1961. The main objective of this reform was to render education more up-to-date, comprehensive and intensive, and to meet the growing and novel demands of society. It logically followed that these demands should be gathered from parents and teachers and from the representatives of social, economic and cultural life; that both the methods and contents of education would be transformed accordingly; and that before the resulting new system was put into practice society should once more be asked whether it considered the changes satisfactory and likely to produce adequate results.

The same procedure was applied to the basic principles of educational reform. In schools and industrial plants, in scientific associations, parents' gatherings and trade-union meetings, in press, radio and television discussions, hundreds of thousands had an occasion to become acquainted with these principles and to express their opinions. It was these country-wide debates that brought to maturity the ideas that have been given legal form by Parliament.

An Act of Parliament, however, only provides a framework to be filled in by much devoted effort. Since then new study plans and partly also new textbooks for primary education have been worked out. Their introduction was also preceded by extensive debate in the course of which numerous alterations were made. Primary-school teachers can rightly claim that the curriculum and the textbooks now guiding their work pay due regard to all pedagogical experience of any value.

The debate also had a fruitful effect on the interior life of the schools and their staffs. The slogan of a "teaching-staff with uniform educational principles," which has lately emerged and become general, expresses a recognition of the fact that without team-spirit within the staff no genuine children's community that would foster the positive effects of education could emerge. The child must not fall victim to contradictory pedagogical methods. It was primarily from among the pedagogues that the demand was raised for co-ordinated work in the interest of the common cause and for thorough discussion of the numerous aspects of teaching activity that lend themselves to purposeful guidance by collective efforts.

As a result, the appropriate organizational forms have also come into being. The pedagogical councils formed by the masters in our schools are the head-master's main support, and their activities go a long way towards rendering school management more democratic and education more systematic and purposeful.

A concrete example will help to explain how this democratic mechanism functions.

Group visits to classes have lately been introduced in a number of schools. The masters take part in each other's classes and subsequently their experiences—positive or negative—are discussed under the direction of the head-master. Wherever the system has been adopted, it has helped to spread useful methods more quickly and in a more fruitful manner and has enabled the teaching staff to develop a more homogeneous style, without, of course, impairing each master's individual style.

To the reader more or less versed in political issues it will be obvious where to look for the origins of this process. In the course of the past years the political system prevailing in this country has freed itself of methods of leadership that were not only alien but even contradictory to its essence. The ensuing lively exchange of views and the collective discussion, prior to decision or action, of tasks facing the community also had a stimulating effect on the debate over education.

What has been said will perhaps give the reader some appreciation of a new, but already firmly established characteristic of public education in Hungary, namely, that no educational document of fundamental importance, such as a curriculum or textbook will be introduced without extensive public inquiry and discussion, and that a free and candid exchange of views has come to play a growing part in the everyday life of the teaching-staffs.

Reverting to our starting point, the debate over the secondary-school curricula, the reader is now acquainted with the form and the public forum that ensured an extensive discussion of the subject. Incidentally, debates of this character are always organized by the Teachers' Trade Union, which sums up the opinions expressed and submits them, together with its own comments, to the competent government organs.

It is also obvious that this form—just like any other form—is inseparable from its content. Applied to the present case this means that only an essentially harmonious society on the road to unification can coherently formulate its views regarding the educational system. The discussions bring to light more and more aspects of reality, and it is in the interests of the whole community that they be given due attention in accordance with their relative significance. The very form of such discussions permits the problems of content—what to teach the young and how to teach it to them—to present themselves in their most varied aspects. Only in such a framework could the Hungarian pedagogues come to the conclusion that the subject-matter of instruction in secondary schools must find a proper

balance between classical and non-classical elements, at the same time enabling individual abilities and talents fully to unfold.

In the years to come secondary schooling—which is to become first general and later on compulsory throughout the country—will be served by two types of institution: the technical secondary school, which is also to provide training in some trade in addition to the general secondary education, and the grammar-school *(gymnasium)*, both having four forms, for students between fourteen and eighteen years of age. The curriculum of the latter type caused a considerable clash of opinions.

The draft proposals had envisaged two sharply distinct branches—natural-science and social-science—with only one foreign language in the former's curriculum and two in the latter.

The arguments in favour of this solution referred principally to the early development of abilities and interests and sought to prevent overburdening due to the rapid expansion of subjects of study.

All secondary schools in the country as well as a number of primary schools and higher institutions took part in a debate that led to a nearly unanimous rejection of the proposals. The consensus of opinion was that the curriculum of the grammar schools should be based on a uniform plan but should allow for reasonable variations as far as given conditions permit. There should be as many special classes (mathematical, biological, linguistic, musical, etc.) as possible, together with a varied system of voluntary study circles in which the pupils can satisfy their individual interests and find adequate scope for their abilites. And in this homogeneous type of gymnasium two foreign languages should be taught.

In line with the arguments accumulated in the course of the debate, the curricula were revised. And rightly so, since public opinion had shown a better and deeper understanding of the needs of daily life, which call for the realization of a sound proportion between classical and non-classical subjects. The grammar school must not serve as a basis for a one-sided education, which is in any case an all too frequent phenomenon in everyday life. The rapid progress of science and technology in our era makes it necessary for everyone wishing to hold his ground to acquire a high level of general education, and it is only within an educational framework of this type that the goal of socialist schooling (and of socialist society)—the unfolding of a versatile personality—can be achieved.

This goal has thrown into sharp relief another novel feature of our educational conceptions—the close contact of education with real life. The accumulation of useful knowledge reveals the various phenomena of reality, their interrelations and processes, and only by recognizing this

does man become a being able to understand these processes, adapt himself to them, influence them and direct them. This reciprocally fruitful unity of theory and practice represents the basic method aimed at in our schools. Education has therefore been reorganized to enable the young to put their knowledge to a practical test and prepare themselves for life not only by studying but by learning in school to meet the basic situations of life.

A few examples will serve to illustrate this. Our grammar schools have introduced what we call the "5+1" instruction method, meaning that the students spend five days a week in the form-room, and one day in practical work. The scene of the latter is the school's training shop or some industrial or agricultural enterprise. The day spent in practical work is intended to give the students an opportunity to acquaint themselves with basic production processes and, by taking part in the latter, to test the knowledge acquired in the course of their studies. The pedagogues were thus prompted to arrange their subject-matter in a more practical way, to adapt it to the exigencies of everyday life, to abandon the one-sidedly intellectual teaching methods based on mere memorizing and to aim at useful and applicable knowledge.

Following the example of other countries Hungary too has thus at last introduced practical work as an educational factor in the school curricula. This has given a fresh impulse to the country's entire system of public education. The development can only be welcomed, although numerous difficulties have presented themselves in the course of carrying it out, and some initial notions have had to be modified. Our philosophy centres on the idea that the world not only can and should be understood but can also be transformed in the interests of mankind. In our scale of values creative human work comes first, and it is for this reason that we consider the linking of work with study in the secondary school an important step towards the realization of our human ideal.

UNCLE JAKAB*

by

LÁSZLÓ BÓKA

The link connecting these selected passages from my two-volume novel *Nandu*, published in the autumn of 1963, is provided by Uncle Jakab, a slightly erratic member of an ancient family of aristocrats, who appears in each of these passages. Count Jakab is a minor character in the novel; yet I have chosen him for a representative selection from my novel, which, as a matter of fact, has no true protagonist at all. For the hero of my novel is not a person, but the Hungary of the first half of the 20th century as seen through the eyes of a budding artist growing from boy into man.

The novel begins in 1912 and it traces the stories of those of its characters who survive the wars and revolutions of the century as well as their own crises. As this century has seen the overthrow of the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary and of a feudal aristocratic Establishment, it followed inevitably that one of the scenes of the story was laid in the world of the aristocracy, a cosmopolitan *mélange* superimposed on the peoples of the Hapsburg empire (Hungarians, Austrians, Czechs, Slovaks, Serbians, Croates and Rumanians) which lived a life of unthinkable opulance and independence.

Superficial readers like to see in my novel a caricature of that sunken aristocratic world. There is indeed something resembling a caricature in that world as it is portrayed in my novel; but I can positively state that the distortion is not of my making—reality was like that. In fact, any outdated, rotten-ripe way of life is a caricature of its original self. I did want to show how the formal hero of my story—a little boy and future composer named Dénes Köttöni who is adopted by a kinsman of Uncle Jakab's, another count—grew up in an environment essentially alien to him. Young Dénes Köttöni is an artist—hence he possesses the fundamental ability to look behind appearances and see the real face of the age; thus he comes to realize, through Uncle Jakab's crack-brained scientific researches, that the basic problems of our time are pivoted round the issue of war and peace. Thus, too, in the eccentric behaviour of aristocrats infatuated with equestrian sport he comes to recognize noble qualities, traits of compassionate affection and human partnership, which despite the perverted form in which they are demonstrated to him help educate and shape the character of the prospective young artist.

The real point of this novel is the development of Hungarian artists in the 20th century; and it is characteristic of our time that the young boy in my novel gains through the observation of a dilettante's experiments a foreboding of the revolution of our time in natural

* Excerpts from the author's novel "Nandu" (Szépirodalmi Publishing House, Budapest, 1963. 725 pp.)

science and guesses, in a count's stable, at the basic rules of human coexistence. I hope that the following selected passages will have given a foretaste not only of that but also of my belief in the power of Art and my ideas on the relationship between Appearance and Reality. *(The Author.)*

Uncle Jakab had served with the uhlans. He had joined them as a young lieutenant in the very year—1884—of that revolutionary transformation in the proud arm of the uhlans, the introduction of the carbine to replace the historic and venerable Polish lance. It was no secret that from that time onwards the uhlan garrisons were rent by discord. For the introduction of the modern carbine was hailed by many of the younger officers, who considered the outdated lance absolutely ludicrous and scornfully designated its partisans as pole vaulters. A considerable number of the older officers disapproved of the retirement of the lance on the ground that such a move would blur the distinction between the uhlans and the hussars and mounted cavalry. Nor did this internal controversy only represent a clash of generations; it was further complicated by the fact that a not insignificant proportion of the officers, regardless of age, were fighting for the reinstatement of the lance because they were of Polish extraction and felt that their most sacred national tradition had been trodden underfoot when this ancient weapon was wrung from their hands. It was with no little hope that the lance advocates greeted Uncle Jakab's appointment as lieutenant of the uhlans because they thought that in him they would be gaining another partisan of their cause. For a long time, of course, they bided their time with Uncle Jakab, only trying to make approaches to him as friends and comrades-in-arms. For instance, they initiated him into the trick they used to play on new officers, whose saddle girths they would slacken; they showed him the small privately-owned wine-cellar which helped the officers on duty to kill time and the key to which was not entrusted to just anyone (it would never, for example, be lent to Czech aristocrats). Lastly, they introduced him to a lady of irreproachable reputation, a Dame of the Star Cross Order, who had two very pretty and compliant cousins. This strait-laced lady never permitted her cousins to leave their rooms while the young officers were waiting upon her; as she was chained to her arm-chair by an incurable arthritis, however, she was not in a position to see whether one or another of the young gentlemen, after having left her parlour, was not knocking at the door of one of those girls' rooms—rooms that were furnished with puritanical simplicity but provided with comfortable couches. By the time Uncle Jakab—who, incidentally, enjoyed general popularity on account of his reserved, soft-spoken manner, his unostentatious generosity and his mettle in equestrian sport, as well as for his capacity for consuming spirits, which could not but win him esteem—by the time Uncle Jakab was promoted to first lieutenant, the Polish aristocrats had altered their tactics from a general softening up to direct persuasion. They did not consider their first soundings unfruitful; for when bluntly asked whether he had any objection to the re-establishment of the lance as part of the uhlans' standard equipment, Uncle Jakab had answered in his virile, tight-lipped manner, "Meinetwegen,*" by which he indicated that at any rate he was not a member of the anti-lance party, even though he might not yet have grasped the full significance of the issue.

Alas, it turned out afterwards that to a certain degree they had misconstrued Uncle Jakab: they had failed to note that his succinct statement contained not the seeds of agreement but merely indifference—an indifference engendered by a species of fanaticism not yet known to anyone. This was first discovered after very successful military manoeuvres, when there

* For all I care, in German

was talk of his being promoted to divisional commander. The banquet held at the conclusion of the manoeuvres was attended by the Crown Prince, representing His Majesty. In the course of good-humoured and comradely table-talk, His Imperial Highness made a joking allusion to the anti-carbinism of the pole-vaulters, thus showing that the Imperial Court and the Cabinet were not unacquainted with the grumblings that went on in the garrison. At this point, His Imperial Highness honoured Uncle Jakab by addressing him. "Well, Kinsky, what is *your* view?" he asked Uncle Jakab. These gracious words from the Crown Prince immediately strengthened the conviction that Uncle Jakab was going to be promoted to divisional commander. His reply, however, gave everyone a jolt. Uncle Jakab said that to his mind the lance was as childish a weapon as the sabre or, for that matter, the carbine, and therefore he considered it puerile to argue about which of the two should be used. "You mean to say only the artillery and the air-ship have a chance?" asked His Imperial Highness, and added, laughing, "I suppose you're right." Uncle Jakab ought to have been satisfied with that. Far from it, he greeted the mention of both artillery and air-ship with a sarcastic smile and declared that they were not particularly suitable as tools of war either. He was in favour, he said, of using high powered bombs by means of which a single explosion would destroy entire armies or sections of armies and lines of communications. He wanted to expatiate on the subject, but the Crown Prince headed him off with the ironic remark, "I hope you aren't carrying that kind of bombs about with you." Then he said, "*Also meine Herren...*" and quickly left the premises. After this incident, needless to say, the Polish uhlans practically ostracized Uncle Jakab; only the younger ones would approach him for a minor loan, but they did it surreptitiously.

A few days afterwards, Uncle Jakab received an order to go to Vienna and report at the office of the Chief of Staff, Count Franz Conrad von Hötzendorf, of whom it was rumoured that he would be Chief of the Emperor's General Staff some day. A wire-haired, cross-grained man, the Chief of Staff demanded that Uncle Jakab explain the ideas he had mentioned to the Crown Prince. Uncle Jakab candidly propounded his view that it was quite futile to direct attacks at single individuals or even at groups of people or fortresses. This, in his opinion, was a sheer waste of forces. No, he said, matter itself must be attacked in its elementary particles to cause an explosion that would tear the particles asunder—or the atoms, as they had come to be called lately—i.e., those particles of matter that were considered impossible to split. If it became feasible to produce such an explosion over a large area, then there would be no fighting, no wounded, no prisoners of war, no occupation forces, no subversive activity among the vanquished, no attempts at assassination, no political agitation. There would only be a desolated land that had ceased to be a source of trouble to His Imperial Majesty. "And where would you get such an explosive?" Count Conrad asked. Again Uncle Jakab gave a candid reply, stating that he could not say for the time being, but he believed he was on the right track. He said he thought it was possible to dissolve the particles only at an extraordinarily high temperature. Was it an accident, he asked, that all religious theories envisaged the final destruction of the world as occurring through the medium of fire? He cited the *Apocalypse*, which describes how a blazing mountain falls into the sea, killing one-third of all underwater life and destroying one in three ships. He cited the *Edda* in which Surtr the Fire God invades the world with the sun-image of the gods glittering on his sword, and the fire reaches up to the skies, burning even the stars. He cited the fire myths of the Mayas and the Hindus which predict that the holocaust following the deluge will bring complete annihilation. Count Conrad grew impatient and asked whether Uncle Jakab intended to get his super-explosive from the God Surtr. Whereupon Uncle Jakab ingenuously nodded, saying yes, to be sure, that was one of his methods: he was praying God to instruct

him so that he might discover a method of heating that would make such a thing possible, and to show the Lord his industry, he said, he was already making experiments in burning various substances. With that the audience ended.

On the same day Count Conrad reported to the Crown Prince—and also to the Minister of War—on the schemes that Uncle Jakab had expounded to him, and a cabled order was sent to Uncle Jakab's regimental commander instructing him to find some tactful way of having Uncle Jakab's head examined, and to retire him from active service; at the same time, someone should volunteer to discharge the duty of informing Prince Charles, the senior member of the Kinsky family, so that the family might take appropriate measures. Unfortunately, all this tact and diplomacy resulted in delaying matters so long that one morning the guard discovered heavy smoke billowing forth and tongues of flames bursting from Uncle Jakab's quarters in Residential Section Number Seven of the 2nd Officers' Pavilion. In the course of one of his experiments Uncle Jakab had managed to produce heat of such intensity that his desk had burst into flame; he himself was carried from his room unconscious, having sustained severe burns.

Another difficulty arose from the obstinate persistence of Prince Charles in ignoring the very existence of Uncle Jakab after that. The most the prince was prepared to do was to carve out from the family property the minimum share that was Uncle Jakab's legal due. This and the whole affair came to the ears of His Majesty and he grew exceedingly angry with Prince Charles for thus letting down a person who after all had worn the Emperor's uniform, who although potty was after all a Kinsky, and who must not be left to parade his pottiness amongst civilians, since that would reflect on existing conditions. It was at this juncture that Count Szentgály-Güssing intervened, because he was feeling sorry for his wife, Amália, who had been seized with a crying fit and because of the advice of the duchess, who had said: "Bring him here, son. I'll teach him to play cards—in case he hasn't learned yet. I should find a potty Kinsky quite diverting." (Of course no one realized at the moment that this was a hint that Amália, who was not potty, utterly failed to divert the duchess.) So after a brief conference with Charles, the count brought Uncle Jakab to his country house to live. All this was settled with such promptitude and circumspection that His Majesty was induced to let the count know he thought his management flawless in every respect and precisely what—in his reliance on tradition—he had expected of him. Thus, in a sense, Uncle Jakab's experiments had not been entirely unfruitful. For it became generally known that from that time on Count Szentgály-Güssing enjoyed the sovereign's confidence; and at court receptions, His Majesty never failed to honour him with a few words. Furthermore, it was reported that at one time Szentgály-Güssing was being seriously considered for inclusion in His Majesty's government. Although the count declined the offer, it so happened that the old monarch took his refusal in good part; he even liked the resolute frankness with which the count told him he was averse to all political activity. *"Ja, lieber Graf,"* His Majesty said; "I can sympathise with you. I myself don't enjoy messing about with it." And with a gaze that grew ever moister he stared into the distance at some indescribable, nostalgic world peopled only by priests and soldiers. It was a stirring—one might also say historical—moment; for His Majesty was not communicative, nor could he be termed a talkative person; yet this communication might have been regarded as an intimate confession. This was no mere court gossip but the truth, as soon became apparent to all. For shortly after this episode, the count was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Franz-Josef Order, skipping the lower stage of the Medium Cross. As time passed, he had every concceivable honour conferred on him, from the Hungarian St. Stephen Order through the Austrian Leopold Order to the military Maria Theresa Order. Incidentally, when the last-named order was to

be conferred on Szentgály-Güssing the responsible officials expressed their concern to His Majesty, whereupon the Emperor irritably remarked that Count Szentgály-Güssing had done as much as many another to safeguard the honour of the Imperial and the Royal Armed Forces. This remark surrounded the count with a mysterious glory, for by now no one thought of Uncle Jakab and his crotchets any more, although those may well have been just what His Majesty had in mind.

*

He started from a deep, heavy sleep.

For a moment he wondered where he was, and it was touch and go that he might call out "*Maman!*"—for it seemed to him that the duchess had come in to see whether he had thrown off his blankets. Luckily he said nothing; as his eyes grew accustomed to the light from the flickering white candles in the great candelabra, he gradually awoke and sobered to the realization that he was not a little boy any more, that the duchess was dead, and that he was lying in his room, with his valet, Tófor standing at the foot of the bed.

"Begging your pardon, milord, for having waked Your Lordship. Jani Gidran is in very bad shape, and Mr. Egerszegi has sent for the veterinarian. Still I thought it was my duty to wake your Lordship—"

The count sat up in bed.

He was wide awake now. Good God, what were they doing to Jani Gidrán?

Tófor set down the candelabra, and as the count stuck his legs out from under the blanket, he went down on his knees by the bed and put the count's feet into his socks and shoes and handed him his undergarments and his clothing piece by piece. The count did not wash, he only had some eau de cologne sprinkled on his face, and ploughed through his hair with the comb. He was about to rush from the room, but he turned back at the door. He took his gun out of the drawer of the night-table and slipped it into the right-hand pocket of his jacket.

"Please, Your Lordship—the mantle," Tófor warned. "It's cold outside."

The count barked an obscene word and hurried off towards the hall.

Tófor was pleased with himself. Sure that the count would pass through the hall on his way into the park, since that was the shortest way, he had left the hurricane lamp on the terrace so as to be able to light his Lordship's way.

Day was breaking; the darkness was thinning out in the east, and the sky above the horizon was turning grey; but a lamp was necessary all the same. Tófor had a hard time trying to outpace the count in order to light the way for him. They hurried mutely through the park, and the count never even noticed that light was glimmering in the window of Father Leonhard's room.

He saw nothing and heard nothing; his thoughts were concentrated on Jani Gidrán and his heart was gripped with fear.

Whatever could they be doing to her, the dolts?

The name Jani had been invented by Maman. Dear Maman, it was that quaint turn of mind of hers that had suggested it. They had explained to her that this little marvel of a foal was not of the Mezőhegyes Gidrán stock, the Gidrán descendants of the Spanish mare Arrogant, but of a more or less extinct line whose ancestor had been sired by the senior Gidrán—Gidrán Siglavy—which had been taken to the Bábolna stud farm; he had not only covered the ancestress of the domestic stud Arrogant but also a Turkish mare named Janissary. This new little Gidrán was descended from the latter line. Her ancestress was called Janissary?

"Well, in that case she might be called Jani Gidrán, mightn't she?" the duchess said. And she was registered by that name in the famed book of pedigrees in which records are kept of the descendants of the Arab thoroughbred imported by Baron Fechtig from Arabia in 1814.

The duchess used to tell him she had once seen Baroness Fechtig at a court reception; the baroness had had a lilac-coloured feather stuck in her hair, and the feather quivered the whole time because the old lady's head shook; and when she opened her fan the little coloured beads kept falling off it.

What a fine mare Jani Gidrán had grown to be!

Maman had not lived to see it.

What a splendid horse Jani was! Golden brown, handsomely proportioned with white pasterns, a nimble pacer, and sturdy enough to be put in harness, five and a half feet from ground to withers. What in hell had those bloody fools done with her?

Inside the stable it was as bright as day.

The vet (this time it was not that pig-headed fool Köttöni) was just having the stable-boys raise Jani Gidrán to her feet. Her beautiful mane was disheveled and lustreless; the fodder in her manger was untouched. Her head drooped and her wonderful eyes were dimmed as she stared vacantly before her; with one hoof she weakly scraped at the bed of straw.

"Give her a rubdown, boys," commanded the little pot-bellied man with the walrus-moustache. "After that, put a blanket over her, the morning's cool at this time of year. Put her through her paces first though... Good morning, milord. A touch of colic, milord, that's what it is. She looks to me as if she has a fever, and I'm afraid it may be anthrax. It must be a case of infection... We are doing everything in our power, milord..."

"What d'you mean, infection? How in hell's name could it be a case of infection?" shouted the count.

"Ah, milord, it doesn't take more than a bundle of hay that's been kept in a wet place to get her in trouble. I told you, boys, didn't I... I've always told you it's better to give horses nothing at all rather than wet fodder."

Two stable-boys led Jani Gidrán outside.

She barely lifted her head, even when the bridle tautened. She advanced swaying and faltering, constantly wanting to sink down on her rump like a dog, so that the men had to drag her up.

"Lead her with your hands, not by the bridle, idiots!" Uncle Jakab's rasping voice shattered the silence. He was wearing a queer, tasselled nightcap, a dressing-gown of coloured silk, and soft cordovan slippers with pointed tips, which had made his entrance inaudible.

"Milord," said the vet, bowing to him civilly, "they are acting on my orders. But if Your Lordship desires—"

"Don't back down, ass!" Uncle Jakab yelled, and it was as if uhlan bugle calls from afar were mingling with the trumpet rasp in his voice. "Give the right order in the first place, you damn fathead, and then hold your jaw!"

He turned to the count. "I saw you come out of the house, François," he said, "and I knew there was trouble, *à pronostic fatal*. Confound it!"

By now the men were giving Jani Gidrán a rub down. The mare was evidently in a sorry state, yet she may have found the treatment pleasant.

"Please Your Lordships, I trust science will help...," said the vet affably, not taking offence.

"Trust in the mare, not in your learning," Uncle Jakab snarled. "I tell you, François, she hasn't long to live... They ought to have found the trouble yesterday—then it might have been possible to help her. This is all hocus-pocus now."

The rumble of a carriage was heard.

Egerszegi came in, in the company of an army veterinary surgeon.

"Milord, I have taken the liberty of bringing in my friend Béla, of the hussars," he said, bowing repeatedly to the count and Uncle Jakab.

The army vet saluted them stiffly and walked over to the horse. He lifted its head, touched its muzzle and ears, and felt its belly. After saying something to one of the stablemen, he turned about with a jerk.

"Beg to report, sir," he said, addressing Uncle Jakab as the senior officer among those present, "it's anthrax."

"I took the liberty to venture the same opinion, Béla," said the veterinarian with a vehement nod.

"She's about to have a—er—what-d'you-call-it—a *coup de sang*," Uncle Jakab said. "And she'll be lucky. She won't suffer. Maybe she won't suffer, François." Making it plain that he knew the case was past help, he strode out of the stable as noiselessly as he had come.

The count went over to Gidrán.

"Listen, Jani," he said very softly.

The mare never batted an eyelid, she did not look at him.

"Listen, Jani," the count repeated, whispering straight into her ear. "Please listen to me."

Now the mare lifted her distressed gaze to him; the light in her eyes was dim, as if a film covered them. Then she bowed her head and neighed. It sounded like a cry of pain and, alas, like defeated cynical laughter.

"I'm sorry, my dear," the count whispered. "I'm sorry, Jani darling."

She was no longer looking at him, she was blinking at his stomach. The count drew himself up.

"With Your Lordship's permission I will take her temperature," said the vet.

"Thank you, lieutenant," said the count, inclining his head coolly to the army surgeon.

"We will settle the reckoning," the count said, but there was no way of knowing to whom he said it—to the vet? Egerszegi? the groom? or that mysterious Power which infects animals? Perhaps he said it to God.

"Get out, all of you," he said softly; and since nobody moved for a moment, he roared, "Are you people deaf? Get the hell out of here, all of you!"

In the resulting stampede, Uncle Jakab—who was coming back in as if he had forgotten something—was nearly knocked off his feet.

By the time he reached the count, the stable was empty.

"I thought I'd tell you, François, what I had in mind—"

The silence in the stable was so profound that they even heard one of the horses switch its tail to drive a fly away.

"Thank you, Jakab. I had the same idea," said the count, and he reached into his pocket and took out his gun.

"I'm sorry," he said to Jani Gidrán in a hollow tone, and with a steady hand, the muzzle of his gun almost touching her, shot her through the head. And Jani Gidrán sighed her last breath.

The stable was thrown into a commotion; the horses pawed the ground nervously, stamped, and rattled their chains; the bars separating the boxes creaked and swung.

The count put his pistol in his pocket.

"All right, Jakab. We can go."

"That's what I had in mind," said Uncle Jakab, and he nodded his head so emphatically that the long tassel of the nightcap fell over his forehead.

"Ass!" he said privately to the tassel, and he turned to the count, who was walking slowly out of the stable by his side.

"I was given this cap by your mother. It made her laugh, poor duchess, to think what a figure I'd cut in bed in it... It's as well she didn't live to see this happen..."

Everybody—the veterinarians, Mr. Egerszegi, the groom and the stable-boys—were still standing with their backs against the wall of the stable. Tófor had put out the lamp, for the sky was paling to a cold grey, but he nevertheless strode on in front carrying it as if prepared for the eventuality that the sun might retreat, in which case he would have to light the way for their lordships again.

Neither of them said a word, and they parted silently in the hall.

"I want you to announce this morning," the count said to Tófor as they reached the door of his room, "that I shall not be attending breakfast. I am not to be disturbed until I ring for you."

The following day Tófor told the chef de cuisine, with whom he generally played chess in the afternoon, that this was the first time in his life that the count had undressed without assistance and that he had had tears in his eyes. The chef laughed and made a deprecatory gesture.

"I doubt that," he said. "At any rate, you can say goodbye to your queen."

*

"Well, boy? Well? Now then," said Uncle Jakab, jocularly winking his eye, and he poked Déneske in the chest with his forefinger. Déneske was unable to decide just what the old man meant by those frequently repeated "Wells" and "Now thens." But since he felt sure that Uncle Jakab's intentions could not be bad, he went up closer and gave him a smile.

"Well? What did I say? Eh? Now then," Uncle Jakab returned Déneske's smile, delighted with the boy's intelligence and winsomeness.

Déneske's face broke into a still broader smile, so that he almost chuckled as he reached Uncle Jakab.

Uncle Jakab himself beamed more than ever, and after a few more loud "Nows" and "Now thens," he seized the boy by the neck and drew him between his legs so that their heads nearly bumped.

At this they both laughed at once, although for a minute Déneske was expecting this to be another of those tricks with which grown-ups like to annoy little boys. But he looked into Uncle Jakab's wide, blue eyes and felt reassured.

He was not even afraid when Uncle Jakab grasped him by the neck and set him on his knee with such power and speed that it was over in a twinkling. His father had done the same thing when he was a very little boy. Now he was a big boy and was going to be a great musician, of course, yet somehow this did not displease him and he would not have been surprised if Uncle Jakab had begun chanting "Ride a cock-horse..." He nearly became alarmed, however, when Uncle Jakab, while continuing to smile at him, suddenly—gently, it is true, with only one finger—poked him in the chest. For all its gentleness, the poke very nearly sent him flying. Yet he had no time for fright, for Uncle Jakab caught him with his other arm and laughed.

"Well, boy," he said, "What did I say? Eh? What?"

When Déneske, comforted, was laughing, Uncle Jakab put him down on the floor. Then he went over to a long, low, narrow table that was covered with glass vessels and curious racks, moved all those things to another table and sat down on it astride, the way Déneske

had been sitting on his knee before. Only Uncle Jakab was actually riding on that trestle-like table, and he urged Déneske to try and push him off it, not with one finger, but by making a run at him and ramming him with his head like a little bull.

Déneske had no misgivings about this trick; he did make a run at Uncle Jakab, levelling his little pate at the old man's chest; he scarcely noticed that Uncle Jakab was not gripping the trestle with his hands.

And no matter how violently Déneske pitched into him, Uncle Jakab did not so much as quiver.

"Well, boy. What d'you think, eh? Can you think? You're a big boy, my lad! Why d'you think I didn't fall backwards, eh? I gave you a push with one finger! This one. You pushed me with your big, hard nut. Well, and what happened? You would have fallen off, but I didn't. Well? What's the reason?"

Déneske gave a prompt reply.

"Your arse is bigger than mine."

Uncle Jakab burst out laughing.

"*Diabelek!*" he said, relapsing into Polish. "*Cos ty powiedzial?* My arse is bigger? That's true, but that's not the reason. You're right, though, because that does have something to do with it. Do you know why it is that I can push you off with one finger? Because you're sitting on your arse. But when you're sitting on a living body," he slapped his thigh, "when you're riding on a horse," again he slapped his thigh, "that was your horse—then you oughtn't to be sitting on your arse; you ought to use your knees and thighs. You couldn't unseat me with your big head because I was pressing my horse with my thighs. Now open your ears, boy. It's not the saddle that counts. It's not the stirrup that counts. It's not the—what d'you call it? What's the Hungarian for *uzda?* Don't you know? You donkey, *uzda* means bridle—it's not the bridle that counts, but your knees and thighs. If you press them properly you won't fall off of hell itself. And you'll also be able to guide your horse. See?"

Déneske nodded with a serious mien.

"All right, my young hellion. Now just you always remember that. You say it tonight along with your prayer. Do you pray every day?"

"Well...," Déneske said, with a little uncertainty, "mostly I do."

Uncle Jakab looked at the boy cheerfully; then dropping his voice to a whisper he said confidentially:

"Never mind, boy. Never mind. I'll tell you a secret—I do *not* pray. But you mustn't tell the old priest, because that would make him feel bad. You know how it is—that's what they get paid for. Still, I don't pray, because here, boy, here"—he tapped his forehead with his forefinger—"I have an idea. God knows what's in my mind, so why should I *tell* Him? On the other hand, I don't know what He has in His Mind. So I go to chapel and say nothing, I only listen. Maybe *He* will tell *me* what He is thinking."

His voice now became the faintest whisper.

"Very rarely does He tell me. Still, boy! Still, He does tell me, sometimes. D'you know why He tells me? God loves the Kinskys. The Kinsky family—the men. Not the women —oh no. But He does love the males. Either He gives them lots of money or a lovely little woman or He endows them with brains. Brains in their heads. To me He gave no lovely little woman and very little money; but brains—He's given me that."

Déneske was listening enraptured; his heart had warmed with a kind of melting gratitude. He would not have known how to put into words why he felt grateful, but he did; they would always tell him something that made the heavens open up and the angels on sentry-duty raise their swords and admit him.

Uncle Jakab jumped off the table.

"Now come with me! Let's go to the horses. Do you know the horses?"

Déneske laughed and nodded, as if to say, Aye, he did indeed.

"But the horses don't know *you*. So now there will be *przedstawienie*—er—presentation... introduction. I'm going to introduce you to the horses."

Again Déneske was at a loss to decide whether Uncle Jakab was in earnest or about to perpetrate some trick. He looked up at those wide sky-blue eyes, but they shone gravely and he dared not laugh.

Uncle Jakab rang the bell.

An old footman entered. Déneske had not yet seen this man about the house.

"At your service, milord," the old footman said, and bowed.

"*Pan Kazimierz*, bring me a riding-whip."

"I beg to report to Your Lordship that Your Lordship has no riding-whip."

"*Pan Jackass!* I know. All the same I order you to bring me one, because I haven't got one! Bring me one from the bowels of hell, and be quick about it!"

The old servant respectfully backed out of the room and in less then a minute returned with a riding-switch that had a silver handle.

Uncle Jakab gazed at the riding-switch with delight; his face even broke into a grin for a moment. Then he started off at the double, nodding to Kazimierz to indicate that he was satisfied and motioning to Déneske to follow him.

In a few minutes they were in the stable where the saddle horses were kept.

"Untether the horses! Turn them face outwards!" Uncle Jakab commanded the frightened stablemen.

Chains rattled and hooves stamped softly in the straw; neighing, whinnying and snorting could be heard. A few unruly horses wanted to bolt out of their stalls instantly; the stablemen barely managed to restrain them—although Uncle Jakab's admonitory shouts did more to check the horses than the stablemen's efforts.He rapped out reproofs to the more excitable horses, saying, "Now, now, Florestan!" "What the hell, Griseldis, please!" At one horse he simply roared, "Slapjack! Damn you! You aren't in America! Come on now!" Slowly the situation clarified, and the next thing Déneske knew, he was standing at the stable door at the left of Uncle Jakab and seeing the long heads of the horses facing them on every side, with their fine large almond-shaped eyes—some of them clouded with tears—gazing at them.

"Well, gentlemen; well, friends," Uncle Jakab shouted, and such a profound silence fell that not even a rustle of straw was to be heard.

"Take this hell-fire," said Uncle Jakab, handing the riding-whip to Déneske. "Get a grip on both ends, raise it above your head, and walk all the way down the stable so that the little horses get a good look at you. An then come back here."

It was like a fairy-tale!

This was almost more wonderful than the time when Mr. Szimics's distinguished friends made him a corporal and gave him a cheer at The Lamb. Déneske walked along holding the light whip high with both hands; the large-eyed horses turned their long heads to watch him pass.

Maybe I too am one of God's anointed, Déneske thought hopefully.

"Now stand in front of me. Hand me that thing: I am going to strike you. But you must take it, boy," said Uncle Jakab, and in a whisper—so that the horses should not understand, perhaps—he added, "Don't be afraid, little hellion. Don't be afraid."

He flourished the whip in the air, and the horses nervously tossed up their heads and began pawing the ground; Slapjack was on the point of bolting out of his stall, but at that

moment—crack!—Uncle Jakab gave the boy's ankle a stinging flick with the leather tail of the switch.

It did smart a bit; and if he had not been a corporal, Déneske might have said ouch; and if Uncle Jakab had not just been exhorting him, he might even have burst into sobs. As it was he merely clenched his teeth. He got his reward, for Uncle Jakab went over to him and squeezed his shoulder. Now the old man spoke to the horses again.

"Now, please. Quiet, please. Now then, friends, gentlemen," he shouted, and handed the whip back to the boy.

"Turn to face the horses and raise the whip over your head again."

Then he himself turned to the horses and said:

"Now please, attend." He whispered to Déneske: "You flourish the whip, and make it crack, if you know how."

With immense delight Déneske cracked the whip so loud that the stableman could scarcely hold Slapjack.

"Now shout to them 'Hello, horses!'" Uncle Jakab whispered.

It was the loudest shout that had been heard in the stable for years:

"Hello, horses!"

The horses jerked up their heads and gazed at Déneske, who was raising the riding-whip high.

"Now break the infernal thing, throw it on the ground in front of you and tread on it. Don't hesitate! Do it!"

Indeed, Déneske did hesitate at first; but then he broke the whip with relish, dashed the pieces to the ground and trod on them as a victorious commander might tread on weapons seized from the enemy.

"Now walk down the length of the stable again between the horses, empty-handed, and then off we go."

Déneske walked past the stalls; then they quickly left the stable.

"Tomorrow morning I want you to take out Slapjack for us," Uncle Jakab called back to the stableman. "As for you," he said, turning to Déneske, "I want you to remember that what a real horseman wants is knees and thighs. No dashed whips! Only jockeys have whips; but if they use their dashed whips I'll bash their bloody heads for them as I did at the races at Baden once. Horses have no whips, and horsemen must have no whips. Horses have brains and horsemen must have brains. Whips and switches—they're for circus riders. And that confounded Egerszegi. It was his whip you just smashed up," he said, and gave Déneske a wink.

They laughed again at that.

"Tomorrow morning, I'll take you out riding. Now you know nearly everything. Well, see you later. I've some business to attend to."

CLIPPINGS

FROM HUNGARIAN DAILIES AND PERIODICALS

Kritika

PATRIOTIC AND NATIONAL IDEOLOGIES

by

ERIK MOLNÁR

Every kind of class society, including feudal society, needs a common ideology which masks the irreconcilable class contradictions and induces the oppressed classes to cooperate with the ruling class. In France a feudal common ideology developed during the period of the feudal monarchy, from the beginning of the 14th century, when the extreme forms of political disunity had ceased.

The common ideology was not based on economic unity of the country. The northern and southern parts of the country were not yet linked by a common market. Nor did any lingual unity exist, since the north spoke French, while the south spoke Provençal, a tongue related to French. The basis of the common ideology was the political unity of the country as a state—the "French" kingdom. When French-speaking Burgundy broke away from France and became a separate—also multilingual—state, the process was accompanied by the evolution of a particularly Burgundian common consciousness. The French and the French-speaking Burgundians soon faced each other as "nations" filled with hatred of each other.

The kingdom or State was actually the power-enforcement organization of the ruling nobility against the exploited peasantry and alien feudal powers. In the nobiliary ideology it was made to appear as an organization of society that represented the common interests of all social classes. According to this ideology the fundamental exploitation of the peasants was transformed into a relationship of protection in which the nobles provided for the defence of the peasantry in return for labour. This ideology of common interests spread among the bourgeoisie, which was recognized as the third estate, and also among the peasantry itself, by means of the common experiences which—as in the case of taxes or invasion by enemy troops—were initiated by the state executive power or directed against it (foreign forces), affecting every class in some way and in a certain measure compelling them to concerted action.

As early as in 1314 the French nobility and burghers, when objecting to the levy of some tax, referred to the interests of the kingdom and of common interests. The revolutionary peasants of the Jacquerie did not mention their exploitation by the aristocracy as a justification for their anti-feudal revolt and their mass slaughter of the nobility. Instead, in the spirit of the common feudal ideology, they claimed that the French nobility, which had suffered a crushing defeat at Poitiers at the hands of the English, had failed to perform its duties of protection, thus "dishonouring and betraying the kingdom." Half a century later Joan of Arc, who represented the interests of

a peasantry that longed for peace and had been ruined by the war-time pillaging of both French and English feudal lords and mercenaries, fought for "the King and the Kingdom of France," to quote her own words.

The social community embraced by the State was not yet defined at that time as "nation" or "fatherland." The conception of a nation and especially of a fatherland as applied to the totality of the social community was formulated only in the 16th century. The new idea of a mother country was revived by the humanists from classical Latin literature. The conceptions of both nation and fatherland, however, were still closely connected with the ideas of the State and of monarchy progressing along the road to absolutism. In the age of Louis XIV, when absolutism had been consolidated, the person of the king, the head of the feudal State, came to embody the ideas of the State, the fatherland, and the nation. At that time the peasants who revolted against excessive taxation by the State nevertheless cheered the king. Long live the King, they said, but without any salt tax.

All the same, the revival of the classical conception of fatherland intensified the ideological distortions of class society. It was a conception saturated with emotion, demanding heroic self-sacrifice for the cause of the State. It is sweet to die for the fatherland, said the ceaselessly repeated Latin text. Thus the State was transformed from an organ of common interests into a supreme value in its own right.

Feudal society was unable to draw any practical conclusions from this state of affairs. It lacked a social basis for such conclusions, it lacked social concord, it even lacked the aim of being welded into a higher economic unit from which the new ideology of fatherland might have drawn strength. Owing to the economic disunity of feudal society, centrifugal tendencies continued to prevail notwithstanding the State community. In the 15th century the town of Bordeaux, actuated by its own economic interests, did not hesitate to join forces with the English; in the 17th century, patriotism did not prevent the feudal aristocrat Condé from going over to hostile Spain, or Eugene of Savoy from taking service with Austria and fighting against France.

In the feudal State some elements of the subsequent patriotic-national ideology developed nevertheless. References to love of the mother country, to sweet France, can be found as early as the 12th century. Praise of the national language, national traits and customs also found expression at an early date. This primitive pride, which makes a virtue of mere difference from others, having been produced by contact with foreign ethnic groups chiefly through war-time encounters, became consolidated into a permanent social attitude in the ceaselessly renewed feudal wars. It was inseparable from the scorn and disparagement felt for the language, character and customs of other peoples. Under certain conditions, disparagement then grew into hatred of the foreign people. That was how the long wars led to the hatred conceived by the French people for the English.

This form of national feeling, brought into existence by the military caste of the nobility, was soon adopted by the bourgeoisie, which was endeavouring to conform to the aristocracy, and by the peasantry oppressed by the foreign invaders. The humanists of the 16th century cast national self-praise in literary form. For instance Gaguin regarded chivalrous courage, love of labour, thrift and humane morality as the peculiar virtues of France. Others added unselfishness and idealism. (At the same time the Italian humanists were referring to French barbarism.) These traits, thought to be typical of the French alone, were summarized by the humanists as the ideological epitome of the French spirit.

The endeavour to bring about an arbitrary assimilation of foreign nations was absent from the policies of the feudal age. In the

16th, 17th and 18th centuries Provençal was superseded by the French language in the natural course of economic and social, political and cultural contacts. The feudal age was already fully aware of the eminent importance of language as a means of human contact and the establishment of social relations. This is evidenced in part by the care devoted to the French tongue, cultivation of which was initiated in the 16th century. It was the purposeful endeavour of Henry IV to unite all the French-speaking provinces under his rule, because he had recognized the firm basis offered by lingual bonds to political and social connections.

In the 18th century the French bourgeoisie grew stronger. It strove to conquer for its wares the whole of the French-speaking territory, where free and extensive commerce was ensured by the common language. By that time the greater part of the French-speaking areas was under the sway of one political power. Therefore the situation differed sharply from that prevailing in lands where the domain of the national language was divided among several political powers, or where an alien political power reigned over the territory of the national language. All the same, the French bourgeoisie had to seize political power in order to eliminate the feudal barriers against the productive forces and the exchange of goods, and to conquer the inner market of France. In the contest for political power, on the other hand, it had to win the support of the working classes. These were the economic, social and political conditions under whose influence the ideologists of the bourgeoisie involuntarily shaped the national ideology and also the—for the moment negligible—cosmopolitan conception.

The fact that the bourgeoisie had turned against the sovereign power of feudal absolutism led its ideologists to sever the conception of nation and fatherland from that of the State. The idea of the nation was linked with the linguistic community and nourished through the connective tissue of the economic community, while the national community was identified as the mother country. Instead of State ties, the bourgeois common ideology was based on the consciousness of national ties, the idea of the homeland. The classical idea of fatherland now rested on actual economic correlations and claims, and on this realistic basis demanded with its full emotional weight individual submission to national interests.

The stand taken by the bourgeoisie against the ruling feudal aristocracy led to an ideology in which the nobility was branded as the descendants of the old Frankish conquerors as members of an alien nation and as such they were excluded from the body of the French nation, which was declared to be of Gallic origin. This ideology limited the French nation to the bourgeoisie and the common people. The circumstance that the bourgeoisie needed the support of the people was expressed in the ideology of popular sovereignty. According to the theory of popular sovereignty, political power was derived from the people. The program of bourgeois democracy followed from this theory. The political ideology of popular sovereignty was connected with the national ideology to which bourgeois-democratic elements were added.

The change of ideology began in the years around 1750. Voltaire wrote that patriotism was of the utmost importance. Montesquieu too proposed to build society on the basis of patriotism. Both studied the nature of the national spirit. After 1760 the debate concerned with the origin of the French nation was intensified, and in the years preceding the revolution Mably brought triumph to the anti-feudal Gallic theory. The most prominent part in this, however, was played by Rousseau. In his work on government in Poland, Rousseau pointed to the development of national consciousness as the aim of law-making, and to the cultivation of national customs and traditions and the promotion of patriotism as the objectives of education. He regarded law-making as being

based on popular sovereignty, so that national consciousness and patriotism were interwoven with democratic demands. This made it possible for the patriotic-national ideology to become the democratic ideology of popular mass movements during the revolution.

In his "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte" Marx wrote that the leaders of the French revolution found the ideas and artistic forms, the self-deception they needed in order to conceal from themselves the bourgeois limits of their struggles and to keep their passion at the pitch of great historical tragedy in the classically severe traditions of the Roman Republic. Patriotism, the thoughts inspired by the grandeur and glory of the fatherland—to which they joined the idea of the nation—were among the outstanding classical traditions. The leaders of the revolution referred to the fatherland and the nation to which all individual interests must subordinate themselves. Patriotic-national ideology was one of the principal sources of the illusion that something extraordinary was being created, whereas in reality all efforts were being concentrated on building up a bourgeois society. The masses, the "patriots" were fired by the emotional idea of fatherland when, in the course of fighting for a democratic republic and the confiscation of the feudal estates, they liquidated internal traitors and repulsed counter-revolutionary attacks from the outside. The exclamation which has come down to posterity from a contemporary source: "How glorious and how reassuring it is to have a fatherland and to belong to a free nation!" was inspired by the burning enthusiasm of the revolutionary masses.

The bourgeois essence of the patriotic-nationalist ideology was soon exposed. It was exposed inside France, because the verve of the patriotic revolution was promptly checked as soon as the feudal institutions had been abolished and the conditions of free competition were established. It was also exposed abroad when the anti-feudal defensive wars, waged in the name of the right of nations to self-government, were transformed into a means of plundering and oppressing other peoples, into imperialistic warfare. For a long time the labouring classes nevertheless clung to the nationalist ideology which had been closely associated with their democratic struggles. In time this nationalist ideology changed into popular nationalism and democratic patriotism. In the years between 1815 and 1848 petty bourgeois and working masses fought for political democracy and the right to work under the banner of Jacobin patriotic-nationalist ideology.

Patriotic ideology played a prominent role in the mass movements of the Paris Commune. The situation changed only towards the close of the century. The influence of nationalist ideology, although still far from ceasing to affect the masses, was chiefly confined to the petty bourgeoisie. In the working classes nationalist ideology was superseded in increasing measure by the conscious international solidarity of the proletariat. The militant nationalist ideology was taken over by the reactionary bourgeoisie.

*

In Hungary national ideology developed under historical conditions which differed greatly from those of France. Hungary was a country of many national minorities; national independence had been lost in the 16th century, and the bourgeois revolution took place under the leadership of the nobility.

At the beginning the common ideology of feudal society was bound up with the State in Hungary too. The word "ország" or "úrság" expressing the idea of the State, has the same meaning as the French word for kingdom. The Latin translation of both words is regnum. Chronicles describing the great of the country identify them with the public will. The great were naturally always nobles with extensive landed property, but there are also allusions to the ideological concept of the State, in which the State is referred to as the organization that represents the common interests of all social classes.

There are, moreover, noticeable traces of the penetration of this conception into the consciousness of the exploited peasantry, or at least into the thinking of the peasant leaders. At the time of the peasant revolution headed by György Dózsa, the leader of the armed peasant groups from Gönc sent a letter declaring that the peasant crusaders were defending the country.

In addition, primitive features of the later nationalist ideology can be traced back to the first chronicles, namely, to the usual praise of national traits and customs, accompanied by scorn for the language, character and customs of foreign peoples. Aversion to foreigners was soon concentrated on the Germans and fanned into outright burning hatred. The endeavour to bring about the lingual assimilation of national minorities, however, was also absent in Hungary. It was rather the members of the Hungarian ruling class who became assimilated in the regions of the national minorities; by learning and using the language of the latter they often became bilingual.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries witnessed phenomena of transition. In the fifteenth century we find praise of the Hungarian language, probably under Hussite influence. In the sixteenth century the consciousness of a Christian community asserted itself in connection with the Turkish wars. It was only in the seventeenth century that a basic change took place.

The notion of the State or homeland was not eliminated completely from the common ideology in this period either, since Hungary remained a kind of mutilated feudal state within the Hapsburg Monarchy. The leaders who rose from the ranks of the people made frequent mention of the homeland and its interest in the Rákóczi period. But the central organs of the State were manned and managed by foreigners, while the interests of the central and centralizing power clashed in many respects with the prerogatives and feudal interests of the Hungarian aristocracy. As a result the ideas of fatherland and nation penetrated into the common ideology.

Ideas of fatherland and nation, as applied to the commonalty, are encountered very early, as early as the thirteenth century, earlier in fact, than in France. At that time these conceptions referred only to the community of nobles, however, to the aristocratic State, and were closely bound up with the idea of an aristocratic country, nobility State, and not with the all-embracing conception of homeland. In the seventeenth century, when the nobility turned against the central State power, the ideas of fatherland and nation were separated from the idea of State, and the common fatherland in the form of a national commonalty became the new basis of the common ideology. In the struggles against the Hapsburgs, and under the weight of Turkish oppression, these conceptions were saturated with a strong emotional content, as can be seen in the everyday use of such terms as "our dear fatherland" and "our poor nation." The whole process, the independence acquired by the conceptions of fatherland and nation, as well as their saturation with emotion, also came about earlier in Hungary than in France. However, the action radius of the process was confined to feudal limits, as will be explained below.

The idea of the common fatherland applied to all the inhabitants of the country, regardless of nationality. The community of Hungarian blood was denoted by the terms "nation" and "national community." Objectively both conceptions served to screen irreconcilable feudal class antagonisms and to align the exploited peasantry in support of the nobility fighting against the Hapsburgs.

The ideas of national independence and an independent state organization did not form inseparable constituents in the feudal notions of the fatherland and the nation. These embraced the idea of national liberty only in the sense of the freedom and prerogatives of the aristocracy. The most important free-

dom of the nobility was its freedom to exploit the peasantry. This prevented the spread of the conception of a common fatherland and of a national commonalty to wide circles of the peasantry. Apparently the feudal-patriotic ideology was adopted only by peasants who had been soldiers and by other strata of the peasantry which wanted to shake off the status of serfdom individually and which regarded the acceptance of an ideology approved by the nobility as a means for their own advancement.

In the period from the closing decades of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century the feudal nationalist ideology made further progress. The production of agricultural goods was developed on the estates of the nobility. The production of goods by the nobility could not prosper unless the market for agricultural goods was broadened. It was therefore necessary to strengthen industry which had only just begun to bud, and the inland market for agricultural goods. The emerging national market had to be interconnected by the ties of a common language; moreover, the existing barriers against agricultural exports had to be overcome. These tasks required liberation from the feudal-absolute power of the Hapsburg Monarchy which had been holding Hungary in a state of colonial subjugation since the eighteenth century. The fight against Hapsburg absolutism, on the other hand, could not be expected to triumph unless the nobility won the peasantry to its cause. The only means to this end was the emancipation of the serfs.

The new bourgeois elements in the nationalist ideology reflected these economic-political needs of the Hungarian aristocracy. The new elements of this ideology were elaborated for the most part unconsciously by writers from the nobility and partly consciously by its politicians, out of the vital social conditions and needs of their class. The central idea, represented by the old feudal conception of fatherland and nation, was retained, to become the object of almost religious veneration as the "holy, worshipped fatherland." According to this conception the noblest task of man was to serve his country, and his loftiest duty was to fight for the greatness of the nation, for the honour and glory of the fatherland. In literature and in history pictures of the fatherland's former greatness were conjured up out of the feudal past and stirred to patriotism by reviving national traditions and the memory of the struggles fought for freedom. The imitation of foreign models was condemned and foreign customs were rejected. Endeavours were made to render culture more national, while allowing full scope to the national spirit or character and praising national virtues and emotions. Prose and poetry expatiated on the beauties of the native land.

The demands of bourgeois development appeared as claims put forward by national existence or the national idea. The polishing and strengthening of the Hungarian language and its propagation among the national minorities, by force if necessary, seemed to be inseparable from the idea of fatherland and nation. It was considered one's duty to buy Hungarian industrial goods because they had been fashioned by Hungarian hands and because advanced industry was a guarantee of national power. The emancipation of the serfs was justified by a supposed congruence of class interests; as Széchenyi put it, "the alignment of every inhabitant of our country in the ranks of the nation" was a precondition of national eminence and prosperity. The economic and political self-determination of the country was treated as the fulfilment of the principal attribute of the national idea, the idea of national independence.

This nationalist ideology, relying on a feudal basis but admitting bourgeois notions, was the ideological weapon of a feudal nobility that was developing a bourgeois mentality. This weapon was intended to serve the aim of maintaining and building up, amidst the conditions of a bourgeois order, the financial, political and ideological power of the aristocracy, primarily over the

peasantry. "United with the people in liberty, the nobility is like the loyal first-born among brothers and sisters, the head of the family," said Kossuth. As the leading class of society, its further objective was to accomplish the independence of the increasingly bourgeois Hungarian nation from Austria, and at the same time to suppress the efforts of the national minorities of Hungary to attain their own independence.

The struggle for national independence and the suppression of national minorities have no part in the ideology of the French bourgeoisie. But this was due solely to different political conditions. The Hungarian nobility was discharging the function of the bourgeoisie when it strove, through a struggle in two directions, to ensure markets for its products. This is, however, a basic difference, for while in France the national ideology expressed the bourgeois endeavour to overthrow the power of the feudal aristocracy, in Hungary it expressed the endeavour of the feudal aristocracy to maintain and modernize its power.

Directly, this difference was manifested in the fact that, whereas the ideology of the French bourgeoisie barred the acceptance of the nobility in the new national framework, the ideology of the Hungarian nobility extended the old framework to the people. This was owing to the fact that the French bourgeoisie had to break the financial and political supremacy of the feudal aristocracy, the brunt of which burden had been borne by the peasantry. A basis was thus provided for a democratic alliance between the bourgeoisie and the people, as a result of which democratic elements came to be included in the national ideology through the theory of the sovereignty of the people. In Hungary the fact that the national ideology received the people into the nation was connected with the nobility's intention to continue its financial and political power over the peasantry under more advanced bourgeois conditions. Here class antagonism therefore continued, and no platform was offered for a democratic alliance between the nobility and the people. Democratic elements —democratic in the political sense of the term—were thus excluded from the national ideology. In Hungary the plebeian-democratic Jacobin type of patriotism was represented only by Petőfi and a small coterie that shared his ideas, but this trend was unable to exert an influence on the main tendency of the national ideology. (In itself the espousal of popular motives in art does not imply a democratic attitude in the political sense. As shown by historical examples, popular artistic tendencies are compatible even with feudal political reaction.)

Whereas in France democracy was a part of the national ideology, in Hungary democracy was excluded from the national ideology. In France the revolution became bourgeois-democratic, in Hungary it became bourgeois but not democratic. The Hungarian national revolution of 1848 was not an independent movement of the masses for political and agrarian democracy. The actions of the people of Pest and local peasant movements do not alter this fact. The Hungarian national ideology therefore ceased to play a progressive role when the heterogeneous bourgeois transformation that started in 1848 came to an end in 1867. A patriotic-national feeling, nourished by the memories of 1848, nevertheless spread among the Hungarian petty bourgeoisie, especially among the landowning peasantry which connected the name of Kossuth with its efforts to eliminate the still existing feudal remnants of the agrarian order. To the parties of the ruling class, the national ideology served to divert attention from bourgeois-democratic tasks while they took advantage of the national enthusiasm of the petty bourgeoisie.

In Hungary no history of patriotic-national ideology has been written so far. For this reason the course of its development could be sketched here only in rough outline. But here we are faced not only with historical aspects but also with topical poli-

tical requirements. National feeling is still widespread among the masses, where it has partly turned into an irrational force. Since its roots go back to the feudal-bourgeois national ideology, it is therefore inevitable that it should contain reactionary, nationalist features. It incorporates elements, however, such as love of the native land and the language, which in the present stage of the building of socialism, in the era of socialist nations, can be adjusted to socialist patriotism and integrated into proletarian internationalism. National feeling should therefore be analysed with a view to purging it of reactionary elements.

Kritika 1963, No. 4.

NÉPSZABADSÁG

POWER STATIONS ON THE DANUBE

Up to the present, not a single hydroelectric power station of major importance has ever been built on the Danube between the Austro-Czechoslovakian border and the Black Sea estuary. But now, with the adoption of a complex scheme of utilization under COMECON (Council of Mutual Economic Aid,) the plans for eleven hydro-electric power stations are being drawn up simultaneously by Czechoslovak, Hungarian, Rumanian, Bulgarian and Soviet engineers. The total output of these plants is to reach a level of 5,100 megawatts. If we add that the total capacity of power stations—all of them thermal—now in operation in Hungary amounts to 1,800 megawatts, we may without exaggeration speak of the daybreak of a new era.

It was in 1957 that Comecon's Permanent Commission for Power Economy put forward the idea of complex utilization of the Danube. The initial directives were the following:

1) The plan should not be confined to the utilization of hydroelectric energy but should primarily tackle the problems relating to water-supply, including flood control, inland drainage, irrigation, shipping, fishing, supply of drinking and industrial water, reed growing and even river-side resorts and aquatic sports.

2) The plan should envisage optimum utilization of the river water in the common interest of all countries and all economic branches concerned.

3) In siting the power stations the guiding principle should be an economical and maximum utilization of the total potential energy supply of the Danube from the Austro-Czechoslovakian border down to the estuary, always in conformity with up-to-date technological standards.

4) The plan should be worked out by all interested parties collectively—at least up to the level of a comprehensive study-plan—in order to enable the individual countries or groups of neighbouring countries to carry them into effect—be it single-handed or jointly—on the basis of uniform principles.

Local or national measures are thus to be replaced by a complex utilization based on economic planning at an international level.

In preparing the plan the competent designing offices of all countries concerned participated under the direction of Comecon's section responsible for hydroelectric power stations, and it was finally adopted in 1961 in Sofia. Owing to its complexity it will have to be submitted to the Permanent Commission for Power Economy and to other permanent Comecon agencies, such as those responsible for agricultural communications.

*

The tasks to be accomplished are very complex. The individual projects to utilize water power over the Comecon reach of the Danube are the following (in downstream order):

1) *The Wolfsthal-Bratislava Power Station*, to be constructed in the Wolfsthal-Bratislava region on the basis of plans drawn up by Austrian and Czechoslovak engineers, with a capacity of 207 megawatts.

2-3) *The Gabcikovo-Nagymaros Hydroelectric Power System*, consisting of two cooperating power stations on the Hungarian-Czechoslovak Danube reach. According to the plans of the Hungarian and Czechoslovak engineers, their output (710 and 187 megawatts, respectively) will total almost 900 megawatts.

4-5-6) *The River Barrages at Adony, Fajsz and Mohács*, to be built in Hungary to the south of Budapest and consisting each of a dam, a lock and a power-generating unit. Turbine capacities are to amount to 150, 100 and 55 megawatts, respectively.

7) *The Iron Gate Hydroelectric Plant*. While the original plan envisaged an output of 1,450 megawatts, according to the latest data submitted by the pertinent Rumanian and Yugoslav engineers the capacity of the plant—a joint Rumanian-Yugoslav undertaking—will reach 2,000 megawatts.

8) *The Gruja Hydroelectric Plant*, another joint venture of the two countries on the Rumanian-Yugoslav reach of the Danube, near the Bulgarian border. Built-in capacity is planned to amount to 364 megawatts. As in the case of the Wolfsthal power station to be constructed by Czechoslovakia jointly with Austria, the two projects listed under this and the preceding point are covered by the scheme even though Yugoslavia does not belong to Comecon.

9) *The Islaz-Somovit Power Station*, to be constructed collectively by Rumania and Bulgaria, with a capacity of 670 megawatts.

10) *The Cernavoda Power Station*, a fourth joint Bulgarian-Rumanian venture, with a capacity of 850 megawatts. To give an idea of its dimensions suffice it to point out that it will enable the draining of even the highest floods of the Danube at the almost inconceivable rate of 24,600 cu. m. per second, enough to fill Lake Balaton within a single day.

11) *The Izmail-Tulcea Power Station*, situated on the lowest reaches of the river just before it divides into the three branches of the Delta. It is to be constructed collectively by the U. S. S. R. and Rumania, with a planned capacity of 305 megawatts.

As pointed out in the introduction, the total capacity of the eleven stations listed above will amount to 5,100 megawatts. They are expected to supply a yearly total of 27 thousand million kw/h of electric power. (Existing Hungarian power stations have a total capacity of 1,800 megawatts and are at present generating 9.5 thousand million kw/h.)

*

A few data will serve to illustrate some further consequences of realizing the scheme here set forth. Under existing agricultural development plans along the Danube, the countries concerned should by 1975 be able to irrigate some 50 thousand sq. km. of arable land—about ten times the area now under irrigation. With the construction of the river barrages some 110 thousand additional sq. km. will become irrigable in the long run. In addition, reed production may be expected to rise from its present level of 130 thousand tons to 980 thousand tons and fish production from 20 thousand tons to 60 thousand tons by 1975.

The complex scheme deserves further credit for having, probably for the first time, drawn attention to the most important aspect of barrage construction on the Danube, i.e., its beneficial effects on navigation. At present, minimum depths range between 1 m. and 1.2 m. on the Upper Danube, between 1.2 m. and 1.7 over the middle reaches of the river, and between 1.8 and 2 m. on the Lower Danube. It is not unusual

for ships in summertime to carry only half-loads owing to low water, and sometimes traffic may even come to a complete standstill. On the German and Austrian reaches of the Upper Danube barrages are already under construction. The complex scheme will in the long run realize the 3,65 m. depth required by shipping over the whole length of the river covered by the plan. This will enable a vigorous upswing in shipping. Annual goods traffic on the Danube at present totals some 20 million tons. After the completion of the scheme this can be expected to rise to from 45 to 50 million tons. Further stimuli to shipping will be provided by the Danube-Rhine-Main Canal (scheduled for completion by 1980) and the the Danube-Oder Canal. It has been calculated that with the completion of these two projects Danubian goods traffic may reach 60 to 80 million tons annually. Barrage construction will thus create a reliable and cheap transport route from the Black Sea to the Baltic and the Atlantic, making the Danube the most important waterway in Europe.

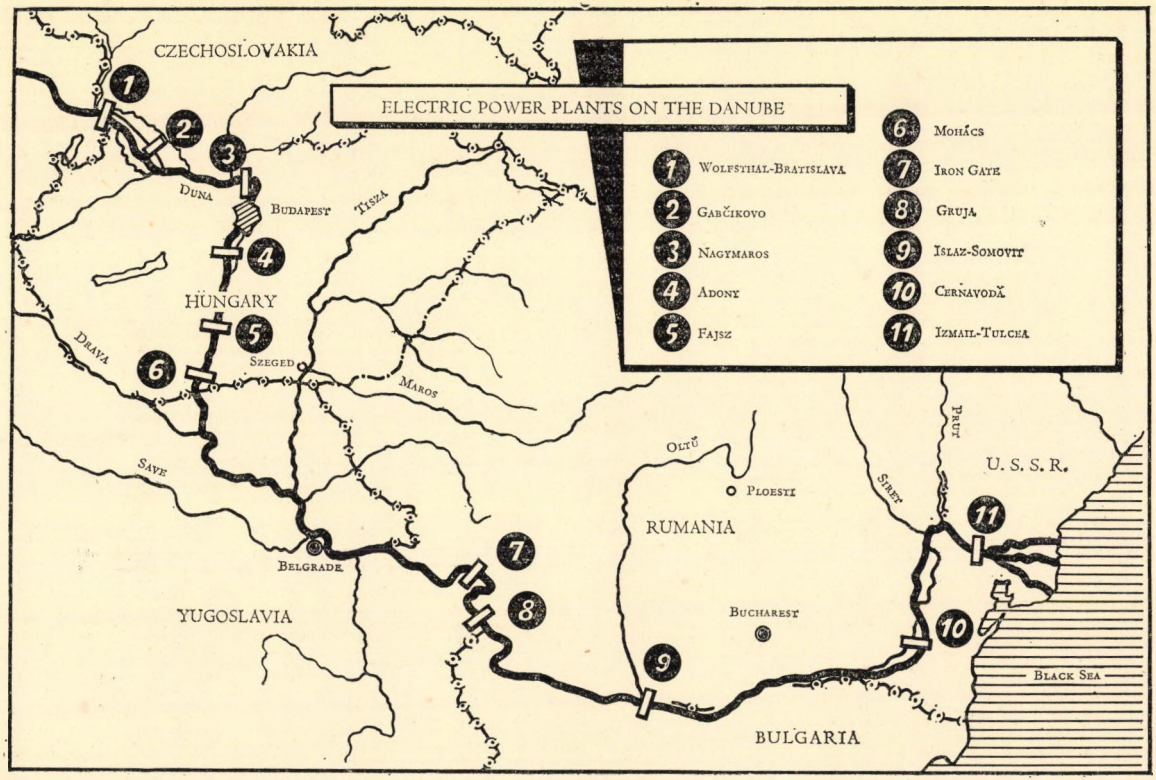
*

A more detailed study of the Hungarian aspects of the scheme will not be without interest. The Comecon recommendations particularly stress the importance of the Gabcikovo-Nagymaros Hydroelectric Power System which, together with the Islaz-Somovit Power Station, they consider the most profitable construction under the scheme.

The upper unit of the system will be constructed on a works water canal near Gabcikovo in Czechoslovakia. The dam which is to secure the water level required by the power generating plant will be constructed farther west, near Bratislava at Dunakiliti in the river bend, where a lake of 50 sq. km. is planned. From there the canal will descend to the Gabcikovo power station at a rate lower than that of the river, enabling the water to fall through the turbines from a height of some 20 m. The water will then be led back to the original river bed to continue its flow towards Nagymaros. The lower power-generating unit in the system, that of Nagymaros, is to be constructed not far to the north of Budapest. The Danube here flows between high mountains, in a narrow valley embedded in the rocks. The spot is thus best suited for the construction of a power plant. Above the plant the water will form an almost stagnant stretch of 10 to 12 km. in length and up to 2 km. in width. With the surrounding magnificent landscape of the Danube Bend the area will be ideal for recreation and water sports, including sailing. (It has already been mentioned that these aspects were also taken into consideration by Comecon when framing the complex utilization scheme.)

It is not output alone that will lend the two cooperating power plants particular importance, although the amount of electric energy they will supply to Hungary (half of the total) will, at a level of 1.9 thousand million kw/h, equal 20 per cent of the country's present total energy requirements. The major part part of the energy produced by the power system can, moreover, be supplied at peak hours, when consumption is highest. Guaranteed electric energy at peak periods is especially valuable. Experts regard it as about three to four times as valuable as energy produced at night. Peak energy will be produced by means of the Dunakiliti reservoir, which is to collect water even in dry periods and supply it to the turbines at peak hours. This will be made possible by the raised water level at the Nagymaros power station, which will enable periodic, wave-like lowering of the level without endangering the river banks or navigation. The joint operation of the two power stations may, moreover, make it possible to increase power production at Nagymaros too during peak requirements.

The complex scheme also mentions the storing of potential energy on the Prédikálószék and Hegyestető hills. Although no energy-generating plants in the literal sense,


ELECTRIC POWER PLANTS ON THE DANUBE
1 Wolfsthal-Bratislava
2 Gabčikovo
3 Nagymaros
4 Adony
5 Fajsz
6 Mohács
7 Iron Gate
8 Gruja
9 Islaz-Somovit
10 Cernavodă
11 Izmail-Tulcea
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Duna
Budapest
Tisza
HUNGARY
Drava
Szeged
Maros
Save
Belgrade
YUGOSLAVIA
Oltu
Ploesti
RUMANIA
Bucharest
Siret
Prut
U. S. S. R.
Black Sea
BULGARIA

these installations may contribute most effectively to the supply of energy. On the two hill tops near Budapest, huge reservoirs are to be constructed which would be fed from the Danube by means of pumps making use of surplus electric power available at night. The water would then be led back through the turbines of the power plants connected with the two reservoirs, thus generating electric energy at peak consumption periods. According to investigations now in course, these two hydraulic power-storage plants are likely to prove among the best in Europe, owing to the vicinity of adequate water supplies, the possibility of forming upper basins and securing a suitable fall, and the proximity of consumption centres. The expected capacity of the Hegyestető storage plant may be put at some 300 megawatts, that of the Prédikálószék plant at about 400 megawatts (the latter could be doubled by increasing the upper basin's volume).

The next three constructions on the Hungarian reach of the Danube will, as already mentioned, be the river barrages at Adony, Fajsz and Mohács. Though of minor significance from the point of view of energy supply, their role will be equal in importance to that of the other constructions as far as depth of the river bed and safeguarding of navigation are concerned. The river barrage at Adony will also have to serve a special purpose. Its dam will regulate the water level of the canal, to be built later on, which is to connect the Danube with the Tisza, Hungary's second largest river. This canal, in turn, forms the basis of all irrigation projects within the framework of the country's long-term water-supply plans.

Special mention should be made of the fact that expert surveys and consultations, though modifying them in accordance with the rapid progress in technology, have fully confirmed the views of Professor Emil Mosonyi and other Hungarian hydrologists who in the period following the Second World War elaborated the first proposal for utilization of the Hungarian Danube reaches.

On the basis of the preparatory work carried out up to the present, the construction of three hydroelectric power stations is now to be launched—that of the Gabcikovo-Nagymaros power system, the Iron Gate and the Islaz-Somovit power stations. The construction of the Hungarian-Czechoslovak power system is scheduled to begin in 1967 and start operating before 1975. The Rumanian and Yugoslav authorities have made known their intention of starting the construction of the Iron Gate plant in 1965, and the first machine unit is to supply electric power by 1970. Preparations for realizing the Islaz-Somovit power station are now well under way.

The part played by international cooperation in the construction of the power stations will be no less significant than in drawing up the scheme. A case in point is the planned international division of labour in the production of turbines and other types of machinery. The countries participating are also endeavouring to work out a construction program that will enable successive utilization of the immense labour-saving devices employed in the building of power plants.

Népszabadság, January 5, 1964.

MIKLÓS MÁRTON

Magyar Nemzet

PICASSO'S APOCRYPHAL STATEMENT EXPOSED AS A FORGERY

A statement allegedly made by Picasso and published in *Művészet* ("Art"), periodical of the Federation of Hungarian Artists, created a considerable sensation among artists a few months ago.

Picasso was supposed to have declared that if judged in the spirit in which it had been understood up to 1800, art was out of date, mortally ill and, in fact, past recovery. In its futility the so-called work of art was nothing but a manifestation of death throes. People had turned their backs upon painting and day by day were growing increasingly indifferent to it, just as to poetry and sculpture... For contemporary man art was no longer one of the necessities of life, no longer a nourishment of the spirit as it had been for the people of past centuries. A number of people engaged in art subsisted either on snobbism or on traditions that were archaic survivals... Today's generation was far more interested in the world of machines and sports, and was more cynical and coarse than past generations, increasingly abandoning art, as a meaningless and useless accessory of the past, to the care of libraries and museums.

Having thus (supposedly) characterized our age, Picasso is said to have pronounced a devastating opinion on today's art, according to which the artist, as soon as art had ceased to be an indispensable spiritual necessity, turned his talent to experimentation with new forms which, when all was said and done, were nothing but intellectual humbug... Those who strove to distil some sort of sophisticated quintessence of art were really only producing novel, startling, and astonishing effects.

*

About himself Picasso is supposed to have said that he had catered to these custodians of refined tastes with all sorts of peculiar whims that had come into his head, beginning with Cubism. The less these were understood, the more enchanting their effect. His fame and glory had allegedly increased in proportion to the acceleration of his playacting, his playing about with puzzles, enigmas and arabesque-like motifs full of fanciful flourishes. To an arriviste artist today, glory means the sale of his pictures, profit and wealth, the statement continued. Picasso's own fame, as everybody knew, was very great, he was as rich as Croesus, and yet, according to the statement, when he was alone with himself he dared not consider himself an artist in the old, true sense of the word; he was merely a professional comedian who had understood the spirit of his age and catered to its whims...

No wonder the appearence of this statement caused a stir among Hungarian artists and their public. Two camps emerged, and there were heated debates. One camp flourished the statement as a self-exposure by modern, progressive art; the other camp from the very first moment contested the authenticity of the statement and declared the whole thing a forgery. The adherents of the second camp, however, were unable to support their suspicions. The editors of *Művészet* pointed out that they had reprinted the statement from the Yugoslavian daily newspaper, *Magyar Szó* ("Hungarian Word").

An earnest investigation was started to discover where the statement had originally been published and how it had found its way first into the Yugoslavian and then into the Hungarian publication. For a long time the investigation remained unsuccessful. Sever-

al people wrote letters to Picasso, asking him whether he had really made this amazing statement, which was incompatible both with his artistic development and his character. Picasso did not answer the letters.

*

Finally the Hungarian painter György Ruzicskay, who in recent years had visited France several times and had had exhibitions there, the latest of which had been held in Vallauris, where Picasso lives, wrote a letter, in care of the French painter Eduard Pignon, who is a mutual friend of Picasso and Ruzicskay. Pignon wrote the following reply to Ruzicskay:

"Dear Comrade,

"M. Bureau handed back to me your letter to Picasso which I had forwarded to him. I have also taken it on myself to answer you in his name.

"Needless to say, you can make use of my letter in any way you desire. This affair rouses to indignation not only every painter but every decent human being.

"In about 1952 an Italian named Papini published a work in Germany, under the name of Giovanni Papini entitled "The Black Book." This book contained 'imaginary interviews' with a number of famous people, including Walt Whitman, Picasso, etc.

"For some time, various papers have been publishing the article in a form which suggests that it did not originate with Papini but with Picasso himself. Certain sources alleged that Picasso had made a statement in Madrid too (although everyone knows he never went back there) and that there too he had admitted being a charlatan, etc.

"In this connection Picasso has received several letters of abuse. Every enemy of modern art—and of art in general—is enchanted with the statement, which is touted as Picasso's personal confession. As you can see, the truth is quite simple: this notorious article is nothing but a new and particularly sinister form of attack on Picasso. Picasso is not only indignant that the statement was published in his name but also that so many people failed to recognize it as a crude forgery at first sight.

"All of us will be very glad if you help truth to reassert itself in this matter.

"Please forgive me for writing instead of Picasso, but I think this was the only way in which you would have received a prompt answer.

"With kindest regards,

Pignon."

M. Bureau, mentioned in Pignon's letter, also wrote to György Ruzicskay. M. Bureau is the head of the South-of-France branch of the French-Hungarian Friendship Society. He too emphasized that Picasso had never given such a statement to anyone and that the whole thing was a crude and malicious forgery. M. Bureau's letter also explained why Picasso had not answered the inquiries addressed to him: Picasso had received over two thousand letters from the countries in which the statement was published, and he was unable to ansver them all.

Magyar Nemzet, November 24, 1963.

ERNŐ MIHÁLYFI

Magyar Nemzet

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY FROM BUDAPEST TO LONDON WITH TWO GOYAS

For the first time, the best known paintings of Goya were collected from all parts of the world in London for an exhibition, "Goya and His Times." The Budapest Museum of Fine Arts was asked to "lend" the "Water Carrier" and "The Knife Grinder" and entrusted Dr. Marianna Takács Haraszti, one of the art historians of the Museum, with taking them to London.

To most people the term art historian suggests a devoted scholar. But there are some art historians—mostly among museum researchers—whose work is more like that of a police investigator. They maintain a no less watchful eye on a certain masterpiece than that of a detective observing the scene of a crime. They resemble the kind of detectives who in certain thrillers are at the same time in love with their suspects.

In love with an artist? An era? Or a single painting? Sometimes only with an idea they may have about one of them, or just some interconnection they are the first to discover.

Dr. Marianna Takács Haraszti is one of these latter. This was my immediate impression as I listened to the quiet, firm voice of this small, yet energetic woman with delicate features. Her field of study is the Spanish material of the Museum, and for some time she has been preoccupied with the idea that the models of the "Milkmaid of Bordeaux" and our own "Water Carrier" resemble each other. Although the painter depicted one of them full-face, and the other one in profile, their characteristics are so similar that the model may well have been the same in both instances. If so, then perhaps the "Water Carrier" was of later origin than 1812 (the year it was generally known to have been painted), and this would class it as belonging to Goya's realist period.

"This is why I was so pleased to undertake the trip to the Goya exhibition with the pictures in my custody," Dr. Haraszti said. "At last we shall meet face to face, I thought... and we shall see whether the girl with the jug resembles the milkmaid in colour too."

"Well, and did your meeting take place?"

"It's not as simple as all that," she replied with a deep sigh. "First of all, here I was one day holding the two pictures in a small case. They had packed them in such a way that I personally would be able to carry them. They were mounted on stretchers and packaged with infinite care to safeguard them against damage, but they were entrusted to me, to my two hands. These two treasures of such appalling value!"

"Are many pictures being stolen nowadays?"

"Never so many before in history! Not only has it become fashionable to steal paintings, but enormous capital is also being sunk into art treasures... For people with wealth have discovered that they are excellent investments. In the past it was not worth stealing works of great value, because they could not be sold to art dealers. No civilized country would purchase a museum treasure without proof of their authenticity, and even after centuries of private possession an art treasure had to be returned to the museum that originally owned it. But now that there are oil millionaires in the near east who even lock up their wives in a harem so that only they may delight in their beauty, and unscrupulous Latin American Croesuses who do not know what to do with their superfluous dollars, the stealing of pictures has practically become a sport! So you

can see that masterpieces of art have to travel in stricter incognito than monarchs!

"At the Swiss frontier town of Buchs the customs official asked me what I was carrying.

"'Pictures!' I said, and they immediately made me get off the train and asked me to go into the office.

"'What kind of pictures?'

"'Just... two little Goyas,' I said as meekly as I could. 'I'm taking them to an exhibition in London.'

"'Oh, Goyas!' the customs officer remarked. Then he said: 'What assurances have we that you will not sell them here in Switzerland?'

"'But I'm not even getting out of the train!'"

"'You could sell them on the train,' the customs officer said curtly. 'You may continue your journey on the condition that you pay a deposit of five million francs.'

"'Five... million... francs?'

"'That's right,' the customs man said indifferently.

"'Well, I don't happen to have that much on me,' I replied, and I didn't know whether to laugh or weep. But I rather wept.

"'Well, how much money have you got?' the customs officer asked suddenly, a blank look on his face.

"'Five pounds!'

"'Very well,' he said unexpectedly, 'I shall accept that as a token deposit.'

And again I was not sure whether he meant it seriously, but I soon found out that he did. He had me fill out a regular deposit form and allowed me to return to my coach.

"'Are you the lady with the picrures? I shall escort you to the French customs,' I was told at the next frontier.

"Here they really meant business. The French simply would not let me get on the train. There I stood in the station at Basel, hungry and without money, and two priceless art treasures in my hands. I was dreadfully concerned about them. I could have gone to the Basel Museum. There they would have been safe for the night, because any museum would immediately open its doors to them. From there I could have wired or telephoned for aid... Yes, but the Museum was on the Swiss side, and for nothing in the world would they have allowed me to go back there. And besides, I was sure to miss the exhibition!

"'There is one thing you can do, Madame,' one of the Frenchmen suggested. 'You may send your pictures express as passenger luggage, Madame; it will hardly cost you anything, and they will arrive in London together with you.'

"I was horrified. But there was no other way.

"They were kind enough to place the sealed case into a baggage car connected directly with the passenger coach I travelled in, so that I could keep an eye on it. I was thus able to observe the door of the car from the corridor, and I had the papers in my briefcase."

"In other words, anyone could easily have knocked you out or put you to sleep and then claimed your luggage?"

"I myself thought about this constantly, I didn't dare to sleep a wink. Fortunately, two police officers who had been to some kind of St. Nicholas party boarded the train and travelled as far as Lille. I struck up a conversation with them and told them about my problem. But after they got out at their destination, I was all alone in the entire coach with an American gentleman smoking a pipe. All night long he just stared, either at me or the baggage car...

"This phase of the journey also finally came to an end. The most dreadful moment came when I did not see them transferring the pictures to the Channel boat, because this was just done automatically, of course.

"In London I was welcomed by the secretary of the Royal Academy. His first question was:

"'Are you an expert in Goya?' And I answered bitterly, 'Yes, but I am no expert in customs matters!'

"The opening was already in progress

when we arrived with the pictures, but it was not yet over when we managed to unpack them. They were given a previously assigned place among twelve of Goya's very important works in Room V of the Royal Academy. The two paintings were placed on either side of the world-famous portrait of the master's brother-in-law, Francisco Bayeu, which is owned by the Prado of Madrid. In their place, until they arrived, enlarged photographs of them hung on the wall with the magnified inscription: 'Arriving on December 6th.' This part of the Royal Academy, by the way, is called Burlington House. The pictures received very wide press coverage, all of the London daily papers carried the news of their arrival, as well as photographs of them. The London television and radio broadcasts spoke of their journey."

"And the 'Milkmaid of Bordeaux?'"

"Unfortunately that didn't arrive, it wasn't there for the rendezvous," Dr. Marianna Takács Haraszti concluded.

Magyar Nemzet, December 30, 1963.

ÁGNES FEDOR

ARTS

A STROLL THROUGH THE CARPACCIO EXHIBITION IN VENICE

The Venice exhibitions that strive to give the public an over-all view of the works of this or that master of Venetian painting look back on a tradition of several decades. The series was started before the Second World War with shows of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese and Tiepolo, to be followed by minor masters. One of the most significant exhibitions of the last decade, called "Giorgione e il Giorgionismo," presented a master who is still surrounded by many problems, amidst the broad panorama of his followers and imitators. It illustrated the efforts of modern research to arrive at a complex view capable of enriching both our knowledge of the period in question and also our ideas concerning the masters under review, by introducing us to their antecedents and interactions.

This aim was served not only by the exhibition grouped around Giorgione, but also by those grouped around the art of Crivelli, Bassano and Lotto. The great masters are no longer regarded as suddenly emerging comets and inexplicable wonders, without antecedents or sources. Minor masters having complex roots, and widely ramifying, longeval schools, find increasing attention; for it is from their soil that the greatest grew to their real height.

The Carpaccio exhibition, arranged as the 1963 event of this series, has had a success so resounding as to astonish even the connoisseur.

There have been several Carpaccio "revivals"—chiefly since Ruskin. It is unnecessary here to list these evaluations or reassessments, which raised ever new and interesting points. Suffice it to refer to the monograph published by Professor G. Fiocco on Carpaccio in 1931, drawing an almost modern portrait of the painter in an unusually passionate tone. In its wake a series of studies have enriched and clarified the picture. As scientific antecedents of the exhibition we wish in the first place to point to the works of R. Palucchini and G. Perocco, who defined Carpaccio's place, his antecedents and his probable inspirers. No one studies any more the question of why he occupies a lesser place than Giovanni Bellini or of what he owed to the brief visit of Antonello da Messina to Venice in his early youth. Forgotten are the words of his great admirer, Lionello Venturi—who as a rule showed sound judgement—to the effect that Carpaccio had neither any pupils nor any master. It is no denigration of his individual charm and genius to place him—as is now possible—in the general evolution of Venetian art.

The in many instances controversial views are surprising, because at first glance Carpaccio does not seem to raise so many problems. He delineates the life of his beloved city with delicate detachment and reflects its legendary aspects without dramatic touch. His colour scale seems to have the

brilliance of miniatures rather than the unique colouring associated with Venetian painting. Yet, if this were true, the thousands of visitors and numerous scholars of the second half of the 20th century would hardly find his work so attractive.

There can be no doubt that Carpaccio was interested chiefly in the life, scenery, buildings and people of Venice in all their variety. He observed everything with keen eyes, representing objects and people with portrait-like faithfulness and with incredible variety. Moreover, the opulence of his auxiliary material and his volubility clearly dustinguish him from the carefully pondered moderation of great masters of the cinquecento. His all-seeing, vivid report is charged with a peculiar poetic glow and lyric mood, though at the same time contemplating his own representation somewhat dispassionately, as if from without. This peculiar lyrical ardour offers a clue to the effect he has on present-day spectators, for it converts his everyday scenes—which almost without exception surround the principal theme with abundant variety—into significant pictorial elements. The uniquely beautiful still-life details—among which I would include the profusely varied ensembles of minor objects—thereby serve to enrich the content of the picture.

Another peculiarly attractive feature is that virtually all his scenes are placed in a Venetian environment, whether derived from a legend or from some other sphere. The dream of the virgin princess, Ursula, shows the interior of a Venetian chamber; Venetian ships and scenery play a part in the arrival of the ambassadors; the martyrdom of the pilgrims takes place in surroundings reminiscent of Veneto, although the legendary scene of action is Cologne. The background of the picture in which the pope blesses Ursula and her retinue contains the only scenery that can be accurately identified as remote from Venice, for here the spectator is astonished to see a faithful representation of the Castle of Saint Angelo in Rome. In all probability our master had been in Rome, just as it is growing ever more certain that he had also visited Umbria. But it is equally sure that he never travelled anywhere outside Italy. Yet, how convincing and natural his oriental fabrics, weapons and figures are! He must evidently have seen plenty of them, for they were a familiar sight not only to the painter but to his contemporaries in general.

Carpaccio has the further engaging quality—one that satisfies a need of modern man—that the setting of his scenes gives the impression of genre-painting, one might say of conversation pieces, where the power of expression that enlivens the pantomime, the movements and gestures is more important and more striking than any profound psychology or all-pervading lyrical emotion. Carpaccio is peculiarly disciplined and reticent, in many respects almost shy, and far from self-revelation or violent dramaticism; but his representations are rendered the more fascinating, real and convincing by this subdued manner. The triumphant Saint George drags away the tamed dragon as he would an obedient dog; Saint Jerome brings home a lion ready amicably to nudge his hands and shows dismayed amazement at the fright of his fleeing fellow monks. A miracle that is self-evident, a scene that belongs to our weekdays, a mental and physical discipline that brooks alarming fantasy or naturalism only as a background indication—none of these traits are alien to the present.

Although—apart from a few exceptions—Carpaccio's works deal with the themes of sacred art, we regard him as a secular rather than a religious painter. This is suggested not by the choice of his themes or his alternately more impassive or more pathetic manner of communicating his message, but by another outstanding characteristic of his art: a peculiar concatenation of the worlds of chivalry and of legends. His themes rest on a peculiar elaboration of the late medieval world of chivalry; the active and refined,

the brave yet reserved figures of chivalric romances are brought to life here in their deep emotional relationships as the protagonists of legends, accompanied by a profuse and varied series of auxiliary figures. The spectator is prepared to believe that these secondary figures come from every layer of Venetian society. In the foreground are the excellent portraits—whole groups of them—of important personages, while the background contains varied and vivid genre figures that conjure up a picture of the city's crafts: gondoliers, street vendors, and other popular types. This spontaneity and suggestiveness gives the modern spectator the impression of being a contemporary witness of the pictured event.

Since Carpaccio was a Venetian master, his sensitivity as a painter might be taken for granted. Yet, in the past, he was often condemned for being gaudy and over-emphasizing local colours. Although the above-mentioned monographs have shown this attitude to be untenable and have pointed out the truly pictorial beauties inherent in his works, which not infrequently may be placed on a level with those of Giovanni Bellini, the most valuable service in this respect was rendered by the exhibition of 1963. On the dark walls of the show rooms of the Palazzo Ducale (regrettably illuminated mostly by artificial light), the pictures were presented after adequate restoration. From a wealth of opalescent colours all the way to Giorgionesque sfumato, from the gay and picturesque medley of a street scene to the evocation of a landscape, his pictures offer every variety that proves their creator possessed of extraordinary gifts as a painter. Closer observation reveals the colourful, "gaudy" medley as having an accurately defined role: whether symbolical or a feature of the composition, it is never applied for the sake of sheer gorgeousness.

For this painter, so naive and youthfully fresh, who transformed the fabulous into reality and religious drama into a human event, was a highly conscious intellectual artist. Numerous recurring features of his works bear witness to these qualities. The elaborate and characteristic architectural backgrounds, the construction of the symmetrical compositions around a central axis, the accurate knowledge and application of perspective, and the individual selection of the content refutes the erroneous but widespread hypothesis of a winning but slightly loquacious narrator.

In conclusion it must be mentioned that, notwithstanding our wider knowledge about Carpaccio as a result of research, his art still raises numerous questions. The date of his birth is still uncertain; most likely it was 1465. He may have been influenced by Gentile Bellini and perhaps Aloise Vivarini, later by Pinturicchio and Perugino, still later by the great Giovanni Bellini; his art, as a result, remained within the bounds of the quattrocento. He developed the achievements of his predecessors but does not seem to have outgrown them in any respect. In 1490, when he painted the cycle of the Legend of Saint Ursula, he was an accomplished master, whose pictorial arsenal may have grown more abundant in subsequent years—as shown by the cycles of Saint George and the Martyr Saint Stephen—by added motives of chivalrous heroism; yet his art to the end retained a certain contemplative lyricism, beautifully evident in the Portrait of a Young Knight belonging to the Thyssen collection. This picture was painted in 1510—the year when Giorgione died—and its lofty nobility reminds us not of the cinquecento, but of the waning age of chivalry; at a moment of history anonymity and abstraction had come to an end, together with the luxuriant and complex quattrocento. A new epoch was about to start, of which the great painter only reached the threshold.

Apart from a few exceptions, the Venice exhibition embraced Carpaccio's whole oeuvre, including a series of exceedingly attractive and delicate drawings. The perspicuous arrangement and the catalogue,

describing every picture by availing itself of an extensive scientific apparatus, were the work of Professor Pietro Zampetti. Some of the master's works could not be exhibited. The complete reliance on artificial lighting is regrettable. But these failings do not detract from the value of an exhibition that was extraordinary also from a scientific aspect.

ANNA ZÁDOR

THE 95 YEARS OF THE ART HISTORIAN KÁROLY LYKA

In the first days of the new year painters and sculptors, arts and crafts designers, professors at the Budapest Art School, art lovers, friends and acquaintances were congratulating a short, erect, white-haired man with a big beard like Kossuth's. The person being celebrated was Károly Lyka. He was ninety-five on January 4, 1964.

The grand old man of Hungary is called the "professor of professors," since many of his former pupils now teach at the universities and colleges. Károly Lyka is the founder of Hungarian art historiography, a doctor of the history of art, Rector Emeritus of the Budapest Art School, editor of periodicals and encyclopedias, the oldest of Hungary's journalists, and before all else a fervent propagandist for the arts.

Károly Lyka lives in the Buda hills with his daughter, his son-in-law and his devoted factotum Traján, who is 84. Since the end of the Second World War the old gentleman has visited the town only twice, to see the doctor. He lives among the chickadees and thrushes of his orchard in patriarchal intimacy. For years he has been writing his memoirs.

It was in this small alpine house that Hungary's representatives of the fine arts, his pupils and friends paid their respects to him on his ninety-fifth birthday. After having received the Kossuth-Prize, first class, in 1952 for his book "Hungarian Art in Munich, 1867-1896," on this occasion he was honoured with the highest prize given in the arts, the Grand Prix for his entire lifework—his books on fine arts of the whole world, his fine arts reviews, and his whole *oeuvre*. The last person to receive the Grand Prix was Zoltán Kodály, on his eightieth birthday.

Károly Lyka taught Hungarians to see. The main aim of his activity has been to awaken the interest of the average man in art, to acquaint him with beauty and to guide him towards acceptance of the deep human message concealed in the work of art.

*

Born as the son of an architect in Nyitra, a small town in Czechoslovakia, young Lyka was sent to Munich by his father when he was 18 to see the world and study. In the Bavarian capital he was one of the group associated with the Hungarian painter Simon Hollósy. At first a pupil of Hollósy, he later studied with Richard Muther, a distinguished art historian of the period, who influenced Lyka's entire career, although he later turned against the academic mentality that prevailed in Munich. He lived and studied in Munich for four years and subsequently travelled to Italy, where he stayed in Naples, Rome, and more briefly in Torino. Dwelling near the harbour of Naples he painted the life, the sailors and the backstreets of the port. It was during this period that in the young art historian's life the crisis took place which led him towards the profession of critic. It was a long struggle before he could decide whether to choose the paint-brush or the pen. At last, with

an instinctive humility before art that came from his deepest nature, he quit the painter's profession to devote his life to the history of art. His goal was not to paint but to explain painting, not to depict but to analyse, popularize and make people understand the works of art.

"I started as a rookie journalist," he wrote in a letter from Italy, and that was how his career as a critic started. He made a contract with the Budapest daily newspaper *Pesti Napló* and supplied it with articles and reviews on the fine arts. Sent to Torino by the editors to be near Lajos Kossuth, who was living out his last days in exile, in 1894 he reported the rising of the Sicilian peasants. On March 20, 1894, he sent one of the saddest telegrams of Hungarian history from the Torino post office: Lajos Kossuth was dead. Young Károly Lyka came home by train, bringing Kossuth's mortal remains back to Hungary.

After his return he started writing and lecturing regularly. Beginning in 1914 he lectured on the history of art at the Budapest Art School, and was later on Rector of it until his retirement.

In addition to his teaching he was also active as an author and a critic for daily and weekly papers.

His teaching and his criticisms have been crowned by his books on art. He has written books on Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and, more recently, Rembrandt. His "Brief Guide to the Fine Arts" became a short catechism for Hungarian art students. His book "Historical and Technical Development of the Fine Arts" is devoted primarily to the interaction between art and society, art and period. The "History of the Fine Arts" compares past and present in the arts in Europe. "Paintings—Sculptures" is a simple guide to the understanding of various art works.

*

A gentle, tactful, very modest man, he considers patience the cardinal virtue. He has taught with tolerance throughout his life. He has taught not only through his writings or in the lecture hall; his whole life has been teaching. He has taught in cafés, taught while taking a walk, taught in the street, taught in the drawing room; his teaching has never been obtrusive or pedantic. He explains gently, humourously.

He has discovered and educated many a painter and sculptor. He demanded patience for new talents and trends; tolerance, he insisted, is the best method of developing talents. A great representative of Hungarian painting, István Csók, declared on his 50th anniversary as a painter that he owed the first successes of his career to Károly Lyka. It was due to Lyka's influence and inspiration that Ferenc Medgyessy gave up being a physician to devote himself to the art of sculpture.

He guarded his critical independence and succeeded in maintaining it throughout his entire career. Although a mild man he does not yield to pressure.

His distinguished articles on botany are also characteristic of his many-sided activity. For a long time no one knew who the John Számadó was whose excellent botanical articles appeared in one of the Hungarian journals. They were unique in the scientific world until that time. When it turned out that Számadó and Lyka were one and the same man and international science named a variety of thyme "Thymus-Lyka", he only remarked: "I always did like the out-of-doors."

Although his memoirs were actually ready for publication years ago, he does not intend to part with the manuscript yet. He goes over it every day, corrects lines, crosses out an adjective, makes a sentence more concise. His publisher nags him week after week. He resists. Throughout his long life he has taught the discipline and rigour of creative work; he is not abandoning this principle even at 95.

PÉTER RUFFY

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A FRENCH ANTHOLOGY OF HUNGARIAN POETRY

We Hungarians often deplore the fact that the world does not know our poetry well enough and that in the various world anthologies Hungarian lyric poetry is given less space than it deserves. To this complaint there is the ready and not unwarranted reply that Hungarian poetry may be a pearl, but it is a pearl enclosed in a shell and that shell, alas, cannot be opened.

That shell has now been pried open, thanks to Seuil Publishers, who have brought out a handsomely presented French-language *Anthology of Hungarian Poetry.**

Hungarian poetry has been translated into other languages before; with few exceptions such translations have been the work not of poets but of conscientious philologists and no doubt well-meaning dilettantes, and in most cases, the interpretation failed to do justice to the original. This is probably the first time that poets have ever undertaken to interpret a representative selection of our poetry. They have admitted Hungarian lyric poetry to world literature through the door of a major language. And as this kind of work cannot be done without profit to both sides, they have also decisively advanced the cause of French poetry translation.

It was no easy task; there is no question about that. Hungarian lyric poetry is probably less intellectual than French; its way of seeing things is more pictorial, its inspiration more direct; the tissue of a Hungarian poem may not be as lustrous, but its texture is heavier, more closely woven. Our poetical heritage, too, is different: In Hungary, poetry has never been a sort of fashionable indoor sport; facility, agility, elaborateness in poetry are foreign to us. In Hungary there never were any literary lounges where poets who conformed to the taste of the court might have woven garlands for Juliet. Hungarian lyric poetry has always been more saturated, more massive, more rugged, and burdened with Hungary's national destiny and existence. Our lyric poetry is more jagged and rather coarser than its French counterpart; it is also more closely related to folk poetry (and how very different that folk poetry is!), with more of nature and less of urbanity in it. It is a different world, and one has to adapt oneself to its atmosphere in order to be able to convey its respiration, to grow used to its colours and appreciate its tonality and nuances. Therein lies one difficulty. It is one which arises in translation in general, particularly in the translation of poetry, but in this communication between French and Hungarian poetry the problem is especially knotty.

The other difficulty lies in the language. "Amongst the forty or so poets who contributed their efforts towards this anthology, only two—François Gachot and Roger Ri-

* *Anthologie de la Poésie hongroise, du XIIe siècle à nos jours*, établie par Ladislas Gara. Editions du Seuil, Paris, 1962.

chard—can speak Hungarian," writes László Gara in his most instructive how-it-was-done essay on "Translating Hungarian Poetry, and Problems of Translation." "Many years of experience had convinced me, however, that only poets are capable of translating poetry, and that familiarity with the language of the original, however desirable, is not absolutely necessary. A command of the language is no automatic guarantee of accurate translation, especially in poetry; besides, some poets have achieved more indisputable success with works they could not read in the original than with those in whose original language they were absolutely well versed." M. Gara rightly refers to Guillevic as a case in point, contrasting the latter's masterly renderings of Attila József with his only fair, not nearly so masterly translations of Heine; yet Guillevic has a good command of German but no idea of Hungarian.

What compensates—or, to put it more cautiously, what might serve to compensate—for ignorance of the language of the original? It is instinct, inasmuch as the translator is a poet himself; familiarity with another, a universal, language; the poetic idiom. One must find out, therefore, so far as possible, which are the poets, in both nations, who speak the same "dialect." This is what was done in this case. "We established the affinities between various French and Hungarian poets," M. Gara writes, "so that the latter would at least find themselves in a familiar climate."

The next step, after kindred poets had been paired off, was to produce a rough translation. It was done in this manner: "For our poets who could not speak Hungarian, rough translations were prepared; these were translations according to meaning, rather than literal translations... At the stage where the work was being moulded, the French interpreter and the Hungarian translator would generally be working in close collaboration both as to meaning and form." What was thus produced would be examined and sorted out. The paramount aim was to approach the original as far as possible in every respect.

M. Gara, it seems to me, is quite right; in the vast majority of cases better results will be obtained if the interpreter is a poet, even if he possesses no, or scanty, knowledge of the original language, than if he is a philologist without any particular feeling for poetry, even though he may have a perfect command of the language. What the former will produce will be poetry in any case; whereas the latter will have sacrificed poetry to scholarship.

True—but then translating from a language you do not know is something like blindness. A blind man needs a seeing-eye dog to lead him: that guidance makes a lot of difference. If it is a case of the halt leading the blind, they are likely to end in a ditch before they reach their destination.

There are, of course, different grades of "blindness," from dimmed sight to total darkness. In other words, there are languages of which the translator has some slight knowledge; which he does not know intimately, but is not quite a stranger to, either. For instance, anyone who knows Latin and has a working knowledge of one Romance language will be able to grope his way about in the others as well; a command of French can provide a key to Italian or Spanish; a command of Spanish, to French or Italian; and so forth. As distinct from this "relative blindness" there are cases of "total blindness," i.e., when you are completely baffled by a language, failing to comprehend its words and having no idea as to its structure, spirit, character and inflections. In the case of relative blindness, one can more or less appreciate the significance of an inversion, the local weight of an enjambment, the nuance of an adjective and, in general, the style. But one who is totally blind cannot size up what he cannot see. For one who is a hundred per cent illiterate in, say, Chinese, it is a matter of absolute indifference whether a particular adjective or its

synonym appears in a poem, or whether the poem in question is one or two thousand years old: he is equally in the dark as to the 1,000-year-old style and the 2,000-year-old one—he lacks the perception for either. In the former case the translator needs a guide for practically no other purpose than to lead him onto the right road; once there, he will be able to proceed along it unaided. In the latter case he is in cong stant danger of going astray once he lets g- of his guide's hand or if the guide is heedleso or unobservant, and of arriving at the wrons destination if he gets anywhere at all.

Which kind of "blindness" hampered the interpreters of the "*Anthology of Hungarian Poetry*"? There is no doubt whatever that it was the latter type: Of the forty-odd translators, as indicated above, only two could speak Hungarian. The volume therefore raises the question of rough translation as a professional problem.

It is easy enough for us Hungarians to reject this translation procedure flatly. Translate from the original, we say. It is all very well for us to declare that principle. With our extremely advanced profession of literary translation, even the most "peripheral" language, the freshly arising literature of practically every emergent nation, has its student and interpreter. (Even in this case, I doubt that a person with a competent knowledge of the language in question, but rather mediocre as to poetic talent, could produce a better interpretation than a good poet-translator working from a fair rough translation.) The French, in translating Hungarian lyric poetry, necessarily fell back on *textes de base:* thus, whether we like it or not, rough translation is an unavoidable fact, and instead of jabbing at it we had better try and think up a way of improving it.

The rough translation—the *texte de base*—while a vital necessity, is by no means sufficient in itself. That it must be accurate, authentic, without any misconstructions, slips or misinterpretations is so self-evident that there is no need to discuss it. According to M. Gara, their rough translations "*étaient moins des traductions mot à mot que sens à sens*": "What does the poet say?—What does he mean?" "Why does he put it as he actually does, and not in some other way?" This should all become clear in a fair rough translation, of course; if not in the actual writing, then as an informative commentary. But this is still not enough.

Poet-translators need little explanation, but they do need *some*. They need linguistic as well as stylistic information, they need to be informed about matters relating to literary scholarship and the history of style. They have to have pointed out to them—pointed out, and not pounded at them—which linguistic and stylistic reserves are most likely to yield a satisfactory rendering; correspondences of style and "*tessiture*" have to be made clear. This means that the person who prepares the rough translation has to be equally at home in both national poetries, that of his own tongue and the one into which he is translating. Insufficient knowledge of both poetries is apt to lead to numerous misinterpretations, the blame for which must be laid at the door not of the poet-interpreter but of the collaborator who prepared a not sufficiently informative rough translation. For instance, there are several possible ways of Frenchifying a rough translation of, say, a Balassi poem so that each is an accurate version of the original—in content. But accuracy in rendering content is no guarantee of accuracy in rendering poetic quality. Besides the content and form, the collaborator has to indicate the "key": to give an approximate French counterpart of the Hungarian poem which is likely to suggest the right blending of sound and style.

In some instances, as in the case of Balassi, a few indicative names and connotations may suffice: the Renaissance; Ronsard, La Boétie, and perhaps most of all Agrippe D'Aubigné of the love of Diana. The poetic instinct is capable of feeling out

a great deal, but it can scarcely do any harm to render this feeling still keener, still more sensitive. (As I have referred, at random, to Balassi, I think it is fair to say that I do not know what information—philological or stylistic—was made available to Lucien Feuillade, the French interpreter of Balassi's poems in the Anthology: for this masterly rendering of the right Balassi note, praise is due him if he relied only on his instinct, and if he received guidance, then to his collaborator as well.)

I have mentioned the form scheme; this constitutes the other big problem raised by the *Anthology*. I hasten to add that it has been solved with exceptional success, although not without extraordinary difficulties. Here again I call M. Gara to witness. "Some French poet who is a good hand at his craft," he writes in his postscript, "would be better qualified than I am to give an account of the extremely strict rules of the game, in force since Malherbe, which for generations have hindered the evolution of translations which meet the requirement for fidelity both to the Gallic spirit (especially the spirit of conventional poetry) and the author's idea; not to mention the peculiar turns that one or another foreign genius may take in poetry." Although the absolute orthodoxy in the rules of prosody which was prevalent in former years has relaxed considerably in more recent French poetry; and although the poet-translators of this *Anthology* did their best to achieve maximum accuracy of both content and form, "Quite enough difficulties still remained, some of them downright insuperable. Form and content are sometimes too interdependent, too mutually productive, for the translation into another language to be effected without sacrifice: one must choose between correspondence of sense and prosodic accuracy. In my view, the important thing in a poetry translation is to capture the 'breath' of the original (which is difficult to define and still more difficult to render)."

How can it be rendered with the greatest likehood of success? This is easily answered in theory—with absolute fidelity of form. "Absolute" fidelity of form, however, is always relative. That is to say, there is no such thing as absolute fidelity, complete and perfect identity. There is only approximation, and sometimes approximation can go so far as to make the "replica" almost entirely correspond with the original. This is what happened, for instance, with the alexandrine. At first an attempt was made to render it with the traditional Hungarian twelve-syllable line (six plus six). When the marked disparity between these two forms was discovered, which made the twelve-syllable line quite inadequate to render the poetical content of the alexandrine, other forms were attempted. Gábor Dayka, for instance, in translating two of Colardeau's epistles, experimented with stressed twelve-syllable couplets, with each line divided in the middle and (to render feminine rhymes) thirteen-syllable couplets. Next he tried to iambicise the twelve-syllable lines, as János Erdélyi had done about the middle of the last century in translating Boileau. This last form eventually proved the most expedient Hungarian version. Practice has evolved this twelve-syllable (thirteen in the case of feminine rhymes), iambic line—at least with a predominantly iambic beat—which requires pure iambics in the caesura and the end syllables. Severe prosodists will not accept this line as an "absolute" counterpart of the French alexandrine. No, it is not that, of course; yet in our language, with our rhythmic patterns and form schemes, it is the nearest approximation. With a claim to "absolute fidelity" we translate French lines into Hungarian lines with an iambic or trochaic beat such as would be incongruous with French prosodic practice, since what matters in the latter is the number of syllables. In Hungarian poetry, however, an insistence on the number of syllables can lead to inaccuracy, for in Hungarian ears

this type of verse carries different overtones; and precisely because of these overtones we may occasionally be compelled to sacrifice the anapests which—in alexandrines, for instance—delight the French ear. We either have to sacrifice them or seek some device to save them. (It is a moot point whether the musically extremely fine Racine line is not best rendered by the stressed choriambic twelve-syllable line, frequently used by János Arany, especially in the epic *Buda's Death*. A legitimate argument against the employment of this device is that it does not permit the use of feminine rhyme—at least not with "adequate" musicality. It is no mere chance, I think, that the attempt at interpreting, of all things, the inimitably musical introduction of *Buda's Death* should have provided the French translators with an opportunity for the largest number of variants. The publication of these different versions has been most useful, and the few pages devoted to them are very instructive from a "professional" point of view.)

In this volume the French translators, with Hungarian assistance (above all from the excellent and indefatigable M. László Gara), have evolved ways and means of translating poetry into the Gallic tongue with "absolute" (i. e., in reality, relative) accuracy. They have begun, and in part completed, more or less the same undertaking which the far more advanced and more experienced Hungarian translation literature had developed to perfection in the course of no less than two centuries. (Perfection, that is, as it is understood today; for there can hardly be any final solutions in this field.) Such consistent respect for the requirements of fidelity to form in poetry translation is without precedent in French literature, so far as I know. It may not be an exaggeration to say (and this is stated by the French themselves as well as by us) that this *Anthology* (as well as the publication of *Selected Poems of Attila József*, translated on the same principles) has begun a new chapter in the history of French poetry translation. In this way, through imparting its own methods of translating poetry, Hungary has been enabled to repay, at least to some extent, the service rendered by France, through this French *Anthology*, in opening a window on our poetry for the literary world. We do not know how great this extent actually is; that is something only the French can assess.

*

If the *Anthology* may seem to us to overvalue some of our poets while undervaluing others, this is a minor point; it is debatable, but not really worth debating about. An editor has the right to his own tastes, his own scale of values, and not only the one that is generally accepted; he should be granted the freedom to display his own discoveries or even whims. Let us take an example—the poetry of the late 19th century.

There are those who will probably think the *fin de siècle* lyricists have received more space in the *Anthology* than they deserve. And the argument that these poets are not particularly significant may seem convincing. But isn't the author of the preface to the *Anthology* likewise convincing, in his way, when he says that in these poems "one can often sense, behind the conventional form, the breath of a new era?" In other words, the work of these poets, anaemic though it may appear as a whole, did nevertheless by inching forwards, pave the way for the poetic revolution—or one might say it loosened the literary soil for the new crop—which in the history of Hungarian literature is usually epitomized by the name of the literary review *Nyugat* ("The West"). Take Lajos Bartók, a minor poet, third-rate, not even second-rate. His name is met with very rarely even in Hungarian anthologies. How does he come to be included in *this Anthology?* Possibly, the editor sensed in his work—in his versification, his type of poetic sentences, his rhyme-technique—something

which pointed the way to one of the greatest Hungarian lyricists of modern times, Mihály Babits.

Or take an end-of-the-century poetess of equally minor significance—Minka Czóbel. The space given her in this volume seems excessive, yet there are two excuses for it. One is that her lyrics have a symbolistic orchestration such as is found with few other Hungarian poets. The other: One of her poems published in this *Anthology* ("Two Gloves") has found a significant present-day counterpart in Sándor Weöres's "The Lost Parasol" (and should not the pleasure of such references be granted to editors of poetry *anthologies?*). Finally, the masterly rendering—Jean Follain hit the bull's eye here—is an effective rebuttal of all objections.

Yes, editors of anthologies must enjoy a certain freedom of selection; such freedom is legitimate as long as they are not found guilty of some blatant error or irreparable omission. But there is no question of such blemishes in this case.

It would be absurd to attempt to analyse the work of more than forty translators one by one in a book review designed to appraise the significance of the undertaking as a whole; to dwell on but a few would be an injustice to others who are no less worthy of attention. So I shall be content to make some marginal notes as a reader and as a poet who is himself a translator, who is aware of the perils as well as the delights of his craft, and who can therefore be doubly appreciative of what is successful and doubly tolerant of what does not quite come off. These are only haphazard notes, referring to a page here and a page there and not systematically going through the book from cover to cover.

Mary's Lament in Old Hungarian. I had never been so keenly aware of the naively rustic note of this first Hungarian lyric poem written by a learned pen as when I read this superb translation of it. The French version brings out, still more palpably, if possible, the blending of two elements—the highly polished craftsmanship of Latin hymn-writing, progressing towards over-elaborate perfection, and the refreshing, unsophisticated rustic poesy which made its first attempt here to become a polished gem for the finely wrought setting that was waiting to receive it. Good translations often shed new light on the originals.

József Katona. It would appear to be practically impossible to make Katona speak in French. Those who attempted it have done all there was to do; one could not do more. In a passage from *Bánk Bán,* Tiborc's Lament, all the conscientious accuracy and all the understanding have been in vain. French simply does not possess the register to render such absolutely astounding force of language (which is exceptional even in Hungarian). Katona represents the fullness of romantic expressionism. Where can you find, in French, such spasms, such volcanic folds, such crevices? The nature of the Gallic tongue, even among the Romantics, is the very opposite; it smoothes and binds; even the most romantic of French romantics writes from a different premise, weaves a different texture. No one can speak in French from so deep in the heart, so straight from the throat, with the windpipe so choked. French cannot convey Shakespeare either, for that matter.

The other passage selected from Katona is the *Andal.* How typical is the French title alone!—*Revêrie solitaire.* It brings to mind the beaten track of Colardeau and Lamartine and all those pre-Romantics and Romantics who always abandoned themselves to the sweet malady of poetic solitude and reverie. The French translation has salvaged the whole of this tradition and even added a pinch of Verlaine. But how much has it captured of Katona? The very title of the original is an artificial coinage of the Language Reform movement. The verses themselves are a Schillerian soaring, the maximum of linguistic musicality that Katona was capable of producing, in spite of his nature,

actually doing violence to himself and to the "style": throwing a wonderful piece of dialect into the perfect rhyme and thus introducing an unmistakably individual note into the whole verse, making the lines such as no one but Katona could have written. Indeed it is one great and unmatched "reverie," in which the *"siket estveli csend"* (deaf evening silence) is heart-rendingly realistic and local, straight from the heart of the Great Hungarian Plain, whereas the French version—*"Au plus profond du soir le silence a frémi..."*—is an elegant, slick, varnished platitude. Could it have been done better than that? No. Katona cannot be translated into French. Or if he can, he will inevitably cease to be the true Katona in the process.

Ady. He is a modern 20th century poet and the leading figure of a poetical revolution into the bargain; and revolutions—even poetical ones—are always directed against the past and oriented towards the future. Yet it was not easy for the French poetry translators to realize this paradox: that one of the newest traits of Ady's fundamentally new poetry was the extreme antiquity of his linguistic inspiration, the deeply buried stratum of Hungarian from which he mined his material. What analogies could one point to in French? To what linguistic regions of French could one direct the translator's attention? If, by way of illustrating Ady the "psalmist," one were to point to the psalms of Béza and Marot, the illustration would be misleading, for they are different. There is no French analogy to Ady's Protestant-biblical (and even more parochially native) idiom. To any French poet embarking on an interpretation of Ady I would give this advice that, before starting his work, he should devote a few days to reading D'Aubigné's *Tragiques*. Not in order to learn its idiom but to derive inspiration from it. Ady's inspiration is not exactly like that, but it is something like that—remotely related to it. But does not kindred poetical inspiration at the same time engender an analogous idiomatic "attitude"? This is a question to which practice alone can provide an answer.

D'Aubigné is the poet of the *Tragic Verses;* yet there are some instances where, if I were a French translator, I would mix this element with another. For poems like "Skyward, miraculous" *(A csodák föntjén)* I would admix an Apollinairian flavour; but—let us be clear about this at once—from the Apollinaire of *Les Collines*. The opening poem of "In the Van of the Dead" *(A halottak élén)* begins with these lines: "Well, in the same way as miracles are now revealed I have written a book again". The date of publication is 16 December 1914. "Skyward, miraculous" is dated 1 May 1914. Unmistakably, the two poems are products of the same inspiration.

La sainte époque aux saintes épouvantes
Croule sur moi — Symboles, sortilèges!
Dans la douleur et dans l'amour mêlées,
Réalités, visions ont pour siège
Mon être et font en moi leur unité.

(Translated by Jean Rousselot)

Now let us look at Apollinaire. *Les Collines* was first published in the volume *Caligrammes*, in 1917, containing poems written between 1912 and 1917. First I quote the note to the Pléïade edition. This poem, the note says, which is reminiscent of Baudelaire's *Phares*, "presents a curious coupling of messianistic modernism and the elegiac melancholy of the poet of *Vitam impendere amori*, ending up in a phantasmagoric vision..." Now, with reference to Ady's "Skyward, miraculous," the same thing might be formulated as follows: He couples a modern messianism with a grim biblical pathos, ending up in a vast apocalyptic vision. This applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to length also. In this case, there is an analogous posture, analogous lift within the poem and the inspiration; an analogous way of seeing things in their relation to one another. To Ady, all is one and the same thing: "I have shaken off the yoke of the

Only-This and the Only-One: I now accept everything." With Ady's characteristic subjectivization, isn't this the counterpart of what Apollinaire—objectivizing, as it were—puts as follows—

Les secourables mânes errent
Se compénétrant parmi nous
Depuis les temps qui nous rejoignent
Rien n'y finit rien n'y commence
Regarde la bague à ton doigt . . . ?

This is analogous breath, analogous "prophesy," often analogous intonation: *"Voici le temps de la magie," "Voici s'élever des prophètes," "C'est le temps de la grace ardente"* . . . The *Anthology*'s version of the lines: *"La sainte époque aux saintes épouvantes, Croule sur moi"*. This is unassailably correct as to the meaning; it only lacks the essence of the inspiration—a single word: "lo!"—the "voici" of Apollinaire. This word by itself would restore the equilibrium of the whole passage: it would identify Ady with the "All," with the Universe; that is to say, it would capture the true spirit of Ady.

So much for marginal comment.

I would like to emphasise once again the significance and the great value of this splendid *Anthology*, which presents an essentially correct interpretation of Hungarian poetry. Since it was published, there have been indications that it has heralded a new era of *rapprochement* between the various national poetries and poets. It may have brought us nearer to a joint discussion of (in Attila József's words) "business we have in common," at least the first major step towards a settlement of the business poets have in common. In this field, M. László Gara, through his untiring efforts and his profound knowledge of both the poems and their background, has won the everlasting gratitude of all of us.

And when it comes to working out a settlement of the business of humanity, aren't poets duty-bound, by reason of their calling, to be among the pioneers?

GYÖRGY RÓNAY

STUDIES ON POETRY, FICTION AND THE THEATRE

The Hungarian book-market has recently been enriched by a whole series of interesting literary studies. Literary scholarship is attracting attention through the variety of its enterprises, which represent a wholesome revival of literary life.

Two of the studies are devoted to Attila József, the greatest Hungarian lyrical poet of the twenty-five years between the two World Wars. Miklós Szabolcsi, who has been doing research for nearly ten years in order to write a monumental three-volume biography and artistic portrayal of the poet's career, has now published the first volume, which comprehends the first eighteen years of József's life, the period of his first ripening as a poet. The other author, Ervin Gyertyán, makes no pretension to completeness; he published his study "Our Poet and His Age" (the title of a poem by Attila József) to elucidate a few salient features of the oeuvre.

Attila József has recently won the sympathy of poetry lovers in France, Germany, Italy and the Soviet Union; in the past few years collections of his verse have appeared in the languages of those countries in rapid succession. In France the *Seuil* edition of Jó-

zsef* published translations by the most prominent contemporary poets. In Italy, where József's poetry has probably been most successful, several editions have been published and we are told that an increasing number of his poems are finding congenial interpreters. English readers, however, have had scarcely any opportunity to approach the work of this significant poet. The New Hungarian Quarterly, of course, has dealt on several occasions with Attila József's poetry. When the French edition of his selected poetry came out, a "Portrait of Attila József" by László Pődör was published in Vol. II, No. 1, and several of József's poems were published in translations by J. C. W. Horne in Vol. II, No. 2.

Attila József came from a bleak suburb of Budapest. As a child he learned from his own experience about the joyless, worried existence of the poor. He was orphaned at an early age, and his sister could do little to help him continue his studies. He had hoped to graduate from the University of Szeged, where he was studying to become a teacher, but when one of his beautiful early poems was published expressing the poverty-stricken man's rebellious bitterness, he was sent down from the university. To this reactionary blow he replied in the poem "On my Birthday," in which he declares his *ars poetica* of solidarity with the common people. "I will teach my people without a school certificate," he said in this poem, written shortly before his tragic death in 1937. Still a young man of 32, he committed suicide. Several factors were involved in the rapid development of his neurosis. One was the period itself, in which fascism was assaulting human rights and freedoms and endangering democratic ideas. Another was the personal worries of his own existence. As these were also traceable to social causes, it is no exaggeration to state that Attila József was the first of the many martyrs of modern Hungarian literature. His poetry outlived him, his prediction came true: "My life will still increase, when I am dead."

Attila József gave voice to the necessity for revolutionary action against the oppression that lay heavy on the working people of Hungary in the Twenties and Thirties. His political poetry contains no empty slogans: it is an organic unity of persuasion and intense poetic introspection. His great merit, a pioneer enterprise, was his poetic representation of the worker's life on the periphery of the big city. His career was crowned by those poems which formulated with powerful poetic imagination and insight the historical commitment of the factory workers in the towns. The depiction of the peasant's world is almost equivalent in his poetry. He knew what he was saying when he declared himself poet of the whole working people, the "son of the street and of the earth," equipped with experience both urban and rural which qualified him as a spokesman of the aims of his nation. But his inspiration did not only come from politics, it was not only the social struggle that had an impact on his thinking. He also revered the traditional themes of lyric poetry, nature, love and philosophy; but no matter what he wrote about all of his poetry was infused with a uniform conception of the world, a consistent way of looking at things, an infallible taste. Even in his descriptions of landscapes he symbolically proclaims the necessity for revolutionary action. A lofty morality endows his love poetry with a deep humanism. Attila József lived in a time that was almost intolerable for partisans of progressive ideas. He had no great share of happiness. That was why he so deeply appreciated the meaning of joy and of well-balanced, honest and profound human relationships. The pressure of fascism on his sensitive nervous system became unbearable in the last years of his life. At that time hopeless pessimism became the principal burden of his poetry. Yet in defiance of the gathering clouds of illness, personal despair and the menace of the historical situation he raised his voice again and

* See György Rónay's review pp. 185 of this number of the NHQ.

again in defense of human dignity and liberty. In a famous poem, welcoming Thomas Mann who had come to Budapest to give a lecture, Attila József bade farewell to life in a sort of last testament: "What matters is that we should not give up when you have spoken, but men should still be men, the women free and gentle, and human beings all, because their kind is ever fewer."

The lines quoted above of the rich poetry of Attila József are an attempt to convey some impression by flashing just a few characteristic features; but between 1949 and 1956 there was a one-track approach to his poetry. The constriction which became manifest in his case was part and parcel of the fallacious literary approach of the period. A distortion of emphasis came about because poems expressing lost illusions and hopes, aching disappointment, were divorced from—sometimes even opposed to—his revolutionary poetry. The tortured mind, the pain, loneliness and agony conveyed in poetic flashes of self-revealing candour in a reaction to the shocks of fate, personal and social, were called decadent. Yet these qualities are undeniably present in the poetry of Attila József, and only confirm the fact that his art did not develop in a vacuum, under ideal conditions, but at a time that sorely tried his nation and his generation. Attila József was a committed left-wing man of letters. But instead of tendentious verses that followed some literary pattern and echoed the slogans of the moment, he created passionately humanistic poetry whose emphasis was of universal interest. At the beginning of the Fifties it was not generally accepted among literary historians that Attila József, through his profound reflection of the outer and the inner world, of society and the soul, had set an example in socialist poetry responsive to every human value. It is therefore of outstanding importance that today a succession of studies and monographs which attempt thoroughness are appearing on the poet and his work.

The monograph by Miklós Szabolcsi *Fiatal életek indulója** ("Marching Song for the Young"—the title of one of József's poems) deals with the beginnings of Attila József's career and brings it up to the year 1923. His conclusions, the lessons to be learned from his method, the objective thoroughness of his argumentation and the sensitive feeling in his analyses suggest a variety of possible approaches. Szabolcsi pays special attention to the literature in the daily papers during the period examined, the years between 1905 and 1923. His book is the first great Hungarian monograph to deal with daily features and news as a primary source. This material, which had been very little utilized up to date, serves as the basis for a colourful, perceptive, objectively detailed picture of the epoch and the social conditions that motivated the poet's childhood and youth. Out of his findings he constructs a vivid backdrop on which the poet's first eighteen years are realistically re-played—all the misery of his childhood which constituted the starting point of his experience and of the pictures and rhythms of his imagination.

This microphilological method requires patience and attention to detail, but the pains taken pay off in an authentic, almost statistically exact representation of the conditions of the period. On the basis of this work we might risk an assumption of possibly general validity that literary historians can examine the lives and works of the 20th century poets and authors only under these new aspects. They can no longer ignore the more detailed analysis of the age which comprehends even the mosaic of daily news and an examination of living conditions and human relations in all their shadings.

Szabolcsi utilizes hundreds of items found in the press of both Budapest and the provinces during the first thirty years of this century. It would be a distortion of reality, however, to create the impression that the author did not also draw conclusions, make

* Miklós Szabolcsi: *Fiatal életek indulója.* Publishing House of the Academy of Sciences, Budapest. 1963, 634 pp.

generalizations, and interpret the facts and the relationships revealed. The wealth of material in the book by no means implies a positivist method that loses itself in details. He shows how the social and literary conditions of the epoch determined Attila József's conception of life and his initiation into poetry; he gives a survey of the first part of the Twenties, a period which had been rather neglected until now, from the point of view of literary scholarship. He also shows Attila József's connections with world literature. His ability to see relationships and his precision of appraisal give great authenticity to his guidance. This also applies to his analyses of the poems, providing a sympathetic frame for the interesting, poetical figure of Attila József, starting as a child prodigy.

The study of Ervin Gyertyán* emphasizes József's claim to universality, based on his striving to express the idea of social justice and the feelings and instincts of modern man in the light of the relationships of the period, showing the influence of problems of Hungarian society. It makes ample use of research findings of the past few years, but its emphasis is on new ideas and observations. His polemics question earlier evaluations of the poet, not in irresponsible manner, but on the basis of well-founded and convincing analysis. The author deals with both the national and the international significance of this oeuvre. He sees Attila József as the pioneer of a new age in lyric poetry. In József's poetry the idea of scientific socialism is not positively formulated but becomes a poetic experience in the sphere of feelings. This is new. Through József the role of Hungarian poetry in European culture was transformed, forecasting a new role for the Hungarian people, the Hungarian nation in European history. Attila József steps forth in the chain mail of poetry and challenges a still unexplored, unprecedented world. He is not one of the old guard of great progressive intellectuals who still has something new to say under the auspices of the old; he is the artistic vanguard of a world-wide social process.

One of the chapters in Gyertyán's book discusses the relationship between Attila József and Freudism. The author argues with József Révai, whose study, *József Attila problémák* (*"Some Problems in Connection with Attila József"*) claimed that some of Attila József's writings sought to reconcile Freudism with Marxism. Yet at the same time Révai claimed that the lyric poet Attila József was not affected by Freudism. Gyertyán, on the contrary, claims that Freudian ideas also found their way into his poetry and proved fertile for his art. Attila József's view was opposed to the rigid rejection of such scientific facts as the existence of a subconscious spiritual sphere where instincts and impulses had a determining impact on human life. Attila József needed to draw on modern psychology and Freudism, he needed to assimilate some of its elements poetically so as to express more vigorously and more authentically the emotions and thoughts of modern working people.

György Somlyó, a poet and critic for twenty years, has published a symposium under the title *A költészet évadai** "The Seasons of Poetry."* He, too, was a sort of child prodigy of literature. His father Zoltán Somlyó was an interesting representative of originality in modern Hungarian poetry. The young Somlyó became involved with literature, poetry and literary translation under the paternal roof. Although he inherited his talents from his father, he found his own tone and sphere of interests. Zoltán Somlyó cultivated the decorative emotional impressionism of the beginning of the century; his son György considers the modern trends of intellectualism as his model, the intellect searching for its own laws. György Somlyó is a *poeta doctus* who is interested in the manifold aspects of the life of the mind, and this is the moving force in his poetry. In his last

* Ervin Gyertyán: *Költőnk és kora* (Our Poet and his Age) Magvető Publishing House, Budapest, 1963, 376 pp.

* György Somlyó: *A költészet évadai*. Magvető Publishers, Budapest. 1963, 376 pp.

volume, for instance, he commemorated the great figures of Hungarian and international literature and art in a prodigious sonnet sequence. His volumes of essays also show an amazing breadth of interests. He has written about Aragon and Majakovsky, Shakespeare and Victor Hugo, Howard Fast, Eluard and Picasso, Joliot-Curie and Thomas Mann. His activity as a translator of poetry is also characterized by versatility. He excels primarily in the interpretation of French poets, but recently he has also furnished proof of his interest in the English language field. He published lately a study on modern American poetry. The problems of the art of translation constantly occupy his mind. As the Hungarian delegate to the international Poetry Biennale held in Knokke (Belgium) in September 1963, he expounded his theory on the problems of translating poetry.

In his new volume, Somlyó deals with what matters most to him both as poet and reader. He defines the nature and laws of poetry, including specific poetic works, giving evidence of how lyrical influences cross the frontiers from various countries. What he has to tell us about his Hungarian contemporaries, from the standpoint of the analysis of idiom, is not to be neglected by any historian of literature whose field is the second third of the 20th century. Somlyó is especially fascinated by the problem of European poetry, above all French poetry, insofar as its lessons can be applied to Hungary. In his studies of the masters of modern world poetry, of Rimbaud, Aragon, Rafael Alberti, Quasimodo, he is concerned with how the poet helps to rediscover reality, life and the soul and what this discovery consists of in its implications. This concern is also operative in his studies on René Charrol and Blaise Cendrars.

The part of the volume which is bound to elicit most discussion is the essay on criticism. This essay defends the poet who cannot regard the deficiencies of criticism with an impersonal, equable objectivity. He objects to the fact that criticism often lifts the work from the world of its own laws and confronts it with norms which the author may never have intended to follow and may not even acknowledge. This method, in Somlyó's opinion, leads to an impasse from the start. According to his opponents, however, the issue is not quite so simple. Of course it always proves futile to raise demands based on normative aesthetics, on viewpoints alien to the artist or on formal requirements to which he does not subscribe. There is, however, a certain yardstick, which, with all due respects to creative freedom, measures the success of the artist's aims. This yardstick is reality, the truth of life.

Somlyó also insists on individuality of criticism, and this is an absolutely rightful and timely demand, for too many criticisms are imposed on the Hungarian reader in which he can scarcely guess what effect the analysed work really had on the reviewer. On top of a desert-gray impersonality we often encounter a sort of juggling which obscures the truth by evading an unequivocal stand; from this a sort of "equilibrium" criticism is produced, whose author vanishes without a trace, in a tedious sea of "but," "however," "on the one hand and on the other", "still" and "notwithstanding."

Another work that examines legends and reveals values is the study by István Nemeskürty *A magyar szépprózа születése** ("The Birth of Hungarian Prose"). The epoch whose literature he endeavours to place among the acknowledged treasures of national culture is heavy with the fatal turn of Hungarian history. In the western and southern parts of the country, a golden age, a renaissance of culture had matured great masters before the collapse of the Hungarian Kingdom, which had been regarded as a significant force until the Hapsburg Emperors, the Princes of Transylvania and the Turkish invaders installed themselves in Hungary for

* István Nemeskürty: *A magyar szépprózа születése*. Szépirodalmi Publishers, Budapest. 1963. 305 pp.

a century and a half, and took tribute from it. All three parts of the country were tortured by war: all the strength of the population was spent on continuous preparedness. Both the material and the spiritual cultures declined. The impetus of development in the previous century, which had made the creation of a Hungary independent of the more advanced European countries seem imminent, suffered a grave setback. Literary scholars have collected little material on this sorrowful era. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that their orientation has been one-sided. They have dealt with the poetry of the defensive war against the Turks, of internal dissension, of the protestant movements that were developing in the wake of western European forerunners. From the standpoint of genre and form this material was the result of the first great upsurge of Hungarian poetry and at the same time an authentic source of reference for the history of the time. Hungarian prose literature was also born during that period under the pressure of the hard times that endangered the existence of the nation; it played a significant part in the struggles of the Reformation.

This is one reason why that period in literature fell into neglect. In Hungary, as elsewhere, the advance of Protestantism was met with a fanatical persecution by the counter-reformation. Backed by the Hapsburgs, the Catholic Church, which had lost ground for decades, began to wipe out the material and spiritual results of the Reformation through the most brutal methods.

The strong anti-Protestant tendency later on also influenced literary scholarship and persisted as a not ineffective trend even in the first part of the 20th century. In addition to religious and political intolerance towards the ideas of the Reformation, the fact that the prose writers of the 16th centry left no novels or short stories to posterity, was another factor contributing to their neglect. Nemeskürty admits freely that Hungary produced no works at that time comparable to the stories of Bandello or Margaret of Navarre, or to the novels of Rabelais. In the years when Shakespeare was writing his great tragedies, Montaigne his essays and Cellini his autobiography, the Hungarian people were being besieged by Turkish armies and divided by internal political and religious conflicts; their literary representatives were writing poetry on a high level, but apart from that they could only assert the adaptability of their language in translations, interpretations of European fiction, and the drafting of sermons and historical chronicles.

The comparative backwardness of these attempts does not, however, detract from their significance. The influence of the prose of the 16th century made itself felt in the centuries that followed, and even in the language of such modern writers as Gyula Krúdy and László Németh. Not content with the analysis of influences in the history of literature, Nemeskürty seeks to answer the question whether this body of literary tradition, so long lost in the haze of the past, must necessarily remain outside of the contemporary reader's sphere of interest. In other words, he is not only looking for a potion against the forgetfulness of scholars, but is also considering the demands of the public. He examines the translation methods of the authors, the effects borrowed from European literature and popular sources, and the storehouse of expressions, similes and common sayings in Hungarian prose, starting with the inspiration of the Renaissance but taking on a Protestant tinge that lent the language of prose a quality of edification and moral refinement. He also outlines the social background, but he never constructs. He draws his conclusions consistently on the basis of the works of that time, whether translated from Latin, Greek or German, or born of original inspiration.

*

An interesting bibliography brings us from the distant past to the present. Under

the title *Ötven könyv* ("Fifty Books")* the Budapest Szabó Ervin Library publishes an annotated list of Eastern European novel. The significance of this enterprise can only be evaluated in the light of past omissions. In the period between the two World Wars, it was only in the rarest cases that Hungarian publishers undertook to translate the authors of the Eastern European countries. The reason, at least in general, is well known: After World War I the relations between the Danube countries were poisoned by a suspicious and even vindictive nationalism. On both sides there were courageous people who advocated mutual understanding and a program of rapprochement, and tried to break through the insularity of chauvinism. Those efforts deserve all respect, but their sole result was the formulation of future tasks. László Németh, for instance, stated at the beginning of the Forties that the value of Hungarian literature could only be correctly interpreted as a part of its natural surroundings, Eastern Europe, whose peoples and literatures, despite all differences, had passed through similar phases of development. The popular bibliography of *"Fifty Books"* strives to make the relationship between Hungarian and neighbouring literatures a part of Hungarian literary common knowledge. This is no easy task, for it necessitates first of all the neutralization of many centuries of falsehoods or half-truths.

Since the 1770's, Hungary has been proud to base its spiritual and literary progress on the example of Western Europe. Part of our public subconscious accepts the classics of Western literature as its criterion. Few people feel the warmth of the common foundry which smelted the works of art of nations which were played against one another for so long. The general public will acknowledge one or another writer but is not aware of the intricate system of relationships, of backgrounds, in other words, of all that is indispensable to a fuller understanding of another nation's literature. For instance, although Hašek, Čapek and Reymont achieved popularity in Hungary, their novels did not arouse curiosity about relationships with Czech or Polish literature or about the writings of other Czech and Polish authors. The *"Fifty Books"* is an attempt to make up for these inadequacies. The number fifty is an indication of the editor's aim at a carefully considered selection. What appears to be a limitation, in reality renders service to popularization of the literatures presented. The best way to regain the confidence and interest of readers is to propagate the very best, the representative values. The practice of publishers and critics in the Fifties has made this necessary. At that time the works of authors in the People's Democracies were automatically welcomed in the Hungarian press with unanimous delight. The main criterion of the reviews was very often the subject matter. What was decisive was not the intrinsic literary value of the works but the type of problems they described. The purpose of the reviews at that time was to stress the point that the people and the society of the brother countries had the same problems as we did.

The editors of the bibliography have made a good selection from the past six years' potentialities. They have been careful to pass on valuable works to the reading public. This does not, of course, mean that no gaps are left. The successful Polish novel *Ashes and Diamonds*, the film version of which has become world-famous, is an example of the values excluded by the rigidity and vulgarizing which characterized literary policy in the past. This remarkable novel by Jerzy Andrzejewski came out in 1948, but the Hungarian public was only to hear of it fourteen years later. The stories of Panait Istrati also appeared very belatedly, and so did that excellent book by Tadeusz Breza, *The Bronze Gate*. The number of examples could be multiplied; but it is more important to draw useful conclusions. The time

* *Ötven könyv*, Municipal Szabó Ervin Library, Budapest, 1963, 168 pp.

seems to have come for a sober, well-balanced re-examination of Eastern European literature from the viewpoint of today.

*

Since the Budapest Institute of Theatre History has been publishing a useful and interesting edited series of statements and analyses of roles by famous 20th century stage directors and actors of the whole world, we have increasingly felt the absence of a similar enterprise concerning Hungarian theatre artists. For a long time no memoirs by Hungarian actors or studies by Hungarian stage directors have appeared. Now, at last, we find a promising start. The discussions by the actors Tamás Major and Ferenc Bessenyei of roles in Brecht's *Galilei*, Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and László Németh's *Az utazás* ("The Voyage"), the essay by Lajos Básti, *Mire gondolsz, Ádám?* ("What Are You Thinking, Adam?"), on himself in the leading role of Imre Madách's *Tragedy of Man*, and on the play itself, help to create a sparkling atmosphere of public discussion about atelier problems. And now a book by the most recent and perhaps the best Hungarian Hamlet, Miklós Gábor,* has come out. It would appear from these studies of Shakespeare that Gábor also knows the art of writing. He expresses his ideas precisely and cogently. His style is not problematic. We feel in every paragraph that Shakespeare has been his experience, a challenge and an education, in which the most exciting issues of his career as an actor have been condensed. The book has the great merit of originality. Gábor is not content to twine a wreath of memories. He has an extensive knowledge of Shakespeare's work and even engages in debate with such Shakespeare scholars as Milán Füst* and Marcel Benedek. Is he in the right? To judge this we must see him in *Titus Andronicus* and *Measure for Measure*, the plays where he takes exception to the traditional view. He estimates these works more highly than the others. Surely each epoch lends its own traits to the classics. Shakespeare is now understood differently from the way he was understood in the past. From time to time it is necessary to re-examine old values, and we should welcome this when it is done. Of course there are some thoughts among Gábor's comments which give rise to discussion. When, for instance, he compares Shakespeare's clowns with the characters of Beckett and Ionesco, he seems to be forgetting that the use of the grotesque and the absurd to blast reality, to project a sort of unreality, is alien to the wry wisdom of Shakespeare, to the affirmation of life which pervades even his disenchantment.

An important feature of Gábor's book is his analysis of the role of Hamlet, through which we understand detail by detail what his considerations were in building up what has probably been the finest interpretation of his career. Here again emerges—there is no avoiding it—the much discussed, eternal question of the relationship between spontaneity and consciousness, inspiration and intellect. Does this detailed analysis promote a good performance? Does not the insistence on a certain viewpoint, the exhaustive examination of dramatic situations trammel the free flight of talent? Gábor has an answer to these and similar misgivings. For Gábor the knowledge and intensive study of the relationships between the play and the characters are prerequisites to good acting. Without being ostentatious about his erudition he refutes those actors who—it is difficult to guess why—consider a disdain of knowledge one of the trademarks and safeguards of talent.

* Miklós Gábor: *Tollal* (Pen in Hand). Szépirodalmi Publishers, Budapest, 1963, 297 pp. A passage of the book has been published in Vol. V, No. 13 of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

* See his essay on Shakespeare's works in Vol. V., No. 13 of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

TAMÁS DERSI

BOOKSHELF

By coincidence I came upon two first novels almost at the same time: one of them has already drawn international attention; the other will probably come off the press about the time these notes are published. Jorge Semprun, a Spaniard in his late thirties who writes in French, is the author of *Le Grand Voyage**, winner of this year's Formentor Prize. The other first novel, *The Sun's Attendant***, is by Charles Haldeman, an unknown English author. The two works must have been written simultaneously, and although the two authors could not possibly have known each other, their works show some fundamental similarity.

In *Le Grand Voyage*, Semprun tells his own story. The title indicates the framework—five days and five nights spent with 119 other people jammed into a cattle-truck, travelling from a prison camp at Compiègne to the concentration camp at Buchenwald—and at the same time the subject matter: the life of the hero and the long journey that everyone must travel in order to understand his relationship to his fellow men and the world. In order to interpret both inner and outer truth, Semprun has focused his story on a time and place when man is most abandoned and dependent and where conscious resistence-fighters and chance victims together passed through the grinding millstones of Nazi bestiality. And for his full exposure he has chosen a technique which might seem more suitable to concealing than to reveailing the truth.

He applies the achievements of the modern novel simultaneously: Proust's and Joyce's techniques are used by him with as much facility as are the methods of the *nouveau roman*. Moreover, his literary significance consists precisely in his ability to overcome the usual myopia of innovators in regarding technique as an end in itself. For him, technique is only the means of expression, of advancing his message without using brakes. In his novel he legalizes the new techniques and brushes away those superfluous and somewhat ridiculous arguments about whether they are adequate to reflect human reality. With the assurance of the artist, he proves that Molière's proud reply to the charge of plagiarism ("What I need I take where I find it!"), if it once held good of themes, is increasingly true of the means today. Free association of words and ideas? Minute description of objects instead of psychic processes? We know where such methods have originated. And yet they undoubtedly belong to Semprun, for the has appropriated them with the assurance of the creative artist.

It is a curious fact that lately non-French

* J. Semprun: *Le Grand Voyage*, Gallimard, 1963.

** Ch. Haldeman: *The Sun's Attendant*, J. Cape, 1963.

authors writing in French have incorporated the latest achievements of the modern novel in their works but have stepped beyond variations of form. To take two examples of recent fiction, novels by Fereydoun Hoveyda and Anna Langfus have the same tendency, though to a different degree of deliberateness, as Semprun's whose achievement is the greatest so far. With Semprun, free association is never a playful indulgence, just as it isn't "free" in the *gratuit* sense of the word. Past, present and future are interlocked in this novel right from the start. He looks back on the happenings of his youth—the emigration during his childhood, the ups and downs of his adolescence, the struggles of the Resistance and the sufferings in jail—and forward into the future from the viewpoint of the journey. This, however, is the recent past from the viewpoint of the narrator: the life in the camp and then liberation, that curious, painful process of adapting oneself to living free among free people. He sets himself the aim of forgetting in order to reconstruct. And this novel, one of the finest literary monuments ever erected to the anti-Fascist Resistance, is the result of such "forgetting" or, in other words, lifting experience from the emotional level into the sphere of harmonious thought and sentiment.

Formentor prizes are usually awarded to writers who explore new paths, and there has been a tendency to reward experiment in form rather than novelty of content. In being awarded to Jorge Semprun, this prize has risen in standard. Though Semprun has made many innovations in the process of creating his own, personal style, his foremost achievement is what he manages, probably because of these means, to convey to the reader. Losing the meaning of life and rewinning it through the solidarity of man is his principal message; its herald, the *"gars de Semur,"* who by chance is his companion on this dreadful journey and who dies in his arms shortly before arriving at Buchenwald, goes into one of the most meaningful symbolic figure of modern literature. Up to now life had meant exile and anti-Fascist struggle, fighting Nazism as a *maquisard* and as a prisoner in the solitude of his cell and in the torture-chamber. At the moment the door of the cattle-truck slides shut on him, as he is deprived of any chance of action, life becomes empty and devoid of meaning. The highly intellectual central character regains his interest in life through the practical *"gars de Semur,"* whose vitality and genuinely selfless comradeship ties him tho the fighting and suffering of the ordinary people, to the remembered experience of his own past life and to the memory of the dead. All this is concentrated into the last words of the *gars de Semur* before his sudden death: *"Ne me lâche pas, mon vieux."* The manifold meaning of these few words may indicate how carefully every detail is balanced within the framework of what appears to be a freely rambling plot. Evidently this was the author's intention, consistently carried out. Suffice it to mention how the author illuminates his own situation—that of the Spanish emigré living in France—through flashing images in order to create intellectually as well as emotionally a picture of national pride complemented and intensified by an internationalist commitment and sense of duty, Resistance, the fight against Nazism, is not only a personal but also a national struggle and particularly so for a Spanish revolutionary. In this struggle he finds himself side by side with the persons from many other nations—all those who, individually or collectively, say no to Fascism—and in opposition to all individuals or communities that accept or put up with Fascism.

With political maturity and clear-sightedness Semprun has created memorable characters and situations whose sculptured images merge with the reader's own experiences. No nationality becomes stereotyped: In the German he sees not only his torturer but also Hans, the self-sacrificing *maquisard*, and the prison guard who, full of doubts and without hope, is more desperate and

lonely than the prisoner in whom he confides. The Frenchman is not only the conscious and clever resistence-fighter but also the indifferent man, the collaborator and the black-marketeer. Throughout, the author is able to give a rich picture of life's complexity. As a result he brings one of the most significant questions of Nazism—the concentration camps and the Jews—into the forefront without treating it exclusively from a humanistic point of view but lifting it onto the level where it actually belongs: the political level of the struggle between Fascism and anti-Fascisme, where he makes it obvious that the sufferings of the Jews are only a part of the suffering of mankind. From each aspect, this is a beautiful, rich and brilliantly written novel.

Haldeman's novel is far from the artistic accomplishment that Semprun's represents. In *The Sun's Attendant* one feels the desire for stylistic innovation to have been too deliberate—a tendency which often lessens the intelligibility or, rather, readability. The stylistic games tend to overshadow the real aim. While one is aware throughout that the writer has exceptional gifts, one is also confronted at times with a fealing of confusion; the writer seems still to be trying his wings. The novel is in the form of a diary, a peculiar one in that it changes from past to present events and vica versa without transition, develops into an epistolary novel, then takes on a jog-saw pattern, reminiscent of Dos Passos. Included with all this are frequent dream-insets recalling Freud and Joyce. It is evident that the planning has been careful, for these elements combine to create an impression of harmony.

The story itself is remarkable, especially for the Hungarian reader, in many respects. The hero, Stefan Brückman, son of a Hungarian gipsy father and a German mother, spends the early years of his life in a gipsy caravan. In an accident from which he makes a miraculous escape he loses both his parents, and he is taken in by his grandparents, who are gipsies living in Budapest. When, later on, they cross the Austria border on their way to a fair, the Nazi authorities take the boy from them as being of German origin and consign him to the care of his German relatives. Alienated by the cold hostility of these people, Stefan longs for the cosy warmth of the gipsy community and makes contact with German gipsies, with whom he is finally deported to Auschwitz. Here he experiences an ardent friendship with a boy, Hannes, one that develops possibly to the point of love and eventually causes the death of his friend. Escaping after the defeat of Germany, he becomes a DP and comes to know unbounded loneliness. His remaining "outside" is never mitigated, either by his years in the United States as the adopted son of a forester or by a stormy intellectual and sensual life in Paris. He is drawn back to Germany, to Heidelberg, where he falls in love with Barbara, whose husband, Paul Greer, a poet, had committed suicide while still a young man. With her, Stefan relives the Hannes-Lockowand adventure on a new plane, for Barbara is separated from him by her memory of her husband and by Georg Loh, the publisher of his works and a reincarnation of Lockowandt, the man who killed Hannes out of jealousy. He has to go through all these experiences before he is able to master what he himself regards as his principal weakness. The finale is a fairy-tale, told by an old gipsy, which Stefan dreams to the end, to the point of raising the hope, in Stefan as well as in the readers, that finally he may find a way to the human heart and human society, to himself and to Barbara.

The main detraction of the novel is the author's failure to portray his hero tangibly. But this weakness is compensated by numerous strong points: the magic yet realistic account of a gipsy childhood, with elements of Hungarian gipsy folklore, slightly distorted through the passage of time; the German Nazi world viewed through a child's eye and reproduced with extraordinary precision; the concentration camp as experi-

enced and remembered by an adolescent; and last but not least, life and love in Heidelberg—not so much Stefan's love for Barbara as Barbara's love for Paul, into which is compressed nearly all the tormenting contradictions of the post-war German psyche—which culminates in Paul's unmotivated, yet logical, suicide.

The author calls his novel a "diptych" and actually divides it into two distinct parts: the diary record of past events and the story of the hero during and after the time when he wrote the diary. In the latter part, he uses every expedient available to a writer: poem and tale, dream and dialogue, letter and quotation. This variety of means he uses to convey a message that unfolds steadily and clearly toward its conclusion in the final tale: man's responsibility for his own past and his own actions. If he wants to repudiate his past, and tries to break with it, he will suffer an irreparable loss.

It is at this point that Haldeman meets Semprun. For both of them, the hegemony of form is secondary and serves solely to proclaim—at different levels of deliberateness and craftsmanship—man's responsibility for his actions, for his past, present and future. Having been treated to so many literary *actes gratuits* in recent years, one is greatly relieved at the sight of the reawakening of such responsibility.

Semprun and Haldeman are synthesists rather than innovators, and their success itself provides a new point of departure. They treat the question of form in a novel manner. And if, in this respect, they are the successors of a good many artists, it is certain that they will become the predecessors of even more.

PÉTER NAGY

THEATRE AND FILM

THE INVISIBLE THEATRE

Hungarian broadcasting is generally considered to have a strong literary bias. This reputation is largely due to the fact that the three Hungarian programs transmitted in a total of 34 hours daily mainly include, in addition to the obligatory light and classical music, items contributed by writers. Although partly composed of news releases and educational, scientific and school programs, the major part of these have a literary character: lectures, poetry, talks, features, debates and, last but not least, dramatic transmissions. In this latter category there is a great variety of plays, adaptations, radio stories and other features, one of which, a structurally independent program, I propose to review here—the Radio Theatre.

This program has set itself the task of presenting only original radio plays, a principle from which it deviates only for the sake of adapting—but rarely—some particularly important stage play for the radio.

The Radio Theatre has one first-night every week. This figure does not, of course, include repeat performances of earlier plays (each performance is generally repeated two to five times), *matinées* for children, dramatic adaptations, features, scenes, dialogues and parts of plays such as other programs broadcast every week. Compared with the great number of these latter, one first-night a week may not appear very much, but under Hungarian conditions the figure is significant. According to data compiled by the department responsible for public opinion testing in the Hungarian Radio, 400 to 700 thousand people listened to each radio play, and in the case of particularly interesting performances the figure sometimes exceeds even the one-million mark. Considering that Hungary's total population is only a little more than ten million, it will be obvious that the presentation of a radio play affects a considerable proportion of the people.

Under the circumstances it is easy to understand why the Radio Theatre devotes the greatest care to the quality of the performances, the more so as the popularity of radio plays has suffered little in Hungary from the spread of television. This can partly be ascribed to the fact that television is still finding its way in Hungary and while quite a few Hungarian TV plays have already achieved international success, the specific features of the genre have not yet really emerged there. Another reason for the vitality of the radio play as a dramatic form may be discovered in the suitability of radio transmission for modern theatrical effects, a circumstance which has induced a number of dramatists all over the world to shift a part of their activity to this medium. The radio plays of Dürrenmatt, Max Frisch, Günther Eich, Samuel Beckett, Heinrich Böll, Dylan Thomas and others are very popular with

the Hungarian public, and a growing number of Hungarian dramatists have also turned to the radio lately as a means of dramatic expression.

The Radio Theatre must always take into account the wide differences in the cultural level of its audience and the high proportion of those—especially in the country—whose contact with dramatic literature has mianly been through the intermediary of radio. The requirements of this group oblige the radio to perform a kind of educational work, which is done by means of presenting the classics of world literature within the framework of a regular program. (For example, a Shakespeare cycle has been on in the radio for several years, with Hungary's outstanding directors putting on original and special radio productions of the plays.)

It is also the intention of the Radio Theatre to open a window on contemporary dramatic literature abroad. It aims at acquainting the audience with the theatrical trends now prevalent in Europe and elsewhere, both in the socialist and non-socialist countries. The task being one of informative character, it also follows that the Radio Theatre cannot align itself with any one extreme trend but should, so far as possible, survey the achievements and outstanding works of every tendency. It might be added that in the years preceding the Second World War (and to some extent in the years following it), this work of information had not been very complete; the theatres have had to make up for many deficiencies in the presentation of recent dramatic trends and outstanding plays. The Radio Theatre also wants to contribute to this task.

Last, but not least, it is striving to become the studio of living Hungarian authors. Young dramatists are being encouraged, and as a matter of fact more than one beginner has "smelled powder" here for the first time. In accordance with its chosen task the theatre thus constitutes a kind of training ground for authors whose ultimate ambition it is to write for the legitimate stage. Besides trying to persuade authors to write about the genuine social and moral problems of our time, the directors also make a point of up-to-date presentation, for which the studio stage, with its special conditions, offers opportunities which in some respects are better than those of the "legitimate" stage.

Bearing in mind the great variety of social groupings from which the listeners are recruited, and their many very different interests, one cannot but approve of this great diversity of repertory and admit that such a theatre, to be equal to its task, must renounce any bias or partiality, no matter what consideration may dictate it. Behind this many-sidedness, which may look eclectic to the superficial spectator, there is thus a uniform conception aimed at giving both the artistic and the pedagogical points of view their due.

In 1962 and 1963 the Radio Theatre staged original new radio productions of a number of Hungarian classics, among them József Katona's *Bánk bán*, considered the greatest Hungarian drama ever written, plays by Mihály Vörösmarty, an outstanding romantic poet in the first half of the 19th century, who also produced dramatic works of permanent value and whose two tragedies were hailed by the critics at the time as attempts to create a genuinely national drama. János Arany, a noted critic and epic poet of the last century, was represented by a dramatized poem. Ferenc Molnár's well-known *Liliom* was played, and so was *Rokonok* ("Relatives"), a play by the distinguished realist writer Zsigmond Móricz; both were adapted for radio by a contemporary dramatic author.

Living authors have been represented on the program in the past two years with thirty-five plays, and the list contains a number of internationally known names. *Sámson*, an interesting verse drama by László Németh (who has been more in evidence as a novelist, essayist and writer of social dramas), deserves particular mention as a not unsuccessful attempt by an author in an experimental mood to give dramatic form to his characteristic-

ally prose ideas. The novels of Magda Szabó have lately been introduced on the European book market; the authoress has also made her appearance on the radio with an historical play based on the life of Händel. Endre Vészi, well acquainted with working-class surroundings, is very popular with the Hungarian public for the interesting moral problems his plays pose. The same may be said of Miklós Gyárfás on account of his Gallic style of wit. Vészi has given the program two dramas and Gyárfás three satirical plays. Géza Hegedüs, an intriguing personality and a great experimentalist whose publications embrace almost every literary form, was represented by Aladdin, a two-part fairy-tale.

It is characteristic of the Radio Theatre to give authors a chance who had formerly cultivated other artistic genres. The younger generation of radio authors includes a prose writer, a poet, a publicist, a newspaper editor, a radio director and a dramaturgist. Some of the radio plays have been awarded international prizes; one of them, *Igaz legenda* ("A True Legend") by György Sós*, which deals with the survivals of anti-semitism, has scored a particularly great success.

The Radio Theatre also cultivates a formerly neglected and even rather despised dramatic form, that of the documentary play, especially when the topicality of the subject requires a quick response or is so interesting in itself that deficiencies in artistic style may be forgiven. The authors of these plays are also "people from another profession"—mainly journalists.

Of the tragedies of antiquity mention should be made of Sophocles' Antigone, Aeschylus's trilogy Agamemnon, broadcast on three successive nights, and Aristophanes' comedy The Regiment of Women.

The production of Ben Jonson' Volpone was very well directed (by Ottó Solymosi), while the main strength of Molière's L'Avare was the casting of the title-role (Tamás Major). Shakespeare, who is never off the boards in Hungary, has been presented on the air three times during the period under review (Lear, Macbeth, Winter's Tale). Other classics were Schiller's Kabale und Liebe, two plays by O'Neill, and one each by Brecht, Caragiale and Pirandello. The poets were represented by Garcia Lorca and Dylan Thomas, the Soviet realists by two works of Bulgakov, now re-discovered after having been by-passed during the years of the personality cult.

The Radio Theatre has a permanent staff of directors. Two of these are Gusztáv Barlay, who works with strikingly modern effects, and Miklós Cserés, a perfectionist in form who inclines to rely on tradition and whose domain is mainly the classics. The lack of a permanent repertory group, however, creates a peculiar situation. (As a matter of fact, this refers only to the present; there was a permanent company earlier which was dissolved for organizational and financial reasons.) The lack of a permanent company is a decided disadvantage, for it prevents the Radio Theatre from training an ensemble and developing individual features (not that this was ever its primary aim). Each director chooses the ensemble he works with best; in consequence, the productions represent the style of the director rather than that of the Radio Theatre. A further disadvantage is that the director can never be sure of his cast in advance; compelled to accommodate himself to the spare time of actors who are not only under contract at their theatre but also in films, television and dubbing, he will sometimes resort to second-best. This, of course, is scarcely likely to raise the level of the performance. An obvious advantage of the system, however, is that it enables the stage director to select his cast—at least within the limits described above—from among all the actors in Budapest (or for that matter in the whole country, and there are radio directors who, in search of new voices, prefer to engage actors from the provinces). The director is thus in a position to choose the character best suited for a particular role

* See The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. II, No. 1.

from among the whole Hungarian theatrical profession, which is not always possible for theatres with a regular company. Rivalries will occur sometimes, of course, especially in the case of the classics; the theatrical production may be followed by a broadcast one, with a different cast, in some cases using actors who would probably never have been cast in those roles in their own theatre. On the whole I am inclined to believe that a wide choice of actors more than compensates for the lack of a standing company, and that temporary fluctuations in the level of the performances can be balanced by an occasional all-star production when it particularly matters.

Among works by contemporary foreign authors, a particularly warm reception was given to John Osborne's Luther, John Arden's Serjeant Musgrave's Dance and John Mortimer's Lunch Hour. But I could also mention Dürrenmatt with his Hercules and Nocturnal Dialogue, or Gyorgye Lebovics's play The Lighthouse. The regular listener will meet not only English, Swiss and Yugoslav authors here, but also French (Marcel Achard), German (Heinrich Böll, Günther Eich), Italian (Giuseppe Dessi, Eduard Anton), Soviet (Simonov as well as such representatives of the Soviet *"nouvelle vague"* as Alioshin and Arbuzov) and Chinese (Ma Feng). The American radio-plays were represented in the past year by a thriller (Lucille Fletcher's Sorry, Wrong Number) and Japan in a work by Shinkitchi, an author deservedly popular in his country, which has a wealth of radio plays.

This should be sufficient to convey an idea of the hazardous many-sidedness of the Radio Theatre's efforts. The program planned for the current year will present more of the numerous representatives of West German radio play-writing (Weihrauch and Hildesheimer) in addition to those already mentioned; the French will be represented by Beckett and Muse Dalbray, the Italians by Squarzina and the Japanese by Abek Kovo. From the neighbouring countries, Tvardowski (USSR), Grokowjak (Poland), Cankar (Yugoslavia), Karvas (Slovakia) and Mirodon (Rumania) deserve to be mentioned. An impressive list, varied not only with respect to nationality but to stylistic trends and artistic tendencies also. All this, of course, is intentional.

The first Hungarian Festival of Radio Plays is planned for the current year. This will also be the first year when Hungarian authors officially participate (although they have done so as individuals in the past) in the *Prix d'Italie*, the annual Italian radio play competition.

The picture would be incomplete if I did not say a few words about the dramatic programs broadcast in Hungary outside of the Radio Theatre.

There is a department at the Hungarian Radio called "The Complex Program Group," which handles features, discussions, author's nights and variety programs. A fortnightly feature called *Pódium* (Platform) regularly presents information on the latest problems of world literature and dramatizes recent and brand-new works. Last year's program presented a number of authors who were already popular in Hungary—Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, Marcel Pagnol, Albert Camus, Edward Albee, Franz Kafka—and it was here that a work by the Austrian poetess Ingeborg Bachmann was also introduced, as well as a forceful symbolic play by George Hitchcock, among others.

It is a popular and useful program of entertainment meant for a broader public. Another of the department's permanent features, the monthly *Glóbusz*, presents round-table discussions; it appeals to an audience with higher literary pretensions. On these occasions some important artistic trend is discussed by well-known critics and aestheticians. The authors of dramatic excerpts of an illustrative character include such names as Dürrenmatt (Nocturnal Dialogue), Max Frisch (The Chinese Wall), Sartre (Flies, Hearing in Chambers), Ionesco (The Unhired Murderer, The Lesson, Auto

Show-room), Samuel Beckett (Waiting for Godot), Edward Albee (Zoo Story) and Arnold Wesker (Chicken Soup with Barley). The works are generally presented to the public in well-adapted translations. It is the aim of the *Glóbusz'* editors that those who listen to their broadcasts should feel themselves in the midst of the current of contemporary literary trends.

The broadcasting of dramatic works is not a primary task of the Hungarian Radio's Literary Section. As a part of the general dissemination of knowledge, however, it will frequently resort to the dramatization of works of fiction, proceeding from the basic principle that the dramatic form is better suited to broadcasting. In the broadcast series entitled "Treasure-House of Hungarian Literature," Hungarian classics are adapted for the radio, while in the "Hungarian Pantheon" contemporary authors give dramatized interpretation of their famous forerunners. One might also mention the commemorative programs which afford an opportunity to present the works of some author, living or dead, on his birthday; also the actor's nights and the benefit performances; or the variety programs, which have an old tradition in Hungary and actually seem to be enjoying a renaissance.

This lies beyond the boundaries of the present survey, however, whose purpose was to convey a comprehensive picture of the activities of the Radio Theatre in popularizing Hungarian and international dramatic literature.

ANDRÁS LUKÁCSY

"ÉVA — A 5116"

A Cinéma Vérité Film of László Nádasy

The Story of Eva Krcz

This film is a staggering document of survivals of the last war.

As a member of the Auschwitz Museum staff, Tadeusz Szymanski attended dozens of showings of the documentary film made when the camp was liberated. Inspired by a few short scenes about children who no longer knew where their parents were, he consecrated his life to tracing their fate and their origin. Four Russian children had already found their parents with his help. He knew the risks of such an investigation, as well as his own extraordinary responsibility, so he never started a search unless he was asked.

One day, a girl from Cracow, Eva Krcz, called on him. When she was liberated from Auschwitz and adopted by a kind Polish family, Eva was about two years old. Her actual age was not known, it could only be estimated approximately by a medical examination made after the camp was free. Almost twenty years later, seeing the success of some of her fellow victims, young Eva was seized with a desire to find her real parents. The number 5116 tattooed on her arm in the camp indicated Hungarian origin; Szymanski's investigation thus started with the publication of Eva's childhood photo in the Hungarian press. Editorial offices were overwhelmed with letters, coming not only from every part of Hungary, but from several other European countries, and from the United States, Israel and Canada as well. In summer 1963 Eva came to Budapest; but the investigation failed to find her parents.

By means of *cinéma vérité*, producer László Nádasy made a moving picture of the story and its background, shooting thirty thousand

feet of film and recording ninety thousand feet of sound in the course of the work.

The Film

In general, *cinéma vérité* holds one bound with the magic of reality; in this film it is rather the shock of reality that does it.

I would not hesitate here to write all the standard words of praise there are, if they were not as profane in regard to this film as they are inadequate to the horror it records; this being the case, however, let us repeat the term that formulates the experience most exactly: it is a staggering work. As a matter of fact, the newspaper reports on Eva's story were staggering enough. But the film provides a direct insight into the whole story: we are present at the re-opening of never-to-be-healed wounds, we see the pains and griefs of hell breaking loose as this history is investigated, we hear fragments of words that are half said and half sobbed.

The portrait gallery of those fighting for Eva is a unique collection. Almost every social stratum and as many psychological configurations are represented here—the poor and the rich, living in settings of Biedermeier furniture, crammed book-shelves, petty bourgeois rubbish, the cultivated and the ignorant, the balanced and the unhinged, people with and without inhibitions, refined old ladies, men in the prime of life, loquacious and taciturn natures—they are all held prisoner in the magic circle, waiting to claim Eva as the child fascism had stolen from them. Heedless of flagrant contradictions, they piece together real and spurious resemblances to constitute convincing evidence. Holding in their hands the photos of the little girl she used to be, with a ribbon in her black hair, they suddenly believe they have conclusive proof in the shape of the eye or of the head, in the complexion, in the carefully tied enormous bow; they become agitated and begin to contend with reviving memories. Arguments alternate with sobs, we hear hectic half-uttered sentences, voices cracked with anguish—horrifying, unforgettable reactions created at that moment. Some cannot be shaken in their obstinate belief that they have found their child—or do they only wish it were so? A family is only trying to make sure her skin is creole, for in that case the child is surely theirs. Quite regardless of logic one man offers to give his life if Eva should prove to be his daughter, another feels that a haunting dream, a long expected miracle is about to come true; obeying the rules of civilized self-command a couple tries to conceal their pain; in a shaking close-up we see one parent realizing the possibility that a child believed dead and gone for nearly twenty years may be recovered, and within a few moments going through the most fantastic drama I have ever seen. A woman tries by mentioning names of persons who have died long since to bring up sunken memories from the deeper layers of the girl's consciousness.

Eva remembers nothing.

With a charming smile and enviable composure she visits and listens to all the people who are struggling for her. It is a truly terrible Calvary, and the stations are paved with hope and anxiety. Hope that she may find her parents after all, and—paradoxically—a terrible fear of actually finding them. For she has no choice: whether crazy or congenial, they can turn out to be her people, and at any moment she may have to change social courtesy into daughterly affection and perhaps start a new conflict in her life.

The medical examinations begin: blood tests, skull measurements, fingerprints. Incidentally, out of this immensely complicated situation another conflict appears—between the necessary impersonality of social welfare and the emotional demands of the individual. The doctor matter-of-factly explains the procedure whose objective results will be so fateful for each of the persons concerned.

The examinations revealed no relationship. With the odds against it from the very first, the world's cruelest lottery came to an end; luckily perhaps, the little tickets they clutched, the straws they grasped at, lost their meaning one after another. Eva's train started on the homeward journey, leaving behind it an indictment of fascism, inhumanity and war, comparable in depth with that of Anne Frank.

I think that the virtues of the producer have been revealed plainly enough in this account. Although supplied by life itself, the primary material of the film was effectively transmitted with artistic purposefulness. I am not thinking merely of compositional elements, such as the cutter's juxtaposition of contrapuntal characters (the considered claim and the hysterical testimony), or the "objective" beginning which presents the camp of Auschwitz, or the occasional insertion of documentary shots showing the abominations of the former concentration camp. What I am principally thinking of is the work of selection, the choice of what was most characteristic in this vast amount of film and sound, so as to give plasticity to the characters. Playing the tragic role of stage director in this unleashed hell Nádasy has produced matchless sequences such as the journey of lonely Aunt Caroline, who in the struggle for her supposed relative comes across a kinsman she has not seen for twenty years, and in front of the camera, before everyone's eyes, convinces him that Eva must be his child. With a sure touch, Nádasy sizes up the dramatic possibilities of the "case," alternating shots of the preparations for Eva's journey, then the journey itself, with the assertions of the would-be parents, and making the story culminate in the meeting at the railway station where, curiously enough all the claimants to parenthood are suddenly strengthened in their belief.

There is still another "compositional element" used with fine discrimination: The general effect is completed by scenes with Budapest schoolgirls who have undertaken to be Eva's guides in Hungary; their lighthearted kindness, their teen-age charm in sailor blouses probably constitutes the sharpest possible contrast to the horrors we have just seen. It is the pleasant surface above the depths—the yacht floating on Lake Balaton with gaiety and singing on deck, as against the horrors in the death camp and the agony of spirit; carefree jubilation as against death throes, peace as against the omnipresent spectre of war. All this might easily have become clumsy and schematic; but fortunately the pitfalls were avoided. In fact, it is often the very intervals between the horrors, Eva's scenes with the schoolgirls, which have the most poignant effect. The real profundity of the study is due to these charming moments woven of smiles; only now does our consciousness grasp what we saw before. An emotional free association continues during the peaceful scenes, which produces a fantastic effect.

The only objection I would venture to make is to certain scenes where artificial juxtaposition becomes intrusive. The frenzied "twist" contrasted with scenes from Auschwitz, the dancers suddenly gone rigid for the sake of a switch to rigid corpses; the shot, which remains on the screen just a little too long, of a barred freight-car window, a direct symbol which is unacceptable except as an emergency solution—these scenes seem to strike a discordant note. Yet, even such dissonances remain within the tolerance range of different artistic conceptions and tastes.

It is characteristic of the *cinéma vérité* to try to transmit phenomena without evaluating them. Transmitted in their totality, the situations and characters allow sufficient latitude to interpretation. Scenes or characters take on the meaning which the spectator gives them. The more richly he can associate and the more intensively he can use his imagination, the more he can put into what he sees; but the opposite is also true. Naturally this must limit the mass

effect of such works: the composition will be lost on anyone who cannot differentiate as required, since he is encountering almost the same material in combinations of almost the same complexity as he does in life. Due to its method Nádasy's film is not without this danger either, but the danger is counteracted. The boundless flood of pain, the elemental force in the demonstrations of parental love, which appeals to everybody, the obvious dramatic suspense and natural excitement implicit in the question "Whose child is Eva?"—these are the channels through which the film receives substance even in the eyes of those who cease to analyse, who fail to respond to nuances, and who do not picture the absorbing history of the characters or perceive the half-hidden destinies behind faltering fragments of speech, cries of desire for the child, or involuntary gestures.

Another point in connection with *cinéma vérité* is the way it presents phenomena without actually formulating them but rather by maintaining their existence on the screen in all their complexity. Here I only wish to point out the consequences instead of the social or philosophical reasons for them. One of these consequences is the difficulty the *cinéma vérité* encounters in limiting its subject and selecting the elements of reality, since almost every detail of perceived reality is worthy of transmission for its own sake. Another consequence is the usual inability of *cinéma vérité* to generalize and to reveal underlying connections, also the dissipation of the whole in subordinate climaxes and in the enchantment of the present moment; and the rare occurrence of an organizing force holding the work together. In Nádasy's film, however, the subject is strictly limited *a priori*; the psychological motives—loneliness, grief, oblivion—are strung on a well-defined thread in harmony with their actual meaning.

The critic concludes with a prayer—that the work of Nádasy, the producer, of Sándor Sára, who uses the camera with humility and skill, and of László Rózsa, co-author of the scenario and co-planner of the production, should be favoured by fortune and find fame, which is so often at the mercy of chance on the highroad of international cinematographic art.

GYULA MAÁR

ECONOMIC LIFE

EXPERIMENTAL MICRO-ECONOMICS

New Methods of Work Organization in Agriculture

In the 19th century natural scientists experimented, economists theorized. In our country, this sharp methodological dividing line seems to be fading.

Now, the natural sciences are not in my field and such notions as I have of their novel outlook and methodology I owe exclusively to the doctors and engineers among my friends who would from time to time lecture to me on them with an indulgent smile. But for economics, my own discipline, I can bear witness to its having lately adopted the classical methods of the natural sciences: mensuration and experimentation. There is a growing tendency to formulate economic laws in the language of mathematics, and experimental methods, confined no longer to the odoriferous laboratory of the physicist, are finding their way into economic research.

It is of such an experiment that Ferenc Erdei, secretary-general of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, and Dezső Tóth, president of the "Rákóczi" Farmers' Cooperative of Abasár, give an account in their article published recently in *Gazdálkodás*, a periodical issued by the Research Institute for Agricultural Economics.*

**F. Erdei—D. Tóth: A családi művelés, mint a kollektív munka egyik szervezési formája* (Family Management of Fields as a Form of Collective Work Organization), *Gazdálkodás*—(Journal for agricultural economics and management), Vol. VII, No. 1, February 1963, pp. 21—30.

The article describes one of the experiments now being carried out in Hungary with the purpose of evolving the most efficient methods of work organization on large cooperative farms. The question to which the experiments seek an answer is how best to combine the advantages of large-scale production with a degree of personal interestedness that would provide a stronger incentive to conscientious work than the hitherto employed methods of income distribution.

The problem is one that poses itself with varying intensity in the various branches of cultivation; it is in the case of cultures demanding a high proportion of manual labour that it becomes most important. For the thorough and thoughtful work required here, direct personal interest is the most effective incentive. This can be achieved by making a family or, in particular cases, an individual member in the cooperative responsible for the cultivation of a given plot of land, on the yield of which their or his income is then, of course, made directly dependent.

This form of work organization is a new feature of Hungarian cooperative farms, which only recently have become predominant in the country's agriculture. As pointed out in the introductory part of the article: "Family management of crops calling for intensive work, the allocation of the areas in question to families and individuals, is

a form of work organization that has only lately developed and become both acknowledged and widely adopted in collective farming."

This novel form of work organization based on practical experiences has also given rise to controversy. Some have denied its socialist character and were inclined to consider it a transitory form, which could be justified only in the case of cooperatives struggling with initial difficulties. But to this the authors of the article have the following answer: "Instead of engaging in discussions on matters of principle, we think it more useful to make the actual practice of this new form of work organization the subject of thorough investigations. The example on which this paper is based is a culture characterized by high work-intensity and complex operations, i.e., viticulture, both in the phase of grape-growing and of cutting. Notably, we have examined the viticultural practice of the 'Rákóczi' Cooperative Farm of Abasár from the point of view of work organization; in several instances, however, we shall refer to other cooperative farms and other types of culture as well."

What then are the essential features of this novel form of work organization?

A definite tract of vineland is permanently allocated to a work-team of some 20 to 25 members, each of whom undertakes to cultivate throughout the year a subdivision of the team's tract, individually or with the help of family members. Their income is closely connected with the yield of the tract entrusted to them.

All operations other than manual are, of course, centrally organized and mechanized over the whole estate.

In their evaluation of the experiment the authors consider two viewpoints:

a) Can the new form of work organization be organically fitted into the system of management and organization characteristic of mechanized large-scale farming?

b) What are its effects on the quality of the work performed and thus on yields and, in the last resort, on members' incomes?

On methods of organizing the division of labour and cooperation between the participants the article has the following to say:

"Although manual labour is still predominant in both branches of viticulture, while in the performance of some operations horses are also employed, mechanization has already come to play an important part. The main organizational problem in large-scale agriculture is how to organize work carried on by varying means under conditions of labour division thus technically determined.

"The organizational principle underlying family management of crops—or, in other words, the territorial allocation of manual work-intensive cultures to individuals and families—consists in the central and large-scale management of the mechanized or horse-drawn working processes, while manually performed operations are allotted to individual or family working sites.

"Working processes in viticulture form a range extending from purely manual work, through combinations of varying degrees of manual, horse-drawn and mechanical operations, to full mechanization. The main interest of the Abasár experiment lies in having developed, in accordance with this technological range, various forms of work organization for cooperation between centrally directed mechanized and horse-drawn work on the one hand and manual work based on family organization on the other."

After discussing the details of work organization in connection with every single phase of vine-growing, the article goes on:

"The case under investigation admits of the general conclusion that cooperation is determined by objective necessities, in accordance with technical conditions: mechanized and horse-drawn operations are being carried out by centrally organized

work-units which cooperate with the units performing manual labour. The latter again can be organized on the basis of work-teams or of family units. The solutions tried out at Abasár are most instructive; they prove that there are many ways of successfully combining the manual labour performed in family units with mechanical and horse-drawn operations carried out on the basis of central organization. This method of work organization has undoubtedly stood the test and gained popularity among the members."

As regards the other criterion of the success of the new method, its effect on yields and on members' incomes, here too the results may be termed satisfactory. In 1961 the average yield of grapes per hectare in the cooperative (43 quintals) surpassed the country-wide average (32 quintals) by 32 per cent, and remained above the latter even in 1962, a year when the cooperative suffered heavy damage from frost and drought. Abasár members' incomes too were, in the same proportion, higher than the national average.

Now, the usefulness of an experiment lies in the general applicability of its results. Grape-growing being a rather special type of culture, the question seems justified whether the conclusions drawn in this branch of cultivation can be generally applied to other cultures as well. The answer of the authors is in the affirmative. They claim that, since viticulture is the most complex of all work-intensive branches, the connections that can be established here could, in a less complicated form, be related also to other work-intensive cultures.

The evaluation of family management of crop growing as a form of work organization within the cooperative framework is finally summed up in the article as follows:

"—it affords a wide possibility of drawing family members and relatives into the collective work;

—it provides wider opportunities for cooperative members to perform their activities, because working hours in this organizational form are less strict than in the case of centrally organized team work;

—the principle of personal responsibility can be better enforced, as the quality of the work performed can be controlled individually;

—individual material incentive asserts itself in a direct way;

—in the case of work-intensive cultures requiring a high degree of special knowledge, the professional skill of those performing the work as well as their fitness and experience make themselves felt in a more effective manner;

—this type of the division of labour renders the assessment of the work performed and its remuneration easier;

—it enables the utilization of a whole range of implements that could otherwise not be employed in large-scale production and ought to be replaced by new investment;

—finally, it relieves central management of the continuous organizational task of setting the members to work, a process that often consumes much time and energy."

The problem raised in the article is not just a timely question of cooperative farming in Hungary. The debate on the most profitable form of farm management is in full swing all over the world. Socialist, capitalist and developing countries alike are seeking for the most efficient form of organization—though their approach, of course, differs. To illustrate the Western attitude to the problem, Dr. Otto Schiller could be cited, who in his work "Individual Farming and Cooperative Farming on Individual Lines" (1957) discusses the possibilities of bestowing on the individual farm—which in his opinion provides the greatest incentive—some of the advantages of large-scale organization through the performance of certain functions cooperatively. The problem is thus the same, though it is raised from the opposite direction than in the case of the socialist economy, where researchers

are on the lookout for more efficient methods of personal incentive within the given framework of large-scale organization.

From relevant literature in the developing countries it will suffice to mention here the work of *A. M. Khusro* and *A. N. Agarwal* (The Problem of Cooperative Farming in India, London, 1961, Asia Publishing House). Advocating the development of agriculture in India along cooperative lines the authors sum up their views on the cooperative in the words: "Its main objective is to combine the incentive of ownership with the 'size-economies' possible in agriculture." It should be pointed out here that in India too the selection of the most suitable cooperative forms is based on experimentation.

An important lesson that can be drawn from the article is that organizational forms in the socialist cooperative farms are far from rigid and immutable. Both work organization and income distribution are subject to changes as a result of continuous research and experimentation. The experiences of this research work may be instructive for developing countries as well, the consensus of opinion being that cooperation constitutes the most promising means of transforming tribally owned land—a form still prevalent in many parts—into a viable agricultural organization producing for the market.

Experiments aimed at developing the most suitable organizational forms in Hungarian agriculture are thus not only noteworthy manifestations of the lively spirit of research that is so characteristic of present-day economic life in this country; they also offer a contribution to the international debate on organizational forms in agriculture.

EGON KEMENES

ONCE MORE ABOUT THE COMMON MARKET

The six years of the Common Market that have elapsed since the Treaty of Rome have certainly not been uneventful. It is for this reason that Gerd Biró's book*, which gives a survey not only of the way the Common Market came into existence and the progress it has made up to date but also its effects on international relations, was received with lively interest by the Hungarian public.

While this more expanded treatment of the subject will enhance the book's value for the average reader, the limits set by its comparatively restricted size will be obvious to the specialist. The chapters that deal with questions of foreign policy contain ample economic data, but the section that treats the Common Market proper, does not present quite enough statistical tables (apart from statistics of an illustrative character within the text) to give sharp contours to the economic processes, which are otherwise quite graphically described.

The first chapter of the book will impress the reader by the manner in which the great forces behind the Common Market's outward phenomena are revealed. In the background of the legal institutions, regulations and statements, there are such grave facts of economic reality as the oil in the Sahara, the natural gas found at Lacq and the discovery of uranium ore deposits in France; such institutional forces as the international monopolies and their interests; and such world political factors as the aims of U.S.

* Biró, Gerd: *Az Európai Közös Piac hatása a nemzetközi kapcsolatokra*, (The Effects of the European Common Market on International Relations), Budapest, 1963, Közgazdasági és Jogi Publishin House, 100 pp.

foreign policy. Gerd Biró is a diplomat as well as an economist, and this probably explains his adroitness in disentangling the economic from the political factors and elucidating them with such precision.

The second chapter of the book is devoted to an analysis of the Common Market's effects on the relations between the Western powers. Those parts of the chapter which deal with the relations between Britain and the Common Market are especially interesting from the viewpoint of the Hungarian reader, not only because of the vicissitudes of Britain's attempts to join the EEC, so frequently commented on in the world press, but also because of the traditional role played by Britain in Hungary's external trade both as a customer and a supplier.

Chapter III deals with the problems of East-West trade in relation to the Common Market. After six years these problems are now posing themselves in a wholly different manner than at the time when the Common Market was instituted. Mr. Biró goes to the heart of the matter when he points out that at the time the Treaty of Rome was signed in March 1957, economic relations between the two blocks and within the Western block itself, were fundamentally different from what they are at present. Industrial production in the Comecon countries now account for a third of the world total, and the socialist countries have since come to constitute a stable and developing market. As for future developments, the book bases its reasoning on the thesis that "From the point of view of increasing trade between the socialist camp and the countries of the Common Market, the present rapid pace of economic development on both sides should be considered an extremely positive factor."

Analysing the present state of trade between the individual EEC countries and those of Comecon and its prospective trends and forms, Mr. Biró cites the Hungarian Section of the London Chamber of Commerce and the English Section of the Hungarian Chamber of Commerce—both established in 1962—as examples to be followed.

In the book's last section the prospects of East-West trade are discussed with special regard to objective factors likely to promote development. The author refers to the long-term bilateral trade agreements concluded so far between individual EEC and Comecon countries, pointing out that Great Britain has entered into long-term agreements with the socialist countries on an even broader basis.

It is to be hoped that normal economic development will prevail over the restrictive attitude of certain groups within the Common Market towards the socialist countries. As a matter of fact, the countries of the Common Market are sooner or later bound to feel constricted even by the limits which in 1957 had seemed so much broader than the national frontiers. It will hardly be worth their while to isolate themselves behind rigid barriers, which they may find rather difficult to demolish, from the other half of Europe to which they are linked by close ties of economic reality. This is the final conclusion arrived at in Gerd Biró's book, which constitutes a useful contribution to the growing Hungarian literature on international economic integration.

E. K.

AT THE BUS STOP

A short story

by

ISTVÁN SZABÓ

The path was steep and so narrow that they had to go down in Indian file; it was lined by rows of vines off to the right and the wire fence of a fruit orchard on the left. Fábián waldek behind his father and had to adjust his steps to the old man's hesitant speed, although he really would have liked to hurry to catch the eight-thirty bus going to town. He kept looking at his wrist-watch: they still had seven minutes to reach the bus stop.

Still, he ambled quietly because he did not have the courage to rush his father; if he worked himself up sufficiently to cry "hurry up, dad" the old man would surely ask him in surprise what his hurry was. Indeed, he would probably stop and turn round to ask the question. Fábián dared not risk it; he preferred to keep quiet, and, though mildly annoyed, resigned himself to following in his father's footsteps.

He did not feel the least bit like walking the whole four miles to town, in this heat and dust, especially so slowly. Perhaps they could talk while walking but the last week at home had given them many a chance to chat and they had told each other everything they considered important. As a matter of fact, Fábián had done most of the talking. His father only threw in a short sentence here and there, then listened to his son sullenly; Fábián was't even sure he was really listening. Now too Fábián would have to face this kind of one-sided conversation if they had to set out for town on foot; the prospect seemed more tiring than the walk itself and more annoying than the heat and dust. A grim struggle—that is what it would be, and not a conversation. In addition sometimes he had the feeling that his father had had enough of talk and would prefer him not to make the effort. From his ill-tempered silences and sullen glances—the old man consistently tried to avoid meeting his son's eyes—Fábián concluded that his father was dissatisfied and disapproved of the change evident in his son,

who was wasting a lot of words and must have picked up these new ways in Budapest.

Fábián liked to indulge in reveries and sometimes fancied he could see ghosts. Now he hoped that the attitude he sensed in his father also was an exaggerated fancy, that such a thing had perhaps never occurred to his father: the old man's thinking was simpler—that is, sounder—than to ponder over fictitious problems, but if he would say this, his father would not understand and would laugh at him. But then why was the old man so peevish and dissatisfied? Fábián had always meant well when he started a conversation with him, or rather when he made efforts to carry on a conversation; he would have like to make his stay at home warm and friendly, to prove that he had not become a stranger, that he had not lost contact with home; can't he see...? Perhaps that had been his mistake? Maybe it had been this obvious effort that had spoiled things? He had been playing a role—the city man in the village of his birth—and his father had sensed that he had been dissembling, sensed in sooner than his son would have thought, because his instincts functioned better, his perception was finer and more unerring. Yes, without a doubt Fábián had become suspicious in his eyes.

He strained his ears for the sound of the bus approaching from Zsid, but it was still quiet. His watch showed 8.27. Seeing the watch, Fábián smiled scornfully; his father could not be reconciled to this thing either: he would take sidelong glances at Fábián's wrist, looking at the watch with evident disapproval and almost outright by hatred, as if his son wore this wrist-watch only the sake of ostentation; then his mouth would twitch, and he would quickly turn his eyes away, his entire being still suggesting contempt. Fábián would then wonder in confusion and anger what was wrong with wearing the damn watch; he had not bought it to show off, he needed it and that was all, why should any one give it a second thought? The first three days he had hidden the watch, he had been so upset by the way his father looked at him, but then obstinacy got the better of him, and since then he had been wearing it on his wrist even when he was helping about the house. Why should he be ashamed of it?

It had not escaped Fábián's attention that his father was shyly watching him all the time; studying his movements, his behaviour as though he wanted to see what "new ways" he ha picked up; he was comparing his new son from the city the son he remembered; he cocked his ears not to what the boy said, but to how he was saying it; he was forever snooping suspiciously and he was doing all this fully confident that Fábián had not noticed. His mouth would occasionally twitch and he would quickly turn away his eyes.

Probably his father found a good number of "new" and "strange" things in Fábián's behaviour. Sometimes even Fábián caught himself at it. He saw the difference most sharply in the mirror of his former home, for the house where he was born recalled to him his old self, expect that these differences would not be visible to others. For his father there must have been a good many outward sings on which he could ponder and by which he could gauge what had happened to change his son.

For example he could see that Fábián did not hold his cigarette with the burning end pointing toward his palm, but held it between his fore-finger and middle-finger with the lit end pointing outward, as gentlemen do and he occasionally knocked off the ashes though they would eventually fall off by themselves. Moreover, as there was no ash-tray available, he used a saucer. Somehow he ate differently and picked up objects in a different way than formerly. His clothes, all his things suggested city life—they were urban—his father had certainly seen a sufficient number of gentlemen in his life to notice the resemblance.

"How terrible!" thought Fábián, as he caught his father's mistrustful, searching glance. "He thinks I too have become a gentleman."

How well he knew this watchful peasant look of animal suspicion—that's how they look at strangers, at all those who are not peasants, that's how they've been looking at them for centuries.

Not so long ago Fábián himself would have meted out the same look to a stranger wearing a wrist-watch and trying to find an ash-tray, and now—he hardly knew whether to laugh or cry in his acute discomfort—he too belondeg to the other camp; at least the paternal eyes placed him in that group, assigned him there.

All week long Fábián had been worried that with each of his homecomings the distance continued to grow between him and his father—and yet he knew this was not really true, there was certainly no real alienation. He believed this quite sincerely—and he was given to self-examination. In his more reckless moments he liked to attribute his anxiety to his inclination to exaggerated fancies; and he may have been right. But here was the other, the obvious truth: his father was not proud of him, he was not proud of his son as one would expect him to be because his son "had made good"—no, he was very stingy with words and smiles, in fact there was something he did not like, something that worried him too. Fábián was scared by the way his imagination had run away with him. He gave up his fantesies and, in thought, angrily accused his father: "He would like me to run around lugging hundred-pound sacks; then he would be proud of me." But he knew that this was not true either, at least, not in this manner.

He contemplated his father slowly, comfortably ambling down the path into the valley. He didn't quicken his steps, but rather slowed them down, for this was the way for a sensible person to go down-hill. His knees would occasionally slacken like those of an old man, turning outward in a strange way as if he found walking difficult, though this was exactly the stride suited to his sixty-eight years. His body, however, still had not become bent: Fábián saw a tall and straight man walking in front of him, the way he remembered his father from childhood days. His grey head turned comfortably this way and that, observing everything carefully as was his custom—the vineyards, orchards and the crops of friends—noticing and storing impressions of every little thing he could later ruminate over. Not a single fruit tree escaped his scanning, searching look; he directly sized up the yield and the quality of the fruit; one could see that wherever he walked, all objects meaningful to a peasant stripped themselves bare and revealed their secrets before his penetrating gaze. No, he wasn't in any hurry. After all there was no reason to hurry; he had no idea how impatient and worried his son was behind him, how often he consulted his wrist-watch in the course of this short walk, and how he would have liked to prod and goad his father on to a quickened pace. Nor did he know what nonsense his son was imagining. Simple, natural things attracted his attention, he was doing what he had done all his life, observing all the things around him that were worth noticing.

Suddenly Fábián was glad that he had not prodded his father vocally, only with his eyes; his watch showed that they still had a whole minute, the grey band of the road was already visible, and there was as yet no sign of the bus. They would get to the stop in time. It also occurred to him that these countryside busses were usually at least ten or fifteen minutes late. He now felt relieved and soothed, and followed his father's cautious and comfortably slow tempo as if he were imitating him. He even laughed to himself, and his eyes rested with quiet affection on the hobbling figure of the old man. Now that the tension of his inner struggle had abated, his head cleared, and he could smile at the exaggerated fancies of the last few days. There was nothing wrong between them; at worst, his own fancies had led him down dark alleys, and at such times even a molehill would look like a mountain. "I ought to get a hold on myself," Fábián thought. "I look for problems in everything, and when there are none, I imagine them. This is really crazy.

The steep and narrow path broadened and turned to the left, finally ending at the main road. Fábián right away stepped out to walk abreast of his father, he had been trailing behind him for long enough. The post

marking the bus stop stood some ten yards ahead of them at the edge of the ditch with the signboard hanging from it. Fábián's father, in the same leisurely pace as up to now, but his knees firmer beneath him, ignored the bus stop and kept on along the six-kilometre road leading to town. Fábián stopped at the signpost.

The old man noticed only a few seconds later that he was ambling along by himself. At first he thought Fábián had stopped to light a cigarette or to tie his shoelace—but when, still walking, he looked back over his shoulder, he saw Fábián standing by the white post smiling cheerfully, his hands folded behind his back in a posture showing he had no intention of walking to town. So the old man halted and measured his son with suspicious eyes:

"What is it?"

"We'll wait for the bus," Fábián said, glancing at his watch. "It will be here soon."

His father stared at him in consternation, and the searching, chilling gleam that Fábián knew so well was there again in his eyes.

"Is that why you stopped? You want to take the bus?"

"Not only me," laughed Fábián, "But you too."

His father showed no inclination to laugh; his mouth twitched, and his lean face took an angry look. Five or six steps separated them from each other; the old man was standing in the middle of the highway.

"Come on, dad, stand here," Fábián gestured to him. "We won't have to wait long."

"I certainly won't stand there. I am still quite capable of walking to town."

Fábián turned to see if the bus was visible in the bend of the road, and then said:

"There is no sense in walking so far. We'll get on, and then... we'll be in town in a jiffy."

His father imitated him scornfully:

"In a jiffy! And why do you need to be there in a jiffy? Won't your own legs carry you any longer?"

"No they won't," Fábián said. His high spirits had evaporated and his unpleasant premonitions began to torment him again. "That's what the damn bus is for, to use. Have you never taken it to town?"

"No, never! And I won't take it in the future either."

"You haven't walked enough, have you? Sixty-eight years of walking haven't been enough for you."

"Whoever is afraid of a little walk can go by bus. I can still walk."

"Helpless!" Fábián thought, as he stared unbelievingly at the stubborn old man standing in the middle of the highway. His father was like a living statue moulded from dark obstinacy, his very eyes sent forth complete negation. Fábián really did not know what to do with him, and he probably went on with the struggle merely from a sense of duty, because one must not, one could not, leave it at that.

"Well, won't you believe it's easier? By the time you get to Main Square, you will be so tired, that you will want to sit down. But our business is in town, not on the way to town. You shouldn't tire yourself out walking when the bus will carry you."

"Going to town on foot was good enough for me in the past and it still is..."

"Yes, I know, it is still good enough. That's what you mean?" Fábián said angrily. "But how often I have heard you complain that you are all worn out. I only want what's good for you..."

"Don't worry about what's good for me. Everybody goes the way he likes to." He remained stubbornly without moving. "Till you were twenty you were quite content to go by foot. While you lived at home. But now walking is not good enough for you."

"I don't walk unless I have to, I haven't gone out of my mind."

"You have become quite the young master," said his father, and nodded slowly, "very much the gentleman."

Fábián could fiind no answer in his sudden despair; the old man's words seemed to grip his throat. They stared at one another in grim silence... then a big lorry came racing along the road from town and his father had to move hurriedly out of its way. In sudden alarm Fábián looked to see which way the old man was moving, and his rising fury quitely abated.

The old man had moved toward the bus stop, reluctantly and with a wry face, obviously not for the sake of the bus, but only to get out of the way of the lorry, which, as it sped past, stirred up a thick cloud of dust which enveloped them so that they could hardly see each other. The truck sped away.

"Well, you see," Fábián said, spitting out the grit from his mouth and wiping it from his eyes, "we would have plenty of this if we walked to town. Do you think it's worth it to save a few pennies?"

"A few pennies!" his father exclaimed.

"I hope you don't begrudge it! Only two forints-thirty each."

"I don't care how much it is."

"I'll pay. Your fare too."

"Certainly not mine."

Fábián sighed, and recalled the fears of the last few days. How he was again certain that he had not been struggling against non-existent ghosts. There *was* trouble between them, and if he took the bus now, he would find himself very far removed from his father: the list of "new ways" would be complete, and their relations would be spoiled beyond repair. Yet he knew that he wouldn't let the bus go by. "Unfortunately," he thought, "each of us goes his own way."

The dust had settled down, and the fields belonging to the village became visible again; there they stretched to the right of the road. Fábián tried once again, and he knew that this would be the last time.

"We could save a lot of time. Time is worth more than that bit of money."

His father did not even reply. He looked over his son's head, turning his gaze towards town.

"Father," Fábián said, "there is nothing wrong about this. It is not wrong to want to do things the easy way."

"That was always what you liked."

"Gentlemen's ways you mean," The son laughed bitterly. "Well, now you can do it, too. Be a gentleman for two-thirty."

"It's cheap enough, to be sure," retorted the old man.

A woman they knew came running along the road toward them, carrying a big bag, panting and sweating, and all out of breath.

"Oh, I'm so glad I'm still in time," she said, "Hello! You're waiting for the bus too, aren't you? I had to run all the way, one is glad at such times that the bus is late, though at other times one is annoyed... Going to town?"

"I want to see where one can get a good glass of beer," Fábián said.

"That's the drink to have in this heat! I'll have a glass of beer somewhere too, I certainly will!—Won't you come, too?" she asked the old man.

"He just saw me to the bus stop," Fábián said.

Still short of breath the woman nodded. The three of them stood there at the bus stop, until, at last, round from the bend of the road the huge yellowish bus, emerged, approaching heavily but nevertheless at a good pace, its glass windows gleaming. Its broad body took up nearly the entire width of the road.

Fábián stole a glance at his father: the old man's eyes were turned away, he paid no attention to the approaching bus, his face and eyes were aloof as those of a statue. This proud immobility gripped Fábián's heart, he would have liked to touch his father's hand and for a last time catch his

eyes. But the heavy bus stopped in front of them, the door opened, and while the woman scrambled up first talking loudly and breathlessly, Fábián quickly whispered to his father:

"I'll wait for you on the Green. In front of the Secondary School."

The old man was still looking away, but he seemed to nod, though hardly noticeably. Fábián got on the bus, the door slammed, and the engine began to roar. The bus started and soon was racing along the road.

Before picking out a good seat for himself, Fábián looked through the rear window. He saw nothing, for a thick, impenetrable cloud of dust had risen behind the bus. Still, he knew that the old man would set out undaunted by the dust; he would walk along enveloped in this evil cloud; perhaps he would even be compelled to close his eyes, and would breathe with difficulty; but still, he was coming to town, though invisible. He was walking in a cloud, and perhaps cursing the damn dust.

Fábián could not stop looking at the all-enveloping dust in which his father was walking and which he felt as though somehow he himself was stirring up to creep into the old man's face, eyes and lungs. He would have liked to take a last look at the hobbling figure, but the conductor tapped on his shoulder:

"How far, young man?"

"The Green."

"Two forints-thirty. Thank you." He handed Fábián the change from ten forints...

Fábián collapsed in a seat and was utterly without a thought. But over and over again he mumbled the word he had uttered hopelessly and helplessly time and again since he had returned home:

"Terrible! Terrible!..."

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the New Hungarian Quarterly, Budapest.

23rd December, 1963

Dear Sir,

Péter Rényi's article "Hungarian Experiment" is extremely stimulating and I find that I filled the margins with comments. Rényi, quite rightly, writes of socialism as something growing and developing, and not the stereotype which some "western bourgeois" writers make of it; but he on his side presents a stereotype of "bourgeois capitalism" which is far from the whole truth; there are developments and modifications going on here as well. The individualism and egoism which he describes as characteristic of capitalist morality are often tempered—in many places drastically transformed—by a sense of social responsibility, and what in other contexts is simply called Christian charity. We see this every day in the welfare states of Western Europe, although even here there are people who still slip through the net and live in conditions which ought not to be tolerated.

I think he makes too much, also, of the western comments on the changes in Hungary which welcome them as signs that Hungary is moving away from socialism and towards capitalism. There are of course people who hold this view, though they are not the most intelligent or best-informed observers. In England, at any rate, writers in journals like The Economist, The Times, The Guardian see the changes as a lightening of the authoritarian and doctrinaire regime—a welcome move towards persuasion rather than coercion, of which Rényi writes and which is more likely to make socialism work than heavy-handed and arbitrary rule. Most of us are primarily interested in knowing that people have enough to eat, and places to live in, and are genuinely free from fear—of all sorts. We are inclined to be tolerant towards the doctrines of any regime which supplies these things.

He writes also of "the dehumanizing tendencies of affluence, the excessive concern with material things, the accentuation of the acquisitive urge" and thinks that Hungary will be protected against these by its socialist system of government. I wish I could be as sure of this; I am afraid that this is an aspect of becoming richer which only the most selfless and dedicated are protected against (and they in their turn have to guard against the other great temptation, of becoming power addicts). It is when one is secure in a certain amount of affluence that one can begin to free oneself from material concern. Rényi says this quite clearly in another context: "Egoism—the myopic concern with individual interest—cannot be eradicated at the level of poverty, nor even under straigthened circumstances."

There is a sharp difference in the bases of our political thought and a number of details on which I would find myself far from agreement with him; the agreeable thing is to see how much there is to agree with, and also how much the differences stimulate one to thought.

Yours sincerely,

STELLA ALEXANDER
Secretary,
Religious Society of Friends East-West
Relations Committee Friends
House—Euston Road—London NW1

A SHORT ENCYCLOPEDIA

of some places, historical events, personalities and institutions mentioned in this number

BÁSTI, LAJOS (b. 1911). Actor. Since 1945 member of the Budapest National Theatre's permanent company. Principal roles: Professor Higgins (in Pygmalion), Antonius (in Julius Caesar), Oedipus (in Sophocles's tragedy) and Ádám (in Madách's The Tragedy of Man).

BESSENYEI, FERENC (b. 1919). Actor. Principal roles: Othello, Astrov (in Chekhov's Uncle Vania) and Danton (in Büchner's Danton's Tod).

GÁBOR, MIKLÓS (b. 1919). Stage and film actor, member of the Madách Theatre Company. An artist of marked personality and strong intellectual leaning, he scored his greatest successes in the plays of Shakespeare and G. B. Shaw (Hamlet, Romeo, Man and Superman, etc.).

GULÁCSY, LAJOS (1882—1932). painter. A surrealist, who set his dreamlike figures in mysterious surroundings.

HOLLÓSY, SIMON (1857—1918). Painter. Studied at the Munich Academy of Painting. One of the founders of the Nagybánya school, formed at the turn of the century in opposition to academic trends and aimed at transplanting the endeavours of French impressionism to Hungary.

HORTOBÁGY. A prairie-like plain of some 2,000 sq.km in area near the Tisza river in North-East Hungary. For centuries its sodic soil and marshy tracts had seen no agricultural production, only nomadic stock-raising. This plain of mirages, with its characteristic needlegrass, was a frequent source of inspiration for the 19th-century romantic schools of poetry and painting. Hortobágy had become a symbol of ancient Hungarian shepherd life. In the early 1950's, however, large state-owned farms were established here and land reclamation through soil improvement and irrigation was started. At present, 45 per cent of the Hortobágy area is already arable land, 40 per cent meadows and only 12 per cent has remained barren and useless. The construction of two large canals will bring some 370 thousand acres under irrigation; over 52 thousand acres are already under grain crops, 45 thousand under hemp and maize, 30 thousand under rice. Hortobágy is actually one of the northernmost rice-growing regions in the world. Its artificial lakes are the scene of modern fish farming. The memory of the one-time Hortobágy is preserved only in an ancient inn and its immediate surroundings, one of the most interesting tourist sights in the country.

KÖRÖSI CSOMA, SÁNDOR (1784—1842). Explorer of Asia, orientalist and Tibetan language scholar. Living in lamaseries in North India, he collected 40 thousand Tibetan words and in 1834 published his Tibetan—English dictionary and grammar, which has since become known all over the world. Works: Grammar of Tibetan Language in English (1834); Letters from Asia (publ. 1949); The Life and Teaching of Buddha (publ. 1957).

MAJOR, TAMÁS (b. 1910). Actor and stage manager. From 1945 to 1962 director of the Budapest National Theatre, of which he is still a stage director. Parliamentary deputy. Outstanding roles: Richard III, Tartuffe, Iago. (See his article in Vol. V, No. 13 of The New Hungarian Quarterly.)

MOSONYI, EMIL (b. 1910). Hydraulic engineer, university professor, member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, vice-chairman of the Hydraulic Committee of Unesco.

MUNKÁCSY, MIHÁLY (1844—1900). Painter, representative of the school of critical realism. Studied in Vienna and Munich, Lived in Paris from 1871. His works had a considerable influence on the development of Hungarian painting in the 19th century.

RIPPL-RÓNAI, JÓZSEF (1861—1927). An outstanding Hungarian representative of the impressionist school of painting. Studied in Munich and Paris. A member of the Les Nabis group at the beginning of his career, his works first showed the marked contours and decorative elements characteristic of the *art nouveau*. Later on he developed a mosaic-like technique. His best works are portraits and character studies.

SZABÓ ERVIN LIBRARY. Budapest's most important municipal library. It was named after Ervin Szabó, its founder (1911) and one-time director, a sociologist and one of the first Marxist scholars this country has produced. With a collection approximating a million volumes, the library at present has 42 district branches in Budapest. Its staff members are notably active in the fields of bibliography and library organization.

ADY, ENDRE (1877—1919). The greatest Hungarian lyrical poet of the 20th century. (See The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. III, No. 5,)

KRÚDY, GYULA (1878—1933). Novelist. (See The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. II, No. 4.)

NÁDASY, LÁSZLÓ (b. 1927). Film and television director. Graduated in 1950 from the Drama and Film Academy, Budapest. His first film (*Razzia*—"Police Raid") was shot in 1958.

NÉMETH, LÁSZLÓ (b. 1901). Writer. See his studies in The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. 1, No 1, Vol. II, No. 2, and Vol. III, No. 5.

VIRGIN MARY'S LAMENT IN OLD-HUNGARIAN. Dating from between 1280 and 1310, this is, after the "Funeral Oration," the earliest written record extant in Hungarian and, at the same time, the first poem in the Hungarian language known to us. Some of its passages are close translations of a poem known in the literature of medieval Latin hymns as "Planctus Santae Mariae," but otherwise it is an adaptation of the latter, rendering only its substance. Its translator—or, rather, adapter—was a Black Friar of Hungarian extraction and unknown name, studying in a North Italian town. It was discovered in 1922 in a 13th-century Latin codex (The Leoven Codex), which is now in the library of the University of Leoven.

SÁRA, SÁNDOR (b. 1933). Director and cameraman. Member of the young film artists' Balázs Béla Studio. His *Cigányok* ("Gipsies") carried a first prize at the Leipzig Festival of Film Shorts, 1963.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

VAJDA, Imre (b. 1900). Economist, professor at the Karl Marx University of Economics in Budapest. Previous contributions to our review: "The Progress of Hungary's Economic Consolidation from 1957 to 1960," "Geneva Impressions on the State of East-West Trade," "Perspectives of East-West Trade as Seen by a Hungarian Economist," "Prospects of Hungarian Trade." Member of the editorial board of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

HARDI, Róbert (b. 1915). Economist, lecturer on commercial techniques and organization at Karl Marx University of Economics in Budapest and deputy manager of KONSUMEX (Commodity Trading Enterprise). Since 1945 has organized and headed a number of offices and enterprises in the fields of foreign and domestic trade. See his "Rural Self-service Stores" in Volume II, No. 3, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

BOGNÁR, József (b. 1917). Professor at Karl Marx University of Economics, Budapest; President of the Institute of Cultural Relations; member of the editorial board of our review. See also his essays "Economic Planning in Ghana" in Vol. III, No 7, and "Science and its Application in Developing Countries" in Vol. IV, No. 11, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

HALÁSZ, Zoltán (b. 1914). Journalist, author of books on cultural history. Graduated at Pázmány Péter University in Budapest, was Rome correspondent of the Hungarian News Agency (MTI), reader with Corvina Publishing House, Budapest; now Deputy Editor of The New Hungarian Quarterly. His publications include: *Budapest felfedezése* ("Exploration of Budapest"), Gondolat Publishing House, 1959, Hungarian Wine Through the Ages (in English, German and French; Corvina Publishing House, 1958), *Ur városától Trójáig* ("From The City Ur to Troy"), Ifjúsági Publishing House, Budapest, 1961; *A magyar régészet históriája* ("From the History of Hungarian Archeology") Ifjúsági Publishing House, Budapest, 1964. See also his articles in previous issues of our review.

LAMBILLIOTTE, Maurice. Writer, journalist, founder and editor of the international review *Synthèses* (Brussels). Was rapporteur of the 1958 International Exposition of Brussels and initiator of a number of its projects. The Exposition furnished him with the opportunity of organizing an East-West Discussion (Colloque Orient-Occident) called: "Mutual Appreciation of the Cultural Values of East and West," in which participated some thirty prominent personalities of both East and West, outstanding in such diversified subjects as natural and technical sciences, philosophy, religion, history, the arts and education. Established at Brussels a "Centre International de Dialogue" (International Debating Centre). Has used *Syntheses* since 1946 as a platform for his analysis of the political, economic and social outlines of mankind's development. Conscious of the benefits of scientific and technical progress which can enable man to satisfy his material needs, Maurice Lambilliotte strives to alert our conscience against automatism and to encourage man to commit himself to movements of communication, fellowship, brotherhood, and efforts for the loftiest goals. Member of the Belgian Socialist Party, General Director in the Ministry of Labour, Councillor of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Author of *Grand Problème* (an essay), *Sens du Divin* (a play performed in Brussels and Liège in 1947 and 1949), *Marie du Peuple* (a play performed in Brussels in 1949), and of hitherto unpublished poems, novels and plays. See his article "Humanism and Socialism," in Vol. IV, No. 9, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

TALLÓS, György (b. 1920). Economist. Studied law and economics in Budapest. At present heads the department for international cooperation and long-range economic planning at the Ministry of Foreign Trade. Has published several studies on problems of planning foreign trade, international economic cooperation, etc.

LUKÁCS, György (b. 1885). The following bibliography (prepared as of December 31, 1963) of György Lukács's works lays no claim to scientific completeness but is intended rather as an informatory guide. It includes only those works that have appeared in book form and omits all the material to be found in journals, anthologies, etc.

A dráma formája. ("The Form of the Drama") Budapest, 1909, Franklin. (Reprint from the Budapesti Szemle).

Megjegyzések az irodalomtörténet elméletéhez. ("Notes on the Theory of Literary History") Budapest, 1910, Franklin.

A lélek és a formák. ("The Soul and the Forms") Budapest, 1919, Franklin; Berlin, 1911, Fleischel; Milan, 1963, Sugar.

A modern dráma fejlődésének története. I—II. ("History of the Development of Modern Drama") Budapest, 1911, Franklin.

Esztétikai kultúra. ("Aesthetic Culture") Budapest, 1913, Athenaeum.

Balázs Béla és akiknek nem kell. ("Béla Balázs and Those Who Do Not Want Him") Gyoma, 1918, Kner.

Taktika és ethika. ("Tactics and Ethics") Budapest, 1919, People's Commissariat of Education.

Die Theorie des Romans. ("Theory of the Novel") Berlin, 1920, Cassirer; Neuwied am Rhein, 1963, Luchterhand; Milan, 1962, Sugar; Paris, 1963, Gauthier.

Geschichte und Klassenbewusstsein. ("History and Class Consciousness") Berlin, 1923, Malik; Tokio, 1927, Doojinsha; Paris, 1960, Minuit.

Lenin. (Study on the Coherency of his Thoughts) Wien, 1924. Verlag der Arbeiterbuchhandlung, Wien, 1924;) also in Hungarian). Tokio, 1927, Hakuyoosha.

Moses Hess und die Probleme in der idealistischen Dialektik. ("Moses Hess and the Problems of Idealistic Dialectics") Leipzig, 1926, Hirschfeld.

Literaturnije teorii XIX. veka i marksizm. ("Literary Theories of the 19th Century and Marxism".) Moscow, 1937.

Der historische Roman. (The Historical Novel) Tokyo, 1938, Mikasa; Budapest, 1947, Hungária; Berlin, 1955, Aufbau; Belgrad, 1958, Kultura; London, 1962, Merlin Press.

K istorii realizma. ("On the History of Realism") Moscow, 1939.

Írástudók felelőssége. ("Responsibility of the Lettered") Moscow, 1944, (in Hungarian); Budapest, 1945, Szikra.

Balzac, Stendhal, Zola. (In the German edition: "Balzac and French Realism.") Budapest, 1945, Hungária; Budapest, 1949, Hungária; Warsaw, 1951, Ksiazka-Wiedza; Berlin, 1952, Aufbau.

Nagy orosz realisták. ("Great Russian Realists") In the German editions: "Russian Realism and World-Literature." Budapest, 1946, Szikra; Budapest, 1949, Szikra (Enlarged and revised edition); Prague, 1948, Svoboda; Berlin, 1949, Aufbau; Bratislava, 1950, Pravda, (in Slovakian). Budapest, 1952, Szikra (in two volumes: "Critical Realism," II.: "Socialist Realism"); Berlin, 1952, Aufbau; Berlin, 1953, Aufbau; Rome, 1956. Riuniti.

Goethe és kora. ("Goethe and his Age") Budapest, 1946, Hungária; Bern, 1947, Francke (German edition); Berlin, 1950, Aufbau; Berlin, 1953, Aufbau; Berlin, 1955, Aufbau; Paris, 1949, Nagel; Verona, 1949, Mondadori; Tokyo (Between 1947—53); Ljubljana, 1956, Cankarjeva Zalorba (Slovenian edition); Sarajevo, 1956, Veselin Masleša (Serbian edition).

Az újabb német irodalom rövid története. ("Short History of Modern German Literature") (From the 18th to the 20th centuries.) Budapest, 1946, Athenaeum; Paris, 1949, Nagel; Berlin, 1953, Aufbau; Tokyo, between 1949—53; Torino, 1956, Einaudi.

Nietzsche és a fasizmus. ("Nietzsche and

Fascism") Budapest, 1946, Hungária; Budapest, 1949, Hungária; Belgrade, 1956, Kultura (Serbo-croatian edition).

Irodalom és demokrácia. ("Literature and Democracy") Budapest, 1947, Szikra; Budapest, 1948, Szikra (revised edition); Bratislava, 1949, Pravda (Slovakian edition).

A polgári filozófia válsága. ("The Crisis of Bourgeois Philosophy") Budapest, 1947, Hungária; Budapest, 1949, Hungária (enlarged edition).

Ogledi o realismu. ("Studies on Realism") (Balzac, Stendhal, Zola, Heine). Belgrade, 1947, Kultura (Serbian edition); Zagreb, 1947, Kultura (Croatian edition).

Der junge Hegel. ("The Young Hegel") (On the Relations of Dialectics and Economics) Zürich—Wien, 1948, Europa-Verlag; Berlin, 1954; Aufbau. ("The Young Hegel and the Problems of Capitalist Society") Belgrade, 1959, Kultura (Serbo-croatian edition); Torino, 1960, Einaudi; Barcelona—Mexico, 1963, Grialbo.

Karl Marx und Friedrich Engels als Literaturhistoriker. Berlin, 1948, Aufbau; Berlin, 1952, Aufbau; Tokyo (between 1948—1953).

Schicksalswende. ("Turning Point—Contributions to a New German Ideology") Berlin, 1948, Aufbau; Berlin, 1956, Aufbau.

Új magyar kultúráért. ("For a New Hungarian Culture") Budapest, 1948, Szikra.

A marxista filozófia feladatai az új demokráciában. ("The Tasks of Marxist Philosophy in the New Democracy") Budapest, 1948, Budapest Literary Institute.

A realizmus problémái. ("Problems of Realism.") Budapest, 1948, Athenaeum; Berlin, 1948, Aufbau (Essays über Realismus); Hebrew edition in 1951; Japanese edition between 1945—54. German edition in 1955, Berlin, Greek edition in 1957, Athens. Serbo-croatian edition in 1957, Sarajevo, Svetlost.

Existentialisme ou marxisme? Paris, 1948, Nagel; Berlin, 1951, Aufbau; Prague, 1949, Nova Osveta; Tel-Aviv, 1950, Tokyo, (between 1948-53); Paris, 1960, Nagel.

Marx és Engels irodalomelmélete. ("A Discussion about Marx and Engels on Literature",) Budapest, 1949, Szikra.

Saggi sul realismo. ("Studies on Realism",) Torino, 1950, Einaudi.

Studies in European Realism. (Survey of the Writings of Balzac, Stendhal, Zola, Tolstoy, Gorky and others) London, 1950, Hillway Publishing Co.

Deutsche Realisten des 19. Jahrhunderts. ("German Realists of the 19th Century"), Berlin, 1952, Aufbau; Milan, 1963, Feltrinelli.

Il marxismo e la critica letteraria. ("Marxism and Literary Criticism") Turin, 1953, Einaudi.

Adalékok az esztétika történetéhez. ("Contributions to the History of Aesthetics") Budapest, 1953, Akadémiai Kiadó; Berlin, 1954, Aufbau; Milan, 1957, Feltrinelli; Belgrade, 1959, Kultura (Serbo-croatian edition).

Az ész trónfosztása. („The Destruction of Reason") Budapest, 1954, Akadémiai Kiadó; Berlin, 1954, Aufbau; Paris, 1958, L'Arche (I—II); Mexico—Buenos Aires, 1959, Fondo de Cultura Economica; Turin, 1959, Einaudi; Ljubljana, 1960, Cankarjeva Zalozba (Slovenian edition); Neuwied am Rhein, 1960, Luchterhand (Collected Works, Volume IX.)

Német realisták. ("German Realists") Budapest, 1955, Szépirodalmi Könyvkiadó.

Thomas Mann. Milan, 1956, Feltrinelli; Berlin, 1957, Aufbau; Belgrade, 1958, Kultura.

La lotta fra progresso a reazione nella cultura d'oggi. ("The Struggle between Progress and Reaction in the Culture of our Times") Milan, 1957, Feltrinelli.

A különösség. ("Peculiarity") Budapest, 1957, Akadémiai kiadó; Rome, 1957, Riuniti; Belgrade, 1960, Nolit.

Wider den missverstandenen Realismus. (In the Italian, French, English, Serbo-croatian Spanish editions under the title: "The Meaning of Contemporary Realism.") Turin, 1957, Einaudi; Hamburg, 1958, Claasen; Belgrade, 1959, Kultura; Paris, 1960, Galli-

mard; London, 1963, Marlin Press; Mexico, 1963, Era.
Od Goethego to Balzaka. ("From Goethe to Balzac") Warsaw, 1958, Panstwowy Instytut Wydawniczy.
Schriften zur Literatursoziologie ("Writings on the Sociology of Literature") Neuwied am Rhein, 1963, Luchterhand.
Die Eigenart des Aesthetischen, Neuwied am Rhein, 1963, Luchterhand.

NÉMETH, Lajos (b. 1929). Art historian. Studied at Eötvös College under the guidance of Lajos Fülep and graduated from Eötvös University, Budapest. In 1954—56 he visited France, Italy, the USSR, Czechoslovakia and Austria. In 1953—54 editor of the periodical *Szabad Művészet* ("Free Art"). Published books on Piero della Francesca, on European fine arts of the beginning of the 20th century and on the art of the Hungarian painter Simon Hollósy. Author of essays and critical works on the Hungarian art of the period between the two World Wars.

HANSFORD JOHNSON, Pamela (Lady Snow), F. R. S. L. Hon. D. Litt., Temple University, Philadelphia. Member *Société Européenne de Culture.* Publications: Novels: *This Bed Thy Centre,* 1935; *Too Dear for My Possessing,* 1940; *Winter Quarters,* 1943; *The Trojan Brothers,* 1944; *An Avenue of Stone,* 1947; *A Summer to Decide,* 1948; *The Philistines,* 1949; *Catherine Carter,* 1952; *An Impossible Marriage,* 1954; *The Last Resort,* 1956; *The Unspeakable Skipton, The Humbler Creation,* 1959., *Night and Silence, Who is Here?* (1963) etc; criticism: *Thomas Wolfe,* 1947; *I. Compton-Burnett,* 1953; plays: *Corinth House,* 1948 (publ. 1954); *Six Proust Reconstructions,* 1958; translation (with Kitty Black): Anouilh's *The Rehearsal* (Globe Theatre), 1961. (From International Who's Who, 1962.)

HUBAY, Miklós (b. 1918). Dramatist. His first play *Hősök nélkül* ("Without Heroes") was staged 1942 in Budapest. Worked during that period on the editorial staff of the *Nouvelle Revue de Hongrie* and the Hungarian Quarterly, at the same time studying literature at the University of Budapest. Later studied at the University of Geneva. After the war his drama *Coq d'Esculape* appeared in Paris. Was head of the Hungarian Library in Geneva until 1949 and a delegate to the *Bureau International d'Education.* Specialized after his return home in writing for cinema and stage. His film *Bakaruhában* ("Sunday Romance"), based on a short story by Sándor Hunyadi had a successful run in several countries. Other plays: *Egy magyar nyár* ("A Hungarian Summer"), *István napja* ("Stephen's Day"), *Egyik Európa* ("One Kind of Europe"), and one-act plays. Translated plays by Musset, Sartre, Marceau, Miller and Sheridan. Was dramatic adviser of the Budapest National Theatre for a few years and taught at the Academy for Dramatic and Screen Art. Lately his film *Angyalok földje* ("Angels' Ground"), based on a novel by Lajos Kassák and directed by György Révész, has brought him international distinction. See his previous contributions to The New Hungarian Quarterly.

KEIM, A. Jean (b. 1904). Studied at the École Polytéchnique in Paris, graduated in Common Law and Economic Sciences. Became head of the French Information Service in China and subsequently cultural councillor at the French Embassy in Moscow. New head of the Department for Radio and Visual Information in Unesco. Some of his published books are: *Le Cinéma* (1940), *Un nouvel art, le cinéma sonore* ("A new art—the sound film", 1947). *Le Tour Eiffel* (1950), *Panorama de Chine* (1951), *Mon Japon de demi-siècle* ("My Japan during the last half-century", 1952), *La peinture chinoise* ("Chinese painting", 1962). Journalist, member of the International Association of Art Critics, contributor to numerous reviews in the last few years, particularly France-Asie, Critique, Communications, Spettacolo, Ulisse.

KOVÁCS, Géza (b. 1929). Graduated as a teacher of French and Hungarian from Eötvös Loránd University, Budapest. Worked later as a teacher in primary and secondary schools. At present on the staff of the Hungarian Teacher's Union, dealing primarily with adult education. Studied the organization and methods of adult education in a number of countries, including Poland and France. Published articles and studies on various aspects of pedagogy.

BÓKA, László (b. 1910). Literary historian, novelist and poet, professor at Eötvös Loránd University in Budapest. Has contributed monographs about János Vajda, an important poet of the latter part of the 19th century, and Endre Ady, the most original personality of 20th century Hungarian poetry. Other publications include two volumes of essays entitled *Tegnaptól máig* ("From Yesterday to Today") and *Arcképvázlatok és tanulmányok* ("Sketches and Studies"); two volumes of poetry, *Jégvirág*, *Szebb az új* ("Frost Flower", "New Beauties"); and more recently the novels *Alázatosan jelentem* ("Beg to Report"), *A Karoling trón* ("The Carolingian Throne"), *Karfiol Tamás* ("Thomas Cauliflower"), *Nandu*. He is a member ot the editorial board of this review. See also his articles "Endre Ady and the Present" (Vol. III, No. 5) and "In an Atmosphere of Humanity" (Vol. IV, No. 9) of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

MÁRTON, Miklós (b. 1921). Economist, journalist. Member of the staff of the Budapest daily *Népszabadság*.

RUFFY, Péter (b. 1914). Journalist, contributor to the Budapest daily, *Magyar Nemzet*. Lived for some time as a reporter in Paris. His main interest as a journalist lies in the cultural field; his reports brought him the Ferenc Rózsa award, a high distinction. Publications include several books of travel, collections of his reports and a novel.

LUKÁCSY, András (b. 1930). Dramatic critic. Studied law in Budapest. Published books on cultural history. Regular radio critic of *Élet és Irodalom*, a literary weekly.

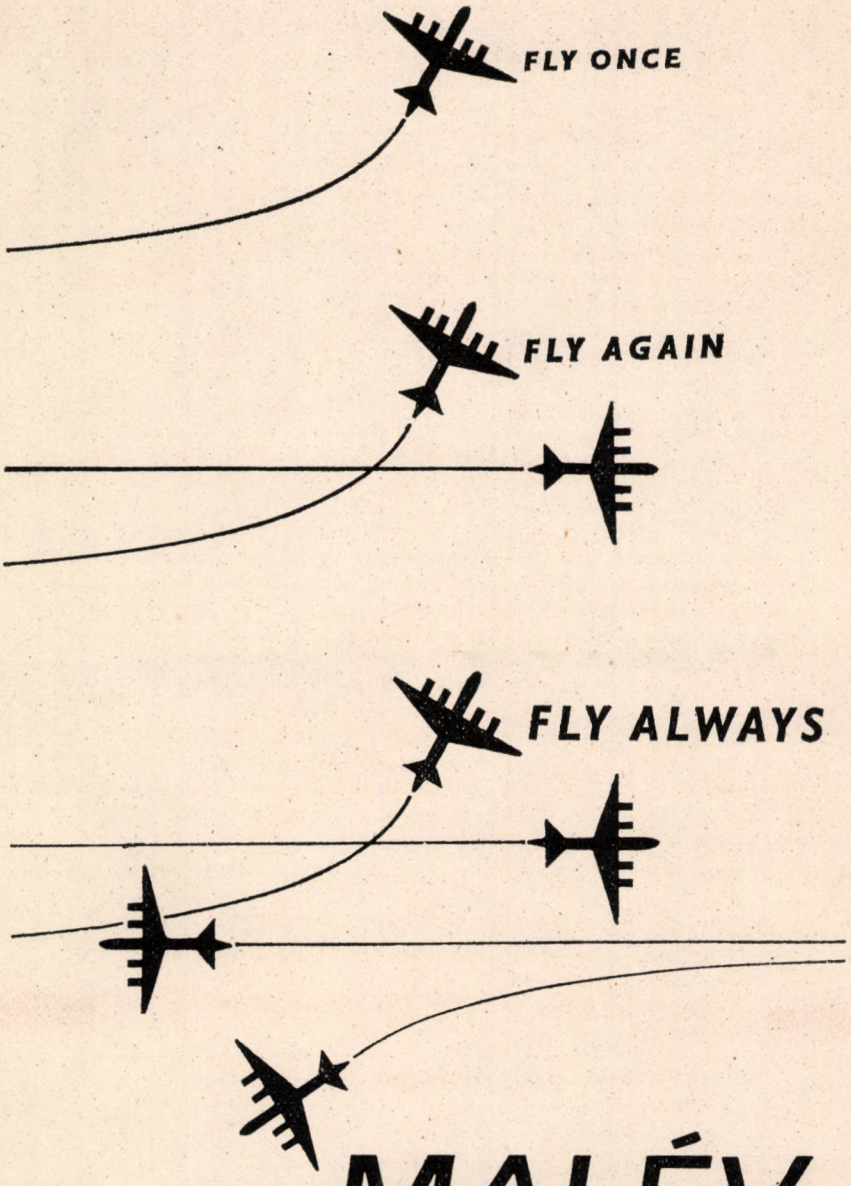
ZÁDOR, Anna (b. 1904). Art historian specializing in classicism. Professor at Eötvös Loránd University in Budapest. Her main works: *A klasszicizmus építészete Magyarországon* ("The Architecture of Classicism in Hungary"), Budapest, 1943; *A magyar művészet története* ("History of Hungarian Art"), Budapest, 1958; Pollack Mihály ("Mihály Pollack"), Budapest, 1960; Some Problems of Classicism in Architecture (in English), Acta Hist. Artium, Budapest, 1960. She is a member of the editorial board of our review.

RÓNAY, György (b. 1913). Poet, novelist, author of essays and translator of literary works. Published his first volume of poems in 1932, his latest in 1957. Has made outstanding translations of poems by Michelangelo, Ronsard, Hölderlin, Jammes, Rimbaud and Apollinaire, as well as prose and plays by Montesquieu, Stendhal, France, Turgenyev, Virginia Woolf, Aragon, etc.

DERSI, Tamás (b. 1929). Journalist with the staff of the Budapest evening daily *Esti Hírlap*. See also his articles, "Letters and Petitions from Hungarian Peasants between the Two World Wars," "Under Iron-Grey Skies," Vol. II, No. 2, and Vol. IV, No. 10 of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

NAGY, Péter (b. 1920). Literary historian and critic, a regular contributory of our periodical; see his articles in several number of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

KEMENES, Egon (b. 1924). Economist. Author of essays on market-research. See also his articles in Vol. II, No. 1, and Vol. IV, No. 10 of The New Hungarian Quarterly.



MALÉV

HUNGARIAN AIR TRANSPORT BUDAPEST

THE NEW HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY

may be obtained from the following distributors:

AUSTRALIA: A. Keesing, G. P. O. Box 4886, Sydney, N. S. W.

AUSTRIA: Globus Buchvertrieb, Salzgries 16, Wien 1.
Rudolf Nowak, Buchhandlung und Verlag, Köllnerhofgasse 4, Wien 1.

BELGIUM: Agence Messagerie de la Presse, Rue de Persil 14-22, Brussels

BRAZIL: Livraria Bródy Ltda, Rua Cous Crispiniano 404, Sao Paulo

CANADA: Pannonia Books, 412A College Street, Toronto 2B, Ontario

DENMARK: Knud Karstern International Booksellers, 15 Aaboulevard, Copenhagen
Ejnar Munksgaard Ltd., 6, Nörregade, Copenhagen K.

FINLAND: Akateeminen Kirjakauppa, Keskuskatu, 2, Helsinki

FRANCE: Agence Littéraire et Artistique Parisienne, 7 rue Debelleyme, Paris 8.
Nouvelles Messageries de la Presse Parisienne, 11, Rue Réaumur, Paris 2.

GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC: Kubon & Sagner, Schließfach 68, München 34.
W. E. Saarbach G.M.B.H. Schließfach 1510, Köln 1.
Kunst & Wissen, Erich Bieber, Postfach 46, Stuttgart S.

GREAT BRITAIN: Collet's Holdings Limited, Import Subscription Dept.
44-45, Museum Street, London, W. C. 1.
Dawson & Sons Ltd., Cannon House, Macklin Street, London W. C. 2.
W. H. Smith and Son Ltd., Strand House, Portugal Street, London W. C. 2.

INDIA: National Book Agency Private Ltd., 12, Bankim Chatterjee Street, Calcutta
Magazine Subscription Agency, 2/23 Nanik Nivas, 91 Warden Road, Bombay 26.

ITALY: Libreria Rinascita, Via delle Botteghe Oscure 2, Roma
Libreria Commissionaria Sansoni, Via Gino Capponi 26, Firenze

ISRAEL: "Haiflepac" Ltd., P. O. B. 1794, Haifa
Library A. Gondos, Herzl 16 Beth Hakranot, Haifa

JAPAN: Maruzen Company Ltd., Booksellers, 6 Tori Nihonbashi, Tokyo
Nauka Ltd., 2, Kanda Zinbocho 2 Chome, Chyoda-ku, Tokyo

NETHERLANDS: Swets & Zeitlinger Booksellers, Keizersgracht 487, Amsterdam C.
Meulenhoff & Co. N. V., Beulingstraat 2, Amsterdam C.

NORWAY: A/S Narvesens Litteratur Tjeneste, Box 115, Oslo

SOUTH AFRICAN UNION: Globus Industrial Corporation, 61 Loveday Street, Johannesburg

SWEDEN: A. B. Nordiska Bokhandeln, Drottninggatan 7-9, Stockholm

SWITZERLAND: Azed AG Zeitungsagentur, Großbuchhandlung, Postfach, Basel 2.
Pinkus & Co, Froschaugasse 7, Zürich 1.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Stechert-Hafner Inc., 31 East 10th Street, New York 3, N. Y.
Joseph Brownfield, 15 Park Row, New York 38, N. Y.
FAM Book Service, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

VENEZUELA: Luis Tarcsay, Calle Iglesia, Edif. Vittoria Apto 21, Sabana Grande, Caracas

or

Kultura Hungarian Trading Company

for Books and Newspapers

Budapest 62, P. O. B. 149.

Index: 26843