15

The New Hungarian Quarterly

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 15

AUTUMN 1964

THE SOCIALIST TRANSFORMATION OF HUNGARIAN AGRICULTURE

by

FERENC ERDEI

During the two decades since 1945 Hungarian agriculture has undergone a transformation so radical that it can only be compared with the changes that occurred during the 100 years from the middle of the 19th to the middle of the 20th centuries. At that time agriculture in Hungary changed gradually and belatedly into capitalistic agriculture (although significant feudal elements persisted), while in the past twenty years it was transformed first into a small peasants' agriculture and subsequently into large-scale socialist agriculture.

This development took place in the wake of political and social revolution in Hungary and became manifest mainly in a change of the relations of production, of the agrarian structure. The same two decades were, however, also a period of scientific and technical revolution in world agriculture, resulting in an evolution of the productive forces and a rise in the technological level of Hungarian agriculture as well. These two factors, however, interacted mutually: the conditions and the necessity for a socialist transformation arose from modern technical development, whereas the establishment of socialist large-scale farms opened the way for a rapid and wide application of an advanced technology.

In the course of history, however, the primacy of political and social factors is evident. The collapse of the old social and economic order, the defeat of the capitalist-landowner class and the establishment of the people's rule based on an alliance of the workers and peasants made a dual agrarian revolution possible: the land reform and the socialist reorganization of agriculture. We must, therefore, first trace this radical transformation of production relations, after which we can take into account the advance of the forces of production.

Industrialization and Agriculture

In 1945, at the time of the Liberation, Hungary was an agrarian country, and the share of agriculture both in the national income and in exports was superior to that of the main sectors of industry taken together, and about half of the bread-winning population was engaged in agriculture. This economic preponderance of agriculture was associated, however, with significant economic and social problems.

The level of agricultural production by regions and sectors was very uneven and comparatively backward. Mechanization and, consequently, labour productivity were underdeveloped, the majority of the big estates were engaged in extensive farming, and only in a few districts did the small producers achieve higher outputs at exceedingly great labour. An intensification of agriculture was hampered by a backward industry and by the big estate system so that a more rapid advance could be realized in limited areas only.

The slow advance of industrialization led to a constantly growing excess of agricultural manpower. The latter found full employment only in the peak seasons. A broad strata of the agrarian proletariat were thus reduced to incredibly low living standards. The then current characterization of Hungary as the "country of three million beggars" was not just a figure of speech but a sociographic reality.

The comparatively high level of agricultural exports did not derive from an actual surplus but was made possible largely by the low level of domestic consumption. Owing to the exceedingly low living standards of the poor peasantry and the working class, the average consumption of fat, meat, vegetables, fruit, milk and milk products lagged behind that of the majority of European countries.

Besides industrial backwardness the most important factor in the economic and social development of the country was the stagnation of agricultural conditions. Agrarian reform and accelerated industrialization were thus the preconditions to any solution.

After the Liberation, the land reform of 1945 and the subsequent industrialization programme embodied in the Three-Year Plan (1948–1950) substantially changed the position of agriculture within the national economy. These changes were further deepened by the initiation of the socialist reorganization of agriculture and the rapid acceleration of socialist industrialization. Following the land reform agricultural production attained the pre-war level with incredible speed but subsequently slowed down, particularly as compared with industrial advance. Concurrently with this process

inland food consumption greatly increased, while the proportion of agricultural exports substantially diminished and the agricultural population decreased not only relatively but even in absolute figures. (The number of bread-winners in agriculture was 2.1 million in 1949 and 1.6 million in 1962.) In the production of the national income the share of agriculture has declined since 1961 to below 20%, while it exceeded 30% before 1955.

In little more than a decade the country has thus been transformed from a backward agrarian into an industrial-agrarian country in which a developed industry has become the leading sector of the national economy, although agriculture continues to play a fundamental role. The figures in themselves do not fully express the significance of agriculture and need to be supplemented in several respects.

The following should be particularly noted:

a) the percentual share in the production of the national income as calculated in the early fifties does not accurately reflect the share of agriculture, because the calculation methods then in use attributed to industry and commerce certain production values that cannot be separated from agriculture;

b) in foreign trade the export-import balance of agriculture is throughout positive, and in the domain of foodstuffs and their raw materials a greatly increased domestic consumption has not prevented a constant excess of exports over imports, which is not the case in industry (though from time to time a certain amount of cereals has to be imported, as, for instance, in 1963);

c) agriculture, both directly and through the excess of exports, is a decisive factor in the material supply of industry;

d) the reduction of the agricultural population is to some extent counterbalanced by the large number of so-called "double-life" people, i.e., workers who still own some land and continue to cultivate it in their free time.

All this points to the fact that the importance of agriculture within the national economy will not diminish within the foreseeable future.

The Land Reform of 1945

The land reform of 1945 put an end to the system of big estates owned by landed proprietors, and the whole of Hungarian agriculture was transformed into a conglomeration of individually or family-owned peasant holdings of varying size.

In 1935, 10.1 per cent of the country's area consisted of "holdings" of 0 to 5 cad. hold (1 cadastral hold = 0.57 hectares or 1.42 acres) which accounted for 72.4 per cent of all holdings. The small and middle peasants' holdings (5–20 hold) took up 21.8 per cent of the country's area and 21.4 per cent of the holdings. The larger holdings (20–100 hold) amounted to 5.4 per cent of the holdings and occupied roughly 20 per cent of the area. The biggest estates (over 100 hold)—their owners represented 0.8 per cent of all land-owners—occupied 48.1 per cent of the country's area.

This distribution was a consequence of the feudal big estates' system that continued to exist despite the abolition of serfdom in this country more than a hundred years ago. Emancipation, however, placed only about 30 per cent of the total area in the hands of the working peasantry, while 70 per cent remained big estates of landed proprietors. This disproportionate distribution of property was not essentially changed by the agrarian policy of subsequent years. Parcelling out, sales, settlements and so-called land reforms during a century only diminished landed property to 48.1 per cent of the total area, whilst a significant volume of great proprietors' estates—similarly of capitalist character—was newly established. (The holdings between 20 and 100 hold referred to in statistics were not all capitalist large peasant holdings, because the less intensively cultivated peasant holdings of 20–30 hold, in sandy, sodic, mountainous districts often hardly reached the middle-peasantry level. Statistically, however, only such size limits can be taken into consideration.)

The area affected by the land reform was 5.6 million hold, or 34.6 per cent of Hungary's arable land. The land reform extended to nearly 30 per cent of the ploughland, 20 per cent of the gardens, 30 per cent of the meadows, 33 per cent of the pastures and 59 per cent of the forests. Of the area affected 28 per cent came under state management (forests, fish ponds, reed-growing farms, experimental and model farms), 14 per cent under communal management (commons, building sites, etc.), and 58 per cent of the area went to individual new landholders, for the most part landless agricultural labourers and farm hands, as well as dwarf and smallholders and agricultural specialists.

As a consequence of the land reform agrarian conditions in 1949 presented the following picture:

	number of farms	their total ploughland in hold	percentage share in the country's arable land
1 hold	212,200	117,200	1.2
1—5 hold	664,700	1,679,000	17.9
5—20 hold	698,300	5,620,000	59.5
20— hold	77,800	1,983,00	21.2

The Social Stratification of the Agrarian Population

The land reform also radically changed the social stratification of the agrarian population. Before Liberation—besides some thousands of landed proprietors and some tens of thousands of big estates—one million families of poor peasants lived at the lowest level of the social hierarchy and the small and middle peasantry formed a comparatively thin layer; after the land reform the independent small and middle peasantry became the main stratum of the agrarian population.

Before the minor land reform of 1930 the distribution of the bread-winners in agriculture among independent farmers (land-owners, tenants and their working family members) and agricultural labourers as compared with the position in 1949 was as follows:

year	total in thousands	independent		agricultural workers	
		in thousands	per cent	in thousands	per cent
1930	2,016	1,236	61.2	780	38.6
1949	2,190	1,907	86.8	283	13.2

This statistical classification, however, includes layers of greatly varying class status.

The group of independents in 1930 included the following strata (in thousands):

	bread-winners	bread-winners and dependants together
middle and great proprietors and tenants above 100 hold	10.8	35.0
proprietor and tenant "large" farmers between 20 and 100 hold	144.0	276.3
proprietor and tenant small farmers between 5 and 20 hold	530.0	1,065.4
dwarf proprietors and tenants below 5 hold	518.0	1,145.8
independent share-farmers, gardeners, shepherds, etc.	21.3	112.5
Total:	1,236.0	2,635.0

The distribution of landless agricultural labourers in 1930 was as follows:

	bread-winners	bread-winners and dependants together
farm hands	518.0	1,145.8
workers, day labourers	565.0	1,230.4
Total:	1,083.0	2,376.2

Of the agricultural population of about 4.5 million 2.02 million were bread-winners, whose basic stratification may be described in the following terms:

Broadly speaking, $^1/_4$ of the agrarian population belonged to the middle

peasantry, $^2/_3$ to the poor peasantry, whereas the "large" peasantry did not amount even to $^1/_{10}$ and the landed proprietors ("gentlemen farmers") did not attain $^1/_{100}$. Of the 1.3 million poor peasants, $^1/_4$ were farm hands and the bulk was divided in almost equal proportions between landless workers, day labourers and dwarf tenant-proprietors.

By 1949 this social structure had fundamentally changed: the class of landed proprietors had ceased to exist, the agrarian proletariat became much smaller and the dwarf proprietors (poor peasants) and middle peasantry substantially increased both numerically and proportionately.

The Socialist Transformation of Agriculture

As in the other European people's democracies, this was carried out between 1949 and 1961. This period of little more than a decade—despite the political and social tension and contradictory policies that at times accompanied it—represents a uniform epoch in that, from the organization of the first "tenant cooperatives" to the virtual completion of socialist transformation, the same basic process may be detected: the uniting of the small individual or family holdings in large-scale collective farms; within this advance, however, the period between 1949 and 1956 was of an essentially different character (including a substantial change between 1953 and 1956) as against the period from 1957 to 1961 and, indeed, to the present day.

The concept of socialist transformation is inherent to the socialist revolution and thus an inseparable part of the democratic development that has taken place in Eastern Europe. The land reform and, with it, the foundation of the alliance between the working class and the peasantry, the creation of a unified workers' party, the nationalization of industrial, commercial and banking enterprises and the subsequent introduction of socialist planned economy were successive steps in a historical process which provided the basis for the socialist transformation of agriculture and the agrarian cooperative movement.

In the initial phase, up to 1949, the development was analogous in all the European people's democracies, but thereafter two of them showed a divergent evolution. In Poland the cooperative farm movement has not become general and the socialist transformation of agriculture has remained incomplete, while in Yugoslavia substantial changes in political and economic policy occurred which also led to a new concept in the socialist reorganization of agriculture.

Principles of Socialist Transformation

After the fusion of the two workers' parties in Hungary the dictatorship of the proletariat was realized in 1949. This created the political conditions for socialist transformation.

The main traits of the practical programme of the transformation of agriculture can be characterized as follows:

a) realization of the socio-political conditions for large-scale socialist farming as described above;

b) creation of the economic conditions for large-scale socialist farming with the aid of socialist state industry and commerce, the state machine stations and other state support;

c) acceptance of the collective farm system as the main organizational form of socialist agriculture, on the strength of the experience and example of Soviet socialist agriculture; adoption of the principle of voluntary participation and gradualism based on the general rural cooperative movement, with state farms playing a subordinate part and serving special purposes;

d) development of the government organs in agriculture in such a way that, beyond assuring direction of agricultural production, they should become the guiding organs in carrying out socialist transformation and subsequently in setting up large-scale socialist farms.

These were the constantly accepted and announced principles. Their actual realization was, however, influenced and distorted by certain basic political and economic factors. The atmosphere of the personality cult placed its stamp on the first phase. In the political sphere it found expression mainly in ruthless administrative methods, not only against the "kulaks" but often even against the middle peasantry, and in the enforcement of a strict and increasingly arbitrary central direction as against local initiative and the views of those concerned. In economic policy it was manifested mainly in highly exaggerated investments, in a one-sided concept of socialist industrialization to the detriment of industries connected with agriculture and of agriculture itself, in the enforcement of an obligatory delivery system applied to the marketing of agricultural products and in the neglect of even the minimum material-technical needs of agriculture.

All this caused serious political and economic difficulties and—together with general difficulties in the national economy—led to a crisis in agricultural production as a whole and in its socialist transformation. At the same time the political mood of the peasantry and their willingness to produce was gravely compromised. Although in 1953 these difficulties became evident, no new concept yet arose to succeed the old one, but the

predominance of the latter was broken and many of its elements became controversial. This was reflected in the contradictions and uncertainties of day-to-day economic policy and in the standstill and even retrogression of the cooperative movement.

The New Concept

The new concept concerning the development and socialist transformation of agriculture evolved after 1956, on the basis of the new course of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party in the political and economic spheres. The new guiding principles departed from the former policy mainly in the following:

a) the political equilibrium of the alliance between the working class and the peasantry must be restored by winning the confidence of the working peasantry and by making socialist agriculture attractive;

b) the socialist transformation of agriculture must be realized by the simultaneous fulfilment of the "double task", i.e. on the one hand, technical aid to the whole of agriculture and, on the other, the cessation of administrative measures apt to turn the individually farming peasantry against the cooperative farms;

c) the organization and direction of cooperative farms must be developed with the broad and sincere cooperation of the working peasantry, and consequently the leadership of the collective farms must be entrusted to those in whom the village population has confidence, while state guidance must be based not on administrative measures, but on the peasants' material interestedness and incentives;

d) in the internal organization of the cooperative farms it must be made possible to establish a variety of types of cooperative farms according to the decision of the members and the local leaders, and in the organization of labour, its remuneration and the distribution of income there should be no insistence on rigid patterns, thus permitting diversified local solutions and transitory forms within the limits of the basic principles of socialism.

e) a wide-scale state assistance to cooperative farms must be developed with a view to consolidating collective farms both materially and organizationally and increasing their output;

f) this maximum assistance to cooperative farms must not lead to the supplanting or liquidation of individual household plots, nor should state assistance to their commodity production be withdrawn until the large-scale collective farms are fully able to meet increasing demand.

The economic policy designed to put this concept into practice extends

equally to the development of the cooperative movement, to increasing the size of the cooperative farms and to the establishment of new cooperative farms, as well as to creating new working conditions within the cooperative and new approaches to farming.

The Organizing Work of the Cooperative Movement

This was conducted primarily in two directions: a broad campaign for enrolling the peasants into the agricultural cooperatives together with the means of production, and recommendations as to the types of cooperative farms to be set up and as to the consolidation and development of farming conditions within the cooperative. The organs directing this activity were those of the party (the Central Committee and the territorial and local party organs), but state and social organs also took part in it; the press, the radio and educational societies had a particularly prominent role in this work.

The principal theme of this activity was the historical necessity and superiority of large-scale socialist farming as against that of small peasants' or capitalist agriculture. Further topics of debate were the types of cooperation and the internal farm conditions (such as labour organization, remuneration, distribution of income, leadership), both in the form of recommendations and the generalization of local experience and in the form of criticism of various occurrences.

These activities undoubtedly played a decisive part in the socialist transformation of Hungarian agriculture. The nation-wide common opinion that developed in the final stage of transformation similarly served to generalize large-scale socialist farming. This historical fact must be particularly stressed in the face of a tendency to contest the truly cooperative nature of the cooperative farms and to doubt the voluntary character of the movement. It must be admitted that in the course of the campaign sharp words were occasionally uttered and coercive methods were here and there applied, but as a whole the transformation was the result of a social movement based on a nation-wide community of views. The revolutionary proportions and dramatic speed of the transformation have, of course, caused a great number of personal conflicts, but in the end it resulted in the success of the new form of farming even in the consciousness of the people The human and social tensions of this epoch and their resolution in the victory, consolidation and inner development of large-scale socialist farming have already become a historical reality, which exists not only in the living reality and in the profes-

sional and scientific sphere but is strongly evidenced also in literature and art.

The other driving force in socialist transformation was the administrative and economic direction exercised by the organs of state administration, which, in line with what has been said above, differed substantially in the earlier and final years of reorganization.

The main administrative fields in which the economic policy of social transformation operated in the earlier period were the following: restriction of the kulaks, compulsory deliveries, commassation, management of the machine stations, planning of, and state subvention to, cooperative farms and regulation of their working conditions.

Perhaps the most dramatic and crucial element was the "kulak list." The source of the conflicts was that previously the manifest facts of rural exploitation had opposed the poor peasants to the richer ones, who exploited their farm hands and labourers particularly in the region east of the River Tisza. However, the kulak list introduced in 1949, and the ruthless methods employed against the "big" peasants—particularly the rigidity with which once poor peasants who by their diligence had become big farmers without thereby necessarily changing into exploiters were also treated as kulaks—finally turned the common opposition of the working peasantry into solidarity with them. Progressive taxes, heavier compulsory deliveries by the big farmers and their exclusion from certain rights still appeared justified and met with the general approval of the poorer peasantry, but the methods of liquidation applied (such as confiscation of houses, criminal proceedings, prison terms, resettlement) elicited a negative reaction. These methods were, of course, discontinued after 1956.

The system of *compulsory deliveries* in itself was disliked by the peasantry, but it became particularly antipathetical when used as a means of inducing people to enter the cooperative farms. It evoked such broad opposition that it unavoidably led to a decline in production. And when the same system was inconsiderately applied to the cooperative farms, it deeply embittered the peasants who had already joined them. Thus it became evident that the system of compulsory deliveries became untenable and was discontinued in 1957.

Commassation was the other administrative factor that played a particular role in the first period of transformation. It was an evident and necessary condition of large-scale farming that the land belonging to those joining a cooperative farm should be concentrated. Commassation was, however, also used as an administrative means of enrolling the peasants into the cooperative farms and thus caused wide dissatisfaction on their part, resulting in

wide-spread dereliction of land that was then offered to the state land fund. This of course also served to reduce production. Owing to these experiences from 1957 on commassation, which remained invariably necessary, was applied in a much more elastic manner and with the least possible harm to vested interests (indemnity for investments, endeavour to limit commassation to minimum changes).

The machine stations, as state establishments performing machine work for the new collective farms, were an inescapable necessity. The system, however, included two factors that made the state machine stations undesirable for the cooperative farms. For one thing, they had a monopoly in the operation of agricultural machines, and the cooperative farms were not allowed to purchase large machines; moreover, they exercised a political and economic leadership over the cooperative farms. In practice, the cooperative farms could not put up with either of these and a growing tension developed between them and the machine stations. As a consequence these aspects of the machine stations had to be changed as was the case also in the Soviet Union. It is remarkable that after the governing role of the machine stations was abandoned in 1957 and the cooperative farms were given the possibility of purchasing their own machines, the work of the machine stations and their relations with the cooperative farms rapidly improved.

The planning of the cooperative farms as part of the system of socialist planned economy was from the outset of a peculiar character. While the cooperative farms, as large-scale undertakings, are obliged to draft plans, they are not bound to the plans in the same way as the state undertakings; on the other hand, the plans of the national economy must be carried out also in the cooperative farms. In the first period of socialist transformation—in the so-called Stalinist period—the directing organs tried to reconcile this duality by prescribing the production plans of the cooperative farms. And since the production policy of that period included trends that lacked a scientific basis (e.g., cotton growing, raising the level of production without chemical fertilizers, large-scale sowing on stubbles as a main fodder base), the cooperative farms could not fulfil the plans and did not feel them as their own. Since 1957 this method of detailed planning from above has been replaced by sounder, economic methods (production contracts, the stimulus of economic benefits, price policy, etc.).

State subvention of cooperative farms has also changed in character during the second period of socialist reorganization.

The principle of state support was recognized from the start but was not actually realized in the first period, and the assistance granted became merely

nominal in view of the price system and the methods of support applied. Since 1958, however, a system of effective subsidies has been realized.

At the beginning of socialist transformation the task of organizing collective farming was entirely new, and only the experience gained in the Soviet Union could serve as model. Therefore it is easy to understand that the first model statutes imposed organization methods developed in the Soviet Union on the cooperative farms of Hungary. Soon, however, a tension arose because, even in the face of initial domestic experience and various local initiatives, the directing organs stuck to the letter of the chosen scheme. As a consequence a cleavage developed between theory-dominated direction and practice, which became so serious that in many cases the cooperative farms obtained leaders not wanted by the membership, inadequately acquainted with local conditions and often without training in agriculture. This too had to be changed in the subsequent period. Agricultural cooperatives now choose their own leaders and have developed forms of leadership, labour organization and work remuneration suited to their conditions. These factors have been decisive in the successful realization of the "double task" of consolidating the new and enlarged cooperative farms without any decline in production.

Work Organization

After several bursts of activity and subsequent recessions a "general transformation" took place in 1960 and 1961. Socialist reorganization was thereby essentially completed with the result that in large areas of Hungary the so-called type-III cooperative farms became prevalent (in which members hand over their lands to the cooperative and spend their full working-time in collective work gaining their reward on the basis of the so-called "working-day units"; as a rule, members also have a right to own a household plot in this type of cooperative), although in some parts of the country agricultural cooperative groups and specialized producers' cooperatives have also been established or retained. In Hungary the transformation had a particular feature that greatly influenced the farming conditions evolved. Whereas in the other socialist countries only one cooperative farm could develop in each village, there was no such restriction in Hungary, and in each village or borough several cooperative farms, even of different types, could be formed at will. In 1960 and 1961, however, it already became the practice for one cooperative farm to be constituted in each village, originally or by amalgamation. In a considerable number of villages, there are, nevertheless, several cooperative farms, due to the fact, among others, that large-size villages and boroughs are characteristic of Hungary.

The various types of farms in Hungary can thus be classified as follows (data mainly as of 1961):

a) the number of state farms is 271, with a total area of 1,822,000 hold, and an average area per farm of 6,723 hold;

b) the number of cooperative farms of type III is 4,204, with a total area of, 6,814,000 hold and an average area per farm of 1,882 hold;

c) the number of cooperative farms of lower type (i.e., of types I and II) is 319, with a total area of 397,000 hold and an average area per farm of 1,240 hold;

d) 960,000 collective farmers own household plots, including gardens immediately surrounding the house totalling 170,000 hold and other land in individual or family use totalling 950,000 hold;

e) so-called complementary farm plots of less than 1 hold are owned by 1,100,000 people of varying occupations, with a total area of 130,000 hold;

f) finally, there are 170,000 individual farm plots of more than 1 hold, with a total area of 280,000 hold.

(The proportions have not significantly changed since 1961. However, where available, the author draws on the latest statistical figures concerning the period after 1961.)

These figures show that large-scale production has become predominant in Hungarian agriculture, although small-scale production of complementary or auxiliary character continues. The latter may be considered as of transitory character, but the transition is bound to extend over a longer historical period.

The distribution between large-scale and small-scale production differs greatly according to branches of production. Cereals, rough fodder, sugar-beet, sunflowers and industrial crops are produced overwhelmingly on large-scale socialist farms; this is true also of sheep and horse breeding; berry and—in part—vegetable production and poultry breeding are, however, still largely dependent on small-scale household farming. The other branches of production, particularly those of grain maize, potatoes and certain vegetables, as well as viticulture and fruit growing, cattle and pig breeding, are by and large equally divided between large-scale socialist farms and individual household plots. However, the ratio of large-scale production is increasing year by year and the majority of the products sold as commodities to-day already comes from the large-scale socialist farms.

This transformation of farming conditions has led to a profound change in the social stratification of the agricultural population.

By 1962 an entirely new social structure had come into being, which showed the following stratification:

	per 1,000 persons	per cent
agricultural workers	321	17.8
agricultural employees	36	1.8
members of cooperative farms	1,183	64.5
assisting family members of collective farmers	100*	5.2
individual farmers (with assisting family members)	224	11.5
Total:	1,864	100.0

* Estimate based on the 1960 census, which also provided the data for the other figures, supplemented in part by the Agricultural Statistical Handbook of 1962.

The 321,000 agricultural workers were distributed as follows:

	per 1,000 persons	per cent
state farms	144.9	45.2
machine stations	36.0	11.4
state forestry	43.4	13.4
specialized agricultural enterprises	11.2	3.4
elsewhere	85.5	26.6
Total:	321.0	100.0

About $^2/_3$ of the agricultural population have thus become collective farmers, nearly $^1/_5$ are farm workers, and the leading specialists and administrative workers represent almost 2 per cent. The rest are assisting family members, individual farmers, etc.

The further stratification of approximately 1.2 million collective farmers also shows a remarkable trend.

The mid-1962 statistics reveal a total of 1,110,350 collective farmers (besides 107,289 regularly working family members).

About $^1/_3$ of the cooperative farm members either did not work, as a result of being pensioned, or—because of their age—only engaged in occasional, supplementary work.

Among the working members 276,000 (25 per cent of the total) had steady positions on the cooperative farms. This represents some 15 per cent of all bread-winners in agriculture. If we add the agricultural employees (on state farms, etc.) numbering 357,000, then it can be stated that in 1962 a total of 643,000 agricultural bread-winners were working steadily in large-scale agricultural enterprises similar to those of industry. This is 34 per cent, about a third of all those engaged in agriculture. The remaining two thirds have not yet found this type of work and their labour is devoted in part to the collectivity, in part to the household plot, the household and to individual farming.

Achievements of Large-Scale Farming

The production trend in the years before and after transformation is revealed by the following indices:

Gross production of large-scale farming

	Total (in millions of forints)	per hold of crop land (in forints)	Index (1949=100)
1958	62,740	4,251	134
1959	66,179	4,486	142
1960	62,907	4,272	135
1961	63,328	4,315	136
1962	63,493	4,345	136

The maintenance of the production level—and its rise in 1963—refers to Hungarian agriculture as a whole including state farms, cooperative farms,

household plots of collective farmers, and supplementary and individual farms. Within this framework the proportions, of course, vary; thus, on the state farms that were formed and consolidated earlier, the development of produtcion was understandably more consistent than on the cooperative farms that were newly formed or, at least, largely increased in 1960–1961.

State Farms

The 217 state farms existing in 1962 with a labour force of 152,000 farmed 4.1 per cent of the total area of the country, corresponding to 11.1 per cent of the arable land, and their produce was almost 13 per cent of the national total. This was the result of a decade's development, as in 1949–50 the area and production of the state farms was still insignificant (most of them were experimental and model farms for educational purposes). The overwhelming majority of the state farms come under the Administration of State Farms of the Ministry of Agriculture, though a few of them operate under other ministries.

The quota represented by the *state sector* is shown in more detail by the following table:

Percentage of	
total agricultural area (1962)	16.9%
arable land	14.0%
vineyard area (1962)	9.9%
garden and orchard area (1963)	15.9%
area sown to cereals (1963)	10.9%
area sown to maize (1963)	10.7%
area sown to potatoes and vegetables (1963)	4.9%
cattle stock (1963)	12.8%
pig stock (1963)	14.1%
sheep stock (1963)	28.1%
poultry stock (1963)	2.7%
gross production value of agriculture (1961)	12.4%
of state commodity purchases (1962)	22.2%

The state farms from the outset have had a threefold task, that of producing seed and pedigree stock for the whole of agriculture, of developing technical and farm management methods for advanced large-scale farming, and of producing commodities.

The experimental and model farms also serve special purposes, and their tasks fit into the three general functions of the state farms. Having overcome the difficulties of the transitory period the state farms as a whole have proved to be profitable undertakings.

The state farms fit into the socialist national economy in a similar way to that of the socialist industrial enterprises. Their top directive organ is—as already stated—the Chief Administration of the State Farms of the Ministry of Agriculture, and their immediate directing organs are the administrations organized generally for each county (in some places for two counties).

Each of the farms is a state undertaking bound by the production, investment and other plans of its directing county organ, and under the personal responsibility of its director assisted by from two to four deputies (senior agronomist, head gardener, chief stock-breeding expert, financial manager). The various farms are grouped into units enjoying a certain autonomy, partly on a territorial basis and partly according to branches. The remuneration system is similar to that of the industrial undertakings (fixed salaries for the technical and leading employees, wages by results for the manual workers, supplemented by efficiency wages, various bonuses and participation in year-end profits.)

In gradually developing their threefold task the state farms have reached the point during the past years where they are essentially fulfilling their principal functions:

a) the bulk of the country's requirement in seed-grain and breeding animals is produced by the state farms, which even produce surplus for exportation in certain types of seed-grain;

b) in evolving advanced large-scale technique and technology and in developing forms of farm management the state farms have obtained considerable authority in the socialist countries;

c) the efficiency of their commodity production is demonstrated by the fact that while supplying 12.4 per cent of the gross agricultural production on 16.9 per cent of the agricultural area of the country they furnish 22.2 per cent of the produce entering into state commerce.

The state farms have thus become the most advanced sector of agriculture, as evidenced particularly by the following results for 1962.

	Main crop yields in metric quintals per cad. hold	
	nation-wide	state farms
wheat	10.3	13.7
winter barley	11.8	14.0
summer barley	12.5	16.1
maize	14.5	16.9
peas	6.5	7.7
sugar beets	121.8	129.7
potatoes	51.9	64.4

Still more significant are the achievements of the state farms in stock breeding.

	nation-wide	state farms
progeny per cow	7.5	8.6
annual milk yield per cow (in litres)	2,115	3,160
annual average number of eggs per hen	80	153
annual yield of wool per sheep (in kilograms)	3	4.2

(Agricultural Statistical Handbook 1963, pp. 52–175)

In the period of socialist transformation and in subsequent years the acreage of the state farms did not significantly increase, nor can such increase be expected in the years to come. Though the position of state farms in the system of socialist agriculture has thus consolidated, the cooperative farm sector is now and will remain the principal factor in agriculture.

Cooperative Farms

The cooperative farms have become the predominant farm types of Hungarian agriculture in the sense that large-scale cooperative farms form the majority and that, together with the household plots belonging to them, they provide the bulk of agricultural production, as illustrated by the following table, which, in terms of percentages of agriculture as a whole, gives a breakdown for the period from 1961 to 1963:

	collective production	produce from household plots	other forms of cooperative production	cooperative sector as a whole
arable area	65.6	9.9	4.1	79.6
entire agricultural area	62.2	9.5	4.4	76.1
area sown to cereals	83.4	—	5.7	89.1
area sown to potatoes and vegetables	58.4	24.5	6.0	88.9
area sown to maize	39.9	30.9	4.3	73.1
cattle stock	40.1	36.5	—	76.6
pig stock	31.2	35.7	—	66.9
sheep stock	58.3	8.6	—	66.9
poultry stock	3.7	55.0	—	58.7
gross production value	35.4	26.0	4.0	65.4
state commodity purchases	54.1	17.1	—	71.1

To understand the organization of cooperative farms one must know that the Hungarian term *termelőszövetkezet* (literally: producers' cooperative*) from the beginning has had a dual meaning. On the one hand it applies to the totality of members who have joined the cooperative farm as a social organization, but it also means the collective farm itself as a large-scale cooperative enterprise. This also implies that the members are at one and the same time co-partners, co-proprietors and workers of the collective farm. In

* In line with established practice, the term "cooperative farm" has been used in this article. — *The Editor.*

addition they are owners of small-sized household plots serving their family for subsistence but also closely connected with the farm community.

These complicated legal and economic relations are regulated by the cooperative farm statutes, which determine the rights and obligations of members, the leading cooperative organs, the forms of labour organization and the distribution of income. The model rules for the statutes have the force of law. Within this reasonably broad framework each cooperative farm determines its own statutes. They are accepted by the general assembly of the cooperative farm, but need the approval of the competent local government organ (town or district council), thus insuring supervision of the law's observance.

Upon approval of the statutes the cooperative farm is inscribed in the certified list of cooperative farms. This is similar in significance to registration or incorporation of firms in capitalist countries.

The rights and obligations of members are fully specified by the law and are also defined in detail by the statutes of each farm. Their observance is controlled by the government organs.

The most important membership rights are:

a) participation in the general assembly and equal voting rights;

b) eligibility to cooperative farm positions;

c) claim to ground rent on the private land contributed to the cooperative farm;

d) free choice with regard to labour assignments;

e) share in the income of the cooperative farm according to work performed;

f) maintenance of a household plot within the limits specified by the law or the statutes.

The main obligations of members are:

a) to contribute their land and other means of production to the collective farm;

b) to participate in collective work;

c) to observe the scheduled order of work;

d) to protect the assets of the cooperative farm.

The supreme organ of the cooperative farm is the general assembly (in larger cooperatives the general assembly of delegates), which elects the leading organs, approves the annual plan of management and the final accounts, raises loans, and admits or excludes members.

The leadership carries out the administrative tasks of the cooperative farm. The leaders, generally between 5 and 15 in number (the minimum being 3), are elected by the general assembly usually for 4 years.

The general assembly also elects a control commission and disciplinary commission.

The chairman of the cooperative farm is its responsible leader and legal representative and directs its work in collaboration with the leadership. He is elected by the general assembly for a four-year period.

The managers of the collective work on the cooperative farm are the senior agronomist, the chief stock-breeding expert, the leaders of the brigades or farming units, the chief accountant, etc., chosen by the leadership from among the farm members or from among qualified outsiders.

The income is distributed to some extent in proportion to the land brought in (ground rent) and mainly in conformity with the work performed, partly in money and partly in kind.

The share in income was formerly calculated entirely—and still is, for the most part—according to so-called working-day units, representing average work performed during an average working day; the different kinds of work are converted into this equivalent. The income quota used depends on the distributable farm income and amounts, since several years, to some 30 ft. on a national average. There are, however, cooperative farms where guaranteed cash remuneration is applied, although in others the remuneration of labour and the share in the income represent a percentage of crop yields.

Household Plots

The statutes also deal with the household plots of members. Each family is allowed to retain the following means of production: a dwelling house and attached farm buildings; land amounting to a maximum of 1.42 acres; lesser tools necessary for cultivating the household plot; one cow and its progeny; one or two sows and their progeny; five sheep or goats; poultry, rabbits, bees in unlimited quantity.

This social and economic organization of the cooperative farms, gradually evolving in the course of the expansion of the cooperative movement, developed by and large along lines similar to those in the other people's democracies, but with two essential differences. One of these—that there can be several cooperative farms in one village or borough—has already been referred to.

The other is connected with the household plots, which in the other countries are independent of the collective farm and form a permanent area. In Hungary, however, only part of the household plots is of this type (gardens and kitchen gardens, vineyards), whereas another part consists of plots that are carved out each year from the collectively cultivated territory

and handed over to the members already ploughed, cultivated and often planted (as a rule to maize).

The household plots cover altogether 1,306,000 hold, including 712,000 hold carved out each year and 594,000 hold in permanent individual possession. The former can be regarded more or less as large-scale territory, because it fits into the crop rotation of collective farming and is subject to large-scale cultivation. (At the same time this annually re-assigned territory is the object of intensive manual cultivation, and nearly one third of the total shelled maize crop of the country is produced on it.)

Farming Conditions on the Cooperative Farms

These are characterized by the fact that in 1962 3,719 cooperative farms were operating on an area of 8.1 million hold with more than a million members. Some 80 per cent of the entire area of the cooperative farms falls to farms between 1,000 and 5,000 hold with an average membership between 200 and 500. These figures show that Hungary's cooperative farms are actually large-scale farms in character; large-scale organization and leadership was gradually built up in them, parallel with large-scale means of production.

The framework of large-scale organization was provided by the statutes, as in other socialist countries, but as time went on practice often departed from the rules, so that farming conditions in many respects evolved in a different manner from those in the other countries.

The work organization of the cooperative farms may be described in the following terms:

The central representative of farm management is the chairman, with whom the responsible leaders of the various sectors—senior agronomist, chief stock-breeding expert and chief accountant—are associated. On most farms there is also an elected deputy chairman, who usually directs the subsidiary enterprises; the chief agronomist is often elected to this post.

A noteworthy feature of Hungarian farm management is that the chairman is mainly the principal coordinating force, and the operative farm management is in the hands of the senior agronomist, either in his capacity of deputy chairman or otherwise.

The production units of the cooperative farms are generally the brigades, which simultaneously constitute units of labour organization; they are headed by brigade leaders entrusted with this task by the farm administration. The brigades (and other production units) generally are divided into working groups of 10 to 30.

Machines are centrally managed, but usually the horse teams are attached to the brigades. The organizational form of manual labour for labour-intensive crops is customarily that of individual or family acreage distribution. While machine and draught-animal work is thus performed collectively, most of the intensive manual labour (hoeing) is carried out on land assigned to the individual members for cultivation with the aid of his family. This method, which became widely established during the months following the socialist transformation of agriculture, is a specific and very positive solution, having almost no parallel in other socialist countries; it is, of course, not called for in the case of more mechanized labour.

The cooperative farms receive a substantial state subsidy and, in turn, the state exercises systematic influence on their operation. The subsidy consists of credits, dotations *à fonds perdus*, supply of breeding material under favourable terms, expert advice (assignment of experts), etc.

State guidance is based upon the principle that, because the cooperative farm is the common property of its members, it should rely on systematic influencing rather than on giving orders. The means applied are economic incentives, credits, price policy, production and marketing contracts, expert advice and recommendations, etc.

Every cooperative farm prepares an annual working plan and profit-and-loss account providing the basis of farming and of income distribution, respectively.

They are prepared by the management of the cooperative farm and approved by the general assembly, on the basis of rules set forth in state specifications; moreover, they only become valid after confirmation by the competent government organ.

The two main instruments of fitting the cooperative farms into the whole of socialist planned economy are the working plans and the final accounts. The application of these principles has led to a vigorous development of the cooperative farms, a significant part of which can already be regarded as consolidated large-scale farms. A number can successfully compete with the generally more developed state farms and can be considered as high level representatives of modern large-scale farming.

Other Types of Cooperative Farms

The simpler type cooperative farms are components of considerably less weight than the so-called type III cooperatives. In 1962 there were 282 agricultural cooperative groups, 84 specialized producers' groups and a

total of about 100 vine growing communities and groups in the country. Their share in total Hungarian agriculture is as follows:

Percentage of arable land	4.1
vineyard area	13.5
entire agricultural area	4.4
area sown to potatoes and vegetables	6.0

Thus they play a considerable role in viticulture, which is particularly important in the region between the Danube and Tisza rivers. The significance of these types of producers' cooperatives lies, however, mainly in the spheres of theory and economic policy, not only during socialist transformation but also for a longer forthcoming period as they reveal a reconciliation of personal incentive and collective farming—very suitable for crops needing considerable investments (vine, tobacco, etc.)—that differs substantially from that of the cooperative farms of type III. Whereas in the latter the land and the bulk of the means of production was taken over by the collectivity and only a specified part was left in the framework of the household plot, the situation is reversed in the cooperatives of simpler type; here specified instruments of production are brought together in the hands of the community, while otherwise the production is conducted individually. Even in these simpler cooperatives, however, the collective farming gradually extends, because the members make certain annual contributions to the common investments (planting, stock breeding) and marketing the produce of its members.

These cooperatives are consequently not the fossil remnants of individual farming but producers' cooperatives that are also on the road to large-scale collective farming.

Development of Production

The revolutionary changes in productive relations have radically transformed the farming conditions of Hungarian agriculture. No change of similar dimensions has occurred in the productive forces, in the technical level of production, although here too some highly significant advances have been made. In the period of transformation—both for objective reasons and those of economic policy—the technical development was comparatively slow, while in the period after the transformation—as a consequence both of the transformation and changed economic policy—the pace of advance has accelerated and continues to do so.

The development of the past twenty years can be summarized to the effect that a significant evolution has taken place

a) in mechanization: replacement of draught-animal power by mechanical sources of energy and mechanization of a number of working processes;

b) in chemization: more extensive use of chemical fertilizers, plant protection agents, chemicals for animal hygiene and herbicides;

c) in biological methods: wide use of hybrid seeds, new plant and animal varieties;

d) in farm management: organization of factory-like large-scale production (plantations, vegetable gardening, poultry farms, pig breeding, dairy farming) in some state farms and more advanced producers' cooperatives;

e) in land meliorations: various soil improvements, extension of irrigation and afforestation.

These advances begin to manifest themselves in improved stock breeding, but the 20-year period has been insufficient to permit our agricultural production to increase significantly or to approach that of the most developed countries. This is understandable, because the transformation of productive relations and the relative lag in the development of productive forces could not result in an accelereated increase of production, which has become possible only now, in the last years of a development covering two decades.

*

These are the elements serving to compose the picture of the development of Hungarian agriculture during the last twenty years.

All this is not the result of constant advance. Hungarian agriculture, on the contrary, passed through the shocks of radical changes and the difficulties caused by errors in economic policy. Yet, at the end of these twenty years, it can be stated that productive relations have consolidated and a large-scale development of productive forces has begun. As a result the decades to come may be expected to be a period in which the socialist system of agriculture will achieve an ever higher level of production and large-scale farming will increasingly reveal its superiority over both the former small peasant's holdings and the one-time landed estates.

DISCUSSION ON ECONOMIC PLANNING

by

EGON KEMENES

There are generally speaking two cases in which the economy of a country attracts international attention: if it goes bankrupt, or if it shows signs of healthy development.

In the case of Hungary it is, of these two alternatives, certainly *not* any symptom of bankruptcy that has lately captured the attention of the world press.

Towards the end of last year a number of leading Western papers published articles on Hungary, all of which—in devoting space to strictly economic questions—acknowledged achievements. A list of these articles would include those in Newsweek,[1] The Guardian,[2] Le Monde,[3] The New York Herald Tribune[4] and U.S. News and World Report.[5]

Here we shall confine ourselves to a discussion of the series of articles originating in Budapest and entitled *Ungarn—Beispiel einer sozialistischen Planwirtschaft* (Hungary—an example of Socialist Planned Economy). Written by Dr. Willy Linder and published in the Neue Zürcher Zeitung in a series of fourteen articles,[6] they endeavoured to analyse and to summarize and partly also to explain the achievements and problems of the Hungarian planned economy.

This series has a claim on the attention of informed public opinion and economic experts, not only due to its length and elaborateness, but also because of its objectivity and high standard as well as the thoroughgoing analytical work which is reflected in the articles. Its interest for the theo-

[1] October 28, 1963
[2] December 4, 1963
[3] November 9, 1963
[4] October 25, 1963
[5] December 30, 1963
[6] December 1, 5, 6, 8, 12, 14, 21, 29, 1963
January 1, 4, 8, 9, 15 and 18, 1964

retician is enhanced by its description and evaluation of all features of the contemporary Hungarian economy from the unified aspect of planning.

This, of course, does not mean that no debatable statements appear in the series, although they seem the natural result of the author's own doubts and reservations.

In summarizing the series of articles, we do not so much want to dispute the author's views as to complete the facts with a few details which, in our opinion, are necessary to give a fuller picture of the Hungarian economy.

Planned Economy as an Economic System

Most of the material open to argument is contained in the first article, which criticizes planned economy as an economic system, in principle, comparing it to a free market economy. Here the presentation of the Hungarian planned economy as a projection of a "totalitarian political state power" —as an illustration, as it were, of Walter Eucken's theory on the "interdependence of systems"—is one-sided, as it ignores the economic reasons for this planning. There does, of course, exist an interdependence between politics and economics, but as the name of the above-mentioned concept shows, this interdependence is mutual. Of the two directions of interdependence, the article mentions only the dependence of the economy on politics, its drawbacks and dangers—although the dependence of political life on the economy (e.g., the dependence of state power on the monopolies) is not without dangers either.

The book by E. S. Finer on British lobbyism, the role of economic pressure groups,[7] presents a convincing enough picture of this. It is true, of course, that political power may be misused; the socialist countries too know this from their own experience. But neither do the cases of misuse of economic power belong among the brightest pages of history. And, although fortuitous, it is still significant that the two great utopias of our era keep a balance in this regard: the horrible vision of a hypertrophy of politics is conveyed in Orwell's "1984," and of economics in Huxley's "Brave New World."

As an argument in favour of our stand for a planned economy, we can best refer to the backwardness of our earlier social and economic structure and to the necessity dictated by historical development—an argument which, though objectively mentioned, is then relegated by the author to the background in his emphasis on the political aspects.

[7] E. S. Finer: Anonymous Empire — A Study of the Lobby in Great Britain, 1958, The Pall Mall Press, Ltd., London.

True, the author of the articles finds it difficult to judge planning from the platform of the contemporary Western economies; for are not those economies (and bourgeois economic theories too) more and more interwoven with endeavours at planning? So much so that methods developed by Western experts on economic planning are being followed with lively interest by Hungarian economists too, and the results of their research have had a fertile effect on Hungarian planning methods. Suffice it to mention here such outstanding Western economists as Ragnar Frisch or Jan Tinbergen, whose "Econometrics" was published in Hungarian as early as 1957.

As a result, the author is also obliged to refer to increased planning in the free market economies. True, his references sound a bit old-fashioned; they are treated not so much as achievements in the course of development, but rather as something that had to be admitted, of which there was little cause to be proud. The article thus draws a sharp line between Western attempts at planning on the one hand and socialist planned economy on the other.

Nevertheless, the Neue Zürcher Zeitung describes developments in Hungarian planning since 1959, its new methods and experiments, as "most remarkable from the Western point of view too." We believe the author is right in stating that Hungarian planning is today characterized by an effort at greater elasticity and flexibility. We should add, however, that this does not aim at a relaxation of planning, only at making it more effective.

Economic Policy

In the second article of the series, the detailed description of present-day Hungarian economic policy is introduced with the statement that the objectives of the plan have become more realistic and that more attention is being paid to a balanced economy. The article states that the rate of growth is in certain respects fast and that the situation of supply is improving. Even in analysing the Three-Year Plan of 1958–60, not a very suitable example, since its mainly reconstructive character makes it unrepresentative, the article, though pointing out certain backlogs, refers to the actual results achieved in that period.

In sketching the principles of economic policy, the author also approves of the need for industrialization as a starting point. But, he continues, raw materials are scarce and the internal market is small. This has two consequences: labour-intensive goods have to be produced, and foreign trade must be given an important role. As the country is small, industry

has to be highly specialized to be able to compete with that of other countries in the world market. The converse of this is that the role of agriculture in the country's economy will become less important.

The author also agrees with these principles of economic policy which are contained, among others, in documents referring to the second Five-Year Plan (1961–65). His doubts concern their realization and the efficiency of the means made available by planning. Hungarian economists do not entertain these doubts, but they are not completely satisfied either with the present mechanism of planning and do not wish to turn their backs on efforts to improve it—efforts that have made Hungarian economic life so exciting in recent years. Clearly, the realization of this economic policy will be difficult and will demand sacrifices. We see the same obstacles as the author, who deals with them right through the series without ever summarizing them. What we have in mind, of course, are investments and the sacrifice which, in the last resort, they always call for in the domain of consumption. The author concludes, for the most part through analysis of the individual branches of the economy, with the statement that a more rapid advance can be expected only from further investments. In fact, these dispersed but consistently recurring references to the necessity of investments form the fundamental truth in the series of articles, a truth of which Hungarian economists are also fully aware; economic development means the increase of production, and this in turn can in the present state of the Hungarian economy (full employment, *after* the full absorption of free reserves of labour) be achieved only through investments that improve productivity, introduce increasingly advanced techniques, and are therefore more and more costly. Investments are possible only at the expense of consumption or, to be more exact, at the expense of the growth rate of consumption, i.e., by slowing down the rise of the standard of living. We arrive here at the ultimate truth of economics, valid for the budget of a family just as it is for the budget of a country; one can spend only as much as one has, and to spend more on one thing necessitates reducing one's spending in some other direction. It is in connection with this financial problem that we, for our part, find the task to be the more difficult—not in our planning methods and the organization of our economy, which the author describes in subsequent articles of the series.

System of Planning

In writing about the system of planning, the author carefully describes the process of planning and its mechanism; he deals in detail with the role

of the various links in the chain (enterprise, organs of economic direction, ministries, planning office, Council of Ministers and, in the final stage, Parliament). He explains that this planning system is not rigid, but is, in itself, undergoing development. As a new element in this development he stresses the trend towards decentralization, as may be seen in the increasing independence of the enterprises; their opinions carry greater weight in determining the objectives of the plan (planning no longer means the issuing of instructions, but rather a "dialogue"), they are given only a few compulsory plan indices, otherwise they have much more freedom than formerly in making economic use of the means put at their disposal. Other new elements emphasized by the article are the application of means to improve efficiency, such as various forms of incentives, or the increasingly applied fee payable for the use of capital, which, to a certain extent, has taken the place of interest in making a more exact measuring of economic efficiency possible.

We note with pleasure the comment about the reliability of Hungarian statistics, the more so as this is one of the conditions of any future debates or dialogues with Western economists conducted with the same objectivity as this series of articles in the Neue Zürcher Zeitung. The author emphasizes that the plan is prepared on the basis of objective economic conditions, with the participation of theoreticians and practicioners. By way of example, he mentions that the planning of the expected sale of consumer goods is carried out by market research which also reflects the views of the consumers through questionnaires.

The Structure of Hungarian Economy

In describing the structure of the Hungarian economy, the author gives a full picture of individual branches of the economy, of the entire process of production and marketing and of its various organizational units, paying most attention to the position and function of individual enterprises. His comment that the organization of the economy is rather involved may be answered by the remark that any system would appear complicated when viewed from within a basically different system. Thus, the regulations covering private and company rights, taxation and public law, which form the "mechanism" of the capitalist economic system, are in fact much more complicated than the still imperfect organization of the Hungariah economy, which has been drawn up consistently and purposefully.

In his description of the position and function of the socialist enterprise, the author points out a number of problems. He is puzzled mainly by the

question of how the enterprise can simultaneously fulfill the plan and satisfy the requirements of a changing market situation. In the socialist economic order too the latter factor is shaped by the free decisions of the consumer (and this applies even more to external markets). The involved problems of business management and industrial administration should not concern us too deeply here; let us have a look at the general pattern of this question. Both in the socialist and in the capitalist economic systems the basic question of the regulation of business management is how to assure harmony between the optimum achievable by micro-economic units (enterprises) and the optimum desirable on the macro-economic plane (national economy). In a free market economy the enterprise enjoys more freedom and manoeuvrability in realizing the optimum viewed from its own micro-economic plane. But this is achieved at the expense of the macro-economic optimum, towards which the actions of the micro-economic units can be guided only by very indirect means, through many intermediate links. The failure to realize the macro-economic optimum occasionally results in difficulties for the micro-economic units. In our socialist economic system, on the other hand, the realization of the macro-economic optimum is better assured (if only because it is done by more direct means), but the optimum of the enterprise is less so. This lack of success of the individual enterprise may have an unfavourable, though less intense effect at the macro-economic level.

The difference partly explains why economists direct their main attention to different questions. The economists of the capitalist countries take an increasing interest in instruments of economic policy conducive to the macro-economic, national economic optimum, whereas the attention of Hungarian economists recently has been drawn to refinements in the methods of business administration. Significantly, it is mainly the increasing requirements of domestic consumers, parallelling the rise in living standards, and the differentiation of consumer demand that have placed the enterprises in a situation where they need more flexibility, faster reaction to changes in the market, immediate decisions—in the author's words, "more manoeuvrability," and in our terminology "more entrepreneurial independence."

How much this is so is illustrated by the author's example of spare parts for cars demonstrating the difficulty of adaption to the quickly changing market position, which, as the author admits, is a consequence of the rapid increase in the number of privately owned cars, an increase expected to continue.

Income and Living Standard

In analysing the development of the income and living standard of the population, the author supplies data concerning the percentual distribution of the national income between consumption and accumulation. He comes to the conclusion that, though the income of the population is undeniably on the increase, the rate of increase is not fast enough. According to him, this also finds expression in the decrease of the percentual share of consumption in the national income from 80 per cent in 1958 to 75 per cent in 1960 and to a planned 66–68 per cent in 1965. True, he points out objectively that the *percentual* decrease in the share of consumption does not mean an *absolute* drop in consumption, in view of a continuing increase in national income.

Although the author himself refutes the misunderstanding that the development of distribution may arouse in the lay newspaper reader, it may not be amiss to illustrate the real situation with figures. The author gives data only on *distribution;* let us complete these with the indices of the chronological changes in national income during the first three years of the second (current) Five-Year Plan:

Expenditure of National Income
(at comparable prices)
index numbers, preceding year — 100

Year	Total Expenditure	Consumption by Population	Total Consumption by Population and State	Accumulation
1961	106	101	102	104
1962	105	102	103	115
1963*	105	106	106	111

* preliminary figures

Source: Hungarian Central Statistical Office: Statistical Pocket Book of Hungary 1963, Budapest, 1964. English edition: Publishing House for Economics and Law.

As can be seen from the above figures, the accumulation share of national income did in fact increase faster than the consumption share. This means

that the article is right in stating that the percentual share of accumulation in the national income is on the increase. Consumption nevertheless has continued to rise too. This increase was relatively slow in 1961 and 1962, the first two years of the Five-Year Plan. This is explained by the urgency of investments, to which—as already mentioned—the author himself repeatedly refers. However, it is partly as a result of the investments of these two years that in the third year, 1963, the rate of growth of consumption (6 per cent compared with the previous year) has come closer to the rate of growth of investments (11 per cent compared with the previous year). The author's comment that the rise in the standard of living was slow in 1961 and 1962 has been answered by the faster growth in 1963. (The 1963 figures were not yet available to the author when the series of articles in the Neue Zürcher Zeitung appeared.)

The figures for the three years 1961–1963 taken together thus show a more favourable picture than those for the two years 1961–1962 analysed by the author. Between 1961 and 1963, the first three years of the Five-Year Plan, the consumption by the population grew by about 12 per cent. Per capita consumption of material goods increased by about 9 per cent in these three years, the volume of services utilized by 17%, and total consumption by 10%. (It should be mentioned here that the income of the population increased to a greater extent, but a considerable part of this increase is reflected in the accelerated growth of savings-bank accounts.)

A comparison of the international development of consumption in recent years shows that the per capita consumption of Hungary's population increased by 36 per cent between 1958 and 1963, while in the same period the consumption of the population in the countries of the European Economic Community, increased by 23 per cent (report of the Executive Commission of the Common Market).

Reverting again to the rate of growth of the national income, we find that the annual growth of 5 per cent which has characterized Hungary in recent years slightly exceeds the Western European average, which in 1962 was about 4 per cent. (Below 5 per cent in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, West Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, Turkey and Britain; above 5 per cent in Greece, Italy, Portugal and Switzerland.)

The author uses three criteria in his more detailed analysis of living conditions. His first criterion is the development of income, the growth of which in 1961 and 1962 he considers small. If, nevertheless, we include the 1963 figures now available, the total of the nominal income per capita has increased 14 per cent in three years, which should be considered satisfactory, especially if we keep in mind that in the meantime the price

index, the author's second criterion, has remained unchanged in Hungary. If we compare the development of the cost of living index in Hungary with the indices in some Western European countries,* we find the following figures for 1963

France	125
Austria	118
Great Britain	112
West Germany	112
Hungary	100

The development of nominal income has to be adjusted to the price index to determine the development of real income. If we compare the development of the index of real wages of Hungarian industrial workers in the last ten years with the corresponding figures of some western countries (published by the Federal Statistical Institute at Wiesbaden), we arrive at the following picture:

Country	Index of Real Wages of Industrial Workers in 1962 (1954=100)
West Germany	168
Italy	135
Belgium	133
France	129
Switzerland	128
Sweden	127
Great Britain	126
United States	119
Hungary	154

Between 1954 and 1962 the index of real wages of industrial workers thus grew faster in Hungary than in many advanced Western countries. True, Hungarian economists are no longer taken in by the magic of rapidly rising indices. They realize that, generally speaking, only what is small

* Published by the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung (December 2, 1963) on the basis of data from the International Monetary Fund.

grows a lot in a short period. From the above figures nobody, of course, wants to draw the conclusion that the situation in Hungary is better than in the United States simply because the Hungarian indices are higher than those of the U.S. But the faster growth of our real industrial wages does prove that we are approaching the position of some foreign countries at as swift a rate as the given economic circumstances of our country permit.

The Supply of Goods

The author's third criterion for judging living conditions is the supply of goods, which he finds has improved considerably in Hungary recently, a large selection of food and of durable consumer goods being available. His comment that in certain cases the quality of goods, and often their display, do not equal those in some advanced Western countries is correct as far as luxury goods are concerned. The principal aim in Hungary is to provide the wide stratum of those with medium incomes with goods of reliable quality; the mass production of luxury goods is not considered a primary task, although this too is likely to change in due course—a certain tendency towards satisfying the demand for luxury goods is already noticeable, as indicated by increasing imports of luxury articles. Incidentally, the competitiveness of Hungarian goods in the world market is shown by the fact that one-third of the total production of Hungarian light industry is exported and that 40 per cent of these exports go to non-socialist countries.

As far as the distribution of income is concerned, the author holds this to be too equal and asserts that the narrowness of the scale of wages may act as a brake on productivity. To a certain extent this may be explained by historical antecedents. Between the two world wars there was a sharp divergence in the material status of social strata in Hungary, and so it was only natural that one of the first objectives of economic planning was to bring about a more just, more equal distribution of income. This does not mean, however, that at a higher level of development a greater divergence of incomes might not become necessary, primarily, of course, on the basis of work performed. It should be mentioned, however, that in the West too a levelling process is noticeable in the distribution of income, as has been recently pointed out by several noted Western economists, including Raymond Aron*.

* Raymond Aron: Dix-huit leçons sur la société industrielle, Paris, 1962, Gallimard, 375 pp.

Problems of Industry

The section of the articles dealing with Hungarian industry presents a full survey all the way from the foundations of economic policy to problems of industrial organization. The author approves the policy of industrialization. He reasons, for instance, that 40 per cent of the working population is at present employed in agriculture, and it is only through industrialization that this figure can be reduced to 15 to 20 per cent by 1970, approaching the proportion in advanced Western countries. Unlike a number of Western observers, he makes the correct observation that heavy industry, as well as light, produces numerous consumer goods and that therefore the tension between consumption and accumulation is smaller than the superficial observer would believe by merely comparing the relative weight of heavy and light industry. His critical comment that the abundance of goods in Hungary today is partly due to prices being relatively high and wages relatively low actually means that the policy of achieving a balanced economy is being successfully pursued. The achievement of this equilibrium at an ever higher level is assured by stability of prices and constant rise of incomes. Nor can we agree with the author's claim that prices are high. Hungarian food prices are notoriously low, and those of services (rent, public transportation, etc.) even more so.

As an example of the modernization of the Hungarian industrial structure, the series mentions the rapid development of the chemical industry and states that—in spite of difficulties with sales abroad, supply of raw materials and organization—industrialization has a number of successes to its credit. As far as organization is concerned, the author is encouraged by the process, now concluded, of achieving a greater concentration of Hungarian industry through amalgamating many enterprises of medium size into large enterprises. In his view, this will make planning more effective, enable the application of more flexible (partly more indirect) methods of direction and generally place Hungarian industry on a more rational foundation.

It may be useful to supplement the statements of the series of articles with a few figures permitting international comparison. The index of industrial production in 1963 (taking 1958 as 100) was 141 per cent in the Common Market (according to the report of the Executive Commission of the Common Market) and 150 per cent in Hungary. From 1960 to 1963 net industrial production increased by 28 per cent in Hungary, an average annual increase of about 7 per cent. At the same time, industrial production in Britain rose by one per cent in both 1961 and 1962, in

Western Germany during the same two years, by 6 and 5 per cent, respectively. The average annual increase of industrial production in the United States was 3 per cent during the last ten years. In the mirror of this international comparison, therefore, the rate of growth of Hungarian industrial production appears adequate for solving the simultaneous tasks of increasing consumption and providing for investments.

Agriculture

Three articles in the series deal with agriculture. The author correctly begins by recalling the "pre-war semi-feudal conditions in the countryside" and the social and economic backwardness accompanying it, and he emphasizes that "in judging the present situation one has to proceed from this."

From the standpoint of organization the most characteristic traits of the present-day situation are seen by the author in the stabilization of the system of household plots of cooperative farm members and in the more flexible methods of direction which serve to link the cooperative farms with the planned economy. The sowing area of only a few principal agricultural products is planned, otherwise agriculture is directed through price policy and the regulation of marketing.

The author considers the progress of agricultural production relatively slow, maintaining that this is caused mainly by the low technical level of production, which—in his opinion—can only be helped by further large investments. This finding is essentially correct. That this has been recognized in Hungary is shown by the announcement by Dr. Miklós Ajtai, Chairman of the Planning Office, in Parliament during the budget debate for 1964, that in 1964 an investment of 10,500 million forints in agriculture is planned instead of the 7,700 million forint originally envisaged. As a result, the number of tractors will increase to 63,000 by the end of 1964 (as compared with 41,000 in 1960 and 54,000 in 1963). In 1964, 316,000 hectares will be irrigated (more than four times as much as in 1961). Fertilizer consumption per hectare will increase from 141 kg in 1960 to 310 kg in 1964.

This steeper increase of investment than originally planned will help to solve the country's food production problems and to avoid the sort of situation that arose in 1963, when Hungary had to purchase cereals abroad because a reduction in acreage and very bad weather conditions led to a smaller yield than expected. The area sown to cereals was 11 per cent

lower in 1963 than in 1962. During the long and extraordinarily cold winter, part of the autumn sowing perished, and the remaining acreage was thinned out. The crop of autumn wheat was 15.6 quintals per hectare, as compared with 18 quintals in 1962. To make agricultural production more varied, cereal production had been reduced to the level justified by home consumption, and this new equilibrium was upset as a result of several factors acting unfavourably at one and the same time.

For theoretical reasons the author has reservations regarding the Hungarian agricultural system in which 80 per cent of all arable land belongs to cooperative farms and 13 per cent to state farms (1962 data). The optimum organizational form and size of farms is under debate the world over. Concentration, together with an increase in the size of farms, involving, of course, a drop in the number of farming units, is a concomitant of economic development in every country. In 1959 there were half as many farms in the United States as in 1940; the number of farms under 260 acres in size decreased considerably and the number of those over 260 acres increased.* The same symptom could be observed in France, and the opinion in West Germany is that, instead of the 1,600,000 farms now existing, only 800,000 would be necessary to put West German agriculture into a really healthy condition.

Concentration—the process of developing large agricultural production units—thus appears imperative. And if it is inevitable, it is preferable in our opinion that it should take the shape of cooperative farms and not that of large estates employing wage labourers. By promoting the formation of cooperative farms, Hungary has sought to accelerate this process in the interest of increasing agricultural production.

Price System and Price Policy

Two articles in the series present a detailed analysis of the Hungarian price system and price policy, raising a number of questions for which Hungarian economists too are presently seeking a solution. To get a proper perspective, it should be mentioned that in the Hungarian planned economy price is no more than an instrument (and not the only one) and does not have the overriding importance it possesses in the capitalist economy. In the socialist economy, price serves to indicate and influence but does not regulate autonomously. This instrument undoubtedly has to be per-

* Statistical Abstract of the United States: 1963. U.S. Bureau of the Census, Washington, D.C., 1963.

fected, and to illustrate that this is exactly what is being done, the author himself mentions the latest Hungarian experiments with mathematical models and matrices. Price stability is a decisive advantage of our price system.

If, in conclusion, we are to answer the question as to where our opinions differ from the author's, we have to point, above all, to the difference in point of view. The evaluation given in the Neue Zürcher Zeitung is essentially the result of a comparison "in space": it compares today's Hungarian economic situation with that of the advanced countries in the West. As may be seen from the entire series of articles, the result is essentially not unfavourable, yet there can be no doubt that the situation in Hungary calls for improvements. The series of articles delineates—generally speaking, correctly—those areas of the Hungarian economy in which we ourselves advocate faster development or better economic methods. Hungarian economists also comprehend that planning is not a magic word but only an opportunity for accelerating economic development—an opportunity realizable only through tenacious research, much experience and, last but not least, sacrifices.

IN MEMORIAM TRISTAN TZARA

by

LÁSZLÓ BÓKA

THE SURVIVOR LAMENTS

I spoke to Paul Eluard
before he retired to an interview with death
but Cocteau merely beckoned to us silently as if to say
we should spare our suffering friends and leave them alone to die
then almost with the dying year
I learned last night of Tristan Tzara's death
and I who had seen them
who had even known them
bold in their beginning
weary in their departure
now see my world crumble and fall apart
as its life-strength ebbs away

now I realize it
there seems to be a limit
to life
no blood seems to flow
in my veins either
if one could pay a price for people's lives
I would readily pay it
no matter how high the cost
as I pay the electricity bill
or I would die with them
and would sing unhearing in the depths
of the unhearing and unseeing nothingness
and I myself would not hear
and you would never hear
the song I was singing
the song of Orpheus

HIS LIVING MEMORY

What was it like
when the hour struck in your throat
and Absalom's hairless head
caught in the branches
and the revolver shot
rang out over the sea
and the shattered angel fell earthward
like bits of flesh from torn-off ears
or the guano of flying vultures
that timely death so particular
so delicate—what was it like
what was it like
O poet of the precise expression
you who faithfully recorded
the surge of revolution's tide over the globe
and the surge of the ardent song
from the life-force of the tombs

now as before those bony hands have laid the table
and are busy cooking the food for the last supper on the pyre
of dead boughs
and the wine clots like blood in the cavities of skulls
and even in Paris one may scan the peaks of the Rumanian alps
and Béla Bartók's New York grave
and even there can be heard the time-honoured *colinda*
which resounds above that slab of stone in New York
and beneath the earth-satellites
for the world's fiddle-bow
plays upon a flower-stalk for its string

DIRGE SUNG BY AND FOR ALL POETS

For order's sake dead men's hearts should be transfixed
and their bones were best ground to dust
and there's no sorrow for the song that's forgotten
and an arrow in the throat for him who starts singing it again

I only linger here I do not weep for you
for your grave is but the passage to my own.

TROUBLED LOVE

Parts of an Autobiographical Novel

by

ISTVÁN VAS

A poet of any standing is expected to write good prose. It is equally true, on the other hand, that the poet shies away from regular prose, from the free flow of narrative, from that steady and continuously one-way work which is the special characteristic of the novel. Also, of course, he is completely used to the sacrament of poetry, a very strictly ordered liturgy, so that from his accustomed point of view the very reliability of prose seems something soft and amorphous.

Twenty-two years ago, I yielded to the temptation to reckon with my life in prose as well as poetry —because with war threatening, there might not be time later for such a reckoning—and to report on the strange contacts which enabled me to understand, or try to understand, at least with my mind and imagination, most of the extremes which tore Hungarian intellectual life apart. I too shuddered at the thought of settling down to the story of my life, beginning with my birth, or perhaps even with my parents' families, so I had to invent some ingenious game—such is the frivolous nature of the poet—lest I should be bored by writing it. Moreover—such is the serious nature of the poet—I had to find some kind of pattern other than the sequence of time, some kind of form, in the poetic sense, which would give shape to the amorphous material, something with more reason behind it than the primitive succession of time. Of course, by that time our literary world was well acquainted with the achievements that revolutionized the novel by overthrowing the tyranny of time; for instance, Virginia Woolf's influence was at that point at its height in Hungary. But I was not attracted by our experiments which were tied to the apron strings of these Western models, and by no means did I wish to submit the unwieldy passions of my own life—for after all this was the material of my novel—to such playful experimentation.

So I had the idea of writing my life in widening overlapping circles rather than in a straight line. The innermost circle was to be the story of the frame of life, that is the environment; this was to be surrounded by the circle of money, that is, of society; then that of faith, that is, of religion or socialism; then the circle of love; and finally, the circle of poetry.

The war front was not yet approaching Hungary when I completed the first circle; it turned out to be merely a longish narrative. It was not published until 1957; it bore the title, "Lost Homes; the Story of the Environment of a Love Affair" (Elvesztett otthonok; elbeszélés egy szerelem környezetéről).

Then the years went by. Hungarian history and within it my own story continued to unfold, and it would have been difficult and at the same time painful to start on the circles that were to follow. By the time I was able to return to my original scheme, I had to hurry, and all I could think of was to draw the last circle, that of poetry, and to give shape to the shapeless material within it. It was no mere accident that the circle of poetry was planned as the last, for this was intended as the aim, summation

and distillation of all the others. That is why all the time I was writing "Troubled Love" (Nehéz szerelem) the untouched material intended for the previous circles continued to intrude into the circle of poetry, and as I realized during the process, not even entirely without belonging, for only those parts penetrated the circle which were absolutely essential to the understanding of the novel of lyric poetry. There is no doubt, of course, that the changes in Hungarian poetry between the two wars, the rippling and overlapping rings of its trends—the story of all contemporary poetry—forms an integral part of this novel.

Thus it happened that the original experiment in form, that is, the scheme designed twenty years before the writing of "Troubled Love," with its divisions of the theme into widening circles, did not prove satisfactory and I had to invent something new. And, although twenty years earlier I had rejected Virginia Woolf's method (yet I liked her very much), now—to risk a paradox—a different English author in the person of Agatha Christie came to my aid. The fact is that for some time, aside from poetry, detective stories have been my favourite reading, and within this genre—I know this shows a certain amount of conservatism—I have always preferred the method so successfully employed by Poirot.

Thus the new form I hit upon was "investigation," and of course it was not merely theoretical considerations and the appeal of Agatha Christie that led me to it, nor was it some kind of playful experimentation, but the material itself, which, as the locks of memory were opened, swelled into a great tide and kept posing the questions of "why" and "how" over and over again. And these questions applied not only to the events themselves and not even only to the psychological and emotional motivation of these events, but also to the thoughts and ideas that played a part in them. The questions took the form of "How could I have thought this" and, in fact, "How could w e have thought this." Once Eliot wrote something in connection with Donne to the effect that thoughts could be sensed as directly as the fragrance of a rose. This is the lyric assimilation of thoughts. But perhaps it is also possible to assimilate thoughts together with their variations and their conflicts into a story, and moreover to do this through the particular epic form of investigation; the ambition to do this also determined the other novelty of form, or, if you prefer, experimental method, employed in this novel.

The threads of the investigation are picked up in Vienna, where I spent a year thirty-five years ago, and I unravel them back in time to childhood, where the story changes direction and moves forward again —still in the first part of the novel—until it returns again to Vienna—I almost said, to the scene of the crime. And as a matter of fact the things that happened to me in Vienna were indeed rather important: that was where I recognized that I was a Hungarian, where I woke up to the realization of the difficulties in socialism as well as in poetry; that was where I met, in the spring of 1929, Eti, the foster daughter of Kassák, the poet who had been an iron worker and became the leader of Hungarian avant-gardism—and all these experiences together add up to "Troubled Love."

*

One afternoon I went down to the usual summer rendezvous of the family, the Hangli Kiosk on the Danube embankment, because I hadn't seen my cousins since my return from Colmar. When I grew tired of my relatives' barrage of questions I took a walk in front of the Kiosk. Dusk was falling. The attempt to get away from the family atmosphere was in vain, here too I was surrounded by the intimate, well-known world of my childhood, the Danube Corso, where the afternoon crowds were thinning, though the sidewalk cafés and hotel terraces were still almost full and in front of them young and old people

still promenaded up and down, now, as then, mostly people from the Lipótváros quarters. And the same sensation accompanied this familiar scene as I had recently experienced with the building and corridors of the secondary school which I had grown so weary of: with the mere knowledge that I would soon leave for Vienna to be absent for a year, the dark-blue river between the garlands of lights on the bridges and quays was beginning to lose its reality—what I saw before me was no longer the show-window panorama of the tawdry city but pain and beauty—almost poetry; and perhaps this was the first time that I was really conscious of the fact that this city was my birthplace.

And while I was standing in confusion facing Castle Hill, I noticed that a few yards from me Tibor Déry was resting his elbows on the iron balustrade and watching the same picture. I went up to him. I told him, of course, about Colmar and the things which had made me desperate there—I was expecting an answer from him too.

He was firm in his own way. The basic premise is incorrect, he said. The beauty of modern poetry has nothing to do with machines, in fact modern poetry is rebellion against the mechanization of the world. Poetry is in revolt for the workers, too, and even if they themselves are not in revolt, their basic unconscious rebellion is expressed in modern poetry even though they do not identify themselves with it. By no means must one be bogged down in reality, for this would be tantamount to acceptance of reality—in the present case the acceptance of capitalist reality.

This was the sort of thing he was saying, though he wasn't saying it in such a prosaic way. On the other hand I do not mean to imply that Tibor was talking abstractly or surrealistically as if he were trying to introduce the idioms of his poetry into everyday conversation. As a matter of fact, he always set great store on talking with rational logic; if not with scientific consistency, at least with the consistency of philosophy. Even his most precise, in fact his most precious, trains of thought had an undercurrent of poetry. This was not the result of the colouring of the words or his figures of speech, and not even so much on account of the modulation of his voice and the changes in stress, but primarily on account of the way he moulded his sentences, which retained their complexity even in these cases but never lost the accuracy of their syntax—merely because he had enough poetry in him to spill over into everyday communication.

As a matter of fact, I was familiar with these ideas of his. I had just recently read his surrealist short story, "Wake Up," in the *Nyugat*. The subject was once again the role of the poet as miracle-worker and instigator of rebellion, and the story managed to unify the basic tenets of Marxism

and the new aesthetics in a satisfying manner. "He who listens to my song," says Kokoro, the poet-hero, "weeps and curses and changes his fate." And Anis, who was formerly a sworn enemy of Kokoro but became his pupil, incites as follows: "This hour is the hour of rebellion. With these breadless and bloodless hands, in this darkness which is thicker than blood, let us, as the last hour tolls, rebel against reality, which has become more evil and more treacherous for us than the hell of the gods. What can we lose, we who are the poorest, whose very nightmares are truer, the quicksands of whose frenzy are firmer than the thick crust of their planet revolving around its rigid axis!

We have no need of this reality, we have no need of this certainty; may blindness strike this rigidly staring eye, in whose mirror the landscapes of unhappiness have congealed. But behind that frozen landscape there is another landscape, behind reality stretches another reality, crouching behind the diseased lens of that eye and ready to leap. Let us knock and stab and scream until it is punctured and we find our buried homeland. Awake! This truth is a lie!"

But then Déry had lucky eyes, for him even poverty was eating fish and dates under palms by the sea. And it did not help that I had liked the surrealist tale so much that I knew whole passages of it by heart, now I could not make good use of it. Déry, on the other hand, suddenly looked at his watch, quickly said good-bye and set out in the direction of Elizabeth Bridge. His departure reminded me of what was said of Kokoro and what I had also heard rumoured about Tibor's own private life. "Is it true that Kokoro seduces young girls and women?" the question is asked in the tale, and the answer given is, "Yes, it is true." As the distance grew between us, it seemed that it was really Kokoro's head which was growing higher than the tallest palm, reaching right up to the starry sky as he waded into the sea whose silvery fishes leapt on his shoulders. And I still had not given up hope that I too might become Anis.

Today I know that I had no prospect of this whatever. I remained hopelessly earthbound. And my particular error was not that I accepted reality as it was. After all, I had approached reality right away with the demand for and knowledge of another reality; and at first I did not even believe that I was seeing what I saw; I woke up to what I saw only gradually and afterwards.

*

Winter in Vienna was a period of mellowing solitude and fruitful boredom, for which I had frequent nostalgia during the years of office

drudgery when it was so terribly difficult to find one or two hours a day for reading and meditation; but at the time I saw before myself only a bewildering maze, and it was the more confusing because this was not what I had expected of Vienna—the less so as after all Pali Simon and Gyuri Sági were there, and I had thought that we would have to depend on each other in that strange world. And this did prove to be the case, except that they took their studies quite seriously, not only because they were conscientious but because they were genuinely interested, so much so that often both their mornings and their afternoons were spent at the Technical Institute, and in the evenings they drew and studied together, so that we only rarely met during the week.

Of course this way of spending time would have been open to me as well had I really wished to avail myself of it. If I had honestly wanted to make an effort, as my father had most seriously urged me to, the one-year Business School would have taken all my time and energy. The more so, as during morning classes my head was very heavy and hardly anything of book-keeping, description of goods, political economy and commercial mathematics penetrated it. Much depended on independent study, or, in other words, on my application and will power, for there was no classroom discussion and, according to the university system, oral examinations were held only at long intervals, so that the comprehensive final examination at the end of the year's course was meant to be decisive. On the other hand, when I try to recall that winter in Vienna, I have few memories of sitting at home and busying myself with schoolbooks. And I believe that all this was not merely lack of will power; in fact, on the contrary and at long last, though not quite consciously, I believe my will was beginning to operate and, after so much pusillanimity and resignation to the course of events as determined by external circumstances, it was becoming obstinate, stubbornly refusing to squander that year in Vienna—of which I was secretly beginning to suspect that it would be my last period of unworried freedom—on such incomprehensible and entirely useless nonsense.

It soon became a habit with me to skip my first class; as the weather became more unfriendly and the mornings greyer, I left my lodgings later and later; and finally my irresponsibility, or in another sense awakening responsibility, went so far that by the time I got to Karlsplatz, I thought it was no longer worthwhile going to the Business School at all.

Often I preferred to cross to the other corner of the square and join Pali and Gyuri at their classes at the Technical Institute. Of course, I understood very little of their lectures, though certainly more than of my

own syllabus; anyway, I was more interested: the laws, concepts and terms of physics and analytical geometry have always stirred my lyrical and aesthetic and even my psychological and philosophical sensibilities. I still recall the explanation by means of which their professor wanted to convey the impossibility of visualizing a fourth dimension. He presupposed the existence of a two-dimensional being that had only length and width but no thickness. *Das Unglückswesen der Tischebene*—which I immediately translated for myself as "the crippled captive of the table surface"—was the term he invented for this being. The creature, he explained, would not be able to conceive of thickness or height by means of his senses, not even if he possessed the most advanced knowledge of mathematics and physics. The explanation stayed with me, and I liked to apply the strange term to all those whom I thought of as living in restricted dimensions—above all, this same professor, because of the following incident. Once he asked one of his students to go to the window and tell him what he saw. The boy reported the denuded trees, sleet, the policeman, the trams and horse-drawn vehicles, and also the more attractive women; the professor kept retorting *"falsch, falsch"* to everything he enumerated. The poor chap finally perceived the steeple of the church opposite, but even that did not satisfy the professor, for a Technical Institute student has no right, during geometry class, to notice anything except the fact that the steeple of the Karlskirche is a spiral. And of course I regarded as crippled captives of the surface the two-dimensional philistines, and later all types of narrow-minded specialists ignorant of every field except their own—even my own colleagues who had flattened themselves into the two dimensions of the mysticism and the craft of poetry.

Most frequently I did not even bother to go to the Technical Institute, but took a tram downtown along the Mariahilferstrasse, appreciating the novelty of strangeness mixed with growing familiarity, and the fact that I was supposed to be busy and yet was not. I stood around on the Karlsplatz, admiring the green spiral tower of the Karlskirche. Then I walked farther, behind the Opera, along the Kärntnerstrasse and the Graben. But as the weather turned bleaker—the climate in Vienna is both rainier and colder than ours—it happened more and more often that I settled down in a café. In the first few months I could still well afford the cup of coffee over which one could spend hours on the plush seat next to a window. Here, surrounding myself with local and foreign papers, I used the pretext of gathering information to whitewash my loafing; for in those days we considered it our duty as left-wingers to read between the lines of the news and, indulging in wild

combinations, to recognize secret and complex connections (especially economic ones) between events and in this way draw conclusions as to the approaching world revolution. I didn't always go to cafés by myself—there were some evenings when I met Pali Simon and Gyuri Sági: in fact through his family Pali had made the acquaintance of a few young Viennese socialists who frequented the Café Schottentor, and so we also frequented this solidly left-wing and intellectual café on the corner of the Schottenring.

Nevertheless, sitting around in a café alone or in the lukewarm company that frequented the Schottentor was still not enough to fill all my time and provide a smoke screen for infinite loneliness. So in the afternoons I regularly went to the library. This was not merely a measure against boredom, for I had made up my mind before I left my home in Budapest that this would be one of the main objectives of my stay in Vienna. I can no longer recall the exact location of the small library of the workers' association, but I do remember the friendly glow of the green-shaded lamps over the comfortable desks, the intimate atmosphere, and the hope which filled me as I studied the science of revolution: that this loneliness was only preparation for a great sense of belonging to a community. The National Library in the Burg with its large gold-garlanded reading room was not so cosy, yet I liked it, especially since it involved a walk, both coming and going, through the deserted gardens and courtyards of the Burg, among austerely graceful buildings. Usually, before I went home, I took one more walk along the by then deserted Ring to give my head, jammed with undigested ideas and information, the benefit of wind and rain. I would not have thought of wearing a hat; God only knows why, but all three of us, Pali, Gyuri and I, regarded this as a loathsome and typically philistine custom; it was good to feel the wind and the rain on my forehead and in my hair—as if my loneliness were struggling against the elements. All in all, I had never been so sharply aware of the separation between myself and the world, of our dualism as in this strange city where I knew very few people. Nevertheless it was in Vienna that my isolation—or, if I must call it by that term of abuse, my individualism—found a point of reference. It was on these lonely walks in the rain and wind that I first tried to argue that this separation may be not only ill fate and illness; it was here that I began to feel its power, a need for it, and its justification which perhaps could be proved valid merely by solving it.

And with the library behind me and the untidily accumulated philosophies and sociologies in my brain, I began to suspect that perhaps this very separation was part and parcel of some kind of unity, order, plan and community.

And it was in Vienna that I found music which both nurtured and consoled my isolation. True, I used to go to concerts in Budapest too; my parents sometimes took me, always to hear world-famous artists—but perhaps the very elegance of the external trappings was a deterrent, so that the music itself failed to touch me deeply on those occasions. In Vienna, however, I suddenly found myself hungry for music, and I often went to concerts, especially at the beginning of my stay, before I became worried about having got into debt. What attracted me was not the music that I had become accustomed to at the concerts in Budapest, not Beethoven and the romantics, and not even Mozart very much, but modern music, especially French and Russian, though I cannot claim to have understood it; I did not feel the need of comprehension; since for me this was neither disharmony nor bewildering novelty, but a natural musical idiom, which appeared at times to be the exact expression of my own feelings of the moment—perhaps just because I did not have any previous musical prejudices. Above all I liked to listen to the preclassicists, who were I believe just coming into fashion in Vienna at that time, together with the renaissance of the harpsichord, the viola da gamba and other forgotten instruments. This old and—as I then believed—simple music gave me a naive and sensuous delight; I did not miss any concert of this type, in fact I was already beginning to suspect that I wanted this kind of music as one craves a drug, for it did indeed have the power to make me forget, at least for a time, all that hurt me.

On the other hand, Bach's music, which also gained its greatest importance for me in Vienna, was by no means a narcotic; it did not reduce but rather enhanced my awareness. This was a sensuous art, no less than its predecessors, and at the same time it was a spiritual and in fact intellectual delight. I listened to the *Kunst der Fuge* about the same time as I read Kant and Hegel in the National Library, and I felt an identity between this philosophy and this music, except that the printed philosophy was hardly comprehensible to me; what I did grasp of it seemed like a clumsy and primitive crudity compared with the perfected system of the fugue. For me Bach's music was philosophy, although I felt no need for it to be expressed in any other form than the art of the fugue, the art of interrelations. For me it was enough to understand from it that what I learn exists and what I know also exists. And I understood that this higher unit, this whole—the interrelations of the fugue—which could contain and integrate all that I had not been able to explain on the basis of my existing knowledge, would be proof against all doubt; and yet this did not assuage my doubts, for counterpoint is also part of the fugue. Moreover, the fugue was a form of art suited to my solitude. It did not give me the sort of

instinctive ecstasy which let me lose myself in the universe, it was something that I could follow only with individual awareness and attention, even though it guided this individual effort to a sense of relationships; and when I left the door of the Konzerthaus behind me I had the feeling, for a while, that nothing was futile—not even I myself.

A Thorny Question

"If that is your attitude with regard to literature, why did you join us—why not the Social Democrats?" György Lukács asked me after we had left Szolnok by the provisional Tisza bridge with its frighteningly temporary wooden beams. We were in a separate compartment, and by then all the writers had gathered there, sitting or standing around us or leaning over each other's heads to watch our rather ill-matched duel.

"Just because this is my attitude, Professor Lukács," I answered with more aplomb than usual.

That was my very first meeting with György Lukács. We were on our way to Debrecen, where we were to attend the Literary Week. It was early summer of 1946, and after that depressing winter when we were always soaked and chilled through, this was a season of even more intense hunger, with no premonition of the turn affairs would take after the currency stabilization, which was close at hand; nevertheless, now that the literary crop was allowed to grow freely, it was thriving and flourishing in the rank luxuriance of early summer.

Part of this wild proliferation was my own essay in which, with quixotic eagerness, I had attacked the world-famous scholar and in the course of my arguments expressed—though indirectly—doubts about the competence of the Party to guide art. But not until now, when I found myself face to face with Lukács and saw his scholarly countenance framed by grey hair, and his fragile but commanding figure, did the vast impertinence and disproportionateness of my attack dawn on me.

He himself relieved my embarrassment: he did not seem offended at all—and I think he really wasn't, for with unforced magnanimity he immediately entered into a discussion of my article, which had appeared a little earlier. One of the celebrated debaters of Europe deemed me worthy of pitting his arguments against mine, and of course in this impromptu oral discussion I proved even less of an adversary than in writing. I had something of the same feeling as in the fencing school in Tölgyfa Street during my adolescence, when Ödön Tersztyánszky, the later Olympic champion who used to train there, had a bout with me.

In the course of the discussion, which lasted from Rákospalota all the way to Debrecen, I threw out the superficial metaphor that a rose-garden was not the most suitable battle-ground, in other words, that it was wasteful to attach so much importance to art in the revolutionary struggle. It was after this that Lukács suggested—of course much more subtly and as part of a much more complex thought process—that in this case I belonged among the Social Democrats because art does not play such an integral part in their ideology and consequently they have no desire to shape it. To this I answered—again in greater detail, though not so much on the basis of ideological as subjective analysis—that for the very reason that I did not consider art as important as life, it would be sheer nonsense to let questions of style determine my political affiliations; or, to continue my limping metaphor, however fond I was of roses and however annoyed I was that the battle was already raging in my garden, I would not desert to the other camp, not even though, as had happened, my own allies had carried the warfare to this unsuitable site, the rose garden.

The riposte was not without effect: the small group gave me an appreciative smile—it reminded me of the reaction of the onlookers that time long ago in the fencing room when once, only once, I managed to touch Tersztyánszky's plastron with my foil (probably because he let his mind wander). Even Lukács thought my answer over for a moment and then continued the attack in a different vein. To confess the truth, however, I had rejected my opponent's ideas really only for the sake of repartee. This does not mean that I was insincere in what I said—in fact this was just the time when I had got to the point of phrasing my thoughts in this particular form, a pattern which I retained through all the subsequent periods of bitterness. Nevertheless, this point of view was by no means self-evident, and Lukács had touched on vital doubts that had first begun to bother me during my speculations in Vienna.

I can no longer recall where the rooms of the Socialist Student Union were located, but that was where I first attended a seminar, probably because I had seen a poster put up by the Socialist students on the walls of the Academy, and it never even occurred to me that this was bound to be the institution of another party. But anyway I would at that time hardly have attached any significance to where I went or where I attended my first political seminar. Looking back on it all today, I can see that this political lassitude, this negligent orientation, was the source of my taking the wrong turn in Vienna: I just was not able to take very seriously the differences between the Communists and the Social Democrats. I was inclined to regard the whole conflict as the type of family squabble that

I witnessed every day between my Social Democratic landlord and his Communist wife. And yet, failing all else, it should have been the very relationship between these two that should have made me realize the seriousness of the matter: the Grabs, who discussed their financial affairs and everything else with such angelic tenderness—not even Hella's lover disrupted their peace—clashed in their political arguments, and only in their political arguments, with real passion. But I always regarded their quarrels as so amusing and lovable that they failed to lead me to more profound conclusions.

Listening to them, I usually found myself in intellectual agreement with Mr. Grab, although for me the concept of socialism had been associated, practically since childhood, with the idea of revolution and not with this deliberate easygoingness. Ever since my stay in Colmar I had been convinced that only a radical and violent change could relieve the misery of the world; moreover, this craving for justice, in me at least, was not exactly free of hatred and the desire for revenge. Even in matters of political theory, when I got as far as Lenin, which I did fairly soon in the library, it never occurred to me that it was possible to draw a line between him and Marx, that it was possible not to regard Lenin as the direct and only imaginable successor to Marx. On the other hand, I too was influenced in Vienna by the strength, conspicuous in that city, of Social Democracy there. Its adherents alleged that this Viennese brand of Social Democracy was not quite the same as other brands; they had invented for it a separate name: Austro-Marxism. What the exact meaning of this was and what the differences were from the sister parties were questions I was unable to answer on a theoretical plane; however, in practice I could not remove myself from the influence of its achievements and perspectives. During the first week of our stay Pali, Gyuri and I went to see the attractive modern workers' housing projects being built in the suburban districts of Vienna, the Marxhof, Engelshof, Bebelhof and the others. I regarded these buildings as mighty citadels of a much sounder, more militant and more modern working class than that of Colmar, citadels which seemed to ensure further conquests for socialism.

After such impressions it was little wonder that I thought it uncalled-for blustering on the part of my landlady to disparage the slow pace and dillydallying of the Social Democrats and to abuse them for having compromised with reaction. As a matter of fact, I was beginning to adopt the supposedly sober view that if it was possible to achieve socialism peacefully, though more slowly, why should we not avoid unnecessary bloodshed and the chaos and confusion of a violent change. And yet, if

not with my brain, with my heart I sided with Hella, my communist landlady. This was, however, by no means because of my political acumen and even less my theoretical firmness; it was rather because of my romanticism and poetic sensibility. I was attracted to her dissatisfaction and her anger, still aflame with an implacable hatred of the environment of her youth, the world of Lueger. Yes, if I wanted to express myself through a paradox —and after all, a paradox, if we are aware of its being a paradox, is one way of approaching the truth—I would say that the Communist Party affected me most definitely by its poetic qualities. But if I wanted to express the same thing more intelligently, then all I could say would be that even when my mind was most attracted to Social Democracy, even when I had the strongest insight that it would interfere less with the freedom of art, even then I wondered what a poet could have to do with Social Democracy except to vote for it like a citizen. And even at the time when the artistic policy of the Communist Party was the most repellent to the poet in me, its policy—or more precisely its very existence, vitality and dynamism—appealed to me or at least interested me as a poet.

*

Only three of us set out on the hike, as Gyuri Sági had gone home for Whitsuntide. Originally we had intended to leave on Saturday, but in that case Eti could not have come because her landlady needed her in the evening, and for her sake Pali was ready to postpone our departure until Sunday morning. Spring had spiralled back again, there was a cold wind, and after we had climbed above five hundred metres we found ourselves in a fog; not until Monday was there a short spell of sunshine. Having got hold of ropes and hooks, Pali was formidably equipped, and consequently guided us through the wilder parts of the Rax. However, the rock-climbing equipment proved to be plain showing off, for it was possible to get through even the most rugged parts without resorting to it; I at least dared not trust myself to the rope over the forbidding, rocky abysses—I had never been good at rope climbing—and preferred to crawl up the cliffs on all fours, occasionally slipping back and bruising my hands so that the blood came.

Eti, on the other hand, was happy to have this opportunity to dazzle us with her acrobatics. Grabbing some rocky projection, she would pull herself up in classic manner as one does on the horizontal bar, or she would leap from one rock to the other; later, delighted with our admiration, she even did an occasional spread-eagle or salto, and on the relatively flat top of a rock, a hand-stand. The hike soon had the effect of a transfiguration; her

sober, gently smiling, secretly sad being seemed to open up in sudden release. When she spoke, she still remained calm and objective, more reserved and more polite than the middle-class girls I knew, and yet she was full of explosive high spirits evident only in great outbursts of spontaneous laughter, skipping and jumping, and in blissful motion.

I still had not realized how deeply I had been affected by all this released physical energy, by the dynamism of her gracefully developed muscles. I had not had much chance to see the muscles themselves, for Eti was wearing the very same pullover I had always seen on her; as well as she could, she had fastened the widely over-sized plus-fours I had loaned her, with a leather belt around her waist; her feet were stuck in hiking boots, which looked clumsy, however small; and her legs, wrapped in thick, boys' stockings, certainly did not appear as female limbs. As she was skipping about in this not exactly custom-made urchin's costume, she made the impression of a poor but attractive adolescent, and I caught myself feeling a kind of suspicious tenderness for her, which was, however, not very different from the feeling with which I had once looked up to Pali Geiger, or rather Lilike, and this is why I failed to recognize its true character. And yet I should have been warned by the fact that I had been so glad to carry Eti's things, which incidentally were not very heavy as she appeared on Sunday morning in front of the railway station with only a small paper parcel. Since Pali was more loaded down—in addition to the rock-climbing equipment he had also brought a camera—I put the little parcel in my knapsack, and fastened Eti's burberry coat, together with my own trench-coat, with the strap. I watched her happily striding between us with her hands stuck in her pockets—except for this lack of encumbrance she would probably not have felt like climbing rocks. But I failed to guess anything even from this happy feeling; moreover when at night we lay down to sleep in the dining room of the hostel—the hostel was so packed that this was the only free place left, but at least we were the sole occupants of this spacious room—I did not regard it as the least bit strange that Eti, having pulled off her boots, stretched out opposite us on two tables placed side by side.

I did not find anything extraordinary even in the fact that, when we got up still in the dark—as the dining room had to be cleared for the tourists who wanted an early-morning breakfast before they set out—and felt completely refreshed after a few hours of sleep, I enjoyed myself more than during any previous outings. This fun remained unspoiled throughout Whitsun Monday. Gradually the fog lifted, and suddenly the sun broke through. We were walking on a narrow path like a parapet in front of a

cliff which was still thickly covered with snow. We sat down for a break in a niche in the rocks, facing the sun, with an abyss two thousand metres deep in front of us. Eti took off her pullover and rolled up to the elbows the sleeves of her boy's shirt, probably another loan; the wind blew her dark-brown curly hair loose and the winter sun shone on her pale face. She squinted with her brown slightly Mongolian eyes and grinned at us broadly.

"You look just like a beautiful Mongolian princess."

"And you are like an ugly Arab sheik."

"Well, that's a most suitable combination. Why don't you come into my tent?"

I had not thought over at all what I was saying, so that I did not even realize its meaning. Nor did Eti.

"I will if you'll let me," she said and laughed.

I too laughed, still innocently and unsuspectingly. How could I have taken her seriously? Or even what I myself had said? I had no idea of inviting Eti to my tent, or of any reason for doing so. I just took this as another of our usual surrealist jokes, and all three of us laughed at it, just as we had big laughs all the way homewards. Once we took a short cut through a rather steep stone slide. Skipping downwards, Eti began to roll. We were a little clumsy with our large knapsacks but ran after her just the same; the roll of the stones mingled with the heavy thud of our boots, and all this seemed to be the natural echo of our laughter.

Pali's suspicions, however, were apparently more quickly aroused than my own, at least later he insisted that when he heard our Mongolian-Arab dialogue he had already known that something was in the wind, and that was why he himself chivalrously withdrew, as he said. He even took a snapshot of us in front of the cliff wall as we were ready to resume our walk. And one thing is certain, however unsuspecting I myself was: this somewhat under-exposed and primitive photograph tells much more about us than I was aware of at the time. I stand there rather doltishly—though not as repulsively ugly as Kassák painted my youthful portrait in a later novel—still something of a gangling adolescent, my arms folded in front of me. This was by no means meant to be a Napoleonic pose, rather an indication that I would not for anything in the world link them with Eti's. She has her own hands stuck in her pockets and is staring straight ahead with her head raised. Yet, in this mutual forward look, our eyes indefinably but still definitely speak to each other with a mysterious confidence in our unacknowledged destiny, saying, with the naive and enigmatic seriousness of a shared fate, that we belong to each other.

*

The lamps had just been lit on the Ring; within a short week the horse chestnut trees had sprung into luxuriant leaf and the electric lights gleamed cheerfully on the fresh green, but after a week of high spirits I was suddenly trapped in a feeling of dejection and hopelessness, pulled down by the gravitational force of my own helplessness. The tables had already been put out on the sidewalk in front of the Café Schottentor. Suddenly I felt tired and sat down on the terrace. I asked for the papers, but they did not interest me. All at once I looked up; Eti was standing beside the stone balustrade. There was nothing strange about her passing by, for she lived close to the café, in the Rathausstrasse. This was the first time in Vienna that I saw her wearing a different dress: she was in a white skirt topped by a short thin sleeveless jumper, also white. True, the burberry coat was slung over her arm even now, but her arms were bare and glowing tan—she must have been sunbathing somewhere, her slightly olive skin was quick to bronze. She was smiling shyly—incredibly enough I noticed it—her eyes shone and her freshly washed hair formed a girlish frame for her face, which too was glowing brown. The skipping adolescent, the serious neutral being had turned into a woman; the mystery was solved. I looked at her and was unable to say anything. By now the letter we had spoken about earlier was not in the least important, and yet I produced it, clumsily and without any introduction; I just pulled it out of my pocket and handed it across the balustrade. Eti read it.

"I am very glad," she said. She did not laugh at me. Only the shyness had been erased from her smile, now radiant like the May sunshine we had been waiting for a whole week; it had the same indefinite and yet definite promise. This was more than I could have expected of the letter even in my most secret heart. For—need I say it—I wanted to test its likeness to a diploma, its unstated "passing mark," on her first. Later, of course, when enough time had elapsed to put things into their proper perspective, it did not occur to me at all to compare the weight or importance of that letter in my life to Kassák's discovery of me as a poet. After all, the one had given me the go-ahead for the main ambition of my life, and the other had merely inspired a dilettantish and conceited experiment. Still, I had already betrayed Kassák, and if I had to renounce one of these two accolades, at that particular moment I would have kept Gábor Gaál's letter in the belief that it would impress—yes, I admit that was it—Eti more, partly because it had come from a more far-away source, from beyond the environment she was familiar with, and partly because recognition from *Korunk* ("Our Era") was obviously Communist recognition and thus, according to my belief, after Kassák's recognition, the type of promotional

or supplementary examination I needed to win Eti's respect. (The fact was that in the course of our friendship, in which we started more or less as equals, I soon began to look up to Eti and increasingly felt that I must deserve her friendship.)

But then, this sudden radiance in her eyes and smile was by no means in proportion to my childish fancies, yet I would not have dared to think that something else could have played a part besides the letter and the recognition it meant. I caught myself constantly staring at her arms, I felt ashamed and began to fear that sooner or later she would notice and would hardly forgive me for this unworthy feeling—yet I could not take my eyes from them. My embarrassment was further increased by the fact that she was still standing in the street while I was sitting at a table on the terrace. I had first realized during our excursion how short of money she was. I invited her—for the first time—to have some coffee and *petits fours*. She was not embarrassed. Soon she was sitting opposite me, having put her mannish coat on the balustrade and her arms on the table so that they caught the direct light from the café lamps.

It turned out that she had been to a cinema, where her landlady, a doctor, had sent her as a reward for working late the previous night.

"What a pity," I said. "We could have gone together. I have been loafing about on the Ring all evening."

"And I thought I would walk home this way: I might find you here. I haven't heard from you for over a week."

"I did not dare ring you."

"You didn't dare? But why not?"

I still could not speak. Luckily the waiter had just put a large plateful of petits fours on the table. I asked her to help herself. She politely ate one and then, at my urging, a second one. By that time we were again speaking about Gábor Gaál's letter, the opportunities opening up for me through *Korunk*, and about how each of us was to find the field where he or she could be of the greatest use to the community. In the meantime Eti was reaching for the petits fours completely unselfconsciously, as long as a single one remained on the plate—there may have been as many as ten. Much later, when I already felt her body too to be somewhat mine, I could sometimes feel in my own cells that elemental craving for sugar, a left-over from her childhood hunger, as a result of which a sweet meant a consolation in distress, and the greatest of pleasures for her even when she was relatively satiated; but at that time I must admit I watched with slight shock the number of petits fours she could put away without the least difficulty. And as their taste melted into the sweetness of her smile and

the goodness in the depths of her eyes for a while gave way to the pleasure of feeling good—that was the moment, the revolutionary moment of love, when I had to acknowledge to myself that a new era had begun in my life. For this was different from anything before; now there was no vanity, no faint-heartedness, no defiance, nor day-dreams; suddenly all images and all comparisons dissolved, and what was left was unique and restricted to just what I saw before me and began to know—the glow of the brown skin tightly stretched over the hard muscles of those arms, the strong fine hand on the table. Her clothes were part of it too, from the white jumper down to the cuffed white knee-length socks and the little brown flat shoes. Well-defined and simple was that something too whose essence I did not know but sensed in the depths of her brown eyes, in the sadness lurking behind the wellbeing, in the hardness tightening under the momentarily softened features. It was the unbreakable kernel, the magnetic field which I needed so badly and which needed me so badly that from distant lands, generations, races and classes we reached towards each other while we were at last sitting here face to face, in the glow of her skin and of the lamps, with her promising eyes and my longing eyes, in a sidewalk café in Vienna, in the sudden warmth of May.

THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR I*

by

CATHERINE KÁROLYI

The summer of 1914. A gigantic hurricane swept over Central Europe. Many trees in the oak forest of Tisza-Dob were uprooted, and the sands of the plains whirled furiously round the turrets of the castle, turning the air yellow and dense.

Some days later we heard of the assassination of Archduke Franz-Ferdinand and his morganatic wife Sophie Kotek at Sarajevo. We did not like the Archduke, who did not like the Hungarians, but all the same the universal opinion was that the Serbs must be punished. No one believed there would be danger of the war spreading, and, in any case, it would all be over in a month. Such was the view of the "well-informed". Uncle Duci** was incensed by the wickedness of the Serbs, and blamed Tisza, the prime minister, for not having, in the past, been more energetic in crushing their impudence.

It was the third time in recent years that the country was being mobilized, and "our budget could not afford mobilizations without war", it was "ruining the country". Mobilization had to be followed by war for which the Serbs would pay for itself. It was one of the erroneous creeds of the period, that victory pays. Uncle Duci also blamed the short-sighted annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Monarchy under Hochewart, against the advice of Andrássy senior; this, he said, had been the primal error, arousing the hatred of the South Slavs.

When the Ultimatum to the Serbs was dispatched by Berchtold after a sleepless night—for fear that the Serbs would accept the Ultimatum—our

* A Chapter of the author's Autobiography in progress; another chapter has been published in Vol. V, No. 13 of The New Hungarian Quarterly. Catherine Károlyi is widow of Mihály Károlyi, President of the Hungarian Republic of 1918.

** Gyula Andrássy, the Authoress' uncle.

parents left for Budapest, leaving my sister Caja and me at Tisza-Dob with our three governesses and Mr. Burger, a crazy, delightful and unsuccessful painter, one of Uncle Duci's cherished protégés.

My only thought was that, now at least, Michael would return sooner. Would he have to join up? Great happiness makes one anxious and superstitious. Something was sure to happen to rob me of it. Should I, like Polycrates, throw a ring into the waters of the Tisza? But at that time I possessed no ring.

"*Qu'ils se tuent et qu'ils nous laissent en paix,*" said *Mlle* Robert, the French governess, nervously dipping her bread into her onion sauce. *Fräulein* Koestler, with her fair hair blowing in the wind, looked more like a Valkyrie these days than like Faust's gentle Margaret, as we called her because of her blue eyes and blushing cheeks. Now those same eyes flashed fiery darts at *Mlle* Robert and she declared that Alsace-Lorraine had always been German. She hoped the Hungarian government would be steadfast and she knew the Kaiser would back us. Miss Cooney, Caja's Anglo-Irish governess, was completely indifferent to world politics; her one hope was that everything would remain as "nice" as it had hitherto been, and that she could continue to brush Caja's hair and roll it into neat little paper curls for the night. She could not understand what *Fräulein* Koestler was so excited about. England, she said, would certainly not interfere, for the English liked the Hungarians. She had been with us for at least ten years, and, like Lalatai, had by now become part of the family.

She had discovered some magic way of stopping time. On her arrival she had admitted to the age of forty, and since then, all through the years she had remained forty. Caja's looks and health were her only concern, and her old wrinkled face would beam with joy and pride when, after a children's party, she reported to Mother that "my" Caja had been by far the prettiest and best dressed child there. In spite of her devotion she could be most cruel to Caja at times, and I could hear her Irish brogue from the next room: "I will smack them pink cushions of yours until they turn purple." At which Caja would shriek and beg in a voice that would have melted the heart of a tiger, "Missy, please, I will never do it again—please Missy, please," until I could stand it no longer and would rush in and threaten to denounce her to Mamma as beating was strictly forbidden. On one occasion she had given Caja a book, the contents of which were unknown to her and which apparently was the last thing a little girl should read. When she discovered this, she ordered Caja: "You must forget it." I imagine Caja remembered that book and the incriminated passage better than anything she had ever read.

The peculiar sayings of Miss Cooney were our joy. Once, the case of gypsies murdering an entire family was reported in the press and caused great excitement. Miss Cooney enquired how such a thing could have been possible, for she "thought murder was forbidden in Hungary."

In these days when she noticed that things were not as "nice" as she had hoped they would remain, she would keep out of the way of *Mademoiselle* Robert and *Fräulein* Koestler, and retire to her room.

Before the arrival of the Serbian answer totthe Monarchy's Ultimatum, we were ordered to join our parents on Lake Balaton, where the Pallavicinis had taken a villa. Crossing the wide Tisza, its yellow and slowly flowing waters, in the ferry boat with the decorative oxen carrying their large, pointed horns like precious, heavy loads on their subdued heads, their carts piled with hay, I was overcome by a melancholy feeling that never again would I see Tisza-Dob, the place I loved better than any on this earth. I did not see it again for thirty years, and then in very different circumstances.

I shall never forget that journey through the heart of Hungary during the mobilization, and I believe that what I witnessed in the susceptible mood I was in had a lasting influence on me. The loathing and horror of war have remained with me ever since. The yelling and singing of drunken recruits, the military bands at the stations, all the artificially created cheerfulness mingled with the sobbing and fainting of women, the set, pale faces of soldiers, the terror of death hovering over it all, were unforgettable.

Until now war had been something one read about in books, something that could not happen to me. Its actual occurrence was inconceivable, and the reaction to it a mixture of contradictory emotions. There were those who felt themselves to be heroes, going to a war where everyone but themselves would be killed. They would return covered with glory and all the women would fall into their arms. There were others who were simply afraid—drowning their fear in alcohol; and again others who out of the dreary rut of their daily lives and the insignificance of their grey existence, now emerged into the bright-coloured uniformed romanticism of army life. There were also those, mostly the very young, who saw only the fun of it, the gay music, the flowers and kisses—a carnival.

But the real victims were, without doubt, the women, those who were left behind, trembling not for themselves, but for those they loved. They had no way of forgetting. They could not turn into heroes or intoxicate themselves with the drug of the battlefield and heroism. In their passivity they carried death in their souls.

One scene has remained particularly vivid in my memory. At Eger

station the train stopped for a long while to take on troops. From our carriage window I saw a man and woman linked in a close embrace, as though they were but one being. Like a statue by Rodin, they seemed to be hewn of stone. When the whistle sounded, they were suddenly severed, a being wrenched in two; and then I saw the face of the woman, tragic, desperate, as she stretched out her arms in a last appeal to him to stay. Deadly pale, the soldier rushed towards the now slowly moving train and sprang onto the steps without daring to look back. The woman collapsed, two others dragged the lifeless form away. I could not stop my tears from flowing and sat with my nose pressed against the smirched glass of the window, so that no one should notice. I have often wondered whether that couple ever met again. Obviously, now that I loved, I had identified myself with this woman and her pain. The scene had a lasting impact on me.

Balatonfüred, a holiday resort, was now deserted and calm. Uncle Duci optimistically refused to believe that any of the Entente powers would interfere, a piece of wishful thinking which was characteristic of him. Russian mobilization he considered a bluff not to be taken seriously, and the punitive measures against the murders would certainly not involve further complications, as Russia would be ashamed to back them. When the news came that Russia had declared war, poor uncle Duci was cruelly disillusioned.

The papers carried long stories of bars of solid gold being sent by Russia to her ally, Serbia, to enable her to carry on. The population was asked to keep a watchful eye on foreign trucks. This was exciting news, and Caja and I decided that we would capture them. So we crept out after dark on our bicycles, dragging a huge rope. At the crossroads we fastened the rope ends to the trunks of wayside trees, so as to bar the passage from any direction. Why the trucks should use this round-about way of getting to Belgrade when there was a more direct one, I cannot imagine, but we were certain they would. The climate of war has a strange effect on the brain. We sat in a ditch, in silence, wondering what would happen if we were successful. The campaign would be over in no time. The Serbs would have to give up, and it was we who would be the heroines.

It was dark, and no lorry was to be seen. At last we heard one rattling towards us. It drew up, and a flood of bad language quite unsuited to our ears, was heard—in pure Hungarian. The speakers cut the ropes, while we lay motionless, afraid to breathe. We could not have been more scared had they been Russians, but they certainly were not. We returned home in a dejected mood and gave up our patriotic endeavours. As this sort of thing happened at various places, the authorities issued an order that the

population should refrain from barring the roads. It seemed we were not the only half-wits indulging in that sort of activity.

Michael and his group had not returned from the United States, and some Government papers attacked him bitterly for having, at a meeting in Cleveland, openly declared his opposition to the Monarchy's Ultimatum. The members of my family looked at me in silent reproach.

As the international situation grew more tense we returned to Budapest where we found everyone convinced that the campaign would be a jolly march, over in a fortnight. Cousins were called up, uncles volunteered, and they paraded proudly in their new uniforms. The atmosphere was that of a big hunting-party.

After the Serbs' rejection of the Ultimatum public enthusiasm increased daily. Crowds demonstrated outside our windows on the Margaret Embankment, clamouring for Uncle Duci. He, by the way, had a very pronounced aristocratic contempt for crowds, for the "populo". We could all go out on the balcony, where the male members of the family delivered patriotic speeches to the cheering crowd. Hungarians are born orators, and cousin Gyula, glamourously handsome in his *honvéd* uniform, his red cap cocked, as usual said just the right thing: "Do not hail us now, we have done nothing as yet. Keep your cheers for our victorious return, when we shall have taught a lesson to the insolent Serbs."

Caja raced all over the house, covered with red, white and green ribbons, the national colours. The governesses were rushing to their respective Consulates with tearful eyes. Only *Fräulein* Koestler had nothing to worry about as she was the powerful ally. *Mademoiselle* Robert was the first to go. She had completely changed her attitude towards us, and her animosity grew daily. She had to get to Rouen as soon as possible, to store her furniture before the arrival of the "*Boches*", for she was certain they would arrive. "*Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous,*" as she used to say. But as she did not believe in God, there was very little hope left for the others.

Mothers and aunts donned most becoming nursing uniforms. Each of them had a doctor up her sleeve who had promised to engage her—although untrained—as assistant, as soon as the wounded would begin to come in. They were all wishing for the poor wretches to arrive, and could not overcome their impatience that they were so slow in getting wounded.

By now my romantic patriotism had waned, especially after Michael's interview in Cleveland—although I scarcely fathomed his actual reasons—and it was harrowing to be unable to arouse in myself a patriotic enthusiasm in harmony with my surroundings. To feel an outsider at such a crucial moment produces a sense of guilt. I envied the optimistic crowd which

was getting such fun out of it all. I could not help feeling sympathy for the Serbs, a small, valiant people who had the courage to reject the Ultimatum of a great power and stand up all alone against the mighty Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. They had no chance, I thought, and would be crushed mercilessly. It was unfair, for we were too strong and they too weak. Gnawed by pity, I was lonely in the midst of all this hullabaloo. Sister Ilona looked askance at me for having already succumbed to Michael's influence, and for being such a poor patriot. Most of our men joined the voluntary automobile corps and many drove in their private cars to the Serbian front.

Now, declarations of war followed in an interrupted flow and the jolly carnival of the early days was changing its face, the grinning masks turning into anxious, grim ones. Uncle Duci looked worried and spoke little.

Then, at long last, the expectations of the ladies were fulfilled: on a fine, sunny day, the wounded arrived. They came on large black barges slowly down the Danube from Vienna. They were cheered only by children standing on the embankment. Six weeks before, when they went off, they had been given a frantic farewell. Enthusiasm had quickly waned. We watched them from our windows, their bandaged limbs now bringing home to us the grim reality of war. Off went the aunts, sisters and cousins to receive the men at the river landings and the railway stations. Smartly uniformed women were right on the spot so that none should escape their clutches. Rivalries and quarrels arose amongst the various nursing establishments as to which should be the first to receive the wounded as many private houses were being speedily converted into nursing homes. All conversations centered on wounds, germs, surgical instruments, and everyone was reading and studying nursing manuals. Instead of being smart, women had now to be "sterile," and, instead of Paris perfumes, they floated in the smell of chloroform and ether.

At one of these early arrivals, a stretcher was placed on the ground in the midst of eager, bustling nurses. On it lay a young man with bandaged head and dark skin, who wore a foreign uniform. His feverish eyes looked uneasily around.

"The enemy. A Serb." The words went round in a whisper, and silence followed. The women first stood petrified, then instinctively withdrew, leaving a large empty space around him as if he were a leper.

Then they heard his faint voice: "Water, please."

Still no one moved. At last Aunt Ilona, looking taller and thinner than usual in her grey uniform, approached him slowly, shyly, stretching out a hand with a glass. This gesture had the effect of relaxing the strain. In a minute everyone began to busy themselves around him. He was hoisted

into an ambulance. Sister Ilona, who was present, told me how at first she had felt unable to approach the man. "He would have killed Paul, had he had the chance," flashed through her mind. She could not help feeling that it was illogical and hypocritical to nurse the enemy when our men were risking their lives to kill them.

I wanted to be nurse too, but Mother opposed it. It was not proper for a young girl, she thought. I might get a glimpse of male anatomy, of which I should still remain ignorant. So it was arranged for me to be private secretary to the chairman of the Red Cross, a remarkable woman. But the work did not satisfy my urge to get into contact with the human side of the war. The impersonal character of office work did not appeal to me. I persuaded Aunt Martha, who had converted her small house in the Vár into a nursing home, to beg Mother to let me work under her supervision. In the end Mother gave way on condition that I nurse only soldiers, not officers, and never give baths. So my work consisted in cheering up and entertaining the patients by playing cards or chess with them, and in helping to serve meals. It was the first time I got into comparatively close touch with peasants, and it was a new and rich experience. They had the patience and fortitude of orientals, and would seldom complain. They never used bad language in front of the nurses, and even when in pain would suppress their colourful swearing when one of us appeared. I could not have expected gentler manners at the Park Club. It made me happy to feel that they liked my company and that I could cheer them up. I no longer had time to worry about the rights or wrongs of the war, and the days passed more rapidly.

One evening after I had been accompanied home by my governess, the soldiers began to discuss Michael's American campaign, the daily papers being full of it. The nurse in charge, who was Aunt Martha's maid and knew the family secrets, could not resist telling them that the young nurse who looked after them was engaged to Károlyi.

Incredulous, they shook their heads. Some who came from Parád seemed highly incensed, and one said: "Our Master would never lower himself by marrying a servant-girl." "But," retorted the nurse, "she is not a servant. She is Countess Martha's niece, and a Countess herself."

"A real countess would not serve us," he said indignantly. And they all nodded their heads in agreement.

At last she convinced them.

Next morning, on entering the ward, I was surprised to find them all silent, not daring to raise their eyes. They kept them lowered on their blankets. On a table in the middle of the room stood a large photograph of Michael cut out of an illustrated magazine, surrounded with flowers and

decorated with ribbons in the national colours. Underneath was written: "We wish you happiness."

Taken by surprise, I had great difficulty in concealing my tears.

Mother had become assistant to one of the chief surgeons at the largest Budapest hospital, which had been recently built. She would be present at major operations and was in charge of the instruments. One day she even extracted a bullet all on her own; the surgeon had passed her the scalpel, telling her with encouraging words to try her hand at it. Mother set to the task most dexterously, but I prefer not to think what the poor fellow must have felt when she approached him with the sharp instrument—for most of these operations were performed with only local anaesthetics. My mother kept that bullet as a precious memory of her surgical feat.

One day I had to call on Mother at the hospital. It was one of those nerve-shattering experiences that haunt one for years. It had a decisive impact on my pacifist development and added to the horror I came to feel towards war in general.

Entering the hall of the hospital, I heard a ghastly sound which became acuter and more hair-raising as I approached the main ward. It sounded like the cry of an animal in pain. I saw a number of trolleys, on which human forms were strapped. The terrible sounds came from one of them, a man of dark complexion. His leg lay uncovered, exposing a bloody mass of flesh and bone which, I gatherered, had once been a knee. But what struck me most was the total unconcern of the staff. Doctors and nurses were bustling around, smiling and talking as though they did not hear the awful cries. At that moment, the great surgeon appeared, accompanied by Mother and followed by a trail of doctors and nurses chatting gaily among themselves. The screaming was growing unbearable. To a nurse passing by, I said: "What is happening? Don't you hear? Are you all deaf?" She looked at me in surprise.

"You mean the yells of that man? This sort of thing goes on all the time. One gets used to it. You shouldn't come to this place if you can't stand it." And she offered me a glass of brandy.

I rushed to my Mother.

"For heaven's sake, give that man something to relieve him," I whispered.

Mother turned to the surgeon.

"Could one give him a sedative?"

"Which one?" he asked. For now several others had started screaming hysterically.

"To all who need it," I said.

He smiled condescendingly and patted me on the shoulder, explaining

that bandages were just being changed, and that it was not as painful as it seemed. The swarthy man was a Bosnian, and Bosnians could not stand pain. They would make fusses and start the others off. He had to be sparing with drugs and not waste them on this kind of thing. "Poor little Countess, if you feel like that, don't come here." He seemed to have more pity for me than for his patients. And off he walked, unconcerned.

I stared at the screaming mass of flesh, now sitting up and writhing in the midst of white-capped nurses like a figure in Dante's Inferno. Furious, I dashed out of this hell of suffering and callousness. Reaching home, I went straight up to Uncle Duci's study. He was sitting at his big desk overlooking the Danube and the chestnut trees along the embankment, now turning yellow. He was writing for his paper—most probably a leading article on the advantages Hungary would draw out of war. I stopped in front of him heaving with indignation, and stuttered, "It's easy for all of you, who talk and write and make speeches, to send others to die and suffer or turn them into cripples. Stop the war, stop it, it isn't worth it," and I threw myself on the divan weeping hysterically.

Uncle Duci was not angry, he was a patient man. He just asked me what had happened.

"It was horrible, ghastly, hellish, at Mamma's famous hospital—devils are in charge of the wounded. The soldiers are screaming in pain, and no one cares a damn."

He tried to soothe me and make me accept the idea that suffering was necessary so that people would be happy later on, when the war had been won. The perennial question of aims and means. His grey-blue eyes looked grieved. Was it because of the soldiers' suffering, or of mine?

I felt ashamed of having been so emotional. It was the same shame I had felt when I rode away from the kill, hiding my face so as not to see the hounds tearing the fox to pieces. My cousins would then laugh, saying I was behaving "just like a girl." Growing up, I now knew, meant getting accustomed and controlled in one's attitude towards other people's suffering.

In the evening, when Mother came home exhausted, she said to Uncle Duci:

"It was a dull day. Nothing special happened. No serious cases." He smiled conspiratorially at me.

Soon, the members of the voluntary automobile corps, Gyuri Pallavicini, Imre Károlyi and others, all returned from Serbia as their services were of no avail on the blown-up roads. They told atrocious stories about the cruelty of the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Armies, Borovis, how he would

have prisoners and civilians suspected of spying executed by binding them together in pairs, face to face, and have them pierced with bayonets from both sides. They would tumble into the ditch they had been made to dig beforehand, and earth would be shovelled over them while they were still alive. Archduke Joseph had denounced the General to Emperor Francis Joseph, referring to him as the disciple of Haynau, and later he fell into disgrace.

Now that war with Russia had started, volunteering to wipe out the Serbs was less exciting, the war was becoming stabilized and there seemed nothing romantic about living in damp, muddy dug-outs. Now, the chief concern of the nobility was to be sent to comfortable posts.

One of the first battles on the Northern frontier ended in a major disaster. Our *élite* regiment of Hussars, who still believed war should be waged according to the methods of the nineteenth century, advanced to the attack in their blue coats and red breeches, with sabres unsheathed and glittering in the sun. They were mown down by the Russian machine guns like a field of corn. Gyula Batthyány, who had been placed by his father at Headquarters, used to write home optimistic accounts about Russian shells which were dummies, and say that their small-pointed bullets made "beautiful" wounds; that the Tsar's army was cowardly and took to its heels as soon as attacked by the Hungarian cavalry.

Casualty reports were haphazard, causing unnecessary misery to many people by listing their relatives amongst the fallen. A week later, a denial would follow.

Michael and his group of M.P.s had by now arrived from the USA and, arrested by the French authorities, had been interned in Bordeaux. One of the company managed to return after giving his word of honour not to enlist —he promptly broke it joining up as soon as he arrived. Michael and the others, having refused, were not released. The papers brought the news that Károlyi had been executed by the French. Luckily this was kept from me.

Through the British ambassador, Grant-Duff, uncle Duci sent Michael a letter asking him to give his word of honour as, in any case, he had passed the age of active military service and would not be called up. I added a few lines asking that, in doing what he felt the right thing, he should not be influenced by his desire to return. I would wait for him however long. The prospect of war dragging on for several years was appalling. I was making plans and day-dreaming about how I would cross the frontier and join him.

Though not officially announced, our engagement was known to everyone. Mother had begun to order my trousseau. I remember going to a well-known shop in Váci utca, where Mother gave measurements for sheets. The man behind the counter seemed most interested while taking down

the figures, and could not resist saying: "Those are the exact measurements of the beds in the Károlyi *palais*. There are no such large ones anywhere else in Hungary." He then added, with a knowing smile: "May I offer congratulations?" It was hard to keep things secret in Budapest.

Then, one day, a card arrived saying that Michael was on his way home and, if we failed to hear from him, we might find him at the Château d'If, in Monte Cristo's famous dungeon. There was, however, no need to search old dungeons for, ten days later, he arrived on the Hungarian frontier and was met by scared party members who informed him how unpopular he had become, and told him that, in order to repair the effect of his anti-German foreign policy, he should not delay in making a declaration about the outrages he had suffered at the hands of the French. Michael angrily refused to be a tool of war propaganda, and was incensed to read the account given in our papers about the Zouaves, guards of the Bordeaux prison, who were supposed to have been carrying in their vast pockets the bloody heads of decapitated German prisoners. But Michael did tell me that, when they were taking their daily exercise in the prison courtyard, they were being watched by a crowd staring at them through the iron bars as though they were wild animals in a zoo, and shouted insults. Poiting at Michael, one man had yelled: "*Celui-là a la tête à guillotiner.*"

So he was back at last, and since then I endured the horrors of war more easily.

JENŐ BARCSAY'S ART

by

ISTVÁN GENTHON

Of the Hungarian painters born around the turn of the century Jenő Barcsay deserves a particularly careful and detailed investigation. His œuvre cannot be classed as particularly rich; most of his paintings, moreover, are small-size canvases. He works in seclusion and usually speaks about art only when questioned on the subject. And yet, Barcsay's art is by no means his private concern; slowly and irresistibly, in the face of painful struggles, he reached a sunny countryside—the land of reason and of a new order.

Barcsay, a Transylvanian, was born in the village of Katona in Kolozs County on January 14, 1900. He is of graceful and well-proportioned build and his dark eyes sparkle with wisdom and youth. His greying beard and moustache lend him the appearance of a professor, although on closer inspection one cannot but notice behind this masculine exterior the guileless glance of a child. It was at the Calvinist College of Nagyenyed that he attended secondary school. In 1919 he came up to Budapest to study at the Academy of Fine Arts. His first master was János Vaszary, a temperamental artist who sought to convert all his pupils into Vaszary disciples. On the whole he succeeded, as evidenced by the exhibitions of his pupils, which were mostly the faint reflections of an effulgent personality. In this school, luckily, Barcsay only learned to face problems and to come to grips with them courageously.

The influence of Gyula Rudnay, under whom he studied after Vaszary, was fortunate and more lasting. Rudnay was a more objective master than his colleague. His art was full of romantic pathos and nostalgic patriotism. Moreover, Barcsay preferred his brown tones to Vaszary's dazzling colour fantasies and felt that Rudnay's quieter method of composition was well worth following.

With surprising swiftness Barcsay found his way to the public. He was

still an impoverished pupil of the Academy when, in September 1925, the Ernst Museum opened its doors to his art by exhibiting sixteen of his paintings among those of a number of other painters. He was unable to deny his master, for his best contribution, The Fugitives, was reminiscent of Rudnay not only in its colouring and composition but even in its title. It was an animated painting with numerous figures in brown, testifying that although Barcsay had acquired craftsmanship, he was still unable to do much more than revamp his teacher's style. The other canvases exhibited, like Tutyi and the Organ-Grinder, representing the village fool, as well as the landscapes he had painted at Sirok, were also reminiscent of Rudnay, both in the sombre mood of the landscapes and in the loneliness of the figures. It became apparent at this exhibition that Barcsay's subjects were in general care-worn people and that the world of his paintings was austere and reticent. Accordingly, the colour scheme reflected a similar mood, with the eternal contrast of black and white, mitigated by some brown and red hues.

The summer of the following year was spent at Hódmezővásárhely, where his palette became somewhat lighter. As he put it himself, he "then began to notice purples, blues and greens." Afterward he went abroad on a scholarship and spent three months in Paris and two in Italy. In the French capital he flung himself eagerly into study of the impressionists, and, characteristically, it was not Manet, the leading artist, whom he liked best, nor Renoir, whose painting radiates the serenity of Greek art, not the demoniac Degas or the experimenting Monet, but the occasionally very objective and austere Pissarro, that cindarella of the impressionists. However, this enthusiasm was only temporary, and soon Cézanne, the adversary of the new style, became his favourite. Composition and order are worth more, after all, than any spectacular epicurism.

The uninspired modern art of Italy could not appeal to young painters of those times. Instead, the country offered its museums and churches replete with art treasures. Barcsay visited Venice, Florence, Assisi, Perugia and Rome. It was not due to chance that in Florence, Giotto's frescoes and the Masaccio cycle, as well as Verrochio's Baptism of Christ in the Uffizi enchanted him most; on the other hand, he never mentioned Giorgione's sweet melancholy or Titian's wonderful colour magic. He was attracted by monumentality, which he had already had occasion to observe in Cézanne's painting—in a new rendering, it is true.

Rudnay's effect now vanished. The first picture in which Barcsay used his own idiom was The Poor Child (1928), a work devoid of romanticism and even of posturing: an adolescent sitting on a chair, with his arms

crossed. The rendering is dry and betrays keen observation and unremitting objectivity. At that time Barcsay had already become acquainted with Modigliani's art, and the painting was somewhat reminiscent of the Italian master's style but without the latter's mannerisms.

An even more characteristic painting is The Factory Girl, also painted in 1928. It shows the half-length figure of a young girl dressed in a greyish green, arms crossed, sitting before a blue background and gazing quietly at the spectator. The handling is much cruder and more summary than in The Poor Child. The spatial effects of the latter have also been replaced by a relief-like treatment in which spatial relations are only hinted at. The forms are characteristically divided by thick lines. Accurate demarcation is a method of creating order, and with this canvas Barcsay indicated the path he meant to pursue.

In the same year the Szentendre artists' colony came into being. The small baroque town on the Danube—with its many churches and meandering streets, its quaint houses and wrought iron ornaments, the majestic river and the lovely hills surrounding it—offers the painter an abundance of motifs. In 1928 eight young painters founded the Society of Szentendre Artists (later known as Nyolcak—"The Eight"). Barcsay did not belong to the original eight, only joining them in the following year. Thirty-odd years have passed since then but each summer finds him at Szentendre.

For the time being he was still trying to find his way. Hilly Landscape, made at Szentendre, is of graphic character, with its avenue of poplars lined up in military order. The dense shading of fine lines in his ink drawing entitled Landscape of Szentendre (1929), now at the Hungarian National Gallery, is like an etching, and its vigour reminds us of young Aba-Novák's sheets. A watercolour, Landscape of Szentendre (1930), also preserved at the National Gallery, is unusual on account of its gay colouring. The artist's range of themes was enriched by figures of labourers, and in 1929 he painted two workmen stripped to the waist. Dissatisfied with the composition he later destroyed it.

A scholarship enabled him to go to Paris again from 1929 to 1930. His preoccupation with Pissarro had come to an end, and, though his reverence for Cézanne was unchanged, his interest now turned towards a more recent generation of artists, including Matisse, Braque and Picasso. He was fascinated by cubism: "I felt and understood the essence of cubism," he wrote. "Without the cubists' striving for new structures I could not even imagine today the results and further possibilities of modern painting. Academies had blinded us, and the cubists revealed to us the elementary laws of pictorial creation, the ancient laws which render the pictures of the old

masters so miraculously beautiful and so timeless. These laws had fallen more and more into oblivion, and impressionism, as a school, simply ignored them. All that I was able to learn I have learned from the cubists."

Returning from Paris he accepted a post as drawing master in a Budapest apprentices' school. His modest salary enabled him to pursue his own inspirations exclusively, without being obliged to cater to public tastes. He liked experimenting with different graphic techniques and in 1931 produced six etchings, in which he used the countryside at Máriaremete and Szentendre as his subject. Here his predilection for distant perspective was indicated for the first time. The following year he had a one-man show in the Tamás Gallery; the twenty-one pictures exhibited included nudes and Meudon landscapes.

In Landscape of Szentendre (1933), which is in the Museum of Baja, the style used in his etchings is rendered in tempera. The strips of land, dotted with tiny houses, form a single vast perspective, leading one's glance as it were into infinity. Perspective is similarly emphasized in his etchings, *e.g.*, Landscape (1931). A long time ago, in 1899, the same note had been struck by Rippl-Rónai in the landscapes he painted at Banyuls in the South of France; but Barcsay did not know these works, for they were not exhibited in Rippl-Rónai's posthumous exhibition. Hilly Landscape—though of lesser quality than Landscape of Szentendre—is very characteristic with its depth of perspective, strong contours and pale yellows. The fields expand freely, but in the town of Szentendre the perspective is broken and becomes narrower. The colours of the Peasant Yard (1934) are more vivid, the surface is enriched by minute etchings but the scale is uneven, as is shown by the transparent house on the left. The Factory (1934) comes closest to Barcsay's present more homogeneous style. The same group includes Hills of Izbég (1934) with its warm colours and thick black outlines, and The Valley of Szelim (1935), in which, for a change, the bold perspective directs the eye towards the tops of the hills.

As early as 1934, at the exhibition of the K.U.T. *(Képzőművészek Új Társasága*—"New Society of Artists") in the National Salon Barcsay's works interested many people. It was here that his composition representing two labourers facing each other (1933) was shown. In it he transcribes his memories of classic art into his own style.

His chef d'œuvre among figure paintings of this period, Factory Girls (1935), has unfortunately not come down to us because Barcsay, unduly self-critical, later cut it into pieces. It was a monumental composition, with the three women, as if cast from metal, possessed of a calm rhythm. This

monumental style was evident also in the Seated Woman (1936); in both paintings the rounded heads and low foreheads were characteristic.

Factory Girls was also exhibited in his one-man show at the Ernst Museum in 1936 along with several landscapes. Among these Cottage in a Village (1936) reveals his growing tendency towards emphatic contours and towards distortion. It was at this time that the first serious study dealing with his art was published. Two years later, in 1938 he had another exhibition at the Ernst Museum comprising twenty-five paintings and eighteen water-colours and drawings; among the latter were a great many landscapes and portraits.

In 1939 he revisited his native village and painted a series of pictures in the neighbouring village of Néma. His style had undergone a change; the contours had grown thicker, blacker and even more emphatic. From behind this crude framework, the soft glow of the surfaces served to mitigate the prison bars of the outlines. A malicious fellow artist characterized this series as "pieces of velvet between trellis-work." However, another was more objective when he said: "Among the grey and brown surfaces framed by heavy black contours there is the surprisingly fiery and exciting glitter of precious stones." This austere style, not at all aimed at flattering the public, remained characteristic of Barcsay's art for long years to come. In Village (1939), reminiscent of a stage setting, the strong contrast of blacks and light colours conveyed the relationship of space with a sure touch. On the left-hand side there is the rudely sketched figure of a standing woman. In general, it is characteristic of this period that the artist avoided the representation of human figures; when he did use them, they were thrown in for equilibrium's sake without any emphasis. Twelve of these pictures painted in his new style were shown at the Ernst Museum in 1941. By that time Barcsay ranked among the best Hungarian artists. In his book entitled "A Confession Concerning Fifteen Artists" *(Vallomás tizenöt művészről*, Budapest, 1942) and containing the above quotations, Lajos Kassák aptly commented on a talk he had had with Barcsay.

How great a diversity is to be found in this austere and simplified series. In the almost symmetrical rhythm of Trees (1944) the standing figure of a peasant woman leans to the right. She looks like a great, lonely figure of Rudnay's driven into a world far more menacing than that of the Fugitives. Courtyard of Szentendre (1944) is a picture rich in forms and contrasts; its spatial structure is markedly forceful. Finally, in Still Life (1944) the lamp with a shade and the glass on the table as well as the other properties show an approach to cubism.

His fairly large exhibition held at the *Alkotás Művészház* ("Creation

Gallery") in 1944 consisted of these and similar pictures, sixty-five in all. They were oils and pastels, chiefly townscapes of Szentendre.

In the first months following the liberation Barcsay was invited by the Academy of Fine Arts to become Professor of Anatomy, a task he accepted with pleasure. Those who had selected him knew very well to whom they had offered this exacting position, which demanded not only great proficiency in drawing but also a thorough knowledge of human anatomy. It is noteworthy that the works produced in 1945 disclose little about his possessing these qualities, for at this time he was rapidly moving towards abstractionism. With its two figures and strident illumination, White Light (1945) again conjures up the mood of a stage set, while in Blue and White (1945) the artist abandoned nature and relied solely upon his own inventiveness and the dynamics of rhythm. Though here and there a painting displaying strong outlines appeared—like Suburb (1946),—his forms increasingly approached cubism (Pencil Drawing, 1947). Luxuriant contours were replaced by meagre, thin lines; the artist's experiments were resolute though unsure in their means. In the Department of Prints and Drawings of the Hungarian National Gallery there is a small series of Barcsay's sophisticated and colourful abstractions.

This turning point in his art was also rendered memorable by an exhibition in November 1947, when Barcsay showed forty-five oil paintings, temperas and water-colours at the Artists' Gallery.

In the following two years, 1948 and 1949, the artist devoted himself to wholly abstract works like Horizontal—Vertical (1949) or Factory (1949). When he seemed to have lost his way in the maze of cubism, his doubts began to arise and induced him to embark upon a novel experiment. Without any commission he created a huge Design for a Mosaic (1949) for his own pleasure, a work that became one of the most important milestones in his later development.

Seven huge, robust women, in a one-four-two rhythmical arrangement, are standing and talking together. They are the successors of the Factory Girls, but even more simplified, with strong outlines and surfaces that split space into solid blocks. They appear to be illuminated by spotlights from both sides, because they cast shadows to the right and to the left. But these shadows are rather connecting links between the massive forms. No colours are used, and the blacks, greys and whites give this work a graphic character which is enhanced by strong contours. The heads are bird-like and small, the hips big and heavy. The rhythm is painfully clumsy and reminds one of Arnold Schönberg's sometimes stammering music. The forms are broken. And yet, inexplicably, the whole radiates the cer-

tainty of a new start, the first step towards building a new and objective art upon the abstract speculations of cubism. It is well worth comparing this painting with the charcoal Sketch preserved in the Hungarian National Gallery. In the latter there are ten seated figures whose angular forms collide with one another and are even less rounded than in the Design for a Mosaic.

Therefore it comes as no surprise that in the following year, 1950, Barcsay resolutely began to sharpen his pencils and, after selecting the hardest among them, slipped a pane of glass underneath his sheet of paper to make the drawings as hard as the will that was directing his hand, or chose a silver engraving tool like the one used by the adolescent Dürer in his self-portrait. To hell with shadows! Let forms be always severe and unequivocal and become mysterious and changing through light and shade and through atmosphere. A real form is merciless, because seen from a certain angle it can provide only a single possible profile. This profile has to be discovered and unearthed from among chance factors; it has to be stripped of its cover and of the undefined matter surrounding it. In the captivating pencil drawing, Workmen (1950), which is in the collection of the Hungarian National Gallery, his new style reached completion, compelling the spectator to give it his full attention. Although the subject is unpretentious, its solution is rich and novel. The two harshly monumental figures fill the left-hand part of the drawing, while on the right only a sketchy wheelbarrow suggests their activity. The boldness and metallic quality of this work demand the large surfaces of a mural.

It was this and a number of similar drawings that introduced his new series in this sphere. Amidst a maze of groping lines he drew with an amazingly sure hand the nucleus, *i.e.*, the essential forms that interested him, in hard and unmistakable lines. The human figure itself was often no more than a ghost delineated in faint outline on which the head rested tense and hard.

This new artistic idiom had to be tested in monumental compositions too. With its ten standing figures The Rowers (1951) was on a relatively large scale. It is a rigid composition not at all meant to enchant the public, a work that is reminiscent of such creators of austere and hard frescoes as Piero della Francesca, Castagno and Mantegna. Like them, Barcsay was searching for clear spatial composition and firmness. In the half-length female portraits (1951), drawn in profile, these tender pencil drawings opened up new possibilities. If made by another master they would have been considered mere sketches, groping outlines among which the profiles themselves were almost lost. The spectacle in itself is of no interest, only

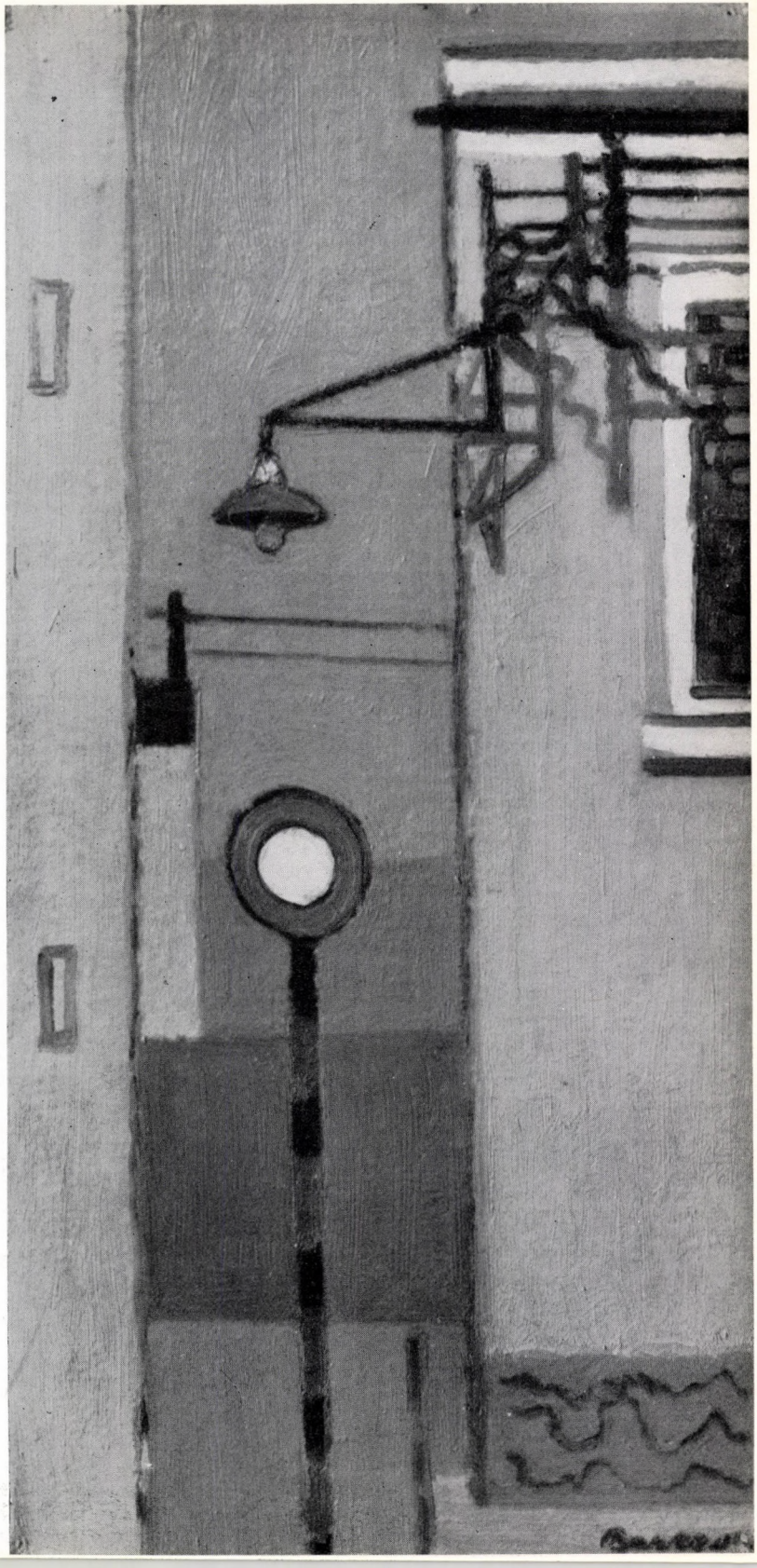
the forms are eternal. After the muddle to which Cézanne—modern magician that he was—tried to give some order, only cubism could follow, in line with the Hegelian principle of action and reaction. And after cubism there could only be surfeit, an angry attempt at disentanglement and an untimely faith in triumph—or, as was the case with Barcsay, the incorporation into his further work of the lessons he had learned. His new drawings would have been unthinkable without the achievements of cubism. Another Composition (1951), bore witness to this: a female figure, seen from the back and wrapped in a chemise, and two more figures. Though this is only a small pencil drawing it is magnificent; an ensemble shaped with pathos and some emotion and given meaning by its spatial qualities.

By no means was it a matter of chance that these drawings inspired the artist, who was at the same time a professor of anatomy, systematically to investigate the structure of the human body. The result was his large-scale work, the Anatomy for the Artist (1953), a volume illustrated with 140 plates, which was translated into several languages and scored considerable success. We dare not and are unable to deal with the scientific part, but the fact that it has come into general use proves that Barcsay has stood his own in this field too. He seems to have profited most from studying the French anatomies (Mollier, Richer) and disregarding the generally boring illustrated German works of a similar kind. Among the drawings of nudes there are such splendid examples as the three-legged figure of Plate LIII, which flirts with surrealism, or the two male and three female figures, lusty and powerful, of Plate XXIV. Oppressive sorrow appears to have been superseded by serene and optimistic sensuousness. In these drawings the artist got the better of the anatomist and instead of generalizing he delineated parts of the figure in a most individual way.

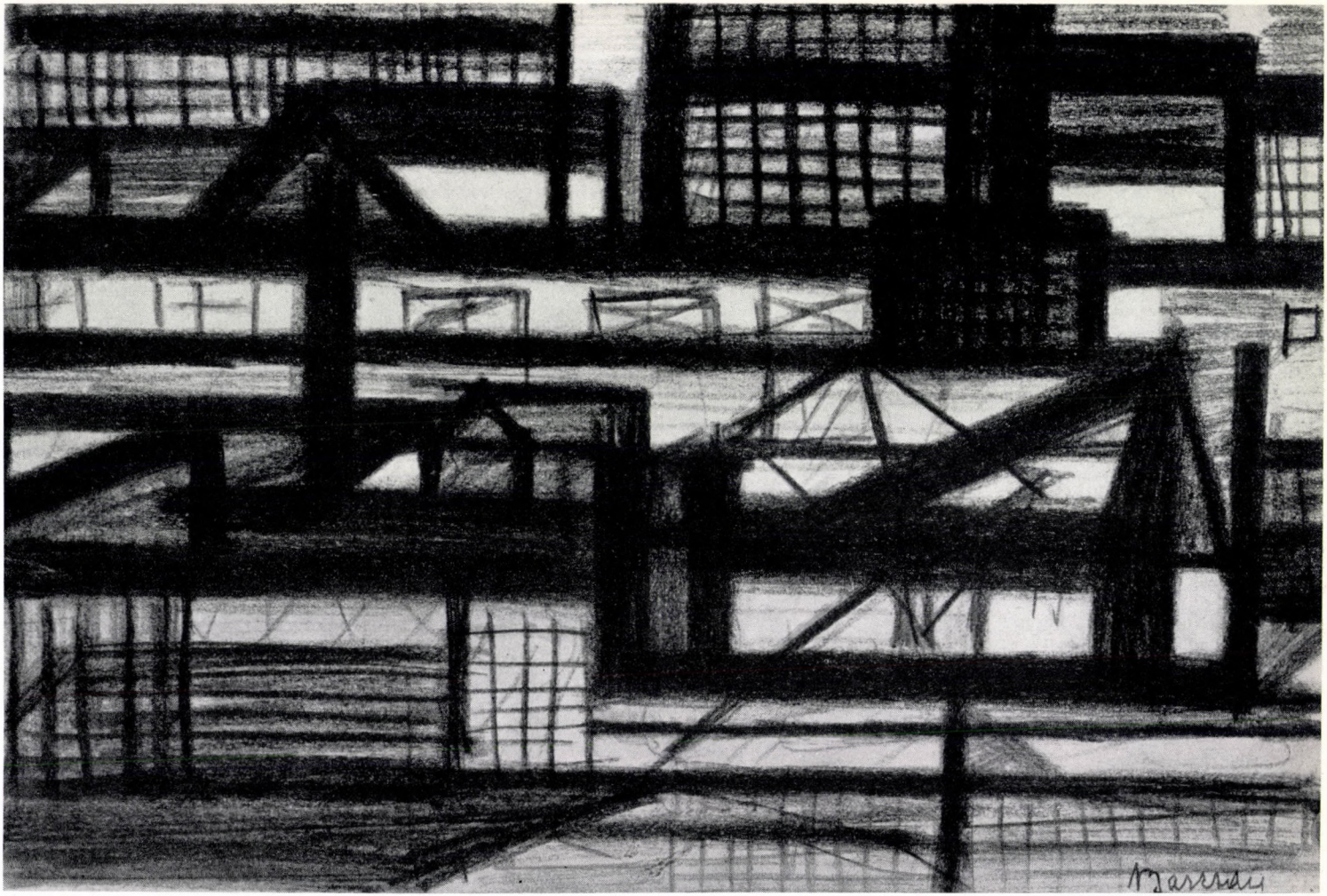
The pencil drawings subsequently made were, as a matter of fact, all connected with another book of Barcsay's entitled Man and Drapery (1958). Most of the drawings were produced between 1954 and 1956. They deal with the relationship of the human figure and the garment covering its nakedness. From the simplest relation—the drapery suspended from a single point—Barcsay proceeded towards more and more intricate ones. Of course, this experimentation required a series of drawings representing nudes; the flesh-and-blood manikin under the drapery had always to be visualized. To this group belongs the Seated Female Nude with a Figure in Draperies (1954), in which the nude is drawn with minute details; the Five Figures (1954), a sketchy and fine drawing with some nudes; the Four Nudes (1954), with two figures seen from the back and two from the side; and one of his most popular and most frequently re-

Jenő Barcsay:
Staircase

Jenő Barcsay: Landscape

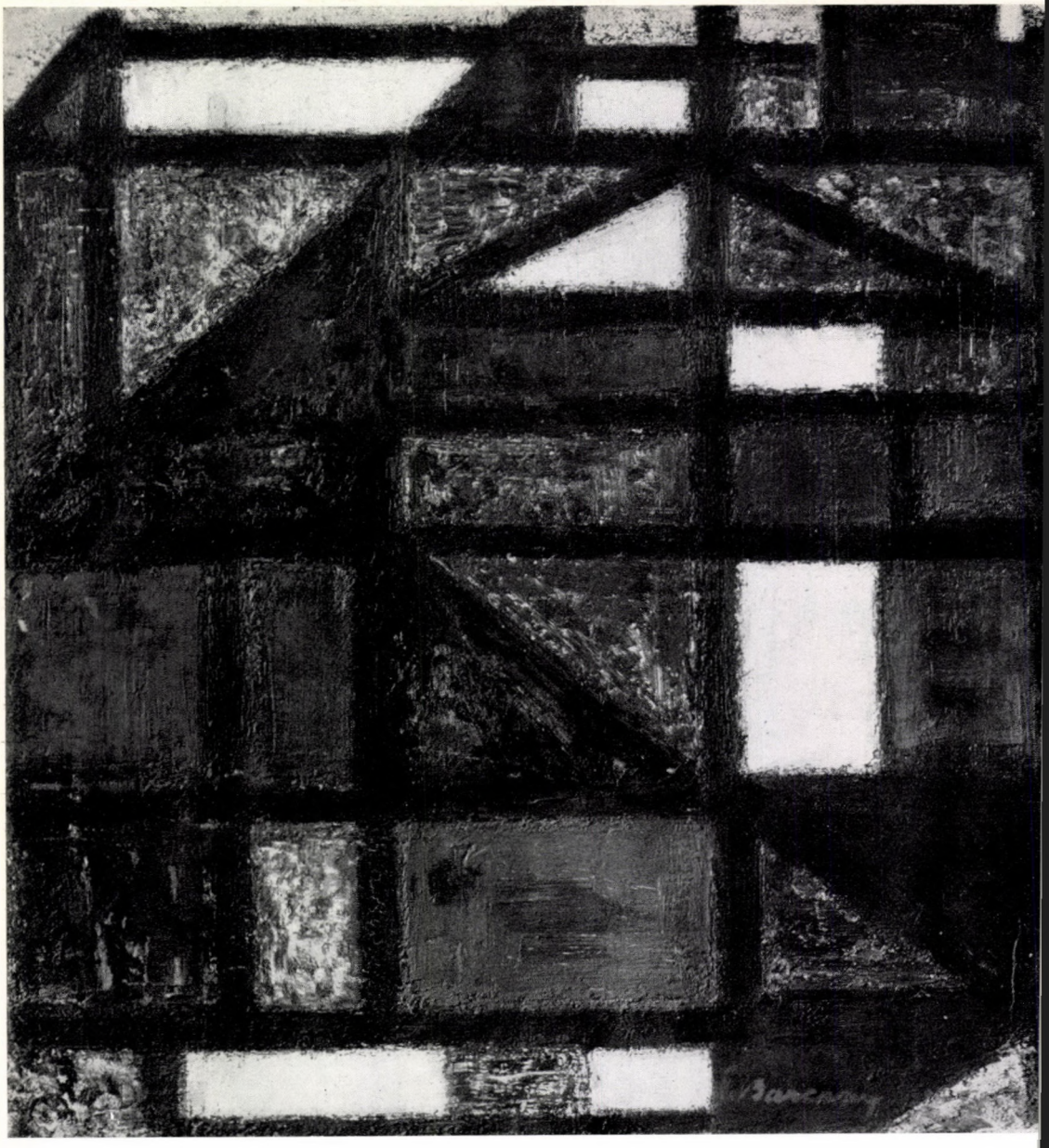


JENŐ BARCSAY:
TRAFFIC SIGN

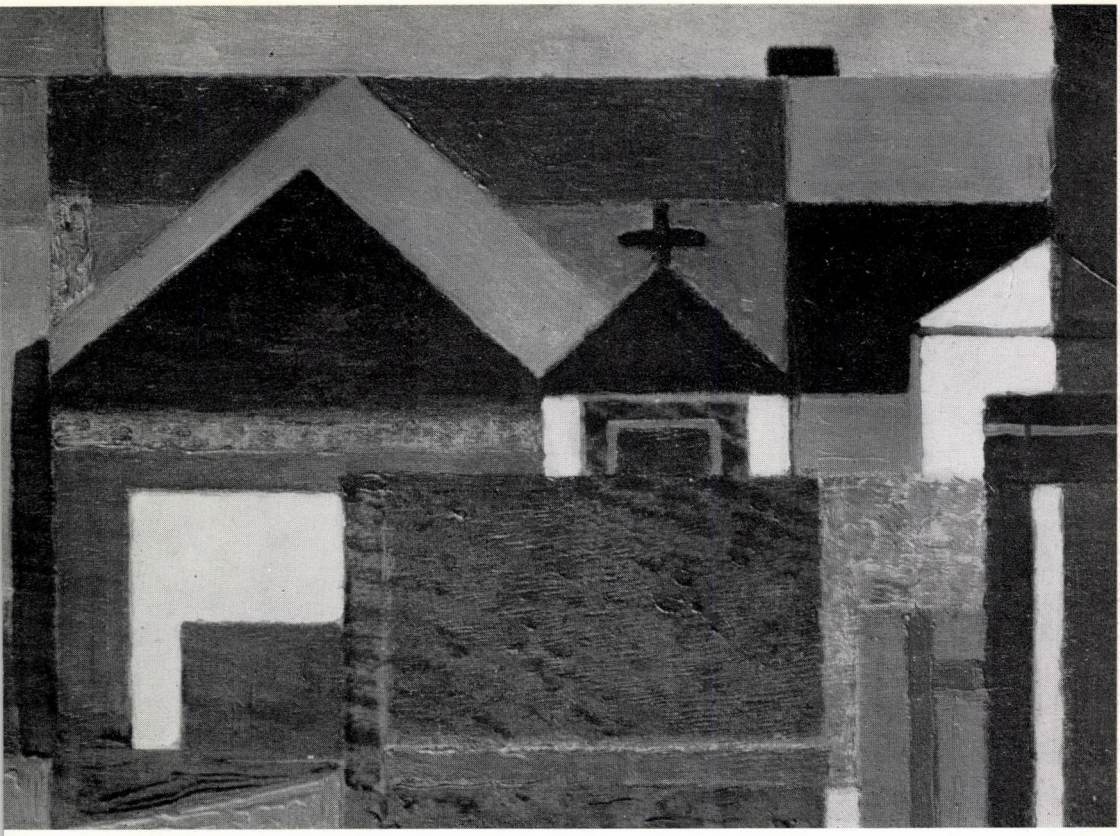


Jenő Barcsay: Factory

Jenő Barcsay: Ferry



Jenő Barcsay: Horizontal and Vertical Forms



JENŐ BARCSAY: GROUP OF HOUSES

Jenő Barcsay:
Women

produced drawings, the Composition with Six Figures (1954) in which the grouping and the calm and grandiose movements conjure up the Italian cinquecento. However, the figures, viewed with a keen eye and extremely detailed in their construction, would be hardly conceivable without reference to the spatial experiments of cubism. One of the most splendid sheets in the series is the Female Torsos (1954), with mature and full female bodies, some of which have no head, which remind us of Aristide Maillol.

Besides Maillol, they may bring to mind Béni Ferenczy, whose series of drawings are held in great esteem by Barcsay.* But it needs little proof to convince us that these two styles of drawing have nothing at all in common. Although Barcsay admires Béni Ferenczy's masterly abilities and the swiftness with which he can record forms, he does not wish to follow Ferenczy's style. Instead, he builds with sombre care, as it were, husking a form out of space in order to imbue it with life and to turn it into a figure.

The same process is followed in his oil paintings as well. With its etched technique the Girl's Head (1954) again emphasizes the form of a sphere. The sketchy composition of six figures in Women (1954) is a variant of the Design for a Mosaic, but strives for the concrete. The three elongated female figures of Talkers (1954) are again reminiscent of the 1952 Composition already mentioned. The unpretentiousness of the Design for a Fresco (1954) is only apparent; with its day-dreaming seated female figure the work radiates a firmness and surety of well-placed forms. This motif of the day-dreamer recurs in Barcsay's art.

In the following years the artist again grew interested in themes he had forsaken and the emphasis on human figures became weaker. The House with Blue Windows (1955) is one of the gems of the Szentendre vedutas. The French touch in this painting is surprising; it is a quality that had not been displayed in former works. The fine motif with its gay colours inspired him several times. The Still Life with Blue Jug (1955) marked the beginning of a series: that of still-life paintings with simple and poor motifs, as if the thought were conveyed in terse and simple sentences. On a bare kitchen table there are cups, a jug, apples and glasses. These objects and the shadows they cast fill up the space of the canvas. The puritanical quality of these properties reminds us of the still-life paintings of János Nagy-Balogh; however, the order that prevails in Barcsay's art is more severe. Another painting, perhaps even more austere than the former

* On Ferenczy's art see an illustrated article in Vol. 1, No. 1, of The New Hungarian Quarterly, by the same author.

is Still Life (1955), belonging to the same group. Woman Resting on Her Elbow (1955) is related to the Design for a Fresco made a year before, but the composition of the former is more monumental; nor is it an accident that it is reminiscent of Picasso's grand and lonely figures of the "Grecian" style. "With an accuracy approaching that of Dürer or Baldung the Small Design for a Fresco (1955) again stresses the role of mass in space.

In the same year, 1955, he again visited Transylvania, where he produced the exquisite pencil drawing Hilly Landscape. In this the stressed perspectives of his former works are imbued with a peculiar tenderness, brought about perhaps by the emotions awakened by the sight of the beloved native land. In 1956 he revisited Italy and at the Venice Biennale he was much impressed by the dynamism with which abstract art was gaining ground in the West. He also went to Padua and to Arezzo—to the latter, of course, for the sake of Piero della Francesca's murals.

Of the paintings of that period, Landscape of Szentendre (1956) is a variation of the House with Blue Windows, and the sovereignty with which he treats the proportions of the house is striking. A Group of Buildings at Szentendre (1956) shows black chimneys looming up like menacing exclamation marks. The drawings, which had been so hard before, become more fluid and their effect is tempered by the use of some colours, as in the beautiful and roughly outlined sheet of studies entitled Nudes (1956). The Hills of Néma (1956), with their gossamer fine and lace-like muted contours record geological concepts in a technique again reminiscent of the silver engraver.

Of his most recent works oil paintings are best known; the chef-d'œuvre is Easel and Table (1957), an elongated and narrow composition. By dint of a lucid and definite arrangement of space the unpretentious objects gain monumentality. Although the motif is clearly represented, the picture gives the impression of having been painted by a cubist who had freed himself completely from the forms of nature. The shape of the canvas Staircase (1957) is similar, but the structure of forms in it is fainter; the fragile contours include fine greenish browns. Street in a Small Town (1957), is a masterly painting and reveals Barcsay's specific gifts for reshaping the motif: again in this picture, he has assembled the objects of reality in a way that suggests an abstract composition (Fig. 17). As far as we know there has been no instance of such a rendering—Easel and Table included—either in Hungarian or other Western art which has reached the dead end of abstraction. Old Cottage in Sunshine (1957), is amazing: a dilapidated ancient hovel is flooded with a *plein-air* sun, virtually vibrating

with the light. In Still Life with a Clock, in contrast to the meagre furnishings of his other similar paintings, a graceful baroque clock enriches the scene. Most of these paintings are small in size. Are dimensions really so important? Foucquet's miniatures, the size of an octavo volume, are monumental but can the same adjective be applied to Makart's enormous canvases? The Thinker (1957), belonging to the group of Barcsay's above-mentioned works, is painted with the etched technique of the more recent compositions with figures.

During the autumn of 1957 the greater part of these paintings and drawings were exhibited in Barcsay's one-man show at the National Salon, where the entire premises were needed to show a total of seventy-eight paintings, ninety-eight drawings and six engravings. This was his richest retrospective show but even so, only a very fragmentary one. The simple and wise text of the introduction to the catalogue was written by the patriarch Károly Lyka, whose relationship to the artist was that of master to pupil, as well as friend.

In 1957 Barcsay began painting the Easel Compositions and now the completed series shows the variations on this remarkable theme. The townscapes of Szentendre also became more and more simplified, as is shown by Signpost (1959), and by Group of Houses (1962). His most recent paintings again show numerous figures in vivid colours. Their power is overwhelming, as shown by Composition (1963), and other paintings of his recent period which, together with outstanding earlier works, have been put on show at this year's Venice Biennale.

ALIENATION AND SOCIALISM

by

MIKLÓS ALMÁSI

In socialism we cannot talk of "pure" phenomena of alienation; behind each of our problems there loom the distortions brought about by the personality cult. Not only the phenomena visible on the surface—such as the violations of legality, the respect for the leaders as "superhuman" —must be spoken of here, but also the deep-seated problems of the structure of the State and economic processes.

It cannot be our task here to survey the conservationist organization of Stalinist theory and practice, which gave rise to alienation; we wish to stress a single essential factor: the one-sided exaggeration of the role of the State. Stalin's idea that the State dies away by being constantly "strengthened" is well known. In practice, this paradox led to the overdevelopment of centralized bureaucracy and the proliferation of the coercive apparatus, i.e., instead of the State's tending to die away, its petrifying rigidity began to prevail and spontaneous initiative was suppressed. "Direct democracy," achieved through the active participation of the revolutionary people considered so important by Lenin, disappeared from practice and became an obsolete slogan. And let us add that these distortions which penetrated the economic structure of society were not yesterday's faults; their effect is still being felt today. We still struggle against them; in many instances we have not yet even discovered their distorting character. This is why the study of the phenomenon of alienation only in the external facts of the "cult" indicates a superficial way of looking at things. The alienation of the leaders is only one outward phenomenon of distortion of the structure. Because the leaders dispose over the objective power of the social forces of production, and the active public life of a socialist democracy does not assist and put a check on them, the difference disappears between the capabilities of the individual persons and the possibilities inherent in the concentrated forces of production of society. In such cases, the power of the personality appears, in an alienated form, as a force of society as a whole; and not only the leader holds himself to be all-powerful, but, because of the tapering off of socialist democracy, the masses can no longer separate the objective social forces from the personal capabilities of the leaders either. This is the source of the oft-mentioned factor in the personality cult: people transfer the facts of social evolution and the power of evolution to the personality of a leader, and even try to discover its essence there.

Much more fundamental and as yet little explored as far as today's problems are concerned, is that overcentralization, the over-expansion of the role of the State, not only had a harmful effect on the develop-

ment of socialist democracy but distorted and pushed towards alienation the productive activities of people too. In short, in the one-sided system of instructions from above, minimum scope was left for individual initiative and individual decision. The workers and local leaders—foremen, managers—faded into mere executors of instructions. The rigid, one-sided treatment of the objective laws of economic planning put a brake on initiative from below, on the élan of labour, and greatly contributed to apathy and indifference—the groundstones of the phenomena of alienation. The Twentieth and Twenty-Second Congresses of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union opened the door to a healthy evolution in this area too, but in dealing with the theoretical and practical facts of the deformation of the economic structure, as well as in the work of reconstruction and reorganization, we are still at the very beginning of the process. We have now arrived at the level at which examination may begin of the fundamental principles of the Stalinist economic structure and the elaboration of a healthier structure. Consequently, an attitude which sees the faults in the past only is of necessity only a hindrance and leads to sterility. Our present struggles, as well as the theoretical and practical roots of our difficulties, may also be explained by the evils of this inheritance. Today we have only come far enough to surmise and to experiment with the socio-economic forms which may accelerate the healthy evolution of socialism. We cannot assert that in the building of direct democracy in the economy and in public life we have overcome the distortions caused by the personality cult. We are proceeding in this direction, but the material and social structure of alienation is still with us today. (Let us consider such problems as fear of individual responsibility and the fetishism of supervision: these are the two poles of the same socio-economic organization that bears within itself the objective conditions for alienation; we have taken only the first uncertain steps towards overcoming it.)

The next aspect of alienation to be considered is the separation of public life from private life, or the creation of an artificial abyss between them. The system of bourgeois society results in a society of isolated, atomized private individuals, for whom only an extremely limited participation in public life is left—the opportunity offered, from time to time, by elections or demonstrations. The progressive parties, as well as individual artists, have always protested—though mainly without success—against this atomizing influence and for revival of the public man, the *"citoyen."* Only the communist parties succeeded in exploding this alienated private life and freeing people to act as social human beings. In the Soviet Union, at the time of the socialist revolution, private and public life were united, the formation of the new society became a part of everyday life, and—at least for some time—the rigid dividing wall disappeared between private life on the one hand and public life and public activity on the other. However, as socialism became stabilized, the objective opportunity receded more and more of private and public life being one, of moving with natural spontaneity from one's own life into the great web of history in formation. With the revolutionary situation past, quite a few new elements intervened between private and public life. Partly through the normal functioning of the socialist social order, partly because of unnecessary bureaucratization, a direct relationship could arise only as a rare exception in the life of the man in the street, although for the Communist, this unity could be created through a more elevated revolutionary morale. Out of the distortions of the personality cult, public life also acquired a number of alienated traits, and this tendency contributed to the isolation of private life. But the practice of the personality cult worked in a different direction, its goal was to maintain the

direct unity of private and public life, and to achieve this it tolerated private interests only to a small extent. With one-sided use of moral and ideological motives, material incentives were relegated to the background. The *raison d'état*, class duties and the workers' consciousness were exaggeratedly invoked, whereas individual interest would have sufficed to awaken susceptibility towards the common interest. As a consequence, the task of representing the common interest and engaging in public activity often existed in an alienated form, as a mere official duty, as an opportunist instrument of careerism or as a product of material or political pressure. Although, under the influence of liberating forces of socialism, people endeavoured to create a social public life, the neglect of the objective intermediary links which occurred here, or the one-sided fetishism of formal prescriptions, deflected this endeavour in the direction of formalized public life. The separation of the "I as a private person" from the "I as an official" and their conflict on various levels were a consequence of this alienation. A solution may be reached here by extending socialist democracy, widening the sphere of individual responsibility, and making possible spontaneous activity.

Alienation and Play

Before proceeding we have to clear up a misunderstanding. When the socialist or communist liquidation of alienation is mentioned, some mean that the fundamental difference between leisure and working time will disappear and work will be turned into some sort of play. But those theories which foresaw the liberation of mankind through making toil more playful—such thinkers and artists of the Enlightenment as Schiller, Mozart, and later the utopian socialist Fourier—were wrong, partly because they saw only the distorting effect of the division of labour and did not recognize the formative power of work. Protesting against the mutilation of man by the division of labour, they placed their hopes in the illusory freedom of play and not in the transformation of the conditions of labour. From this the second error followed. Work can never be play, because play stands outside the chain of objective necessity. The fundamental characteristic of play is that man, if he errs, may "re-play" the play, he may even "outwit" the rules, because he has made these rules himself. The freedom of play is a subjective freedom. Work, on the other hand, as "metabolism with nature" (Marx), is based on the observation of the laws of nature and on their clever application, its essence being provided by a relationship of objective causality.

However, the "necessary" character of work is not identical with alienation; on the contrary, the final and complete liquidation of alienation will be brought about through the human evolvement of work, through people finding in work the satisfaction of their own passions and interests; in other words, they will be able to realize themselves in work and not see in it some task which is alien to them. "Real freedom, the activity of which is work, is the self-realization of the individual and his objectivation," wrote Marx. This means that through work man realizes himself in the objective world, transfers his aims to nature, makes the world his own and through this also transforms himself too. These liberated forms of work occur today in only a few special areas such as artistic work. In communism this will be a general tendency. But there too the difference between work and leisure will remain, and the combined role of the two, aiming towards each other and mutually enriching each other, will shape the evolvement of the whole human being.

Playful work was an illusion of the Enlightenment. Yet—as a progressive tradition—it became part and parcel of Marxist common thought and even found a place in the ideas formed of communist society.

From a progressive illusion, it has become a misleading dogma. In the alienated world of bourgeois society, the progressive theory of playful work has only achieved the postponement of the struggle against alienation: until work becomes play, in the Utopian perspective, nothing can be done against alienation. Because of this it has become—even if not admittedly—a rigidly thwarting, even reactionary, dogma. Incidentally, in the imperialist period of capitalism the decadent form of play has evolved in the form of wanton, cruel play, which turns its back on social activity, responsibility and morality (we are thinking here of the various forms of the "*action gratuite*"). And this playfulness is itself an alienated phenomenon: man feels happy in the moral and ideological void, he begins to enjoy his own disintegration. These two forms of play then become interwoven, presenting a false perspective of man in flight from alienation: he arrives from whence he has fled. For example, the bureaucrat likes to play too, with seals, documents, and clients; he finds pleasure in self-expression, such as exact and flowery composition and inhuman formalities, which are also "playful" in themselves. And if parasitic playfulness and bureaucratic playfulness differ in their social essence and are even contradictory sociological phenomena, they still have a common root: both are manifestations of an emptiness alien to life. In the human evolvement of work the alienation will have to be overcome in different ways.

Division of Labour and the Integrity of Man

The most important social source of alienation, operating under socialism as well as capitalism, is the division of labour. After the liquidation of exploitation, it is the effects of the division of labour that slow down the process during which work must change from "the semblance of spontaneous activity" (Marx) to true spontaneous activity. The division of labour—in which the worker mechanically executes some minute part of the work process and plays the role of a cog in a process which has become incomparably bigger than he—has always been a symbol of capitalist alienation. And modern large-scale industry with its assembly lines and the intensification of mass production has been strengthening this tendency to an ever-increasing extent.

The division of labour does not, of course, make its alienated influence felt in such a primitive form only, but manifests itself in other socio-psychological phenomena too, in one way or another, common to the particularities of alienation. There is, for instance, the system of social roles, with one person assuming innumerable roles: at home he is the father of a family, then a passenger, then an employee, then part of a work process, then a private citizen. However I do not agree with the sociological idea which maintains that man is internally completely torn apart among these roles and only "pretends" them; the truth is that the same man takes part in each "role"—i.e., in the activity systems prescribed by the division of labour—but with different parts of himself. Under capitalism this internal disruption, the dissolution of integrity, is extreme; people lose the kernel of their personality.

Socialism has changed a great deal in this relationship, but the alienating effect of the systems of roles caused by the division of labour, still makes itself felt; integrity cannot be completely achieved as yet. Class-conscious workers, leaders who have matured to socialists, are already the protagonists of the new ideology and morality in the plant—but find it quite natural to live in petty bourgeois conditions at home. This double mode of existence is not even disturbing to them, because it may become two sufficiently separate systems of roles in their lives. In the long run, a conflict may arise between the two ideologies and moralities, but the example clearly

demonstrates the "dividedness" according to roles. The converse of this phenomenon is the showing off of an artificial, snobbishly original personality. In this case too it is the unity of the personality that has dissolved, and the creation of the impression of a forceful personality is attempted through all sorts of assumed postures, acting a behaviour and ideology alien to one's personality. These two poles have only been weakened by socialism but have not been abolished. The internal unity of the personality, its complete integrity, can only evolve after the dissolution of the alienating influence of the division of labour.

Finally, routine must also be mentioned as one of the aspects of the division of labour also operative in our society. Well-practised, routine work is the precondition of every continuous activity. But the moment the individual movements begin to act of their own accord, when man cannot vary with new features what he has practised, when he cannot do something new that has not been seen before, then routine becomes an alienated skill, it becomes independent of the individual's personality and even rules over him. (Routine does not appear, of course, in the performance of work only, but also in various other domains of everyday life. Even in many moral acts routine takes the place of acting oneself and acting honestly, and in political action it is very often routine that decides and not a firm ideological foundation.)

But what can socialism do here? Obviously, we cannot renounce modern production methods. Here too the further intensification of the division of labour is the ruling tendency, even if in the long run this is tempered by automation and by more advanced mechanization. Marx once thought that a worker oppressed by a trade or a mechanical operation could be freed from the harmful effect of the division of labour if he could change his employment freely from time to time. This is indeed the best medicine theoretically; the division of labour harms a man most if he becomes insensible through monotonous operation, the never-ending repetition of a minute part of a process, if he develops and uses his mental and physical faculties one-sidedly and superficially. Since then modern big industry has brought forth such a complicated branching out of specialization that a change of employment would be very difficult even within one and the same principal trade. Suffice it to mention here, by way of example, the tremendous internal specialization of the chemical or plastics industries, which has raised the level of minimum skill so much that it has made a change of employment very difficult within the particular branch of industry. For the time being the consensus is that it is impossible to develop a universal nucleus of knowledge which can be utilized with a little "additional learning" in any trade.

Some Marxist thinkers conclude from this that there is for the time being no medicine against the "secondary effects" of alienation. Yet it is only apparently that we are left to our own devices in the Marxist solution of the question. In his last writings, in his speeches and articles on the problems of strengthening the Soviet State, Lenin dealt again and again with the struggle against bureaucracy, against the fetishism of work organization, and from these writings numerous methodological and essential lessons can be learned.

The essence of Lenin's train of thought and policy is that the alienating effect of the division of labour can be defeated by developing the natural social components of human activities, and transforming the millions into "makers of society." It can be seen that for Lenin alienation was not a question of technical development but a problem of social practice and the shaping of consciousness. Let us look at a simple example. The worker who a hundred years ago was a mere prisoner of increasing exploitation through mechanization was in

a much more alienated state than the one who fought for better working conditions in the trade union movement. And, again, fewer fetishizing forces influenced the revolutionary fighter. It follows from our example that if the worker has an opportunity to shape the organizational conditions of his work, if he can on some level have a say in the production of the goods which he manufactures, in the "policy" and economy of his plant, the shaping of his own conditions of living—then the effect of alienation is immediately reduced. In this way the alienation caused by performing a small part of a process, by the division of labour, may be bridged over, and a contact may be found with the whole. Personal participation in the wider connexions—effective social action—frees man from alienation, whereas being limited to immediate work—however comfortable that work may become, and however short a time it may last—will only increase alienation.

During the years of the personality cult, the social factors in human activity evolved mainly in a fetishistic form. It was the task of those "in office" to deal with society as a whole; it was they, the leaders, who both defined and carried out this task. As an example, work competition began in Hungary and especially in the Soviet Union as a spontaneous movement, but very soon it became an official movement, to a large extent with prefabricated percentages and with "put-up" people, often with compulsory pledges—and so the spontaneous activity of the participants became unimportant and the social aspects of their work were turned into bureaucratic data. Superfluous bureaucratization did not lead people towards social fulfilment of their personality, but locked them back into their work and private life. The internal forces of socialism did not permit this tendency to become fully effective; the distortions of the personality cult could not entirely remodel society.

In the fight against alienation the dialectic of state-social tasks and individual-spontaneous activity plays an important role. Not long before his death, Lenin defined the components of this dialectic. In the debate on the development of the trade unions he drew attention to this contradiction. On the one hand, single groups of workers have to be given the possibility of defending their legitimate rights even against the State, and on the other, the trade unions must assist the socialist State in the development of its economy. As is known, Trotsky, in opposition to Lenin, took the view that this dialectic had to be discarded and the trade unions "nationalized" (i.e., their character as safeguards of the workers' interests abolished). And although Stalin fought resolutely against Trotskyism, in practice he still realized this principle of the one-sided nationalization of trade unions. Through this—and through the general political attitude which accompanied it—the active participation of the working class in the direction of production, building democracy in the plant, shaping its own way of living and social position, became atrophied. All this made it possible for the harmful effects of the division of labour to come again to the fore. Thus, the economy of real social relationships could not develop. And the tasks indicated by Lenin—for example in the case of the trade unions—have remained tasks to this day; we are proceeding in this direction but have taken only the first steps towards execution of this legacy.

I believe that in Lenin's thoughts the salient point of the struggle against alienation is present: the awakening and evolvement of interest in "society as a whole," of the opportunity to act. What concerns us here is not only the evaluation of the activities of the trade unions, but the more general viewpoint according to which the construction of socialism was planned as the union of popular movement and of direction on the level of the State.

Technical Development as Cause of Alienation

In connexion with the above train of thought the technological theory of alienation can rate only a comment. I believe that I have shown that Lenin's posing of the question implicitly answered the argument that the rapid spread of machine culture made the alienation valid for both systems as a kind of cosmic destiny. But let us briefly examine these objections too. To state the essence of this theory in the style of a textbook: as the quantity of machines grows, man becomes more and more adjunct to the equipment, a passive part of the mechanical processes; he is at the mercy of some unwieldy mechanism largely incomprehensible to him. And this tendency on a world-wide scale, is affecting not only capitalism but socialism as well, since the same technical and scientific achievements are applied in the latter. To this pessimism of bourgeois sociology Marx and Lenin have opposed, as we have seen, the liberation of the social activity of man; alienation can only win if man fails to struggle against it on a social scale, if he does not defeat it again and again, if he does not constantly humanize the newest achievements of technology. It is already a commonplace contention of bourgeois sociology that, for example, our everyday articles—telephone, radio, television—all operate as alienating technical devices. Well, this commonplace may be answered by everyday truth. The telephone becomes an instrument of alienation only if man can—for other social reasons—no longer speak, even without the telephone, to other men with natural directness; then the impersonality of the telephone serves this depersonification well. But if man maintains his normal personal relationships, then the telephone serves these too. The same applies to television. If the theatre is unable to offer more than television can give in the way of human, social atmosphere, then it obviously separates the viewer from direct experience. But then he would become separated from the theatre even if there were no television, because he can be bored at home too. The technical devices serve to alienate only if the alienated way of living has already developed in people, in which case the new instruments will strengthen this tendency. However, one aspect of this false bourgeois theory deserves attention: every new technical discovery has to be humanized by society, which has to fight against those effects that further alienation and for those that tend to liberate social activity, through the evolvement of spontaneous activity, the broadening of democracy and the elaboration of the natural capabilities.

The theories on the relation between technology and alienation have a more philosophic projection too, which is represented by Sartre and by Lucien Goldmann among others. In refutation Marxist critics are lagging a bit behind (I am referring to the pertinent chapters of Garaudy's book, *Les perspectives de l'humanisme*). In wording the philosophic arguments, the author uses apparently Marxist categories. All work is the "objectification" of man; man realizes himself in objects, partly by converting natural resources into objects that satisfy human needs, partly by creating objects to assist him in his struggle with nature. In the course of technical evolution, then, "the mass of objects" becomes greater and greater, with the result that man becomes less and less important in relation to the objects that surround him and are the products of his own work. And this tendency acts in socialism too; it cannot be avoided there either. Of course, this train of thought is only partly based on Marxism, where we make a difference between "objectification" (Versachlichung) and "alienation" (Entfremdung, Selbstentfremdung) in regard to work. Objectification is characteristic of all work; work is the forming of the objective world; through it man transfers himself (his physical, mental and social capabilities) into the

world of objects and realizes himself there. Alienation, on the other hand, is a phenomenon of social consciousness. The former does not necessarily cause the latter, for objectification has been the essence of human activity for thousands of years, while alienation is a modern phenomenon. Socialism is confronted with this problem only insofar as the new technical-industrial development raises the necessity of reforming the social organization and the social power of the individual, viz., insofar as the difference and relationship between objectification and alienation have to be "balanced out" on the basis of new factors.

The Petty Bourgeois—from a New Point of View

When human relationships become alienated in bourgeois society—for instance, isolation predominates in human relations—then mechanical devices too serve alienation; the marriage-broker business for example, substitutes for individual love. Decisive in the fight against alienation is the widening of the social power of man—of the worker—and the fulfilment of his human essence; it depends on the extent to which the objective process of production can be subjected to the social influence of the individual.

The phenomenon known and debated under the name of "socialist petty bourgeoisie" is connected, in my view, with the problems of alienation which have been discussed here.

It is primarily behind petty-bourgeois tendencies that we sense the mainsprings of alienation. In themselves, material and social possibilities and a rise in the standard of living do not necessarily lead to a petty-bourgeois mentality. A revolutionary naturally remains one even if he possesses a refrigerator and a television set. He becomes a petty bourgeois if the overwhelming part or the very essence, of his interest is absorbed by the acquisition and enjoyment of these goods and by showing off with them. At the very moment that the social interest and activity of the individual become bureaucratized, when his spontaneous social activity is pushed into the background as a result of exaggerated official measures—these merely material objectives become independent, become aims in themselves. To be more exact, those material possibilities come to the fore and begin to act in people's everyday lives, propelling them in the direction of the petty bourgeoisie. If an activity having social significance becomes attractive, then the danger of becoming a petty bourgeois subsides. This is why the continuous raising of the standard of living has to be accompanied by a social advance of man, a freeing of the social ramification of his work, activities and entertainment, the full development of his social self. The pernicious Stalinist legacies have to be eliminated in this field too; people must have the opportunity to "interfere," to take an interest in an autonomous public life. As we have only just begun the liquidation of this legacy, the distortion still exercises an influence at present in the surface form of a petty-bourgeois mentality.

The Changed Role and Effect of the Fetish of Money

The other great fosterer of alienation—besides the effects of the division of labour—is money with its economic functions and fetishistic character. The inhuman power of money, its magical fetish-like appearance, has largely vanished or is on the wane. Innumerable paths have opened up for man to get ahead; material progress is only one—though important—motive of the many, and obviously does not act with the same merciless compulsion as under capitalism. This power will continue to diminish under the combined effect of the socialist economy, social norms and ideological transformation. Today those who wish to use only their money to make up for their lack of talent

and their emptiness have become a laughing stock, and legitimate forms of getting ahead in society remain closed to them. In this primary respect the fetish of money has ceased to exist. But its secondary effects can still be felt.

The dominant role of the universal equivalent will remain for some time under socialism—even if with a diminishing tendency. As Marx said, in the exchange of goods and in the relationships of distribution under socialism, the same principle is valid as under capitalism: the exchange of equivalent goods. "A defined quantity of work of a certain form is exchanged for the same quantity of work of a different form." The universal equivalent representing an objective economic measurement—money, or the rationally determined labour time, governs this exchange. In both cases the individual quality of work can be taken into account socially only to the extent that it incorporates socially necessary labour time—since only to that extent is it exchangeable. For our problem this means that individual work—and way of living too—must first be referred to an abstract, general formula if we are to discover the social value of their individual character. The products of work cannot be exchanged directly, but only by referring them to the universal equivalent. And in this the germ of the secondary forms of alienation is already hidden. This can be ascertained from the fact that Marx saw in the survival of the universal equivalent the survival of bourgeois right and of the relationships of exchange under the conditions of socialism: "Equal *right* here is still in principle—*bourgeois right*, although principle and practice are no longer at loggerheads, while the exchange of equivalents in commodity exchange only exists *on the average* and not in the individual case. In spite of this advance, this *equal right* is still constantly stigmatized by a bourgeois limitation. The right of the producers is *proportional* to the labour they supply; the equality consists in the fact that measurement is made with an *equal standard*, labour." (Marx: Critique of the Gotha Programme.)

Let us observe the alienating effect of the universal equivalent, first in a very simple, trivial case, in connection with the phenomena of fashion. People endowed with individual, natural capabilities do not enter into direct human relationships with each other, they do not like or dislike each other on the basis of special individual qualities, but because they dress in accordance with the dictates of fashion in certain generally attractive "equivalents". Fashionable clothes are called for also because they give their wearers a market value and because in them individual capabilities are pressed into the form of a generally accepted equivalent. It is the same with cars, refrigerators or some fashionable luxury articles. The acquisition of these goods becomes important not only because they make life easier, relieve the owner of household chores and help him to achieve a fuller life, but also because their possession means an increase of prestige.

In these cases, in addition to the real need the alienated need appears too and transforms the real one, so that when the two are interwoven the latter is difficult to recognize. The refrigerator is in fact an important requirement of the modern household. But its use for prestige purposes is the source of an alienated passion: competition with the neighbours and a chase after social significance, not the satisfaction of an individual, personal need. We are not faced here with a pure form of alienation, and this may account for its more modest role. But that it is present as a factor, is beyond doubt. Although these tendencies are not unknown under capitalism, it is easy to recognize the difference. First, prestige consumption is there a question of existence. The American sociologist Vance Packard wrote that when the manager of a great bank did not buy the type of car that was then "current"—he did not happen to like it—this caused distrust towards his stocks; it was suspected that bad business

caused him to purchase the cheaper car. (Vance Packard: The Hidden Persuaders). But the same applies to white-collar workers and even to categories of lower employees. Manner of dressing and one's residence are marks of social rank that have the function of indirectly assuring personal advancement and one's livelihood. In socialism these prestige items have lost their significance for one's existence, but their measure of value function remains in private life. With the rise in the standard of living and the general accessibility of these articles the prestige attached to them is diminished, and there is a change even in the attitude according to which one wants to achieve advancement—at least in private life—through them. Therefore, with the development of socialist consciousness and of new moral norms, it will be easy enough to subdue and then to abolish these excesses.

The effect of the role of the universal equivalent on the forms of human intercourse is a more important and more essential phenomenon. In public life too—we often encounter a stock-exchange-like evaluation of people, i.e., a psychology that judges a person according to what his capabilities are "worth" in the exchange of public life, how his political views are "rated," whether he is going upwards or downwards—in a word, what can be achieved through him. In this context, the concrete man almost disappears or is only considered to the extent that he is the carrier of political, economic and other values and interests. By way of a joke we may say that man plays here a role similar to that of money: he assumes the dialectic of the universal equivalent; he acquires a *use value* (the political, public or social weight, importance, or influence which happens to be embodied in him and changes all the time). This psychology exists not only in political life, but on the level of separate enterprises and in the professions as well. This is known as "personal connections" or "socialist connections" and presents no small problem. Its liquidation is made difficult because the appearance of being something personal conceals the alienated relationship—the essence of which is not personal friendship or personal attraction, but material interest. These tendencies are not only relics of the bourgeois and petty bourgeois ways of living, no mere "vestiges," but consequences of the economic survival of the universal equivalent. All this does not mean that these phenomena are not losing ground or that it is not possible to take up the cudgels against them. In other spheres, too, the economic system of socialism turns people against this tendency. It is also important to note that these phenomena do not simply correspond to the phenomena of alienation noticeable in capitalism. There the "stock-exchange-like" evaluation of people is the almost exclusive means of social intercourse. Here this is merely a concomitant phenomenon of numerous other, healthier relationships. Moreover, even if the building of personal relationships is only apparent and still includes many alienated traits, its playfulness and occasionally conspicuous "disinterestedness" already serve to disrupt alienation. If for example a customer can buy an "article in short supply" only where he is known, where he has personal connections, then this is not simply a "relationship of interest"—as it would be under capitalism. (The system of "regular customers" is basically a business trick.) Very often this is simply the pious fraud of acquaintanceship, of human conviviality, of giving an advantage to a friend. This weak example is perhaps sufficient to show that such types of alienation are largely self-destroying: they gradually disappear together with the social function in the course of the unfolding of socialism, leaving behind them temporarily no more than their shell. Our assertions apply, of course, only to these secondary phenomena; the primary features of alienation are more tenacious.

Another thread connects greyness of individual life and experiences with this socio-economic source. Consider the experience

a good football match furnishes or, on another plane, the shattering effect of witnessing a disaster. And yet most people are not satisfied with processing these experiences for themselves in their own way, with making them part of their own life, or with forgetting them, but are only satisfied when they read about them in the newspaper the next day, when they have seen them in print. The personal experience becomes "authentic" and a part of individual life when it has been given the supposed "key" to evaluation, when it has been formalized in some way.

The same problems, of course, influence private life too. In the education of emotions, as in the formation of aesthetic tastes, the predominance of emotional clichés presents a great problem. Especially in petty-bourgeois strata, but also in intellectual circles and in some strata of the working class, the formalization of emotional experiences survives; some emotions can only be experienced within the framework of hit tunes, books and films, and these people have great difficulty or do not succeed at all in having direct personal experiences. In other words, they approach their own experiences, like those of others, with the eyes of "somebody else". This is true not only in the domain of love and in the conflicts of family life, but also in other areas of emotional life; this artificial experience operates in cultural life and with regard to moral problems as well; it preserves numerous clichés of taste and attitude, relics that have been emptied of content.

These phenomena—occurring both in politico-economic and in private life—have a common centre: the fetishization of certain forms and clichés, with resulting relegation into the background of man's individual and personal qualities, ambitions and problems. The given formula plays the part of a general cure, and the individual peculiarities of the "case"—even if they happen to be one's own—are difficult to consider. Let us mention here, by way of example, the formulae of the language of functionaries. They say, "We sit down and discuss the problems," but such a discussion very often does not endeavour to explore the special features of the problem and to search for the particular paths leading to a solution, but tries to be a cure in itself. The example is trivial but perhaps throws light on the fact that the fetishized treatment of organizational problems often shows a similar logic, which is of course again and again demolished by the vigour and will of people who are working on it. It is not the organizational forms that are wrong here either, only their fetishized treatment, which imagines them to be effective in themselves—without the people participating and active in them.

Giving free scope to the many-sidedness of personal life, the enrichment of experiences, the shedding of the formalized style of life, work and the practice of leadership are more complicated problems than the above. Their solutions—in my opinion—are to be sought in the same area as the antidotes to the alienating effect of the division of labour: in the broadening of socialist democracy, the evolvement of spontaneous activity, and the radical development of the social activity, power, and interest of man.

This essay cannot pretend to cover all aspects of this problem. We have not touched on a number of well-known questions such as the forms of city life, of estrangement from nature and of solitude. Variations of all of these are to be found in socialist life and call for a separate thorough examination. Neither the perspectives of solutions nor their theoretical conditions are as yet in the stage where anyone could undertake a complete survey. But further discussions can promote not only theoretical clarification but, what is most important, our struggle for the full development of man, the many-sided evolvement of the forces of socialism.

Just one comment in conclusion. There are many people who regard the concept

of alienation disparagingly or with suspicion, as if it were an idea that had somehow got into Marxist theory from German idealism, or as if it were a phenomenon that would be solved by itself or is already solved. It is the author's conviction, on the contrary, that the liquidation of alienation is one of the most fundamental historic missions of socialism, an essential doctrine and requirement of the Marxist-Leninist revolutionary theory. Without the liquidation of alienation it is not possible to realize the society "worthy of man," communism. It may be anticipated that in the peaceful competition of the two systems it will matter very much—and in the near future—which system will be able to create a society free of alienation. And the historical advantages enjoyed by socialism in this respect have to be made use of. The reduction of working hours, a tendency also existing in capitalism, the relegation to the background of the most glaring phenomena of exploitation, at least in the most advanced capitalist countries, turn the workers' attention towards alienation. And if socialism presents the world with the reality of a society free of fetishes and of alienation—of which capitalism is, by its very nature, incapable—this would give socialism a tremendous advantage in the contest of the two systems.

(Continued on p. 189)

TWO YOUNG SHORT STORY WRITERS

ALONE

by

JUDIT FENÁKEL

"Name?"

"Eszter Boldogh" *

"Boldogh?"

"Yes, with an 'h' at the end."

"A strange name. And you said Eszter, didn't you?"

The girl nodded. Yes, she had said Eszter, Eszter Boldogh, and not Mrs., Mrs. Péter, or Mrs. István. Simply Eszter. They had heard her right.

"Occupation?"

"University student."

The committee were bored. The chairman was a thin man with receding hair, and he kept fumbling with his papers. His eyes were watery, perhaps blue. His thin, purplish lips hardly moved when he spoke. He made no effort to move his lips; after all, this was the twentieth time today that he had asked the same questions, and at least twenty more women were waiting outside in the rank-smelling waiting-room.

"Do you know the father of the child?"

The father? The terrible feeling which had already driven her out into the clinic garden thrice again began to set Eszter quivering inside.

Did she know him? My God, what did they think she was?

"Yes, I know him."

"Your reasons for the application?"

"Both of us are fourth-year students. We can't get married before our final examinations."

The chairman shook his head. It was no longer an official gesture, but seemed to express something like sympathy. The well-groomed elderly man next to him also asked her a question in a manner not entirely official:

* A Hungarian family name meaning "Happy".

"Do you live with your parents?"

"No, I don't."

"I see," he said emphatically, "I see."

Esther turned and went out. She had got the paper without any difficulty, nevertheless, the pullover was soaked with perspiration by the time she left the room. A broad-hipped, pasty-faced woman squeezed in after her. The thick wedding ring glittering on her finger gave her an aura of calm self-assurance.

Married, thought Esther. Two or three children, a husband, and she keeps house for them. Everything as it should be. Inside, she wouldn't be asked, 'Do you know the father?' And they wouldn't be surprised at her name either, for it would start with the blessed "Mrs.", the "Mrs." that made everything all right. Mrs. István, János or Lajos—it didn't really matter. She was married.

Miklós was waiting for her on the quayside, leaning against the parapet. He was looking at the river hypocritically, pretending to have come for a walk, to watch the sand being unloaded and to admire the view. They had not met in the morning. True Eszter had seen him right away; his head had popped up and then disappeared in the doorway to a passage. He had deliberately withdrawn from the sight of the girls who in large groups of eight were off to have breakfast. She had suddenly cut across the park. That's what she would really like to do again... But he had recognised her by the tapping of her heels. He was biting his lips nervously, as he usually did before oral examinations. His lips were cracked and unusually red, his cheeks pale and yellowish as if something were wrong with his liver. He had lost a lot of weight during the last few weeks.

"Have you got it?"

"Yes."

"What did they ask you?"

Eszter shrugged her shoulders. "It doesn't matter."

"Did you tell them it was urgent?"

"Everyone says it's urgent."

"Poppet..."

Eszter flinched at the old familiar pet name. What use was it now?

"One year, Poppet..." He put his arms around her.

"One and a half," Eszter corrected him and disentangled herself from his embrace.

Then she had a second thought. "Not even that long, it was nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?"

"I mean that now you will just go off."

"I don't understand. To lectures?"

"To lectures or wherever you want to. You will go away for good."

"Don't start all that again!" Miklós sighed. He suddenly looked even paler and thinner than before.

"I'm not starting anything. I want to finish it. Stop following me about once and for all... Don't speak to me about one year... This whole business. Let's call it quits, Nick."

"Now?"

"Yes, now. I don't want pity and I don't want consolation. And I particularly don't want you consoling me with talk of marriage. It's not called for, I don't need it, I don't want it."

"Don't you love me?"

"I don't know."

"All right, Eszter, just hold on for three days. Afterwards we'll talk it over. Afterwards, don't you see? I still feel the same, in fact..."

"Don't, please don't."

Then they just kicked away at the pebbles in silence. Eszter stole surreptitious looks at the boy. If only she could at least remember the time when she loved him. The time when she... why, just a month, a week ago she had loved him! She was very much in love with him. For three years her heart leaped every morning when she caught sight of him. To walk together for miles, to go to the cinema together, or just sit next to each other during classes... All this had meant renewed happiness every day. A tranquil, relieved happiness, for which the other girls envied her. The happiness of someone who had found her heart's desire. This apathy had been a thing of the last few days. Before an extraction, the dentist isolates the bad tooth with strong injections. The novocain first numbs the tongue, then the whole mouth, and finally one cheek feels paralyzed. In her case, the soul was paralyzed, and she had no interest in anything at all. None whatsoever. Miklós, poor boy, was trying very hard. He did not want to desert her. But then she was alone anyway; she could not be lonelier.

"Tomorrow?" he asked tonelessly.

"Perhaps tomorrow."

'Tomorrow' began with a visit to the surgery. This was the first time she had to undress. The girls were still sleeping in the dormitory. Eszter came out with her small suitcase as if she were going home.

It was a clumsy lie, "My mother's ill... Just one or two days, I'll bring a written excuse." But for the last few weeks they had all seen her confused, distant look. They had noticed that the smell of sausages made her

sick. And then there was Miklós. They had seen him lose weight, turn parchment-coloured and keep on biting his lips.

"Just go," Anikó had said, "perhaps they won't even call the roll until you get back." Behind her they exchanged significant glances. Anikó blinked and then asked: "Money... Have you got any money?"... There was no need for explanations.

She had known that high, hard chair before. One had to climb up by a small stool or step-ladder, and then with legs wide apart relax your stomach.

"It's no use like that," the young doctor scolded her. "You are not relaxing."

She knew this doctor by sight. He usually had several coffees a day at the espresso on the opposite corner. From the dormitory window the girls often admired his broad shoulders and strong neck, bronzed all the year round from sunbathing. And now here she was lying, in front of him, with her lower body in mid-air, her legs apart like a frog prepared for dissection. Mechanically the doctor dictated to the nurse: "Egg-sized... between two and three months..."

"Impossible," thought Eszter. "It can't be that old." A pool of sweat collected under her arms and drops of it began to roll down.

"Will it be over today?" she asked the nurse.

"That's not our business, dear. They will tell you upstairs."

Upstairs was the fourth floor, an extra ward improvised for the emergency out of what was really an attic. At first she had sat about and paced up and down with the other scared and bewildered women in the Gynecological Department, but then Dr. Csajágh, the assistant head physician yelled at them. "Get out of my way! I can't work like this. Nurse, take them up to the fourth floor."

"Them." A haggard-looking, tiny woman was walking next to Eszter. Long eyelashes fluttered in fright over her small, mousy eyes.

"Dr. Csajágh is very angry about the abortion cases," she whispered to Eszter. "The woman next door had it done just a little while ago, she told me. Heaven help the poor soul who falls into his hands."

The door of the attic ward slammed shut behind them. Everybody was given a bare bed, the linen was just thrown on the mattress, but the beds had not been made. Eszter closed her eyes. Now she would simply walk out. She would slam the door behind her and would not look at the pompous, strict-looking janitor. She would go to see Miklós and tell him, "I have changed my mind. We'll get married tomorrow." And Miklós would not back out of it. He would just bite his lips tensely, and say to himself: "Mad-

ness, sheer madness, but it's what she wants. I love Eszter and I'm an honourable man. If she wants it..."

And seven months from now she would march in here on the arm of her husband, her stomach like a barrel, legs varicose-veined, with proud self-satisfaction—for the delivery. She would arrive by taxi, nurses would bustle around her, a friendly doctor would take her to the maternity ward. There would be telephone enquiries every half hour, large bouquets of flowers, smiling and completely legal anxiety, telegram to Mother (oh, poor Mother, if she only knew!), friends and relations crowding to the hospital, and presents. "That's it," she said almost aloud. And then a child. The state examinations, then an appointment, then a rented room.

Madness! Time to wake up. She had to stay here in the attic-ward and not show rebellion when Dr. Csajágh said, "Them". And not show rebellion because her case-sheet had the name Eszter Boldogh instead of Mrs. Eszter Gara. Not even when several people commented, "Eszter Boldogh? A strange name."

"They say that you have to write a petition to the Head Surgeon," the mousy-eyed woman next to her whispered. "On the orders of the Head Surgeon himself. That's what the woman next-door told me. Have you got a family?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, then?" The woman was shocked. "How can you let them do it? You know you may not be able to have any children afterwards. My husband, he would certainly have refused it to me before I had my first or even my second."

"Oh, leave her alone," a tall woman with a fresh perm grabbed the mousy-eyed woman by the arm. Eszter could still hear them muttering. "She hasn't got a husband. She's a student, they usually don't live at home... You know how it is..."

The door slammed open and a draught almost swept off Nurse Emma's stiffly starched cap.

"Now, you girls and women, come here! I am going to give out some blanks and you will even get an envelope to go with them, ten fillérs each—you see I am giving you a discount. You can all weep out your hearts in a nice letter to the Head. But make it a really good one because otherwise we will leave the little one at home! And do it quick sharp, because I'm coming back in fifteen minutes. Now, is there anyone here by the name of Mrs. Kálmán Seres?"

The pasty-faced woman who had come after Eszter when they had their hearing before the committee stepped forward, "That's me."

"Well, bring your stuff, my dear, we have a bed for you on the floor below."

"She must be a paying patient." Mousy-Eyes said enviously. "You can tell by the way they treat you. I told my husband, I'd better, too, but then..."

Eszter took the writing-paper and tried to imagine what would be written on it. "Dear Sir..." What was he like, this Head Surgeon who collected applications of desperate women every day? What did he need all that paper for? Did he read them at all? "I respectfully request..." Was he collecting data for a research project or was he the type who likes to pronounce verdicts on people? Did he just want everybody to realize that he could lord it over so many women and decide their future for them? He was supposed to have his private rooms here in the hospital on the second floor. They said he was over six feet tall and attended Mass every Sunday. He didn't like to perform an abortion because it was a sinful operation. Giving birth, on the other hand, was a lofty, sacred business, he would assist at any delivery for a mere thousand forints; that was his rate, and not by any means the maximum.

She looked up from the paper which was still blank. A woman wearing a red flannelette dressing-gown was standing before her. She was nervously biting her cracked and carelessly polished nails.

"Are you really a student?"

"I am."

"I thought," she giggled in embarrassment, "that you would perhaps write it for me. You know I... Well I'm a housemaid, and my fiancé, well, you understand, don't you, he hasn't got divorced yet. And I live in where I work, but he'll get the divorce and then were going to get married, except that he has children and in those cases the court... And my employers are paying for the whole business, you know it's really a very good place, but they can't do much with a pregnant woman. That's what ought to go in the letter—you can probably manage it more easily. My name is Gizi Balla, by the way."

She put out her hand with the cracked nails and polish so that it almost touched Eszter's nose. "I have a ring," she giggled slyly, like someone who has tricked the world. "You see I have a ring, we are really engaged."

She too is unmarried, Eszter thought. They think I am like her, too. I wonder how often she has gone through with it?

Gizi Balla showed off the nicely composed letter to the others. She was especially proud that her employer was paying for the whole business and that Eszter had printed the letter neatly. Mousy-Eyes also came to her.

"Really, if you can do it as easily as that, won't you please write one for me, too?" Eszter did. And then she wrote the petitions for two others. The faces were changing in front of her and so did the pieces of paper. And every petition opened a black door on to a sad little life. Only her own paper was still clear and blank.

Nurse Emma was again swept in by a draught, the air seemed to whistle around her.

"Well, well, here I am again. I've come to fetch all the lovely letters for the Head. And yours?" she pounced on Eszter's empty envelope.

"I am just writing it now."

"But, my dear, you've surely had time to write a whole novel by now. You needn't elaborate it too much. 'We loved each other, we had a good time, he cleared out, and now here I am.' Oh, the Head is quite familiar with it all."

"How well you know, how well you know, Nurse," Gizi Balla tittered. Her crimson nails went up to her lips.

"Nurse!" and the long lashes fluttered over the glinting mouse-eyes, "I must go home the day after tomorrow, I was promised I could."

"What, they promised you, my dear! It's the same with everybody. And you'd better not be in too much of a hurry, dearie, or you may be sorry. Two days later they may bring you back drenched in blood, and you can begin all over again."

"But my husband said..."

"Your husband! Your husband should have been more careful. That's his business... Don't worry, he won't come and fetch you with a pitchfork."

"You don't know him. My husband is the type of man... If you only knew him, Nurse."

"It's enough for me to keep count of all the women, dear. And by the way, there won't be any operations today. The Head's orders.

"Orders?"

"That's right. It's the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or something; we must not desecrate it with the blood of slaughter," she intoned in a pious voice. Nobody felt like laughing but Nurse Emma's recital was impossible to resist.

Eszter turned away. One more day, she sighed. It would never end. The Head's orders. They celebrated The Feast of the Annunciation like this at the public hospital on public money. The Head Physician who charged a thousand forints for his private attention. The pious surgeon. What a performance!

The little woman with the mousy-eyes was sobbing loudly on the next bed.

"You don't know my husband... You don't know..."

"Everybody knows her own," a worn, middle aged woman waved her hand deprecatingly. "They're all alike..."

"And my sister-in-law said she would take care of the baby for two days only. If I don't get home in time..."

Nurse Emma confronted her with her hands on her hips.

"What will happen then? Will your husband seize a hatchet and bring it down on the Head Surgeon?"

"Not on him, but..." the woman jumped up from the bed and slipped her dress back from her shoulders. "That's what he did, see? Because I didn't want to come here, I would rather have given life to the poor innocent..."

They formed a circle around her and stared at the black-and-blue blotches in silent horror.

"They are beasts, all of them," whispered the woman with the fresh perm. "They make our lives a misery."

Nurse Emma was unmoved by the bruises. She had seen worse things in her time.

"Now you abuse them and call them this and that, but two weeks later... I know my own sex. No use cursing, my dear, you were there yourself when that baby was conceived."

"I wish I hadn't been."

"But suppose your man did it to someone else!"

"I'd rather he had done this to someone else."

"But you would certainly tear the hair of that someone else. Of course, you can say what you want, talking doesn't cost anything." The nurse suddenly clapped her hands. "But this won't get us anywhere, my dears. Half an hour from now, you all line up in front of the surgery."

"Again? But everybody was examined this morning!"

"This morning was the usual round, this is hospital routine for you," and she was already being carried out by the draught.

Half an hour later they were lined up in front of the examination room. Gizi Balla was wearing her red dressing gown, but the others kept on their macs. And that chair again. The white sheet was covered with nylon and the whole thing smelled of rubber and perspiration. Eszter tore off her panties at the last second. Csajágh was doing the examinations this time. The sleeves of his white coat were rolled up and the brown moles on his fleshy arms kept wriggling up and down.

"Is this the time to take them off? You should have worried about those pants a little earlier. Hurry up, please, hurry up. You are not the only one here. Legs apart, and relax. Relax, I said."

After the examination he called everyone in again. He stood before them like a sergeant, legs apart, hands on hips, and seemed to be looking down upon them from somewhere very high up.

"Tomorrow you will all be operated on. It is our duty to warn you all that this type of surgery is dangerous and may cause sterility. You still have time to change your minds."

The women stood in front of him, their heads bowed. Mouse-Eyes was snivelling... The doctor raised his voice.

"It is easy enough to get into trouble. Isn't it, Gizella Balla? It doesn't take very much. Since artificial abortions have been made easier, you women visit the hospitals as if you were going to market. Shopping for a good dinner takes longer." He waved his hand in annoyance. "Well, that's all. We'd better stop wasting each other's time."

They left the room in single file, and the patients who were allowed up watched them curiously in the hall. "Did he preach again?" a young woman ran up to them. She had several double chins, though the skin was stretched tight over her face. "That's his passion."

They were brought greyish soup, potatoes and meatballs on the trolleys. Most of them hardly touched it.

"The main thing is that we pay for it," grumbled the woman with the stiff permanent wave. "You have to pay even for the air you breathe at this place."

"The money—that's the least worry," others waved her aside.

"If you've got it. But I had to borrow it from my mother-in-law. She was sick and tired of my being confined practically every year. It was getting too much for her so she preferred to spare the money."

They had no secrets any longer. Everybody was speaking about their own troubles. "My husband," "The children..."—and love and happiness seemed to be miles away from all this. The men seemed to be distant spectres, somewhere on the other shore, ghosts who would soon come to life. Their names were coupled with weary sighs or plain curses.

Eszter kept quiet. Why should she with her "illegitimate" trouble intrude upon this multitude of wifely worries. And anyway it was so very sad and disturbing to see these buttoned-up griefs stripped and naked, the way they tore off not only their clothes, kicked off their hidden underwear and stretched out their worn and disillusioned bodies as if to show that this was marriage. Marriage—that she and Miklós had been plan-

ning and dreaming about every free minute. For this? Perhaps it was better for her to find out in time, to get into this disinfecting room where the most beautiful dreams were dissolved in hospital-smelling antiseptics.

By mid-afternoon she was completely sick of the perspiration smell and the perspiration-smelling stories. Were these women absolutely shameless? "Them"—as Dr. Csajágh had said.

She did not want to think of her own story; and yet the memories were welling up into her consciousness. Her aunt's little back-room in Pest, and the two of them after a month of separation during their summer holidays when at last... at long last they were alone. Not in a noisy hostel parlour, not on the river-bank, or in cinema—but in a tiny little world safely rounded and confined by friendly walls, in a world of their own. And there was no "Careful, someone's coming," "Watch, they'll notice," "The girls are looking at us..." There was no one and nothing, just the two of them. They were alone for the first time for ages. Although right now she was able to cherish the memory and thought of it almost without feeling, she was still unable to throw it into the great big common tub as the others were doing. There was no water here and no soap; the soiled clothes were turning and twisting about in their own dry vapours, getting more wrinkled and filthier—not cleaner after the communal washing.

She moved up to the window and watched the people, who looked like ants. Uniformed secondary-school girls were swinging their school-satchels, lonely old men were resting on the benches, and everywhere there were couples with linked arms... Suddenly she yearned with heart-breaking intensity for the mild autumn afternoon empty of thoughts and regrets. To run down, and look at the beautiful River Tisza, swinging your bag, to sit on a bench, just to be, idly to exist, in a world remote from fear, worry and dreams. Miklós!—she gave a start as she caught sight of the boy approaching. It was as if a spot of dirt, a piece of alien matter had blurred a landscape she was studying in the gallery. She had promised Miklós that she would try to sneak down to see him if she could. Why had she promised him? She couldn't get away from here without special permission. And anyway why should they loaf around together? If he didn't see her, he would think that the whole thing was over and would wait for her tomorrow. She shrugged her shoulders. Let him wait. Let him wait in vain. He was holding a tiny little package bound with thin string. Cakes. Poor Miklós, how hard he was trying! Quickly she turned away from the window.

In the evening they had rolls and coffee. Then at about ten the night nurse prepared a bed for a new patient. A young pregnant woman, her eyes red from crying, was getting undressed next to Eszter. She may have been in the sixth month or so, her stomach pushed her dress sharply forward. With frequent groans, she was putting on a night-gown, she was having pains.

"Are *they* brought here too?" the woman with the wave asked, noisily turning toward the nurse.

"She was assigned to this room. She is in labour," explained the nurse.

"But here?" several jumped up in protest. "Why don't they take her to the maternity ward?"

"Is it going to be a regular birth?" the new patient shouted in alarm. "Just as if it were the proper time?"

"Quite."

"I thought they were going to take it away."

"You should have thought that over earlier. All you can do now is to give birth."

She sobbed into her pillow. "Dear Jesus help me! I didn't want it, Nurse, I didn't want it... really, please believe me."

"I believe you, my dear, but I can't help it."

Then it began. At first only with dull wailing and sobs buried in her pillow.

"Why don't they take her to the maternity ward?"

"We can't. Not yet. She stumbled over a box or something at the workshop and fell," explained the nurse. "Yesterday she saw her fiancé with someone else and today this accident happened."

The cries were getting more frequent, and they were left alone with the poor girl. Then there was a sharp scream. The first one.

"Nurse!" yelled Gizi Balla. Three of them rushed for the bell simultaneously. The nurse laid her hand on the patient, first pulling the night-gown high up. "Patience, women, patience. It's not for nothing."

Gizi went green with fright. "Will she live?" her teeth were chattering.

"It's not usual to die in labour."

"And the baby?"

"The poor thing was never really alive to begin with."

"Is she going through all this agony to produce a..."

The nurse did not answer. She was getting the official data in order to register the patient at the admission office in the morning. "I asked you your name," she said, rearranging the pillow under the woman's soaked hair.

"Júlia Szalma."

"Age?"

"Nurse, please call the doctor..."

"What's your age, Júlia Szalma?"

"I'm just over eighteen. Please call the doctor!"

"We can't disturb the doctor at every sigh. You're doing just as well without him as you would with him here."

By now the wailing and the screams came in one continuous flow. Only exhaustion stopped them for a few moments. Several of the others put on their coats and went out into the hall.

Towards dawn she was delivered.

"A boy," said the nurse quietly. "She would have had a fine big son."

It already looked human.

They were not given any breakfast. First Mouse-Eyes was called. They lined up before the surgery for a last check-up, and a last talking-to. Now a different, older doctor examined them and dictated to the nurse: "Egg-sized, between two and three months." Then they sat by the desk of the young doctor most of them knew by sight from the outpatient clinic. He was filling in forms and hardly looking at them. But at Eszter's name, he raised his head.

"Boldogh?"

"Yes, with an *h* at the end."

"Well, poor Eszter Boldogh," the young man smiled at her. "The name doesn't really fit you now, does it?* University student?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. And the boy too?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know I'm seriously interested in this problem." He put down his pen and abandoned himself to the idea of a conversation. "The fact is that we force sexually mature adults to live monastic lives. Men perhaps can find opportunity elsewhere, although that is not really easy either. And as for the women—we shut them up in dormitories and ruin their lives. And then this comes of the opportunities stolen here and there, the secret meetings. I think that the opportunity should be provided for a sensible sex life. What do you think?"

Eszter was biting her lips and it suddenly occurred to her that she had learned this from Miklós. "I don't know," she said unhappily. "I don't know."

"I think there should be a course at the university, a course where the young people would be taught healthy sex-relationships, and of course

* See footnote p. 96.

the methods of prophylaxis. To be sure, there are things to be done along these lines. I should like to do some research on the subject..."

"Eszter Boldogh," panted Gizi Balla, "you'd better go, your name has been called."

The male nurse was just carrying the mousy-eyed little woman, her hands hanging limp from the stretcher. Eszter could still see how he dumped her, uncovered, onto the bed like a sack of flour or a corpse.

White as a sheet, she entered the open door, and from far, very far she still heard the young doctor singing. Then between two bars of the song:

"Raise your legs, please."

"Doctor, are you going to operate?"

"No, I am just preparing you for the operation." And he went on singing. They pulled white linen bags on her legs, and tied them up high, rolled up her nightgown. For some time she was lying like this, floating between the operating table and the melody "I'll fall asleep, when I need no longer weep."

"Nurse, you'd better..." here the melody was interrupted "you'd better go and find Dr. Cserepes. I have a lot of other things to do."

Eszter closed her eyes. The quivering anxiety seemed to disappear from her stomach. She was just floating in a strange vacuum devoid of thought or fear, until she felt the cold prick of the needle. Then she felt nothing. Nothing at all.

NOW I'M REALLY ME

by

ANNA LÁSZLÓ

I could go on listening to Ádám snoring all night. It's the rhythm of peace to me after all my ruffled nerves. A sunny sound in the pitch darkness. I've now become a woman of substance, so I could well afford to listen to it all night. Just this week. Next week, I'll either go back to the university or find a job. Ádám thinks I must do that as a matter of course. I ought to take two or three months' rest, though. If I did, I would stay up every night, listening to his breathing. In the mornings, I would make him coffee and while he was drinking it, I would

chatter away at him, right into his face, leaning across the kitchen table. After that, he'd go off to work and I'd snuggle back to bed, dead tired. I'd sleep for nine hours, well into the afternoon, till he gets back home. I'd cook him a meal, and when he's eaten it, off we'll go on a stroll through the town, not bothering ourselves with anything else but our love in the street and later on back at home, till he drops off to sleep and I stay up, listening to his snores. "There's a busy life for you!" they would all say. Yes, but it's such fun! I've been led to realise that our planet is a mere speck of dust in space. Now why shouldn't an infinitesimal little part of this speck of dust—too tiny a part for words—have a good time of it? For the same cost! And not only for two or three months but for all of its life?

There was a time when night after night I would listen to the distant barking of dogs. I used to think that it would be nice to be a dog: I would howl away through the night and that was all I'd have to do. Then I would rebuke myself for allowing my attention to wander, and would go on reading my textbooks in a low whisper. When I read silently my mind is apt to wander again sooner than when I read in a whisper. My bed would be ready and beckoning to me—in vain. Mum was a keen observer: she would notice even when my eyes started closing as early as eight o'clock. When my drooping head bumped against the desk, she would speak to me gently. "If you feel tired now, Csilla," she would say, "you should turn in, darling. You can have five hours' sleep till one o'clock. Then you'll feel fresher and can take up your work again." She'd set our beastly alarm-clock for one, so the wretched thing would refresh me and startle me out of my sleep with its clattering. Yet she would stay up with father and so could very well have waked me up herself. They'd be burning the midnight oil over their studies, Dad and Mum, as a rule. Dad has an endless supply of technical books; and as for Mum, she completed her fourth course last year—with flying colours. They're very young in heart, Dad and Mum. "No whimpering, my dear, You should never make a fuss," they used to say, both of them, whenever I was reluctant to get dressed at one in the morning. I'd sit down at the desk then, while the old folks got their things, ready to go to bed. Changing shifts at night, in a family of hard-working people. Dad and Mum would go to sleep in the bedroom, and I'd sit up, cramming and listening to the barking of dogs in the distance.

I can see by Ádám's face that he doesn't like the easy way I'm taking this separation from the family. The way Desdemona walked out on her father, it was fishy. Now I know myself inside out like I know the contents of my turned-out pockets. Self-knowledge—that was the great thing back at the university and we've trained ourselves to it as well as each other.

"You've got to know yourself," we would say over and over again. I'm well aware, that in my case it had something to do with spite. I had to don my armour also to be able to carry through what I had set my mind on doing. This last Sunday night, what I feared most was not that I should be acting cruelly, but that I might not have the guts, prove too soft, you know, to do what I had to. True, I got used to wearing my armour quickly enough and now I'm not sorry for them.

I should like to become pregnant as soon as possible. When I have a baby I shan't make up my mind what it's going to be. It's far more exciting to watch it develop in its own way, according to its own laws. Mum and Dad had made up their minds, when I was still in my swaddling clothes, that I was going to be perfection itself. It's the same as in economic life: there's a price to be paid for extravagant, prodigal planning. If they didn't have their feet on the ground, let them pay the price now.

Well, Ádám had dressed in navy blue for the occasion, his tie and socks and shoes were brand new. I hadn't seen him behave like that before. Why, it made me giggle to see him so frightfully stiff and solemn—almost to the point of affectation. And so his visit began with an exchange of strained civilities. I made matters worse when I remarked: "You people look like a couple of upstart petty bourgeois." At this point, the flow of civilities dried up. By now Ádám had realised that the paternal answer was going to be "No"; and presently he was out in the hall. He only wanted to say goodbye to me and raised his arm to stroke my hair. Right then father threw the door wide open and pointed out into the street. If ever I were to relent for a moment or two it would be enough to recall that scene to come to my senses again. It was an unpardonable gesture. Dad slammed the door behind Ádám and held on to the handle to stop me from running after him. I said, "I'm ready to stay here at the door as long as you like. We'll see which of us'll get fed up with it first." Father made a desperate and angry gesture, and I ran off after Ádám.

At first, this silly ass of a husband of mine harped a lot on the theme of wounded self-respect, and I was compelled to try to explain to him what he ought to have known anyway—that I couldn't help it. I hooked on to him and kissed his neck in the street, then, planting myself in his way, I began to pound at his chest, trying to make him understand. He then broke into a smile and said, without thinking, "Őzi". He calls me by that name when he's fond of me. He invented it. I like the name Őzi. Csilla I find a repulsive and rather suspicious name.

After he'd calmed down he began to stick up for my folk. Now it was he who brought up all the arguments. He insisted that I must understand

that all sorts of wild growths and offshoots were quite natural things in the early times. Once a poor chap gets rid of his poverty, he said, the first thing he does is to go dizzy in the head and think he must raise his daughter to be a countess. What we mean by countess is a matter for the individual. To some she is a lady of fashion; to others, a polyhistor. By the way, he didn't use the word polyhistor—he doesn't know words like that. He only meant something like that.

How to differentiate between the things we see, I suppose, is a question of education. Ádám is an intelligent boy, but as he lacks education he just can't differentiate. To him, a former iron-worker is a former iron-worker and he will associate the finest class-conscious attributes with the man. And as soon as he calms down he will again respect father. It makes no difference to him that my folk belong to the family of dedicated climbers. If they had been born earlier they might have become working-class aristocrats; or they might have started a shop or done heaven knows what, but in one way or another, they would have risen from the crowd. The name Csilla is an indication. Twenty years ago, you couldn't have told: perhaps it anticipated the brilliance of a future lady of society. They might have been striving to climb that way, my family, launching me towards perfection of that kind. Then War and a changed world—I should have to shine, therefore, with perfection of a different kind. All this I disclosed to Ádám while lying in bed. He replied that I was an adorable young wife, only mistrustful. He criticises me very severely—I wonder what will come of all this? He thinks the old folks' passion for education is something high-principled, a noble thing, to say the least. He looks upon the learning of my family with such reverence because he hasn't had a proper education himself. I am not at all worried about this. My husband is a man's man, every inch of him. And I am, above all, a woman.

I haven't got used to the lack of air yet. There's hardly a breath of air coming from the direction of the kitchen, through that tiny upper window. I would like to take a deep breath of the earthy smell of our garden at home. Here, if we left the window open, people would peer in from the corridor outside. And the courtyard smells of cats anyway. Why on earth do people keep cats in a closed courtyard? For the time being, what I'm finding most difficult to get used to is having the toilet in the corridor. We may be soaring somewhere up high, Ádám and I, and suddenly the thought flashes across my mind that I may have to go out into the corridor. I'll have to get dressed and comb my hair for that. And have the eyes of all the occupants follow my footsteps too. Since I don't want to think of this, the thought keeps cropping up when I'm having a really good time. Well, that's one

point on which I think along the good old class-struggle lines myself. I mean to say, it was reprehensible of that capitalist builder to suppose that such an arrangement would be good enough for poor folk!

The villa my family live in once belonged to a big capitalist. We modernized it. A lot of use that is to me now! Our gas boiler provided us with hot water all the time. I always used to keep bath-salts at home, too. I've always longed to be able—just once!—to loll in the bath for two hours, listening to jazz on the radio meanwhile. I've never once got round to doing it. After I'd been bathing fifteen minutes mother would knock on the bathroom door. "When will you be finished, my dear?" she would say. And sure enough I went and dried myself. When I was styling a beehive hair-do in front of the mirror, she would come up behind me and speak to me softly. "Have you got so much time, Csilla?" she would ask. "What d'you need a beehive hair-do for? Can you tell me that?" I never did tell her. You don't *need* to have a beehive hair-do for anything. Only I should have liked to fiddle with my hair a bit. It feels nice. So do dress-materials. Mother used always to come with me whenever I went shopping so I would get it done more quickly. She wouldn't have me delve in amongst all those silks and nylons, velvets and woolens. It's nice even to root about in your hand-bag or to take time over smoothing your stockings on your legs. I always smoothed them quickly. It became second nature to me. Sometimes, riding in buses, I observe certain types of woman. They too enjoy opening the zip-fastener of their purse. Or jingling their bracelets now and then. Men like these types of woman, I'm sure: they may not be pretty but they *are* sexy. I'm not a homely girl; neither am I particularly pretty. And Ádám does like me. He says I have a face like a little deer. Had I stayed with my folks a few more years, I'd have lost my deer's face and dried up. I'd also have lost my liking for materials and objects—for lack of time. You've got to have time even to enjoy jingling your bracelet.

Father explained to me that it was very nice that I could speak German but that wasn't enough. Did I mean to rely solely on German-language technical literature? Result: private lessons in Russian on Tuesdays and Fridays, and in English on Wednesdays and Saturdays. On Mondays—fencing. ("Resilience of body stimulates the mind.") Each Sunday—opera or concerts. ("The narrow-minded specialist is a sorry figure.") Father knows that I only enjoy light music; serious music wears me out. "The truly beautiful will grow on you.") And then—Thursdays. On Thursdays, we had visitors. ("One must keep in touch with people. I'll choose them so you will learn something from everyone. I'll pick them according to your points of view.")

One Thursday Ádám and I had been kissing under the chestnut-trees. I hurried to get home in time for the party. "And she is pretty, too," one of father's friends said meaningfully. That is to say, besides being a well-accomplished person, I was pretty too! No, I'm not pretty at all—only every time Ádám and I had been kissing I looked pretty. I used to notice that in the mirror. That particular Thursday night was a flop. By an unlucky coincidence, father's friend happened to mention in succession four novels that I had not heard of. That gave the old folks quite a shock. The following week they took out subscriptions to three literary magazines. For if you bought them per copy you might miss some issues. On the other hand, if I read them all I should know about the major novels. This was a help, as now I didn't have to read the novels themselves. And all this on top of my university work! And the subject-matter isn't all there is to university work—there's also voluntary social work, conferences, and all that sort of thing.

"Youth is the most valuable period in everyone's life," father said over and over again. "Then you have the capacity to do and understand everything—all those things which in later years you'll have much difficulty in doing and understanding. If only I'd had chance in my youth! You want to make the best of your youth, Csilla!" Father insisted that I went to do field work for the whole of the summer vacation, not only one month. "It'll make things much easier for you later on."

Dad and Mum left for their holidays, but I stayed at home because of my field work. I'd only go home to sleep; with no one around but myself our villa was dreary—sometimes downright terrifying—even to sleep in. One evening I came home to find three picture postcards in the letter-box: from Sochi, Lake Balaton, and Naples. Then I toyed with the idea of gassing myself. I imagined to myself what it'd be like when Mum and Dad found me. They would cry out in alarm: "Oh, if only she were still alive! It wouldn't matter if she were a scullery-maid or an idle girl!" I kept turning over in my mind the idea that life wasn't worth living on a planet where it seemed to be a natural law that the majority of parents had not the faintest idea how to deal with their children... Nevertheless, I didn't seriously consider gassing myself—I just toyed with the idea. Ever since I met Ádám, this sort of thing—even as a joke—has seemed to me ludicrous and disgusting.

If Mum had not tripped over a loose parquet block, and had not sprained an ankle, it might have been years before we'd had the floor relaid. And if the company had kept their promise and sent a man to do the flooring one month earlier, then mother would have been there to deal with the business and I should never have seen him. And if the company

had sent some other fellow, not Ádám... Yet it was he who came; Dad and Mum were abroad, and I summoned up the nerve to ask for leave from my field work because of the flooring. In this way I did get one week's holiday—spent amid the cloud of dust and heaps of rubbish Ádám got from under the flooring and deposited in the middle of the room. All the same it was nicer than if I had been, say, at the Lido in Venice. I fell in love with Ádám while he was creeping about on his knees. He took up the parquet, replaced it with new blocks, and planed them—always on his knees. True, my flirtation had little effect on him while he was working. After work, he would take a shower, put on an Italian-type jacket-shirt, and then he *would* kiss me.

Last winter, the professor was quite upset and didn't know what to do; he was reluctant to plough a good girl, a little swot, like me. At the end he did plough me, but I could see by his face that he was very much afraid I might take it too much to heart. Gentle-hearted dear little prof! If he hadn't failed me in maths, I might not now be able to listen to Ádám's heavy breathing. This failure was the first dramatic indication that I had run into the red. On the day of the exam I rose at four in the morning, to go over the whole thing once more in a hurry. I had been cramming up the subject-matter so hard in the past few weeks—other students would have passed with honours with that much effort. At the decisive hour, I dragged myself along, hardly able to keep my eyes open. Of course, if I had knocked back a couple of coffees and had sweated profusely in front of the prof; if I had racked my brain hard, I might have been able to squeeze something out of it. But all of a sudden I became sick and tired of the whole self-torture. I let myself go wonderfully, then walked out of the room and brightened up, leaving a worried professor behind. For the first time in my life, I had been ploughed in an exam! To be more exact, I had dared to fail, and the responsibility was mine alone.

In the evening, however... when it came to telling Dad and Mum... Then, frankly, I was a frightened little girl. However, I was seized with defiance and pertly sprang the unexpected news on them. Mum's first reaction was to remark to Dad that I had backbone and an extraordinary amount of self-respect. Dad said that a momentary brain-fag was something that could happen even to geniuses, now and then. The following moment, I couldn't tell you why, I burst out crying. My folks' interpretation of my tears was: "See how deeply she feels about her studies." When, that night, on the phone, I gave an account of this double-edged scene to Ádám, he commented: "They're real good sports, your old folks. There aren't many like 'em."

Well, next day was Sunday, and I meant to date Ádám. Mum and Dad were adamant: No, they wouldn't hear of allowing me to go out. No, that was off—doubly so—after what had happened yesterday. With them, their refusals spring from motives quite different from what you would suppose. They insisted on my house-arrest, not as a "punishment" or out of any concern for morals. No, it was a question of how I used my time. Once I had failed in maths, it was my bounden duty to devote every minute I could spare to maths. In my anger the blood rushed to my head. Until now, Sunday morning had been the only time I could legally call my own. Other times I had been compelled to steal so that I could meet Ádám. Nevertheless I controlled myself. Last winter, I still believed you could reason with them. With much restraint and in moving words I appealed to them; I pleaded with them to try to understand that the exam had indeed upset me, after all; that I needed some compensation, a bit of relaxation... Thereupon father told me—for about the thousandth time—what a hard time of it he had had in his youth. He then proceeded to dwell at length—accompanied by constant applause from Mum—on the theme of how all they were doing was for my good. They're absolutely certain of that, and all the more adamant. I could argue as much as I liked and explain that not everybody is suited for everything. "The purpose! Your aim in life!" Dad and Mum recited in chorus. "Your aim—nothing is more noble and more up-to-date in life!" "But I scarcely *live* at all!" I retorted. "Most of the time I'm a mere cramming-machine!"

I began to lose patience. Ádám was waiting for me in the street, and I was afraid he wouldn't stay there stamping his feet interminably. I buttoned up my coat. "You'll stay at home! You shan't stir a step!" they cried. I put on my fur-lined boots. All this improvement of my parents' is at least of some good to me, as assault and battery don't form part of their educational system.

One thing I really feel ashamed of; I was too fond of my clothes, shoes and jewellery. If these bits and pieces had meant nothing to me, I would never have gone home again. It was a crime to waste these last four months without Ádám. He didn't want me to elope with him though. "I'll win you from your folk the honest way," he kept saying confidently, the dear old snoring idiot.

When I came home to Sunday dinner, I had cold feet. I thought the quarrel would be continued. Instead, I found Dad and Mum plunged into deep mourning. They were mourning the imperfections of their daughter. All of a sudden, I felt pleased about that in the same way as I'd done about my failure at the exam the day before. I hoped that from now on we would

live with our ideas put straight. I told those two souls, softened with mourning, that Ádám was an absolutely decent boy and that he was the one I wanted to marry, none other. I can't say that my folk took the same class-conscious attitude to Ádám as he did to them. But they didn't breathe fire and slaughter against him yet. They believed he was just a passing phase: here today, gone tomorrow.

What shall I put on Saturday when we go to the registrar's? I've a grey suit, with three blouses. That's all Ádám could afford to buy me at the time. It's a pity I was wearing pedal-pushers when he came to ask me to marry him. Those pedal-pushers I don't even put on to go out into the corridor. They're out of place in this house, and there's no need to make people stare their eyes out at me even more. So it's the grey suit to go to the toilet and to the registrar's as well. Never mind, the registrar isn't something you can't live without, either. Ádám is my husband anyway. Still, we may go on Saturday, since he's so keen on it. Dad and Mum aren't going to be there.

In any case, even apart from the touch of practical self-interest, it was rather nice of me to have stuck out four months in the old home after I had failed in maths. I listened to the everlasting refrain about the paternal home where I had everything, about my splendid life and about the duties of the fully emancipated modern woman. It's funny how they changed me back into the well-accomplished daughter within a week. Things that have become deeply encrusted can't be loosened by a couple of earth-shaking scenes. True, I passed two exams with credit in the meantime, and that was something to strengthen their illusions again. Some nights, the alarm-clock rang at one a.m. Several times Mum told me to stop doing my hair in a beehive. I read an English novel in the original and it was I who began to talk about it with our guests.

When spring came, Ádám's determination to act had grown. He called on us in his navy blue suit, spick-and-span tie, shoes and socks. I ran after him in my pedal-pushers. I had no time to change.

We were in bed till seven that evening. After that, Ádám insisted that I should go home to say goodbye. "We mustn't have them worried about you," he said. I was in no mood for that, but I thought at least that would give me a chance to fetch my belongings. I told Dad and Mum that Ádám had sent me. They had grown old, Dad and Mum. I'd never seen the like of that: between morning and evening they'd become old people. I was still in a conciliatory mood and suggested that they might come and attend the wedding. "What! You marry an undeserving boy like that? Never!" I had it on the tip of my tongue to say, "Ah, Mum. That's cheap!" I quickly

swallowed the words. I thought; there's no point in fighting any more. I'd do much better to pack up my clothes. They wouldn't let me. "We have spent a fortune on you in money as well as energy. You have made your choice: now you can fend for yourself. I didn't insist: I left in my pedal pushers and sleeveless jersey, and sandals on my bare feet. The days are hot now, but the evenings are still very cold.

I paused at the hall-door, at the same spot where Dad had stood the morning when he turned Ádám out. I looked back. The doors were ajar. Sitting in the hall were an old man and wife. A man so decrepit I couldn't believe he had such an important post as father. And a woman you wouldn't have believed could have completed her fourth course with credit last year. "Bye," I said, but they didn't return the farewell.

Ádám had accompanied me on the way there; he had bought the bus-tickets. I had told him to go home so he wouldn't have to wait in the street so long. I had supposed it would take me about two hours to get all my things packed. We had agreed that I would use the parents' phone to call a taxi and the cabman would help me to get the luggage downstairs.

On my way back, I was already on the bus when I remembered that I hadn't a bean on me. Ádám and I had forgotten about that. They made me get out at the first stop. While I was slogging along, at first I felt like an exile—but only because my bare arms were covered with goose-flesh from the cold, and I had no stockings on either. I broke into a run so as to keep from shivering. When I'd got warm, the way I looked at it was that I was running towards my home.

I tumbled into the kitchen. "No clothes. Just me alone!" I cried. Ádám made me some tea and made me drink rum too. He insisted that I should tell him how the old folk had received me. I said they'd grown old. He sighed. "It's a cruel thing," he said. This was the first time I'd heard him sigh. I am not sure he meant to say that what had happened was a cruel event. Maybe what he meant was "cruel girl". I haven't spoken to him about my parents since then. I would like to ask some unbiassed stranger if he thought it was cruel of me to act as I did. But whether or not I'm a cruel girl—it's pure, unadulterated joy to know that now at last I really am me.

Tomorrow, I'll be able to sleep till the afternoon if I like. Now I'm hardly able to keep my eyes open; still, I'll listen to Ádám's heavy snores for a little while yet.

HELPING CHARLES AND MARY

by

J. C. TREWIN

I found William Shakespeare's name for the first time when I was eight years old and sitting at ease on a cliff-top. A shallow armchair had been worn into the rock near the cliff edge; one could fit into it very comfortably and read there undisturbed through a hot August morning, interrupted only by the shrilling of gulls or the visit of one of the sheep that cropped the salty turf heavy with sea-pinks.

In front was a great arc of empty sea. Away on my left were the crags and headlands that make up the promontory of the Lizard, the most southerly point in Britain. On my right, beyond Old Lizard head where I sat, was the curve of Kynance Cove, its spindrift sands glittering among the coloured serpentine rocks. Beyond again was the headland of the Rill from which the Spanish Armada was first sighted in 1588. And in the farthest distance, to the south-west, was the dark peninsula of Penwith, Land's End.

Behind me, perhaps three hundred yards away, the length of a field and a sunken garden, was my parents' home, the isolated red house called Kynance Bay. The village of the Lizard is remote even now, ten miles from the nearest town and at the extreme tip of a long, haunted peninsula. Well over forty years ago it was remoter still. My father and mother thought nothing of it: they were both of long Cornish ancestry and had their roots at The Lizard. Moreover, my father, a merchant captain who was usually away, would have his house as close to the sea as possible. There could hardly be a more sea-conscious world than the Lizard headland which protruded into the water (so I would think in years ahead) like an Elizabethan platform stage.

This is not altogether irrelevant to my story. The Lizard was a lonely place; though I had friends in the village (and indeed was at school there for three years). I had inevitably much time to myself, and, in consequence

perhaps, read more than the normal child of that age. Further, there was more than usual to read. My father could never resist a book of any kind. When he went on a long voyage, usually to South America, he would take with him books in several crates. On returning he would leave these at home and assemble another personal cargo. So Kynance Bay House was full of books of the most mixed kind, from the English classics to the late Victorian and Edwardian novelists, from, say, Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare to Rider Haggard and East Lynne, or The Master Mariner's Medical Companion.

I used to read them all, or try to read them, quite indiscriminately. This explains why today, I can describe in detail the lesser work of Bulwer Lytton—such as Leila; or The Conquest of Granada—the sort of esoteric knowledge that will never be of any use. But several of the books I discovered then have proved most relevant. Thus it was at The Lizard that I managed to get through most of Shakespeare before my ninth birthday—though goodness knows what some of it meant to me—and before Shakespeare himself came Charles and Mary Lamb: a smudgily-printed volume with a ribbed green cloth binding and my father's bold signature. It was called simply Tales From Shakespeare, though when it was published first in January 1807, the full title was "Tales From Shakespeare. Designed for Young People", and only Charles Lamb's name was on the title-page.

No doubt, as I had a habit then of beginning any book at the first page and reading on from there—something far less obvious than it sounds—the first words I met on that summer morning were from Mary's version of The Tempest: "There was a certain island in the sea..." If so, it could hardly have been more appropriate.

Anyway, so it was. For a month or two, Shakespeare (of whom I knew nothing) meant the Lambs (of whom I was similarly ignorant). Then, one autumn night, reaching up to a shelf above the sitting-room fireplace, I dislodged the wrong volume which fell on the rug and opened wide as it fell. It was a copy of the Works of Shakespeare in black leather, and it had opened at the first page of Henry the Sixth: Part One, a chronicle omitted by the Lambs who ventured on none of the histories.

Then and there I settled to blunder through it, and presently a line started from the text with a force I have never forgotten. The Duke of Bedford was speaking at the funeral of King Henry the Fifth:

> Comets, importing change of times and states,
> Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky...

For me this could mean only one thing, the ray of the Lizard Lighthouse which had become a familiar part of my world. Whenever it flashed across the sea at night, or when its reflection lingered on my bedroom wall, I would think of that strange line, "Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky."

After this, for a while, I neglected the Lambs for Shakespeare himself, and realized while trying to read him that I would have made very little of some of the plays if it had not been for that early and tactful guide. True, Charles and Mary—Mary in particular—would leave out things, whole blocks of characters, whole scenes; but they did clarify, they wrote sympathetically, they brought the narratives to life. And through later years I always remembered them and was grateful to them: gratitude that increased when I discovered the Essays of Elia and began to know more about Charles's work and his personality.

It was a happy surprise when, not long ago, without warning, I was invited to complete the Tales for a new and full edition. There were twenty in Charles and Mary's book. Seventeen plays remained untold, and I settled down to tell fifteen of them, omitting only the horrors of the early Titus Andronicus, and the final processional play of Henry the Eighth (partially, no doubt, by Fletcher). Before beginning to write, I read the Tales over and over, recapturing those distant summer mornings so clearly that even the peculiar sucking, bubbling note of the incoming tide, as it swirled gently among the rocks, seemed to sound again in a London room.

The original Tales were also written in London, during 1806. Charles Lamb was thirty-one at the time, and Mary, his sister, ten years older. He was an East India House clerk and, in his spare time, a born writer, a lover of the theatre and of his fellow-men, gay, sociable, stammering, a companion of such men as Coleridge and Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt. Mary, whom he guarded affectionately, was subject through life to an intermittent and desolating mental affliction. But when she was well there could be no happier companionship: she wanted herself to write, and it was because of this that their publishing friends, the Godwins—and especially Mrs. Godwin—suggested the Tales from Shakespeare.

They were living then in one of London's legal "inns," the Temple; and there during the spring and summer of 1806 the Tales were composed. Mary had made herself responsible for the comedies and romances (she finished fourteen in all) and Charles for the tragedies (of which he did six). The Histories they omitted, as well as the Roman plays and two of the comedies. Wherever possible they used Shakespeare's words. A preface said: "In whatever has been added to give them the regular form of a connected story, diligent care has been taken to select such words as might

least interrupt the effect of the beautiful English tongue in which (Shakespeare) wrote; therefore, words introduced into our language since his time have been as far as possible avoided."

The result was wholly right, for the Lambs wrote with communicated pleasure, and in a gentle and lively prose. Naturally they had to compress and omit. It surprised me, when I reached the original text of Twelfth Night in that Cornish autumn, to find that Mary's version (the only one I had known) had left out Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the "matter for a May morning". Similarly, Touchstone and Jaques were out of As You Like It. This does not interfere with the general effect; readers of Lamb will make their own adjustments when they come to Shakespeare himself. What does count is the infinite grace of the introductions, their persuasiveness and tact.

The Lambs themselves thought that Pericles was Mary's best and that Othello was Charles', though some of us now may prefer his King Lear. The strangest thing in the first edition was the absence of Mary's name from the title-page; but the publisher had an idea that, in a very masculine world, this might injure the book. However, today Mary and Charles are properly inseparable; certainly I can never think of the Tales without visualising them both at work on those quiet evenings in the backwater of the Temple. Though they made little money from them, the Tales grew into a standard work; it is now—as Hungarian readers can testify—a classic of innumerable editions.

In completing the Tales for the Nonesuch Cygnets, I began with The Merry Wives of Windsor and Love's Labour's Lost, the two comedies Mary had left out. Neither she nor Charles gave any reason why this play or the other was omitted, but there was probably a tacit agreement—odd as it may sound in 1964—that Falstaff was not good company for young readers. In any event, the intricacies of The Merry Wives are not easy to relate briefly—anyone who has tried to condense the plot of a farce will know what I mean. (I have been wrestling, in quite another context, with *Feydeau's Un Fil à la Patte*). Love's Labour's Lost Mary must have found awkward because its charming story—which one can get at with perseverance—is hidden at first under the exuberance of phrase, the luxuriant conceits, of the youthful Shakespeare.

The Dickensian Mr Podsnap has a phrase somewhere about "bringing a blush to the cheek of the young person." And I imagine that Charles and Mary neglected Troilus and Cressida and Antony and Cleopatra for this reason, though Mary, remarkably, had ventured into Pericles and All's Well That Ends Well. Still, we cannot speculate too much on reasons for omis-

sion, though I feel that probably the Lambs ignored the histories, both English and Roman, because Shakespeare might have confused any young reader accustomed, in his history book, to another version of the same events. I hardly think that is likely to bother anybody today. There is another thing: the Shakespearean time-scheme can be troublesome when it comes to reducing the plays to direct narrative. Several years of historic time can be crammed into a few theatrical "days"; I have much enjoyed attempting, without apparent fuss, to solve the problems of, say, the last scenes of Henry the Sixth: Part Three and the first of Richard the Third when an entire reign—that of Edward the Fourth—is indicated in a few brief episodes.

It has been indeed an exciting exercise to follow the path of the Lambs, even at a distance. I have just one advantage over Charles and Mary. More Shakespearean plays are acted now than at the beginning of the nineteenth century when the same ones were likely to recur over and over again. Also, having met them so often as a practising drama critic, it was relatively easy to recreate this plot or that upon the page, with remembered theatrical business as a guide. I am perfectly sure that if, twenty years on, Charles had essayed Richard the Third, he would have recalled Edmund Kean's stage actions, or, if he had done Coriolanus, Macready's.

There it is. In this Quatercentenary year I regard it as an honour not only to revisit the Lambs, but also to add a new wing to their original structure, hoping all the while that the design will not be noticeably at variance. Certainly it is something a small boy never expected to do when, all those years ago, he sat in the summer remoteness on the crest of Old Lizard Head and watched the surf as it creamed round the Lion Rock at Kynance.

SURVEYS

THE BUDAPEST DAYS OF THE SNOWS, JOHN STEINBECK AND PETER BROOK

According to legend and some philological evidence, Sir Philip Sidney was the first great English writer to turn up in Hungary, at the time of the siege of Esztergom in the sixteenth century. However nobody awaited him; he may have come incognito, and no one knew he was a "secret prince," that is to say, a poet and envoy of a mighty civilization.

No such celebrity can now travel incognito in Hungary. Here the status of a world-famed author is comparable to that of a statesman—curiosity, interest and an occasionally indiscreet solicitude are sure to await him. At such times hospitality can reveal its darker lining.

We are bad hosts. When the living author steps out from behind his books and appears in his physical reality on a Budapest street, we are simply dumbfounded. We become confused, perhaps tactless, sometimes honey-sweet. Our excessive pleasure often remains unappreciated... We want to explain everything at once—that Hungarian literature is worthy of attention, that we know all the works of our dear guest, that his books are being read by everybody, yes, everybody, and then we start proving it.

And that's why many things turn out inversely. Carefully prepared solemnity becomes a comic scene—or, on the contrary, expecting nothing, we receive the finest gifts of friendship.

I have gathered my observations as a voluntary guide of the Hungarian PEN Club. More and more writers are visiting Hungary from the English language area, and as my profession is Anglistics, I have made quite a few translations chosen from a fair-sized number of writers; and I'm also young enough not to mind occasionally arranging for an airplane ticket, stepping in for an interpreter or playing the role of courier.

This is how, in the past six months, I made the acquaintance of Pamela Hansford Johnson, C. P. Snow, John Steinbeck and his wife, and Peter Brook.

I already knew Sir Charles and Pamela Hansford Johnson from London. We have exchanged letters, recalling common friends. The fact that they had time for everything, this was what surprised me in them, as well as their unswerving devotion to giving enlightenment. Pamela Hansford Johnson never tired of explaining whom she considered to be the best contemporary American authors. With the serene tranquillity of a diplomat, her husband endured the assault of reporters and other inquisitive people; besides, his good humour made him profit from every minute. Instead of the *nil admirari* he radiates the scrutinizing restlessness of an encyclopedic mind. While here, he asked questions incessantly.

The routine program constitutes an in-

evitable part of every short visit. The city, so familiar to us, has to be introduced. And there is no better way to discover our daily surrounding than to look at it through the eyes of guests.

From Ferihegy airport to the Great Boulevard we drive through new residential areas. On the bank of the Danube, guests become excited—this picture postcard view of Budapest is familiar to them: the silver ribbon of the Danube, the rocks of Mount Gellért on the opposite bank, the landing stage of the river boats on this side, over there the Gellért Hotel, here the Duna Hotel. Courteous and readily enthusiastic as they are, the Snows are quickly reanimated by the view.

In the hotel, a brief review of the program with László Kéry, secretary general of the PEN Club: tonight, reception at the British Embassy; for the afternoon, a sightseeing tour—if they are not tired; next day—if agreeable—a call on the Deputy Minister of Culture, followed by an afternoon conference at the Pen Club.

While all this is being talked over, our attention is aroused by excited whispering in the hall: Walter Lippmann has arrived. The program is immediately revised to include an informal Budapest supper to celebrate this unexpected and pleasant meeting of old friends.

The time available becomes shorter and shorter, like Balzac's donkey hide. It was clear from the outset that the four days would be alarmingly brief. The first contact with the town was already marked by reminders of coming farewell: standing atop Mount Gellért, and admiring the city below, glittering in the last rays of the evening sun—here the Parliament building, there the ring of the Buda hills—we could not help sensing the transitory quality of the moment, hastened by the drive of speeding time.

In the three-hundred-year-old confectionery and on the streets of Buda, C. P. Snow caused something of a sensation. Not that his likeness was particularly well known; his name had only appeared for the first time in a Hungarian periodical a bare three years ago. His first book in Hungarian had been issued only recently, and there are quite a few who believe him to be a young author; because here, in our language, he is young indeed. But his remarkable head did not fail to attract attention; people tried to guess who this big, balding and spectacled man might be, and they stopped in their course, staring, convinced that through his thick, dioptric glasses he could not look back at them. Then, from remarks casually dropped, they impassively registered that he was a writer.

*

Catherine Károlyi, widow of the President of the 1918 Hungarian Republic, was to meet C. P. Snow and his wife. The rendezvous was in the Hotel Gellért. In addition to Mrs. Károlyi, there were the late professor Károly Polányi, the well-known Hungarian-born Canadian sociologist, and his wife, a small, spectacled lady; her simple clothing and unshapely boots made one visualize the spiritual environment whose message could be recognized in her very apparel: her boyish hair-do and mannish dress left no doubt that she had got her start in the first decade of this century and was still attached to the external appearances of the initial struggle for emancipation. She was Ilona Duczynska, the first woman-member of the radical Galilei Circle and one-time political prisoner.

Thus, a Budapest morning brought together representatives of today's various humanist trends and nuances. Polányi broached the plan for an international periodical; with Swedish funds and an Italian, English and German editorial staff, it would analyse the social and intellectual problems resulting from coexistence.

As for myself, it was not so much the future periodical that interested me as the conversation on principles and on the world

situation. The peaceful coexistence of peoples is no mere slogan or wishful thinking, and it is more than a principle: it is a realized historic situation—this was the essence of the discussion. To a certain degree, coexistence is already a reality independent of our will, C. P. Snow pointed out, but it certainly depends on us how this *given* world *will be organized*. The lively curiosity displayed in each country regarding the intellectual activity in other countries is perhaps the most encouraging sign that our life will not be spent in constant malaise.

A few words on C. P. Snow's "negotiations." The Writers' Association gave a reception in his and Lady Pamela's honour. Such meetings are almost inevitably too formal to be a genuine success. The visit of the Snows, however, was a rare exception. Pamela Hansford Johnson began with a short talk in which she gave a brief survey of today's world literature, dividing Western literature into experimenters and society depicters. Her witty style, fondness for sharp contrasts and clear concepts, gave authenticity to what she said. She did not believe in the practicability of self-contained formal experimentation. New forms cannot be created by laboratory means or an act of will. And this was said by an expert on Proust, who, in her novels, reveals such intellectual sophistication and, in her humour, such modernity.

This discussion at the Writers' Association was imbued with yet another leading idea. C. P. Snow questioned how to pave the way for Hungarian literature into Western language areas. It was not mere politeness on the guest's part. Sir Charles is a rationalist and does not believe in inexplicable obstacles. The presence of a small linguistic community, with whose literary "raw material" so very few are familiar abroad, led him to raise the problem of education, of instruction; in his view an exchange of a few experts, support on the part of persons of social or literary rank would help to reduce the obstacles.

A certain inferiority complex—with some delusions of grandeur—tends to make us regard the success of Hungarian literature abroad as inhibited by more mystical obstacles, less easy to overcome. On the one hand, there are handicaps of a social nature, on the other those of literary history; there is the whole problem of how to link Hungarian traditions with foreign literary currents, in many respects so dissimilar.

Perhaps for this reason it was so comforting to hear C. P. Snow's reduce the whole problem to one of good will and of combatting certain organisational difficulties.

For all we know, he is right. Indeed, he soon proved that his words were more than improvised promises, for he has since written me about a committee he is helping to call into existence under the aegis of the British Council.

*

Commissioned by a short-lived publishing house, I translated into Hungarian John Steinbeck's first novel, "The Cup of Gold." On discovering this at the airport, his face expressed amazement over this coincidence.

His reception followed the usual protocol: he was awaited by József Darvas, Chairman of the Writers' Association, who presented roses to Mrs. Steinbeck, further, by the secretary general of the Pen Club and by Professor László Országh, expert on American literature.

The arrival was marked by some confusion, for Mr. Steinbeck had left his briefcase on the plane and of course, there was at once a rushing about in search of a stewardess or customs officer. The novelist himself remained dispassionate amidst all the flurry. He had undertaken a long journey: Soviet Union, Berlin, Warsaw, Prague and Budapest. Add the cordial, sometimes even excessive, hospitality—no wonder he felt somewhat exhausted. Yet hardly had we arrived at the hotel and begun to talk about the two-day program, this tall man leaning on a cane revived at once. Apparently

he had gathered experience, for he didn't simply swallow the suggestions made, but brushed aside with a wave of his hand routine programs, such as a night at the opera or perfunctory sight-seeing. He wanted to meet young people, have informal conversations, he said, while sipping a glass of beer and tasting some Kecskemét apricot brandy.

However, the representative of his Hungarian publisher was already sitting at the neighbouring table, and the reporter of the broadcasting company had entrenched himself in the hotel sometime during the afternoon, keeping a watchful eye on the author, microphone in hand.

The somewhat inauspicious moments of that first evening left their imprint on the whole visit. Budapest rarely has the opportunity of welcoming a popular American Nobel-prize winner. Incidentally, he was overwhelmed by the popularity of his books in Hungary. In fact, the success of The Grapes of Wrath and Of Mice and Men seemed to have been timed for his personal appearance. Almost all of his books have appeared in Hungarian, a language remote and utterly unknown to him, and the overwhelming enthusiasm with which he was met everywhere struck him as unreal, even irritating. Unknown readers were waiting for him in the hotel, having come from all over the country to have him autograph his books.

Writers generally have a greater prestige in Hungary than in many other countries. A long-standing tradition, rooted in the particularities of Hungarian history, has tended to surround them with the halo of a prophet or a magician, and during the many centuries of oppression the "nation's conscience" was embodied by writers who often took active part in revolutionary movements. Something of this aura also surrounds visiting celebrities. It is an almost automatic reflex from the past.

How many improbable situations resulting from this reflex! Whether by chance or by necessity, Mr. Steinbeck's first task in Hungary was to autograph his books in the shop of his publisher. When it was first suggested to him, he was completely taken aback. He said something about not wishing to take part in commercial activity and in retailing his own works. Only as he was writing his signature did he begin to appreciate that in giving his autograph he was participating in something singular: Steinbeck volumes purchased a long time ago and lovingly guarded in many a home library were now being placed before him, by his admiring readers crowding up to the small table, where the thick pencil in his stiffening hand again and again had to write down his name.

It was a strange ritual. Steinbeck resigned himself to it. There he sat in his brown suit, his pipe in his mouth. After a while his face became pale from fatigue. With increasing frequency he reached for the little apparatus that was hanging from his neck and intrigued so many onlookers.

It was a small metal case fixed to an elastic band, and looked like a hearing-aid or a dwarf receiver. Yet, it was just a war souvenir—a pocket lighter.

In his buttonhole he was wearing a small golden ribbon. Everybody thought it to be the Nobel-prize badge. But there is no such thing. It too was a joke, a simple gilded string—let those so inclined take it for some mysterious mark of distinction...

Once he had visited Martinique at Carnival time and the chests of the islanders were sparkling with decorations, for many of them had served in the French army during the war. Steinbeck felt uncomforable without decorations, so he returned to the ship and cut up one of his striped neckties and fastened the pieces on his lapel.

The gilded string had a similar origin: don't be conspicuous, play along with the rest.

*

On the following afternoon we were invited by one of his best translators, István

Vas*. This time I accompanied Steinbeck privately, not as interpreter. The translator and poet is a good friend of mine, and I am an admirer of the fine engravings and paintings of his wife, Piroska Szántó.

The Steinbecks too liked Piroska's dreamland, those heliotropes and the strange graveyard phantasies.

They were also interested in what István Vas had to say about his translation of "The Moon is Down" and what this poetic vision meant to those who had gone through the horror of fascism here in Hungary.

The poet Zoltán Zelk was in the company. Although he does not speak English, he got on very well with the American author. He told jokes and spicy anecdotes and—at least when the translator was up to his strenuous task—the restlessness caused by the many official programs was relieved by convivial laughter.

But even here the importunity of programs made itself felt. Program-experts are most ingenious in our parts, and the telephone at the Vas home was a disturbing factor: now it was the German embassy asking for the date of Steinbeck's arrival in Berlin; then the Institute for Cultural Relations, in its capacity as host, inquiring about the dinner planned for that evening.

And for the sake of ominous consistency, the unwitting Zelk, at the moment of leave-taking, pulled a book of Steinbeck's from his pocket and asked the author to autograph it for his niece. Resignedly, John Steinbeck reached for his thick fountain-pen, which gradually ran out of ink during his stay in Hungary.

Giving lectures is not one of Steinbeck's strong points, so—as luck would have it—the Writers' Association invited him to give one on the afternoon of the second day. On the first floor of the Association's headquarters a flood of light received us—television and newsreel. Then Steinbeck was led to a table at the end of a big hall, and as he sat there, facing the Hungarian writers in their Sunday best, he must have realized that he could not escape a short lecture.

It was short and informative and in its very conciseness, fortunate. He told of how his generation had to turn towards youth; a new generation had grown up, whose fresh message captivates the reader.

Then came the obligatory question period: What was he working on? If he were to write The Grapes of Wrath again, would he write it differently?

The questions had a hollow ring. This meeting proved the soundness of Le Bon's law to the effect that a community's psychology is determined by its weakest member.

The secretary-general of the Association realized that something was amiss. Thus he took the none too felicitous initiative of calling upon those present to tell Steinbeck about their work in hand.

A novelist, scarcely known internationally, now got up and informed us that he had just finished the fifth volume of a series of novels. This was of no interest to his Hungarian colleagues—let alone Steinbeck. Then another arose—an excellent peasant writer—and suggested that Steinbeck visit the Hungarian countryside, since the capital alone would not suffice to become acquainted with the Hungarian people. As if a two-day visit could achieve this purpose!

Once the meeting was over, we apologetically ascribed the naive questions to awe and the solemnity to embarrassment. He brushed it aside with an "all meetings are like this."

Bad weather grounded the Prague airplane. Steinbeck and his wife thus got a day off, free of programs. This already cast a merry glow on the coming evening. After the unfortunate meeting at the Writers' Association, Steinbeck at random picked out a few sympathetic faces and lively spirits. We had supper at the Fortuna Restaurant. László Kéry was there, an Angli-

* See the excerpts from a novel by István Vas on p. 45 of this issue.

cist of wry humour and secretary general of the Hungarian PEN Club, and so was Ferenc Karinthy, proud of having been a member of the national water-polo team before starting his career as a short-story writer. The group there also included an actress whom Steinbeck simply called "pussy-cat," whereupon she surnamed him "Poseidon," saying that his beard and imposing stature made him look like a real water-god. After this promising start we adjourned to the neighbouring dance bar. The pianist was playing American song-hits of the twenties, to which Steinbeck softly hummed the words. Suddenly he put his stick aside and danced with his wife. And that without the blessing of the official program.

*

Next day they came to see me on Szabadság Hill. The landscape was white with snow, the air sharp and cold.

In the afternoon we visited antique shops. Mrs. Steinbeck was looking for decorative old Hungarian buttons. In a folk-art shop her husband discovered a huge herdsman's horn which he at once started to blow, while cracking a long whip.

It was an enjoyable, relaxing pastime. However the alert newsreel reporter had to be kept at a safe distance.

Did the Steinbeck couple have a good time in Hungary? In their place, I would have left with mingled feelings. I find it hard to distinguish affection from obtrusiveness. But he is older and wiser than I. And, as far as I know, he intends to come again, accompanied by his sons this time.

*

At the end of February, Peter Brook and the Royal Shakespeare Company came to Hungary. They gave four performances, and that means: four nights.

For four nights after those of us who attended each performance were unable to go to bed. Entranced and eager to exchange our impressions, we remained together—actors, stage managers, writers—until dawn. The English actors, without previous arrangement, joined our party; they too were excited by the performances. I saw them in their dressing-room—Edmund and Edgar came down trembling and exhausted from the stage, where they had moved for four hours with such graceful assurance.

Peter Brook came to Budapest to work. At the first performance the audience was expecting the customary Lear-type, a self-confident old man dressed in black; instead, a smiling man came out, with thin fair hair, wearing brown shoes and a pullover.

In the Hotel Royal, his stocky figure in a short fur overcoat showed up in group after group engaged in conversation; he went from table to table, as though driven by an inner restlessness.

One night he managed to attend a Hungarian Hamlet performance. For almost five hours he sat there, accompanied by his Hungarian colleagues, László Vámos and Ottó Ádám. Then they all went to the Royal drink bar for a chat. Hungarian actors gathered around them. Miklós Gábor, who had played Hamlet, sat down next to Brook, and after mutual congratulations they immediately found that international language, which initiates lovers of the stage into a free-masonry unaware of frontiers.

"Your blond wig was excellent," said Brook to Gábor—and they were right in medias res, absorbed in the details of their profession.

With Vámos, he had something of a debate about Lear, in an effort to clarify the conclusion of the play, which Vámos conceived in a different way. Peter Brook did not mind the Hungarian director's objections, indeed—after all the adulation he had experienced—he seemed eager to hear them.

The English actors were not accustomed to what we call "iron applause" (i.e. applause continuing after the lowering of the safety curtain). Every night this roaring applauses lasted ten minutes. The crowd

gathered around the stage-door was also something new and surprising. Here on top of a parked car, a discomfited Paul Scofield or Irene Worth could be seen distributing autographs. But in the first-floor bar of the Hotel Royal, they all felt at home. Ian Richardson bustled about as host while Brian Murray was discovered by two Hungarian actors, Géza Tordy and Attila Lőte, accustomed to roughly similar roles. And Peter Brook's nightly appearances in the dim bar of the Royal were those of a master among his own kind; he had a few telling words for everybody. There was assurance in his eyes, but his voice was soft and polite.

*

Every night we went to the Royal as though to our own home. The second time was not pre-arranged but came about as a matter of course. Chance and sympathy went hand in hand. The pleasant company included László Vámos; Erzsi Pápai, actress of the National Theatre and interpreter of numerous Shakespeare roles; Diana Rigg, the wonderful Cordelia; Tony Church, the interpreter of Albany; Murray and his new friends, Tordy and Lőte.

One early morning (dawn was spreading over the hilltops, the city was still dark) we began an unusual experiment. Vámos improvised a Hamlet performance. The English text came from my book-shelf, together with the splendid Hungarian translation by János Arany. The English actors recited in their own tongue, the Hungarians in theirs. There was no difference in rhythm, no unintelligible cacophony. Actors of two nations were playing in the peculiar Esperanto of Shakespeare, in a flat instead of on the stage, mutually investigating the secrets of their respective language and the mysteries of their profession.

Another link was provided by music. Tamás Major, stage manager of the National Theatre and one of the most significant representatives of the Hungarian Shakespeare cult, invited his English colleagues to the Mátyás Cellar to hear some gipsy music.

It was a novel experience to see the interpreter of Richard III and producer of Macbeth next to a wailing violin and twanging cymbal. Beside him, there was Irén Psota, who acts Brecht's Gruse as brilliantly as the title role in "Irma la Douce." Now, she was singing folk songs, and her voice together with Major's rasping baritone was registered on Tony Church's tape recorder.

Of course, it was impossible to separate at closing time, so we adjourned to Major's flat, where conversation was resumed and music was again replaced by verses as a means of uniting the small company. Major recited in Hungarian the famous monologue of Richard III, and the English actors had the same experience with him as Voltaire once had with Garrick. That sharp-witted Frenchman was unwilling to believe his friend Lord Chesterfield's affirmation, that the small man introduced to him and eating ham in the garden could be the famous actor. Then, according to legend, Garrick began to recite Richard III, and the terrified Voltaire retreated all the way to the garden gate.

Major's eyes were blazing and his bushy eyebrows formed a bold curve against his forehead as the familiar text thundered forth in an unfamiliar pagan language.

*

We are separated from our guests by linguistic frontiers, different customs and, more than once, by the excessive hospitality arising from a small nation's anxiety to please.

Nevertheless during every visit there comes a lucky moment when curiosity gives way to comprehension, interest and affection.

I believe this is what happened during the Budapest visits of C. P. Snow, Pamela Hansford Johnson, John Steinbeck and Peter Brook.

TAMÁS UNGVÁRI

OTTO HERMAN

On its first page the four-volume summary of Hungarian ethnography pays homage to the memory of Otto Herman, who inspired a whole generation of scholars emphasizing that Herman, as "the master who laid the foundations of Hungarian ethnography," initiated a new science in Hungary. To a certain degree Hungarian natural science may also claim him as one of its important founders, for his work in this sphere was also of decisive importance. Indeed, his monographs and studies, and the Ornithological Centre he organized, show that he was perhaps even more active in the domain of natural science than of ethnography.

Otto Herman belonged among the last great polyhistors of the past century, like Old Samuel Brassai, who studied Sanskrit as well as general philology, was versed in various branches of the natural sciences and mathematics, was an excellent musician, and at the close of his life established a comparative literary journal and another dealing with folklore. The archeologist Ferenc Pulszky was also of this kind, as was Kálmán Szily, Sen., the faithful friend and staunch protector of Otto Herman in difficult times, a scientist and engineer, who at the close of his life devoted himself with such fervour to philological research that, besides other works, we have to thank him for one of our best dictionaries, the neologistic dictionary of the early 19th century.

That age may have felt something of the great moments of Europe when some exceptional genius could still grasp the whole known world, as did Leonardo da Vinci and, three centuries later, Goethe who reflected the substance of European erudition in his life-work.

The 19th century could, of course, realize the universalism of Leonardo and Goethe only on a more modest scale; the unity of art and science had ceased, only the striving for omniscience remained. Otto Herman also embodied this spirit; in our present era of experts, in a world carved up into specialized branches of science as prescribed for everybody by working methods and by research, the category of omniscient arouses alternating admiration and mild irony. Today it is easy to prove beyond doubt that they were wrong in various premises; but if they were still among the living they could point out that, at least, they had a comprehensive view of the world and that they sought to summarize, explain and comprehend the universe, from the laws governing the orbits of constellations to the mutation of sounds in the Sanskrit language, from bird migrations to shepherd carvings. In other words, they had a philosophy. This Faustian avidity still burns in every true scientist, even though he may now confine himself to the elucidation of a narrow strip of the world.

This flame also blazed in Otto Herman. His life started in a tiny highland town, Breznóbánya, where he was born in June 17 1835, as the son of Károly Herrmann, the official surgeon of the town. The German highland boy, who spent the greater part of his youth in Vienna, was to become an ardent Hungarian patriot, a supporter of Lajos Kossuth, whom he visited in his exile at Turin almost every year. From his name he dropped an r and n to make it sound more Hungarian. Otto Herman was a remarkable example of voluntary and enthusiastic assimilation, though the penury of his youth and the difficult years of his manhood can hardly have shown him Hungarian life in an attractive light.

His father, himself a renowned ornithologist, was in contact with many eminent foreign avifauna scholars as well as with the Hungarian János Salamon Petényi, whose work exerted a decisive influence on the thinking of the young Otto Herman. On his

rambles the youngster became familiar with the beauty of the woods and went in for fowling during which he soon learned to stuff birds. On one such outing he caught a cold so severe that his hearing deteriorated to almost complete deafness, contributing in no small measure to the development of his sceptical and impulsive nature.

From Breznóbánya the family moved to Diósgyőr; he attended secondary school at Miskolc but never finished. In 1848, when he was thirteen, the outbreak of the War of Independence inspired him with such enthusiasm that he ran away with a friend to join the artillery as a gun cleaner. Of course, the skinny young boy was sent home for lack of parental consent. Upon the War's defeat he refused to go back to school, though his earlier reports had been very satisfactory. With his father's approval he decided to learn a trade, was apprenticed to a locksmith at Miskolc and then got a job at the machine factory of Korompa. From here he went to Vienna to continue his education at a polytechnical school.

From this time on his life became more and more difficult. His father died, and the large family remained without any support. Lacking the necessary means, the young man had to leave the polytechnical school and from 1854 to 1856 worked as an engine fitter with several Viennese firms. In the years that followed, the future scholar and politician had innumerable opportunities for getting acquainted with misery in its most acute form. However, the indomitable will of this young worker was not shaken but served as a formidable reservoir of strength. His leisure hours the needy engine fitter spent at the so-called "Naturalien-kabinett" of the imperial court in Vienna, in order to increase his knowledge of natural science. Here he became acquainted with Karl Brunner von Wattenwyl, an Austrian entomologist who, impressed by young Herman's draughtmanship, entrusted him with preparing the illustrations for his works. Hardly had the young engine fitter plunged into his favourite studies when he was faced with a new ordeal.

Thinking that his deafness exempted him from military service, he had not reported for obligatory military service. The army authorities regarded this as desertion and in 1857 punished him by forcing him to enlist for twelve years. His deafness, which was ultimately to cause his death, was thought to be benign. As a reward for his diligence he was allowed to leave after five years, owing to the good will of one of his superiors. First he was stationed at Zólyom, but after the outbreak of the Italian-Austrian war he was sent to the front—first to Zara, then to Fiume, where he beheld the sea and fell in love with it. He roamed its shores for weeks on end, looking for shells. Then he spent two years at Raguza, where he was discharged from military service in autumn, 1861. He went home and did some fowling in the Bükk forests, but this provided no livelihood, and in 1863 he was already earning a living at Kőszeg—as a photographer. Here he became acquainted with Kálmán Chernel, father of the Hungarian ornithologist of that name, and this connection contributed in no small measure to his more extensive studies. In this environment he took courage and sent in his application for the post of curator at the Transylvanian Museum Society, a competition for which had been announced by Samuel Brassai, who was going to pay the salary from his own pocket. Otto Herman got the post.

He was not yet thirty when he arrived at Kolozsvár. The intellectual life here was at the time no less brilliant than it so often been in the past. There Imre Mikó held a veritable "court"; as described by Herman in his memoirs, political, social and literary issues were discussed in the morning while the count was dressing. Samuel Brassai, János Kriza (collector of Székely folk poetry) and a host of other important scholars lived in Kolozsvár at

the time. It was to this circle that Otto Herman was admitted. An intellectually active young man, wishing to learn and to create, could have found no more stimulating atmosphere.

For seven years he worked here, roaming the countryside, collecting in the area of Mezőség, and observing the life of its inhabitants—for the moment only with the eye of the naturalist, though signs of interest in ethnography can be discovered already in his early articles. His personality was able to develop in these years, for Kolozsvár received him not merely as some museum taxidermist of subordinate function but accepted him as a friend. Soon he began to take part in political life, writing as a journalist and canvassing for elections to eke out his meagre income. He remained sturdily loyal to his political convictions and even left his newspaper when it gave up its uncompromising opposition to the existing régime. To the end of his days Herman remained true to the extreme left wing of the opposition, an adherent of Lajos Kossuth.

As a naturalist he carried on research in various directions, including entomology, the life of the spider and bird lore, but on his excursions and hunting expeditions he observed and studied countless other things as well, finding it impossible to concentrate on a single subject. His life at Kolozsvár was finally embittered, not only as a result of his political obstinacy but also because of his precarious financial position, so that he left the town. For a time he found a home with a landowning friend, where he could devote all his time to science, but his impatient nature could not stand such a life for long. He was on the point of accepting an offer of his old Vienna mentor that he write an extensive work with the prospect of later being sent on an expedition to Kamerun. This plan came to the knowledge of Kálmán Szily, patron of the Natural Science Association and Herman's faithful friend to the end, who induced him to remain in Hungary by getting the Association to furnish him with the means for writing a book. It was as a result of this allowance that Herman could write his first major work on Hungarian spiders.

This work was a milestone in Otto Herman's career and put an end to the romantic stage of his life. Not that he could live in comfort, for his financial circumstances never rose above a modest bourgeois level and he continued to be bothered by occasional pecuniary difficulties. His life was never free of turbulence. For several terms he was an opposition member of parliament and a passionate speaker; public life could hardly be imagined without the stocky figure of Otto Herman with his bushy beard. In a country which in 1867 had come to a "compromise" with the Hapsburg dynasty, he loudly proclaimed his uncompromising adherence to the political creed of Kossuth. In the midst of an active social life, he organized and himself made tours abroad, became leader and chairman of congresses, founded the Ornithological Centre, took part in the foundation of the Ethnographical Society and for a brief time became one of its leading personalities, writing studies not only on natural science but also on ethnographic themes.

His activities became ever more extensive; a list of his books and articles alone covers thirty pages in Kálmán Lambrecht's biography of Otto Herman.* In the meantime he was elected a member of a number of scientific associations abroad. The one-time locksmith's apprentice, taxidermist and museum attendant became virtually the most important figure in Hungarian scientific life by the turn of the century. He lived to the age of 79. The War of Independence had broken out during his youth, and the old man, weighed down by forebodings, died in December 1914, during the first winter of the World War I: the deaf old scholar was run over by a van in Budapest.

* Kálmán Lambrecht: *Herman Ottó élete* (The Life of Ottó Herman); published by *Magyar Könyvbarátok*, Budapest, 1934.

After this brief survey of his life let us add a few words on his works. Most of them have to be disregarded, for the present paper deals mainly with Otto Herman as an ethnographer and cannot deal with his important studies and books on natural science, his attractive travelogues, his witty articles and his studies on education. A further list of his activities would have to mention his historical reminiscences, economic studies, and political speeches. His work in the domain of ethnography was, however, the most significant, for Hungary has to thank him for having laid the foundations and established the methods of objective ethnography. Not only did he take an active part in founding the Ethnographic Society and in starting its journal, Ethnographia, but he also arranged the Hungarian ethnographic material for the Millenium Exhibition in 1896. In other countries he is known as the first outstanding Hungarian ethnographer and the author of an important work of two volumes on Hungarian fishing.

His interest in ethnography was born of his devotion to natural science; more precisely, it was his study of the life of fishes that led him to ethnography. In trying to elucidate the name of a fish he turned his mind to Hungarian fishing, and from that moment he was captivated by Hungarian and comparative ethnography. This was in the early period of this science when it was still closely correlated with natural science. After its romantic beginnings our age has endeavoured to place the science of ethnography on a firm basis with the aid of scientific instruments. In Herman's period the most eminent German and British ethnographers relied on natural science, both as to substance and methods; only at the close of the century was ethnography transformed into a historical and social science. Herman could still justly believe that the problems of ethnography might be solved by the methods of natural science, although the very theme that seemed nearest to natural history—that concerned with the face and character of the Hungarian people—might have revealed to him the failure of this method.

Apart from a few minor articles and reviews, his ethnographic activities were concentrated on three main issues. The first was the circle of primitive occupations (a term originating with Herman and accepted by German scholars), such as fishing, sheepherding, shepherd carving, and shepherd idiom; the second referred to the morphology and development of the Hungarian house; and finally the "Face and Character of the Hungarian People," the theme referred to above and embodied in a polemical work carrying this title. His ethnographic work has historical value and served as an inspiration in all the three spheres; but in the eyes of the present generation the monographs and studies dealing with primitive occupations are the most lasting and the most valuable of his works.

His studies on houses are judged today more readily by the standards of his adversary, János Jankó, and his ingenious but unsystematic work on the anthropology of the Hungarian people has also become obsolete. However, his writings on fishing, on shepherd life, on shepherd wood-carving and shepherd idiom are of lasting value. Even if in many respects his analogies going back to the primeval cannot be fully accepted, the collection and elaboration of the Hungarian material is still of great value. Herman illustrates the richness of the Hungarian language, for instance, by showing that there are over two thousand technical terms relating to fishing, while the vocabulary of shepherds includes twenty words to describe the various parts of a whip. Indeed, one of Herman's greatest accomplishments in the sphere of ethnography was to demonstrate the inexhaustible wealth of the people's everyday language. His interest was not confined to ethnographic objects as such but extended also to their broader

sociographic implications, as is evidenced by his preoccupation with shepherd folk art and popular customs in general. Lacking this he could not have arranged the ethnographic material collected for the Millennium Exhibition with such extraordinary circumspection. All of his activities revealed the immanent spirit of his career– the aspiration to totality, to the representation of the whole of life.

GYULA ORTUTAY

THE LONDON OF MÁRTON CSOMBOR

by

MARTIN HOLMES

It was from Dr. Ágnes Békés that I first heard of Márton Csombor of Szepsi, and of the English translation of his travels which Messrs. Sándor Maller and Neville Masterman published in 1938 in the third volume of *Angol Filológiai Tanulmányok*. More recent investigation of the London topography of his time has cast a new light on some of the more obscure parts of Csombor's narrative, but I should like to place on record, at the very outset, my indebtedness to Dr. Békés for bringing this engaging traveller to my notice at all.

In many respects he recalls our own Fynes Moryson, whose *Itinerary* had been published in London in 1617. Both men were keen observers of things seen and places visited, and both write with a refreshing freedom from those attempts at moral elevation or literary preciosity that complicate the travel-books of some of their contemporaries. The main difference between them lies in the fact that Moryson intended his work to serve as a guide-book for other travellers, and supplies elaborate information about roads, inns, food, transport, the honesty or otherwise of the natives and the cost of living in general, while Csombor was always writing for the benefit of people who did not intend or desire to emulate his experiences but would be content to read about them. Accordingly, his book is frankly an account of food, prices and the like only when he considers them uncommon, or in some way relevant to the story he has to tell.

At first sight, the topography of his account is a little difficult to understand, and at one point it appears that he has confused the points of the compass, but when we examine his account in detail, bearing in mind that it was presumably compiled from notes taken from time to time as he explored the city, we find that the sequence of places and events is not so inaccurate or illogical after all. An important factor to be borne in mind from the outset is the linguistic one. Csombor was accustomed to move among people who spoke and understood Latin, and was disconcerted, on his first landing, to find himself among people with no knowledge of that international language. In one whole street of merchants, furriers and tailors he could not find one person able to converse with him, and in view of the high educational level of the average London merchant of that day, the fact appears as strange to us as it did to him, until we take it in relation to the place and manner of his arrival.

There is nothing to suggest that he landed at one of the South Coast ports and came up to London by road; on the contrary, everything about his opening remarks indicates that he came up the Thames estuary and that his vessel anchored in the Pool

of London, as all sea-going craft had to do. The great bulk of London Bridge stretched across the river like a barrier, and the real water-front of London lay on the other side of those narrow arches, where the great ships could not go. As a result, a traveller landing from one of the vessels in the Pool might be put ashore anywhere along the bank downstream from the Bridge and the Tower, and would find himself among streets and houses without knowing that he was still outside the boundaries of the City of London. John Stow, some years before, had commented on the rapidity and extent of recent building in the districts of Stepney, Wapping and East Smithfield, and the process of development had gone on, in a somewhat haphazard and untidy fashion, despite various official attempts to check or at least control it. There are still furriers, tailors and old-clothes-dealers east of Aldgate and in the purlieus of Commercial Street and Cable Street, and it is not surprising that Csombor found no Latin-speakers in the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe Highway and a Wapping that had not yet acquired its docks.

We do not know the site of the Italian Ordinary where he went in search of a compatriot, or the hostelry of the Fox "before the Great Bridge", at which he ultimately arranged to stay, but from Csombor's account it looks as if he had gone westwards along the river-front to Billingsgate or Fresh Wharf, and up to Fish Street and the Bridge from there. He may very well have taken one of the wherries that plied for hire about the Pool, and have been rowed up-stream to the appropriate landing-stage. From such a position, he would have no reason to suspect that Wapping and the Bridge lay on opposite sides of the city wall. He would take a lodging in Fish Street, where Stow notes that there were various "fair taverns", and then begin his exploration by going up Fish Street into Gracechurch Street and observing how this wide street, itself a continuation of the Bridge, was crossed by other wide thoroughfares, notably Cannon Street and Cornhill, which led at last into the great central market-quarter of Cheapside. Here, sure enough, were to be found the water-sellers with their tall wooden "cobs", the water-vessels which they filled at the stone conduits and carried round from house to house, and here, we may be allowed to conjecture, are the three wide streets with fine stone fountains in them, which Csombor singled out for especial praise.

After this, we can make some guess at his itinerary from the order in which he mentions his landmarks. After going as far north as Cornhill, and commenting on the columns and statues of a fine building that is obviously the Royal Exchange, he seems to have turned about and gone down towards London Bridge again, looking with interest at the houses upon it and the "church", or rather the chapel of St. Tomas of Canterbury, the London-born archbishop and martyr who was particularly associated with the neighbourhood. He does not seem to have gone right over the Bridge; it was the Tower that next attracted his attention, and though he did not go inside, he mentions the popular (and inaccurate) belief that it was the work of Julius Caesar. His attempt to number the guns lying on the Tower Wharf suggests that he made his way along the wharf towards the point where he had first landed, as the modern visitor can do if he chooses to walk from the Tower Pier to Tower Bridge.

About the guns themselves he was slightly misinformed. The Tower was the main arsenal of England, it had its own foundry near by, and damaged, obsolete or otherwise unserviceable cannon were stacked on the wharf for eventual breaking-up and melting-down to be cast anew. It is not unnatural that Elizabethan pieces should bear the Royal Cypher of the great Queen, and the legend of their being captured Spanish ordnance would have grown up around them as a piece of London folk-lore. Much the same thing, at a later date, was

said about the weapons in one particular section of the Tower Armoury, and even at the present time it has been known for a collection of earlier and later armour, got together by an English nobleman for his private house in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, to be described as "captured after the defeat of the Spanish Armada."

At this point Csombor paused to take a drink of water from one of "two beautiful canals" near the wall of one of the houses. The London of that day was full of wells, fountains and open streams, not yet polluted by being choked with rubbish or used as miscellaneous drains. Some of watercourses were brooks or small rivers with names of their own, the most famous in the City itself being the Fleet and the Walbrook, and the multiplicity of wells and conduits indicates that water in London was never very far below the surface. On the other hand, Csombor's drink of water earned him the violent disapproval of a passing Frenchman, who took him for a compatriot and considered he was dishonouring his nation by drinking water in London. The episode is interesting in the light of the common English belief that it is dangerous and unhealthy to drink water when travelling on the Continent. Csombor's Frenchman gave him an embrace and an apology on realizing his mistake, and the traveller went on, as he says, "to the city," but from his next encounter it would seem that he was still in the unsavoury environment of Wapping and Execution Dock, as he came across a number of finely-dressed Negro girls being offered for sale by pirates who had just brought them home from Africa. Traffic of this kind belonged not to the respectable area controlled by the City Fathers, but to the newer, more discreditable quarter that was coming into existence outside the walls, and consequently outside the jurisdiction of the London magistrates.

Csombor must have struck inland and moved northwards, away from the river and in the direction of Whitechapel, for he now mentions "a very beautiful gate" on the west side of the town. This is one of the passages in his account that have caused some confusion hitherto, because he describes the decoration of the gate so clearly and accurately that it can be unquestionably identified as Aldgate, the main *eastern* gate of the London of that day. The Royal Arms, the date 1609 and the inscription "Senatus populusque Londinensis fecit" correspond exactly with Stow's description of this gate, giving rise to the supposition that Csombor had written "west" for "east" in a moment of error. If we assume, however, that his explorations have been mainly concerned, up to now, with the eastern suburbs, the matter becomes quite clear.

Moreover, this interpretation is borne out by his next paragraphs. "Beyond this gate," he says, "there is a church, and to the left of the church there is a fine grassy garden for drying clothes which is typical of London." The church is that of St. Botolph, Aldgate, and the traveller going past it along Houndsditch would have a long, walled tenter-ground on his left hand between the road and the City Ditch. These tenter-grounds were to be found more frequently to the north of London, in the marshy ground of Moorfields, but the Houndsditch one would be the first to meet the eye of a traveller coming up from Aldgate. They contained the long upright frames on which new cloth was stretched while it was fresh and damp from the fuller's vats, and while all of them were customarily enclosed by hedges or fences, we see from early maps that the boundary of the Houndsditch tenter-grounds was in fact a brick or stone wall. It is not, perhaps, geometrically accurate to describe a long, narrow, rectangular space as being "encircled" by a boundary of any kind, but the use of the word is expressive and understandable in this context, and would explain an otherwise difficult passage in Csombor's description.

On reaching the end of Houndsditch, he

would come to Bishopsgate Street and St. Botolph's church by that gate. Here is the "beautiful street" of his text, and the church "made out of one stone," and he quotes the inscription that had been lately put up over the entrance to the new graveyard. The full wording is given by Stow, who adds the names of the Rector and Churchwardens. The Rector in question was the famous Stephen Gosson, formerly an actor but now a beneficed clergyman and the author of the *School of Abuse*, a famous tract attacking his old profession of the Stage.

At last we find Csombor going into London through one of its gates. At the south end of Bishopsgate Street stood Bishopsgate, with three statues on its outward face. There was a bishop in the middle and a king to one side of him, but the third figure must have been somewhat weather-worn in appearance, for though Csombor calls it a statue of justice, other people understood it to represent an ancient Saxon nobleman. That, at least, is how it is entitled in contemporary English descriptions of the Gate.

Now comes a problem which calls for deeper consideration. Csombor goes on to say that "walking along that street one reaches the Basilica, on the tower of which there are two statues which ring the bell when the clock strikes. I was told that these statues were of pure silver, and neither was smaller than I am. The workshops of the principal painters are in this neighbourhood," but it is far from easy to say what building he has in mind. There were figures that struck the hours on the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral, but that can hardly be reached by a straight walk along the street from Bishopsgate, and it appears in fact that the Cathedral was the next place to be visited *after* the "Basilica" mentioned in this paragraph. One would like to think that a reference to Guildhall was intended, and that the two statues were the famous Gog and Magog, but it is hard to see how Guildhall could be reached from Bishopsgate by any route so direct that it could be described quite simply as "walking along that street." Anyone going through Bishopsgate and walking straight ahead would come to Gracechurch Street, Fish Street and ultimately to London Bridge, but it would stretch the imagination to say what building along this route could be described as a basilica, or even considered to be in the least degree like one.

The biggest and most likely candidate for the title is probably Leadenhall. This was a large quadrangular building constructed round a central courtyard and used at different times as a granary, an arsenal and a general clearing-house for the London wool trade. The eastern side of the quadrangle contained a "fair and large" chapel, and early picture-maps represent the building as rising into towers at its four corners. By the time of Csombor's visit, the business headquarters of London had been firmly established at the Royal Exchange, and Leadenhall merely retained in its northern portion the official weigh-houses for wool and for meal, the other three sides of the square being mostly reserved for storing wool-packs and for the making and housing of the "Pageants shewed at Midsummer in the watch," the painting-shops for the actual decoration of the "Pageants" being in the lofts above.

It is not perhaps too far-fetched to assume that Csombor paid a visit to Leadenhall and misunderstood what he saw there, or that he was given inaccurate information about it. Certainly this was a place, not far inside Bishopsgate, where he would be able to see painters' workshops and large, fantastic human figures, not very different from the two famous giants that used to stand in Guildhall before the late war. Indeed, it is not entirely impossible that the two mechanical figures from the clock on St. Paul's might find a temporary home there if for any reason they had to be taken down for repair or re-decoration. After all, it was

the main scenic workshop of the City, and the obvious place to undertake any necessary renewals, so there is a chance, albeit a very slight one, that Csombor really did see the Cathedral jacks-of-the-clock, brilliant in new silver paint, in one of the towers of Leadenhall.

We are on firmer ground when we follow him up the gradual ascent of Cheapside to St. Paul's Churchyard and into the Cathedral church itself. His description of "the picture of a bishop whose bones had already mouldered and had been taken out and put above the picture" is a little surprising at first sight, but his accurate quotation of the Latin epitaph shows that he has seen, and misunderstood, the monument of John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's and founder of St. Paul's School. Though the tomb itself was destroyed, like almost all the London Csombor describes, in the Great Fire of 1666, an engraving of it was published in 1658 as an illustration to Sir William Dugdale's History of the Cathedral, and shows that it bore a *memento mori* in the form of a recumbent skeleton carved under a half-length figure of the Dean. An eight-line inscription in Latin Elegiacs, by William Lily, is given in full by Stow, though Csombor seems to have overlooked it.

He goes on to mention St. Paul's School itself, but it does not seem possible to identify the talented young lady who at the age of fifteen "wrote a book for the queen filled with poems in Latin, Greek and Hebrew," which was published and widely circulated after her death, according to the story told to Csombor. It may be that someone was discussing classical learning in general, and tried to describe the attainments of the young and ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, who was Queen of England for little more than a week and died on the scaffold, a victim to the ambition of her husband and her father-in-law. Lady Jane certainly wrote in Greek, Latin and Hebrew, but there is no record of any publication of her compositions in those languages. On the other hand, the High Master of St. Paul's School when it was first established in 1512 was William Lily, already mentioned as the writer of Colet's epitaph, and he had a daughter Dionysia who is sometimes credited with the authorship of *Dido*, a tragedy usually attributed to her husband, John Rightwise, so there is just a chance that her reputation may have become something of a legend, remembered with uncertainty and recounted inaccurately to strangers.

Booksellers and publishers were to be found in St. Paul's Churchyard until comparatively recent times, as the records of the Stationers' Company confirm, and it is not surprising, therefore, that Csombor took particular note of them. Indeed, it was a London publisher, Reyner Wolfe, who made the churchyard available for business development by having the bones removed in carts to the open spaces of Moorfields, where they are said to have formed the foundations of the rubbish-heaps on which some of the windmills were set up.

Csombor's journey to Westminster took him half an hour, walking from the Tower along what he calls "the largest street in the city" and it may be presumed that he went by way of Great Tower Street, Eastcheap and Cannon Street to Ludgate Hill, and so through Ludgate to Fleet Street and the Strand. As a zealous member of the Reformed Church, he shows less interest in Westminster Abbey than in Westminster School which he seemed to have examined with some thoroughness. Though there had been a school associated with the monastery in the Middle Ages, it was established in its present form in 1560, when the Abbey was reconstituted by Elizabeth I as a collegiate church. The Abbot's hall became, and still remains, the dining-hall of the scholars, and in 1591 the old dormitory of the monks was granted for use as a schoolroom, instead of the cramped and low-roofed quarters that had served this purpose hitherto. It is still employed for evening prayers and on all occasions calling for

a general assembly of the school, but when Csombor went there it was the room where all the instruction was carried on, the various forms being taught simultaneously in the one great hall. At first sight, therefore, it is a little difficult to understand what he means by speaking of "all its halls" and "the examination-room of ordinances," particularly as he seems to have been considerably impressed with the decoration of the room last mentioned. On one wall he saw the figure of Hercules, on the other Samson—both of them symbols of hard work—and between the two "a picture of Queen Elizabeth with her crown and royal robes." No such picture is on record as having belonged to the school at any time, but Csombor's description of the decorations may possibly enable us to identify the room he has in mind.

The school dining-hall, as he has been said, was formerly the hall of the Abbot's house, and is approached through a small courtyard near the main entrance to the cloisters. It would be quite natural for a foreign visitor to begin his investigation here, and he would be told—quite correctly—that the hall was now used by the school. Pursuing his investigations into the hall itself, he would see at the upper end of it a small door leading to other rooms beyond, and a little further exploration would bring him to the room known as the Jerusalem Chamber, a name given to it in the Middle Ages from the designs on the tapestry with which it was hung. It is not a part of the School, but it *is* a part of the collegiate church established by Elizabeth; it housed the Church Assembly in the seventeenth century, and it is still used for meetings of the Lower House of Convocation. Csombor is using the term "school" to denote the whole collegiate church, its persons and its buildings, and accordingly he includes not only the actual teaching-establishment but the official quarters of the Dean and Chapter. Candidates for ordination may well have been examined by the Dean in the Jerusalem Chamber—for other judicial functions he had his own Consistory Court in the south-west corner of the Nave—and the curious phrase translated "examination-room of ordinances" presumably refers to what we should more properly call "ordinands." As for Samson and Hercules, they are more likely to have been figures in the tapestry hangings than actual mural paintings, and the same may be said of the portrait of the Queen.

Another inscription mentioned by Csombor can be identified as belonging to the school. He found it "in another hall," which must have been the still-existing school-room. Its wording puzzled him, and certain others besides, as it consisted of the cryptic phrase *Non tota sed pars tamen*—not all, but yet a part. The phrase was an extract from the Latin statutes governing the conduct and curriculum of the school, and was painted high up at one end of the hall as a reminder that the Master could not grant indiscriminate holidays to the whole school at once. It was no uncommon thing for strangers to enter the school building and to watch, and even to question, the scholars at their Latin, and a sufficiently distinguished visitor might ask for a "play"—the Westminster term for a half-holiday, in accordance with a practice that was not quite extinct when I myself was at school there some forty years ago.

To grant the request too frequently, however, would seriously interrupt the work of the school; to refuse it altogether would be ungracious and might well give offence. What was done in the seventeenth century was in fact a simple compromise. The master would send the boys out to play, as requested, but would soon call back "the scholars of the house" to sit down and finish the day's work, which might take an hour or more, and he could always justify himself by pointing to that extract written high upon the wall. An afternoon's unexpected leisure might be granted to a part of the school, but not to all of it at once.

The variety of the boys' dress caused Csombor considerable surprise, but the explanation lies in the variety of the boys themselves. The foundation did not consist of merely one set of scholars who were all taught together and wore the uniform provided for them, as he has been accustomed to see upon the Continent. The "scholars of the house" were the forty King's Scholars, who were taught, fed and lodged at the school and given new gowns every year on the Queen's bounty, but in addition to these there were other pupils, not only from London but from distant parts of the country, who received their education at the school and either lived at home with their parents or were lodged with friends or relatives in the neighbourhood, or even, it might be, with the Dean or a member of the Chapter. One such, at the time of Csombor's visit, was William Heminge, son of that John Heminge who was a friend and fellow-actor of William Shakespeare and joint-editor of the first folio edition of his collected plays, and another was the eldest son of John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's. Both were attending the school as Town Boys or *Oppidani*, but in the following year they were elected to the foundation, King's Scholars being usually elected from among the number of those who had been a year or more in the school.

King's Scholars wore the gowns provided for them, lined garments with long hanging sleeves, but the Town Boys wore their own clothes, which would vary in quality and appearance according to the circumstances of their parents and their own habits of life and standards of personal tidiness. The Westminster gown is no longer lined, but it still retains the hanging sleeves of Csombor's description, and though it is always worn open, it is cut so that it could be buttoned in front like a *soutane*, and it is easy to see that originally it was no mere distinguishing mark, but the scholar's principal garment.

In the matter of numbers, it would seem that either Csombor or his informant must have got his Latin rather muddled, and confused *sexcenti* with *sexaginta*, to judge from the statement in one place that there were "six hundred students" at Westminster and that "the professors and those who belonged to the school were forty in number." The Elizabethan statutes allowed for an establishment consisting of a dean and twelve prebendaries, with minor canons and officials, two schoolmasters, forty Queen's Scholars (as they were called in the old Queen's day, and are still called whenever the Sovereign is a woman), a maximum of thirty-six Pensioners, boarding with the dean and prebendaries, and an unspecified number of Town Boys living at home. A total of forty Scholars and sixty (rather than six hundred) Town Boys and Pensioners would make up the "hundred scholars" mentioned by Csombor when he first began to describe the school.

After his visit to the Abbey, he seems to have made his way to St. James's by Whitehall and St. James's Park. The two gates he mentions are the so-called Holbein Gate and the King Street Gate, and the "house built just like an Abbey" is the old Tennis Court, which at the time of his visit housed facilities not only for tennis but for bowls, skittles and the like. All these buildings are shown in paintings and prints of Whitehall in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and St. James's Park to this day is very much as he has described it. There are no longer any deer to be seen there, but there are still pelicans and ducks upon the long lake, and the Tudor brickwork of St. James's Palace raises its towers upon the other side. King James was inclined to intervene in European politics now and then, and in 1618 he was making considerable efforts to influence the affairs of Bohemia, so it is not surprising to find him entertaining a Dalmatian archbishop in temporary exile from his see, and keeping himself so very busy that Csombor was unable to get a sight of him.

It must be remembered that at that time

there was still open country around the City of Westminster, and the visitor coming away from St. James's would find himself among parks, gardens and green fields. Even in the City of London there were unexpected gardens and avenues of lime-trees, and this feature draws a charming paragraph of compliment from Csombor, who breaks into Latin elegiac couplets in honour of London and its delights, going on to record the national peculiarity of drinking before eating in the morning and preferring "to invite their friends not for a piece of meat but for a glass of beer." His subsequent comment on the weakness and effeminacy of Englishmen is a matter of opinion; when he goes on to say that cherries in England cost five or six shillings each, we may justifiably suspect once again that he has misunderstood what he was told, or that his informant was reprehensibly "telling the tale" to see how much this enquiring foreigner would believe.

Back at St. Paul's he is more comprehensible and accurate. The tombs of King Ethelded and King Sebba were shown in the old cathedral, and the prince whom he calls "Plantagenet King of Castile" is better known to us under the name of John of Gaunt. His admiration for the monuments is no doubt responsible for his incorrect assumption that some of them marked the tombs of "the modern kings," but in fact no monarchs had been buried in St. Paul's since the Norman Conquest, the royal tombs being located, for the most part, at Westminster or Windsor.

After a brief reference to the salutes fired by shipping in the Thames, and a sudden pang of nostalgia caused by the sight of three Russians in their national dress, Csombor tells how he left London for Canterbury. He went by way of "a fearful mountain" which can be identified as Shooters Hill, well known in those days for the fine view obtainable from its crest and for the beacon fixed up there to give the alarm, on any threat of invasion, to the surrounding countryside. Both of these features are noted by our traveller, who was otherwise principally impressed by the size of the local long-horned cattle and the sight of wild rosemary growing in the fields.

The journey was not without its anxieties. Over Shooters Hill he had the company of another foreigner, from Bologna or Boulogne, but after a while this companion decided to travel on horseback and left Csombor to continue on foot. Then, after going through Gravesend, he was alarmed by the sudden apparition of an English-speaking Negro with an axe, but the stranger merely showed him the way to Canterbury and parted from him "very honestly." At Rochester he found the castle in ruins, but greatly admired the beauty of the bridge and the fine appearance of the King's ships lying in the Medway. He had thought of staying the night at a tavern where he had turned in for a drink, but in the first place he was given (and had to pay for) three times as much liquor as he had ordered, and on top of that, the advances of the landlady's daughter became so very pressing that he took refuge in flight, late as it was, and eventually found quarters for the night at the sign of the Two Monkeys.

Next day he went to Canterbury. Luckily for him, the first person he met there was the archdeacon, who first of all disappointed him by telling him that Canterbury was not, as he had thought, Cambridge, and then took him by the arm and led him to a tavern, where they both drank beer until they were noisy. After that, they went back to the archdeacon's house, got the necessary keys, and the archdeacon showed Csombor over the Cathedral. It is greatly to the visitor's credit that he was able to see and remember so much of it as he did. His new friend took him to the house of the "predicator" (possibly the Precentor?) and they went on drinking beer for three hours, until it was six o'clock and Csombor said he had to go, as he was trying to get to Dover. He lost his way in the dark,

however, and spent the night in a wood "among the singing of nightingales and the mournful hooting of owls," rising early and reaching Dover at seven o'clock next day. His last English experience was in an inn called the Plough with Four Oxen, where he ate disgusting food served by a dumb and singularly unattractive waitress. His English Odyssey was over, and he departed for Dieppe, rich in new experience, and particularly impressed by the beauty of Canterbury Cathedral and the cheapness and quality of Canterbury beer. There are not many to-day who will disagree with him.

CORRESPONDENCE

23. 6. 64.

Dear Sir,

I notice that, by some inexplicable slip of thought, I have referred, in my essay, THE GENEALOGY OF THE NOVEL, to "the Dostoievski side of Mme. de Stäel." This phrase of Proust's should, of course, read, "the Dostoievski side of Mme. de Sévigné." Would you be so kind as to permit me to correct my own error?

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
Pamela Hansford Johnson.

London

DOCUMENTS

BÉLA BARTÓK AND THE PERMANENT COMMITTEE ON LITERATURE AND ART OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

A subcommittee of the Commission for Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations *(Commission de Coopération Intellectuelle de la Société des Nations)*, the Permanent Committee for Literature and Art (Comité Permanent des Lettres et des Arts) in its reorganizing session on February 20, 1931, co-opted Béla Bartók. This is an event in the life of the great Hungarian composer which is well known from the Bartók literature. Recently the documents relating to the election, including a holographic letter of Béla Bartók, were found in the Hungarian National Archives.[1]

The election of Bartók was initiated by the Secretariat of the League of Nations. On October 2, 1930, a deputy secretary general[2] of the international organization, Albert Dufour-Feronce, wrote in a letter to Zoltán Baranyai, the provisional head of the Hungarian Delegation at the League of Nations, to make enquiries whether Bartók was ready to accept committee membership. As Dufour wrote: "The Commission for Intellectual Cooperation is seeking an outstanding musician for the *Comité des Lettres et des Arts* which is soon to be formed, and here at the Secretariat we are considering whether your compatriot Mr. Béla Bartók would be a suitable person."[3] Immediately, on October 3, Baranyai asked Bartók in a telegram whether he would accept the appointment. The composer answered on October 5, "Accepting without obligation to work."[4]

It deserves attention that the other member besides Béla Bartók co-opted at the February session of the Committee was Thomas Mann. The Committee already counted among its members Karel Čapek and Paul Valéry; its president was the English professor, Gilbert Murray.

In Budapest this international tribute of respect to Bartók became known in mid-March 1931 and was also recorded by the Hungarian press.

Bartók subsequently obtained an invitation to the summer session of the Committee in Geneva and referred to this journey in a letter to Baranyai.

Budapest, III. 10. Kavics Street
May 8, 1931.

Dear Mr. Baranyai!

Couroy writes me that he heard I intend to submit a memorial to the Com-

[1] Hungarian National Archives (Hereafter: NA/Küm. (Ministry of Foreign Affairs). *A Nemzetek Szövetsége mellett működő genfi magyar képviselet iratai* (Documents of the Hungarian Delegation at the League of Nations in Geneva) 26/20.

[2] Also Director of the International Office of Intellectual Cooperation.

[3] NA. *Ibid.*

[4] NA. *Ibid.*

mission and asks me to let him know its subject.—There may be some misunderstanding because I am not proposing any resolution this year (to be quite frank, I do not have much faith in the results and usefulness of such steps). I should rather like to see first how things are going there; maybe I would undertake something of the sort next year.—Another (official) letter came from the Coopération asking whether I am coming. I shall answer both letters myself in a few days. I succeeded in freeing myself for July 6–9 and therefore shall arrive on the evening of July 5 in Geneva. I hope you will be there at that time; I would be greatly obliged if you could help me with one thing or the other. For instance I would ask your advice about which hotel to choose (if possible I prefer one that is *not* first-class).

I am to leave Budapest about June 12, I do not yet know where to. Anticipating the pleasure of seeing you again, with best greetings,

Yours sincerely,

Béla Bartók

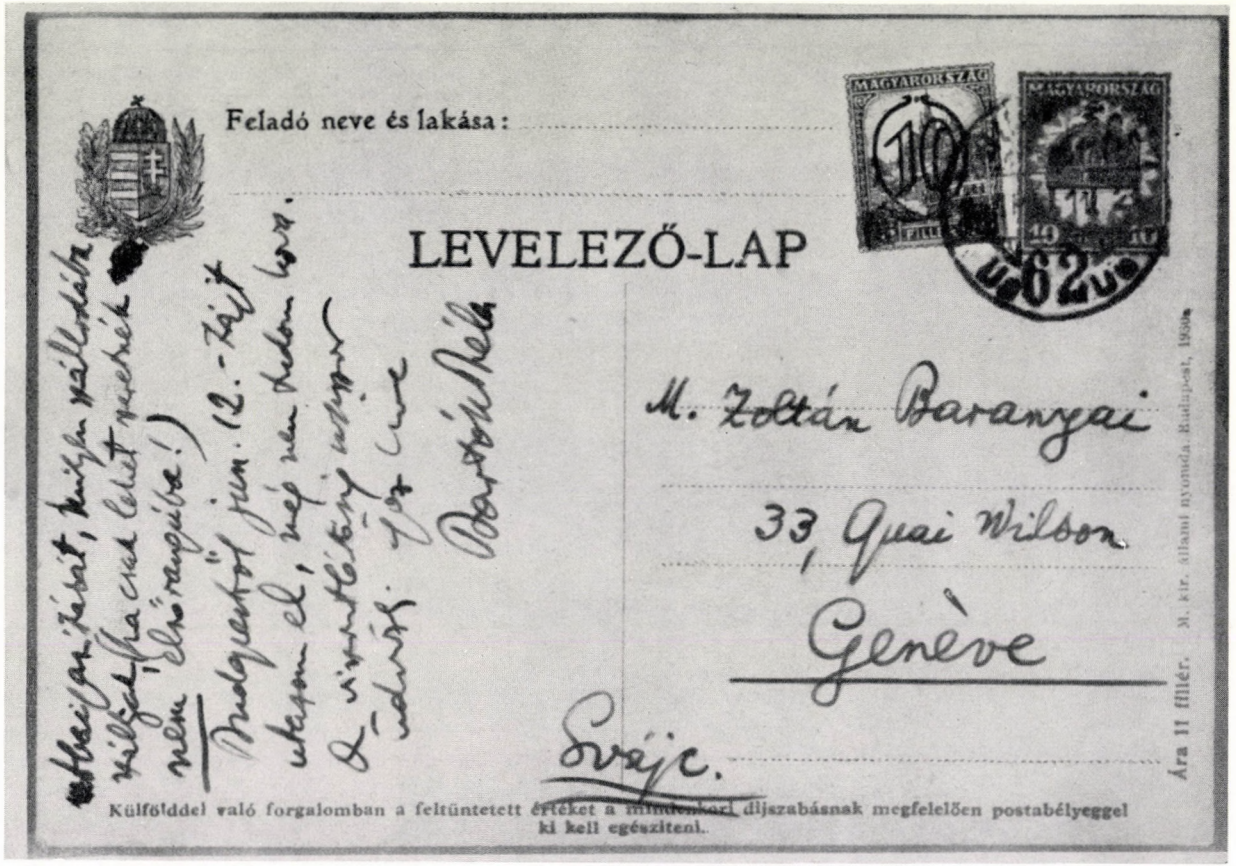
János Demény, the well-known Bartók scholar, writes about Bartók's letters: "In general, all written statements of Bartók's are important and should be published, but the great Hungarian musician habitually expounded his ideological and political views in his letters only on few occasions and for few people. Therefore, those of his letters in which he does so—if only as an innuendo—have a special value..."[5] Bartók's reluctance to work for the Committee, which appears both in his telegram and in the above letter, can be explained not only by the pressure of work but, as the letter reveals, by his skeptical attitude towards "such steps" and the whole activities of the Committee. However a comparison of the spirit emanating from the card with the lines he wrote to his mother about his doings in Geneva casts a light on the nature of this behaviour, its limitations and the individuality of Bartók. "So on Monday morning I first of all paid a visit to the Hungarian Legation. B. (Baranyai) is away on leave, so I spoke with his chief, the Minister (I believe *chargé d'affaires* is his real title), P. (János Pelényi). I asked for his opinion about the Toscanini motion.[6] I think he would have reacted very negatively if he had not been a diplomat, but as he is, he only courteously suggested not submitting it for the time being but first sounding out some members of the Committee..."[7] The same Bartók who on May 8 did not want to "propose any resolution" yet, was ready at the very first meeting of the Committee to speak up for Toscanini in support of the intellectual freedom endangered by the fascists.

The source of his misgivings concerning the Geneva spirit of "intellectual cooperation" in this epoch is illustrated by the

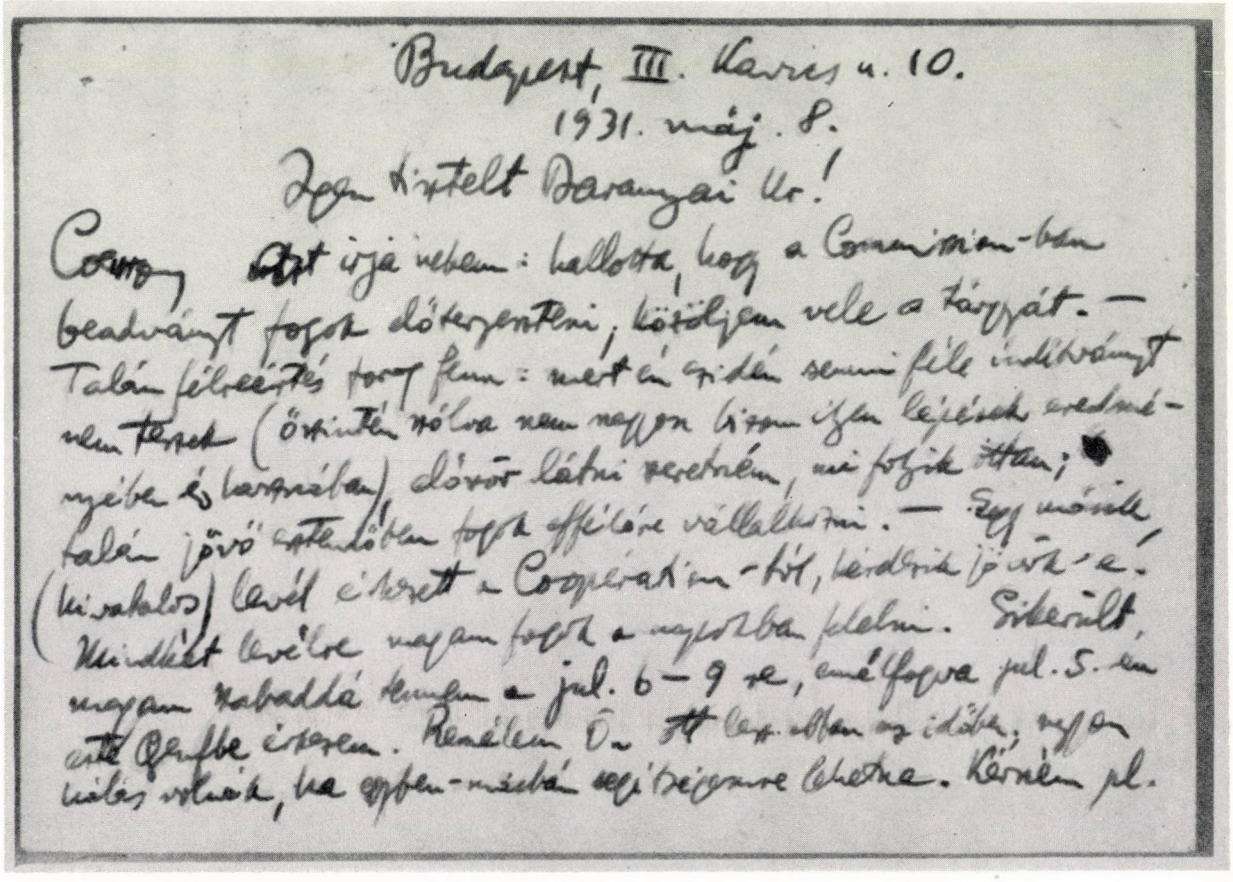
[5] Bartók Béla levelei *(The letters of Béla Bartók)*. Ed. by János Demény; Zeneműkiadó Vállalat, Budapest, 1955 (p. 17).

[6] On May 15, 1931, in Bologna, Toscanini, one of the most prominent conductors of his age, was not willing to direct Giovinezza, the march of the Italian fascists. Therefore the fascists assaulted the grey-haired maestro on the open street. Presumably Bartók intended to take the floor in this affair. This is the more likely because the draft resolution of the New Hungarian Association of Music (Új Magyar Zeneegyesület), in which the Hungarian musicians protested against the criminal attempt of the fascists, was drawn up by Bartók himself. (János Demény: Bartók Béla pályája delelőjén (Béla Bartók at the Zenith of his Career).—Zenetudományi Tanulmányok (Musicological Studies). Vol. X. Akadémiai Kiadó, Budapest, 1962, p. 402.). In the Bartók literature this study gives the most detailed account of the connection between the composer and the Committee. The data in this article—if no other source is named—derive from it.

[7] Béla Bartók (Levelek, fényképek, kéziratok, kották) (Letters, photographs, manuscripts, scores). Collected and edited by János Demény.—Magyar Művészeti Tanács, 1948. Budapest, p. 122. This letter by Bartók himself has hitherto been our most detailed source on the days spent by the composer in Geneva.



Reverse of Bartók's postcard



Budapest, III. Kares u. 10.
1931. máj. 8.

Igen tisztelt Baranyai úr!

Cosman úr irja nekem: hallotta, hogy a Commission-ban beadványt fogok előterjeszteni, csatoljam vele a tárgyát. — Talán félreértés forog fenn: mert én eddig semmi féle indítványt nem tettem (őszintén mólva nem nagyon látom ilyen lépések eredményében és hasznában) dolgot látni szeretném, mit fogjak ottan; talán jövő esztendőben fogok effélére vállalkozni. — Egy másik (kivalakos) levél érkezett a Cooperation-tól, kérdezik jövök-e. Mindkét levélre magam fogok a napokban felelni. Sikerült magam szabaddá tennem a jul. 6—9 re, emiatt fogva jul. 5. én arra Genfbe érkezem. Remélem Ön is ott lesz akkor az időben, mert kellős volnék, ha együtt-utazási alkalmunk lehetne. Kérném pl.

Béla Bartók's postcard to Zoltán Baranyai

following lines, written December 20, 1931, on the events in Geneva. "We were chatting about many nice things there..., but I should very much like to tell them that as long as it is utterly impossible to straighten things out in this world, economically and otherwise (so that, for example as a consequence of foreign exchange restrictions even spiritual products can hardly pass the various borders), it is absolutely useless to ramble on grandiosely about 'intellectual cooperation.' Of course I would have said it to no purpose..."[8]

Bartók was present also at the sessions of the Committee held in Frankfurt in 1932 and Geneva in 1933. The central subject of the latter was originally intended to have been *"Europa quo vadis?"* but this was changed at the last moment to *"L'avenir de la culture."* It appears that the initial scruples of Bartók concerning the work of the Committee were well founded. We know very little about the contribution of the composer to this work, but we may draw conclusions regarding the atmosphere which prevailed there in the middle of the thirties from the recollection of Thomas Mann: "At that time I was a member of the *'Comité permanent des Lettres et des Arts'* appointed by the League of Nations, and before the advent of the Third Reich took part in the sessions of this body in Geneva and in Frankfurt a/M. I contributed a written memorandum of political character for a discussion in Nice where I personally was not present. When read there, it caused something of a stir and later, under the title "Europe Beware!" was included in the collection of essays of the same title. I again attended the *Comité* meetings in Venice and Budapest, and in the Hungarian capital in the open session I made an impromptu speech against the murderers of freedom and about the necessity for militant democracy—a declaration which was contrary, almost to the point of indiscretion, to the completely academic, and for the sake of the Fascist delegates, rather pussyfooting character of the discussions; it was, however, answered by the Hungarian public with an ovation that lasted for minutes..."[9]

Here, in the course of the Budapest session of the Committee, the figures of the two great artists, Thomas Mann and Béla Bartók appear together for the last time before our eyes.

The Minister of Education in the Hungarian government, Bálint Hóman, gave a gala dinner on June 8, 1936, in honour of the members of the Committee. Thomas Mann, however, who did not want to sit at the same table with the fascist Hungarian Minister, asked to be excused, giving "indisposition" as a reason. Lajos Hatvany, the literary historian and aesthetician of distinction whose guests Thomas Mann and his wife were during their stay in Hungary, then invited, to honour his guests, some Hungarian artists who sympathized with their point of view. One of the participants, István Péterfi[10] recalls the day as follows:

> "Hatvany gave Bartók a call and explained the situation to him. He told him that Thomas Mann was indisposed. Bartók answered that he suffered from the same disease and had himself just asked to be excused. At the Geneva session of the *Comité* the friendship of

[8] His letter to János Busitia. Published hitherto only in German translation in "Béla Bartók — Ausgewählte Briefe." Corvina, 1960, pp. 149-150. Quoted by János Demény in his work referred to above: "Bartók Béla pályája delelőjén" (Béla Bartók at the Zenith of his Career), p. 403.

[9] Thomas Mann: Sechzehn Jahre. Zur amerikanischen Ausgabe von "Joseph und seine Brüder" in einem Bande. — Thomas Mann: Gesammelte Werke, vol. XI. S. Fischer Verlag. Oldenburg, 1960, pp. 674–675.

[10] István Péterfi, Hungarian musical critic. His wife, Mária Basilides, was one of the most prominent opera singers in Hungary between the two World Wars. These reminiscences of István Péterfi appeared in the periodical "Muzsika" in July 1959 under the title "A negyvenedik zsoltár" (The Fortieth Psalm), pp. 3–4.

Thomas Mann and his wife was the greatest joy for him and therefore he is happy to be able to pass another evening in their company...

"What was Thomas Mann like? Gentle, polite, quiet. As I observed the two men, him and Bartók, it could not escape my notice that in someway they very closely resembled each other. In both of them there was not only no affected ceremoniousness but also not even a shadow of condescending fraternization. From the way they talked to each other and shook hands when departing, one could feel how they respect, understand and esteem each other.

"And in this we all participated with them.

"We did not know then that in a few years Bartók too would leave us and death would come to him in the appalling loneliness of voluntary exile..."

MIKLÓS SZINAI

EDMUND VEESENMAYER'S REPORTS TO HITLER ON HUNGARY IN 1943

In 1942 a series of events filled the Hungarian governing circles with grave anxiety: the successful North-African operations of the allied Anglo-American forces in autumn of that year, the arresting of the Japanese advance in the Far Eastern theatre of war, the heroic resistance of the Soviet troops and their subsequent victory at Stalingrad, the disaster of the Second Hungarian army in the bend of the Don—the only Hungarian army that was well equipped with modern arms.

When, on June 27, 1941, Prime Minister Bárdossy announced in Parliament a state of war with the Soviet Union, the general staff and the government expected a *Blitzkrieg*. Although these hopes were shattered by the defeat of the Wehrmacht at Moscow, in summer 1942 competent authorities still cherished the hope of a decisive victory of the nazi forces.

The marked change in the Second World War, the seizing of the initiative on all fronts by the antifascist coalition prompted the Hungarian government to search for some way out of a situation becoming more and more hopeless.

The German counter-intelligence corps in spring 1943 not only kept an eye on the activities of Hungarian diplomats and other Hungarian personalities in neutral countries (it should be noted that the Germans had exact information regarding all Hungarian attempts to make peace, among others, the negotiations of the Nobel prize winner Professor Albert Szent-Györgyi in Constantinople), but also from time by time carefully assessed the situation in Hungary.

For this purpose Edmund Veesenmayer, one of the Southeast European experts of the nazi Foreign Office arrived in Hungary early in spring 1943.

On the basis of his experience during a stay in Budapest of several weeks he prepared a detailed report on and analysis of the Hungarian situation, which for the Third *Reich* was becoming more and more alarming.

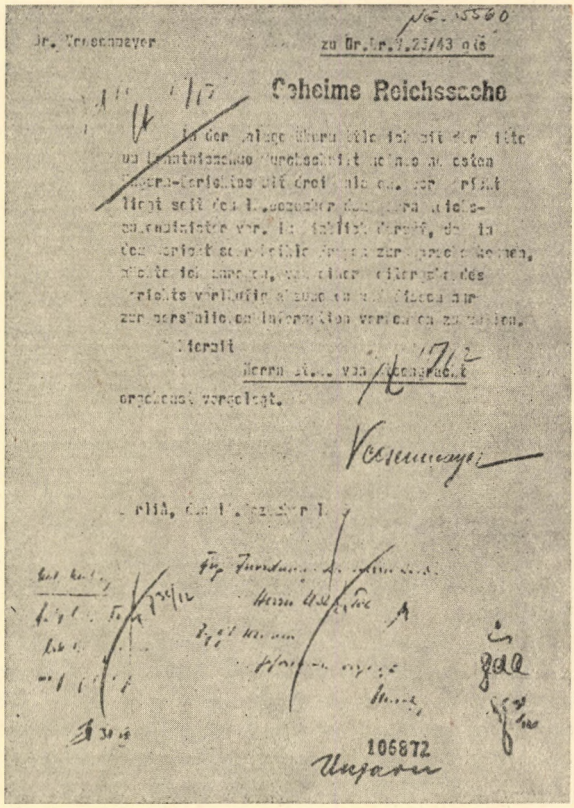
Veesenmayer's exhaustive 14-page report is dated April 30, 1943.

As introduction Veesenmayer states: "Among all peoples of the Balkan's the picture of Hungary is at present the least gratifying. Its characteristic feature is

boundless arrogance, which is in sharp contrast to the value of its own national substance and the performance accomplished thus far as an allied nation in the framework of the three-power pact."

After this comprehensive statement on the Hungarian people, which can hardly be called flattering, the author of the report undertakes a detailed analysis. The titles of the chapters are: "The Jewish Problem," "The Regent," "The Nationalist Opposition," "The Hungarian Police and Gendarmerie," "The Personality of Kállay," "The Visit of the Regent to the General Headquarters of the *Führer*."

The essence of the first chapter is that the Jews were behind the defeatist atmosphere in Hungary and the sabotage against the war objectives of the Axis powers, because they, in a measure exceeding their numerical proportion, could not only keep under their influence the economic life but play a more or less dominant role also in other fields.


Geheime Reichssache

Edmund Veesenmayer's report to Hitler

According to the report, Hungary became the asylum of European Jewry, because the Hungarians regard the Jews as the best guarantee against serious air raids. "The dread of aerial attacks is so strong that it extends far into even the circles of the nationalist opposition," states Veesenmayer with resignation.

The following statement is not devoid of interest either:

"The present Hungarian government, the Jews and wide strata of the bourgeoisie, do not believe in the victory of the axis powers and do not wish it either. They cherish the hope that both Germans and Russians will so far exhaust each other's powers that the practical result will be that the British and the Americans will be the victors without a major engagement of their forces."

Veesenmayer was convinced by his experience in Hungary—and not least by his sources on the extreme right—that "What Hungary at present produces in the great struggle against Bolshevism is only a fragment of what it would be able to accomplish. It is only as much as is absolutely necessary to keep up appearances and forms towards the *Reich*. This applies in practice to all fields, and this trend is particularly manifest in economic life, especially as regards food supply, bauxite, textile and the armaments industry."

This is a grave statement based mainly on what his sources told him.

About Horthy he writes that he is surrounded by Jews, aristocrats related by marriage to Jews and by Papist politicians. "The only point on which he stands clearly on the side of the *Reich* is his hatred of Bolshevism but his entourage endeavours to belittle this danger too. In spite of all this he has a deeply rooted authority in the broad masses of Hungary..."

According to Veesenmayer, in spring 1943 the following groups took a hostile position towards Germany in this country:

"1 the Jewry

2 the aristocracy closely allied by marriage with the Jews

3 the clerical circles

4 the German renegades."

Regarding the nationalist, *i.e.*, extreme right opposition, Veesenmayer writes as follows:

"This, also taken as a whole, presents a very unfavourable picture. The Szálasi movement, at one time justifying great hopes, has now sunk into total insignificance. As long as Szálasi was in prison he was a myth and was surrounded by the aura of a political martyr. As soon as the regime (very cleverly) granted amnesty to him and set him free, struggles within the leadership, corruption and lack of political efficiency became rapidly evident, with the result that today very little is left of this movement."

In whom and in what personalities did Veesenmayer see, in the early spring of 1943, the "pledge of the future"?

"In my judgement there are only two men who can be seriously considered for a national government: former Premier Imrédy and former Minister of Foreign Affairs Bárdossy. Both should be regarded as serious, intelligent and far-sighted politicians, who on the one hand attempt to represent Hungarian demands in a moderate way and on the other, on the basis of their experience, are sufficiently aware of the real source of the interior Hungarian crisis. Particularly Imrédy, with whom I have repeatedly had long and detailed conversations, may be described as a true and honest adherent of the *Führer* and of the Axis. But Bárdossy also clearly and unequivocally sees that the continued existence of Hungary is a function of the victory of the Axis. We are bound to doubt, however, whether either the one or the other disposes over the necessary force and the number of followers to be able to carry through a real change of regime in Hungary. In my opinion these two men, even together, would only be able to disentangle the situation if the Reich would provide the necessary rear guard coverage and support both directly and indirectly.

"All things considered, it must be stressed that the entire nationalist opposition in these past years was not able to avail itself of even one of the existing or created possibilities and to establish for itself lasting and effective positions."

This meant that in Hungary the *Reich* —the "Axis"—had not a sufficiently wide basis that access to power could be achieved without external help.

This was the opinion of Veesenmayer as early as spring 1943!

The report considers the gendarmerie and the police, under the 1943 leadership, to be of little value from the point of view of the nationalists, that is, the extreme right.

Veesenmayer says nothing definitive on Kállay except for the statement: "Sources well acquainted with the situation have always drawn my attention to the fact that the wire-puller behind all these sabotage activities (in the field of press and radio-KE) is the head of the Press Department, Ullein-Reviczky, rather than Kállay. Clear evidence of this is the way he handled the communiqué issued on the occasion of the Regent's visit to the General Headquarters of the *Führer*. He represents, with Bethlen and Kállay and the Jews Chorin and Goldberger, the negative elements in the present Hungarian government. From the view-

point of the Axis any change in the government can only have a prospect of success if these men disappear not only from their positions of power, but completely."

It should be noted that a little less than a year earlier, before the turning point of World War II, Ullein-Reviczky sang a different song. An agent of the German security police *(Sicherheitsdienst)* in Hungary, according to his report dated May 29, 1942, negotiated with Ullein-Reviczky, who made no secret of his longing to be Minister of Foreign Affairs. "He cannot conceive"—so the report goes—"why in Berlin they are so prejudiced against him; he is in the last analysis a consistent and unhesitating friend of Germany and he is willing to undertake the obligation (namely if the Germans would agree to his appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs-KE) to enforce the politics of the Axis, without heeding any other influences, 100 per cent according to the concepts of Berlin...

"...A Minister of Foreign Affairs of such decision and willingness as are his could hardly be found by the Germans," stated this agent of the *Sicherheitsdienst.*

In spite of this, Ribbentrop did not agree to the nomination of Ullein-Reviczky because in the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs the opinion prevailed that he had a foot in both camps and therefore did not deserve confidence.

In June 1943, in his letter to the German head of the Press Department, Ullein-Reviczky complained bitterly that "confidential reports with grave accusations are submitted to Berlin which make various and completely absurd charges."

When he was appointed Minister to Stockholm and von Jagow, the German Minister in Budapest, at first refused to receive him for a parting visit, he left no stone unturned and even humiliated himself to obtain an interview. At last Jagow received him and reported about the visit: "It is interesting to note with what assiduity Ullein repeatedly attempts to rehabilitate himself in our eyes. Recently he went so far as to dissociate himself even from Mr. Kállay."

Of course all this happened before July 25, 1943.

Veesenmayer closed his first report as follows:

"If we are determined to assure ourselves a decisive influence, in line with the viewpoint of the Axis on Hungary we must, in my opinion, take account of the following points:

1 A lasting change in the government can be carried out only in agreement with the Regent; neither without nor against him have we a chance of success and of avoiding the danger of too great upheavals.

2 A preliminary condition of this is the liquidation of the coterie of informers around the Regent, with the substitution of persons who exercise a lasting and salutary pro-Axis effect on him.

3 The value or lack of value of the nationalist opposition makes it seem expedient to lay the stress on the only existing important organization, the army.

4 If Imrédy or Bárdossy or both are considered for leading functions, due allowance must be made for the fact that both infuriate the Regent; therefore it is necessary either to carry out proper preparatory work or for the Reich to exert considerable pressure.

5 The internal conditions of Hungary render it necessary that initiative, realization and safety measures should be carried out by a lasting external influence, i.e. by the *Reich.*"

Veesenmayer's report, according to the note on the document, was positively evaluated in competent quarters and his suggestions were definitely considered.

In summer 1943 the offensive of the *Wehrmacht* launched in the area of Kursk and Orel ended in failure; the irresistible Red Army forced its way forward and on November 7, 1943, it had already liberated Kiev and approached the Hungarian frontier.

On the Italian front, too, changes of great significance occurred. On July 25, 1943, a fortnight after the landing of the Anglo-American forces in Sicily, Mussolini's regime was overthrown and on September 8 the Badoglio government signed the agreement to surrender unconditionally.

In autumn 1943 Minister of Foreign Affairs Ribbentrop sent Veesenmayer again to Hungary to conduct thorough negotiations with the leader of the Imrédy-Jaross party of the extreme right and with others, in order to have ready those who would be willing to undertake the defence of the interests of the Third *Reich* after the removal of the Kállay government.

When some politicians of the governing party reported to him regarding Veesenmayer's activities, Kállay in his usual offhand way put them in their place, saying: "Spies should not be negotiated with, and if Mr. Veesenmayer comes to Budapest again I will order him to leave the country..."

Let us add that Veesenmayer, on the occasion of this second "visit" to Hungary, performed a still more thorough piece of reconnaissance; his written report was more than twice as long as the first.

This report does not differ from the first in its essential contents. It states that the situation in Hungary since spring 1943 has not become more favourable or satisfactory. A change, in the sense of utilization of the Hungarian economic and military resources to a greater extent, can only be hoped for if the *Reich* would stimulate and support such activities from the outside.

The second report has still another aspect. Veesenmayer's deep antipathy toward the Hungarian people becomes still more evident and his suggestions for the solution of the "Hungarian problem" here assume an entirely concrete shape.

As for Veesenmayer's opinion of the Hungarian people, he not only speaks scornfully of the "Hungarian destiny," saying that nobody knows what this catchword means, and he misrepresents the concept of "national resistance" by concluding that "it is in reality a passive resistance against everybody, not least against itself," but he also disavows everything that the Hungarian nation created.

The report is not lacking in involved historical comments. Starting with the epoch of the Turkish rule and the period between 1687 and 1918 it comes to the conclusion that Hungary was not an independent state after 1526 and even after 1687 lived more or less in a state of dependence on Austria. The report draws the conclusion that the Hungarians never had enough national force and revolutionary zeal to create an independent state.

On the epoch after 1918 he writes as follows.

"From this time on, the so-called Hungarian nation has existed, in the meantime proving that it is unable to be or ever to become any such thing."

From all this he arrives at the following conclusion: "The great ideological conflict of the present war of course means for Hungary too a serious trial in respect to national, physical and spiritual aspects. That Hungary is not up to this test is evidenced by the condition in which it is at present."

"Kállay and consorts," Veesenmayer continues "since they are scared of the *Reich*, are ready to deliver Hungary up to Britain or Russia and at the same time profess the opinion that the nationalist opposition must be fought because it is betraying Hungary to the *Reich*. Fear is, however—as a well-known German general has put it—no *Weltanschauung*. But fear, not to speak of cowardice, is the basic trait that characterizes the responsible Hungarian politicians and the majority of the middle-class of substance in Hungary "

His well-known "evaluation" of the role of the Jews in Hungary follows. He establishes that "the Jew is the enemy No. 1. These 1,100,000 Jews constitute an equal number of saboteurs against the *Reich*, and at least the same, if not double, the number

of Hungarians serve as henchmen of the Jews, playing the role of auxiliary forces and of camouflage for the realization of the well-planned sabotage and espionage activities."

The report subsequently states:

"There are three problems in Hungary that in my opinion deserve a particularly careful study: (1) The Regent and the clique that manages him: (2) the national opposition; and (3) The army.

1. That the destined development is possible is clearly shown by the one fact of the lack of power and instinct in the Regent and the extent to which he has already become a tool of the clique that manages him.

...The intellectual wire-puller of this clique is Count Bethlen and the most powerful figure some distance below him is the present Minister of the Interior Keresztes-Fischer," states Veesenmayer, observing that Horthy sees in Bethlen a person of high intellect of about the same age, an incarnation of that ruling class which, according to Veesenmayer, lives in a void; while in Keresztes-Fischer the Regent sees the man who with brilliant tactics crushed the menacing apparition of the hated Arrow-Cross movement.

The characterization of Horthy follows.

"In the essence of his being the Regent is a soldier, but only a soldier. He would never consciously break his word. When today he speaks of the emperor Franz Josef he uses expressions of deepest homage and always respectfully adds the title 'His Majesty.' He is thus a soldier whose former leader—or rather master—is dead and has not been succeeded by a new master. His political capacities are as wretched as his military core is sound. Not only does he not understand anything of either domestic or foreign policy, but he even has an inner aversion to them and would, I am sure, be happy if he could be a mere soldier again tomorrow. If German policy should become active in Hungary it should in my opinion have as its objective indirectly to make the Regent the soldier of the *Führer*. This can be achieved if we proceed with the utmost skill and elasticity. If we free the Regent from his entourage and the latter is replaced by the *Führer*, the *Reich* and a representative of the *Reich* who is qualified for this task, then the Hungarian problem is practically and essentially solved. A Hungarian general with a high position said to me the other day: 'If today I walk into the House of Parliament and produce from my pocket a decree of the Regent saying that he has entrusted me to be the new head of the Government, within half an hour the majority of the deputies will be on my side'." And Veesenmayer adds: "I do not regard this as an overstatement."

According to the report, the anti-German circles had for several months endeavoured to convince Horthy that

"1) Germany can not win this war;

2) the danger of Bolshevism is non-existent for Hungary because Germany is strong enough to keep the Russians in check; also, the Hungarian government would be capable of preventing Bolshevism from spreading within the country;

3) Britain is the pointer on the scale and will therefore be the real winner of the war because it is still the greatest naval power and furthermore disposes over the greatest political maturity and intelligence;

4) the victory of England seems particularly desirable because the whole inner attitude of that country provides the best guarantee for the preservation of the Hungarian feudal state."

"From all this it follows," states the report, "that a Hungarian government—even if formed from the comparatively best men of the present national opposition—can only be regarded as an interim solution and an expedient of *'Real-Politik.'* It will be completely worthwhile for the *Reich* only if besides or still better above there is placed, in suitable manner, a German trustee. The misgiving that the *Reich*, by setting up a government from these circles, will create a source of future irritation is unfounded.

The national opposition is much too divided internally with regard to both the leading personalities and their views for it to become sufficiently united to endanger any of the later objectives of the *Reich.*"

Veesenmayer clearly and unequivocally takes the stand that the Third *Reich* should make use of the Hungarian national opposition for its own purposes, and if Imrédy and consorts after the war should present themselves to obtain a "reward" such a situation could always be effectively dealt with.

Not less noteworthy are Veesenmayer's statements about the Danube, or to be more exact, about the role and significance of the Danube basin. He compares the Rhine and the Danube and puts the latter, like the Rhine, in the sphere of interest of the Third Reich, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. We cannot give up the Danube—Veesenmayer stresses—because this is the way through which "pioneer" work can be performed in economic policy. As so often, it appears again that this is in no way a specific nazi program planned and established by Hitler but a program embodying a *Reich* policy that had existed for many centuries.

From this, it is not difficult to imagine what would have become of Hungary if the nazis had won.

Another remarkable portion of the report:

"Not last, Hungarian manpower could afford aid and facilities in all areas. According to the British principle—to let others drudge, struggle and bleed for them—it would be regrettable if we would not ourselves apply this principle to Hungary to the widest extent possible. Every Hungarian who, as peasant, worker or soldier, relieves us through his activities thereby strengthens the reserves of the *Führer.* Every Hungarian who bleeds for us diminishes our own casualties, strengthens our reserves for further warfare and helps us to preserve our forces for the great tasks after the war."

The report sums up the things to be done as follows:

"1) In Hungary developments have reached a point making it urgently necessary to act rapidly and energetically.

2) As a solution of the Hungarian problem must, if at all possible, be carried out only with the Regent, the time has arrived to end the condition in which Hungary is left to itself.

3) Hungary, as the most important area of communications and possible accessory economic tool, can and must be fitted into the war economy of the *Reich,* particularly in the field of agriculture.

4) The present Hungarian government policy and propaganda has assumed a form which makes the impression of a latent provocation of the *Reich.* Not to react to this will be interpreted both by the Hungarians and by our enemies as a sign of weakness and will affect accordingly those elements which are useful to us.

5) An active policy of the *Reich* with its consequences is in no respect a danger for any later policy of the *Reich* because Hungary's development into a nation is still in its initial stage and several decades would be necessary for it to attain a certain maturity.

6) No serious negative effects must be feared on the nations allied with us bordering on Hungary because the Bolshevist danger looms too threateningly over the whole Southeastern area.

7) For many reasons, a thorough tackling of the Jewish problem appears to us to be an immediate necessity. Its solution is a prerequisite for the inclusion of Hungary in the struggle of the *Reich* for defence and existence.

8) In Appendix 3 practical suggestions are made regarding the possibilities of obtaining a change of the present situation in Hungary and prerequisites, from the German point of view, that seem to be necessary if possible difficulties or later setbacks are to be avoided.

Berlin, December 10, 1943.

Veesenmayer."

Veesenmayer accomplished his task. He carefully examined whether since his "visit" of March 1943 the situation in Hungary had changed, and if so, in what direction.

The picture that he was able to sketch after an assessment of the situation in November 1943 was not very encouraging, at least from the viewpoint of the *Reich*. From his informers he was able to learn that the Hungarian people had tired of the senseless war—for which it never for one moment had felt enthusiasm—but it also appeared that the ruling classes, the great landowners and capitalists, did not believe either that the German *Wehrmacht* could emerge victorious from this war. The downfall of Mussolini, the surrender of Italy, the going over of Badoglio's government to side of the allies, the series of grave defeats which the *Wehrmacht* suffered on the Eastern front, all this resulted in a dwindling of the mass support of the parties of the extreme right in Hungary, the "fifth column" of Hitler's Germany.

On the other hand Veesenmayer was right in assuming that notwithstanding all this, some elements could be found in Hungary which were willing to serve the interests of the *Reich*.

He also did not deem hopeless the possibilities of a further use of Horthy.

At the end of his "study trip" to Hungary, Veesenmayer thought the carrot and the stick to be the most expedient method.

We should not fail to consider that Veesenmayer rather purposefully prepared his own way, his future career; this is why he wrote that "a political special envoy with far-reaching authority" should be sent to Hungary.

Veesenmayer tried with great care to arrange his arguments to prove that the change of regime could safely be accepted—since it would not in the least disturb the later postwar plans of the *Reich* for Southeast Europe. This part of the report was filled with vulgar anti-Hungarian calumnies such as have been voiced by the ideologists of the *Drang nach Osten* before and even after these events.

Veesenmayer constructed his report to fit Berlins' expectations. There would be nothing wrong with Hungary if it were not for the Jews and the clique hired by the Jews that surrounded Horthy and held him under its influence...

As he must have felt that even after the solution of the "Jewish question" there would be some open issues left in Hungary —for instance the question of why the peasantry and the working class was not enthusiastically on the side of the *Reich* he had his prescription ready for this event too:

The Hungarians are an immature race, unable to lead an independent national life. They are suitable of course to sweat and shed their blood for the Reich. No fear that after the war they would present the bill, since they need several decades before they could become a nation.

Veesenmayer emphatically stressed in his reports that a change of regime in Hungary would be unimaginable without a German political and military action from outside. Neither Imrédy nor the pro-German leaders of the army disposed over sufficient forces to come to power without the aid and support of the *Reich*.

The rest is well known: on March 18, 1944, Horthy, at the invitation of Hitler paid a visit to the General Headquarters of the *Führer* where after long discussions, bargaining and entreaty he acquiesced in the invasion of Hungary by the Wehrmacht. On March 19, 1944, one of the most tragic days of Hungarian history, the country came completely under the rule of the nazis.

More than half a million persons perished in the extermination camps and on the fronts, and the country became a theatre of war.

As of March 19, 1944, the extraordinary plenipotentiary envoy of the German *Reich* in Hungary was Edmund Veesenmayer.

ELEK KARSAI

CUTTINGS

FROM HUNGARIAN DAILIES AND PERIODICALS

Magyar Nemzet

HEISENBERG IN HUNGARY

One aspect of the visit to Hungary of W. Heisenberg is sure to arouse special interest. The professor, who availed himself of the opportunity of making the acquaintance of widely-known Hungarian representatives of theoretical physics, took time out to discuss a few details of quantum mechanics with Károly Ladányi, a research worker in the theoretical physics group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The theme which has linked one of the greatest intellects of our century with this young Hungarian physicist is in itself hardly apt to kindle the uninitiated reader's imagination. Science refers to it as "Nonlinear Spinor Theory." If, however, one takes the trouble to have a closer look, the jungle through which one has to break grows less impenetrable.

*

Károly Ladányi is a young man with black hair and serene blue eyes, born in 1928 at Szatmárnémeti, where he also went to school. In 1950 he graduated in electrical engineering at the Technical University of Budapest. From childhood he had cherished the dream of doing research in theoretical physics. At the age of seventeen he read university text-books on the quantum theory. In 1949 he became undergraduate assistant to academian Pál Gombás, who occupied the chair of theoretical physics and under whose guidance he became aspirant to the degree of candidate. He took up research themes connected with the work of Pál Gombás. The multiple body problem of quantum mechanics occupied the centre of these studies. Simply expressed this problem may be explained as follows: how do the numerous tiny particles of a micro-physical system interact—as for instance a heavy atom consisting of a nucleus and many electrons. The interaction of the invisible particles of the micro-world is in general extremely intricate, and many methods have been elaborated for its study. Academician Pál Gombás, in collaboration with Károly Ladányi, has published several papers that have contributed to refining and improving the statistical models of atomic nuclei. These papers appeared between 1955 and 1958 in the Hungarian periodical *Acta Physica*, and the West German *Zeitschrift für Physik*.

*

This was how Károly Ladányi made his start; later he reached the road of research cut out by Heisenberg. In the *Zeitschrift für Naturforschung* he published several findings which had a bearing on Heisenberg's work. Heisenberg, one of the editors of the journal, noticed these papers and invited their author to the *Max Planck Institut für Physik und Astrophysik* at Munich. At first the invitation was only for half a year, starting in April 1962; subsequently, as the work proceeded,

it was prolonged, lasting until May 1963. Here Károly Ladányi came into close contact with Heisenberg's work. "An excellent man," he said of his former chief, "cheerful and energetic. Don't think he is some dry scholar. His imagination is dazzling. Physics is simply a part of him, one of his vital functions. It is a great experience to meet a man who has been epoch-making in the theoretical physics of our century. A genius. An intuitive genius. In his work he establishes perfect harmony with his collaborators. When one is summoned to his room to report on the progress made in the solution of an allotted task, he continues his interrogation for three or four hours like an inexorable father confessor—requiring formulae to be written on the blackboard, sifting every detail, he insists on knowing about everything. After such a report one is dead-tired—and happy."

What is the common concern that brought together this giant of physics with his Hungarian contemporary? In order to understand we have to take a brief look at the tormenting question-marks that face scientists in the sphere of quantum mechanics.

*

Let us proceed in due order. In nuclear physics (quantum mechanics) the elementary particles have of late greatly increased in number; to put it more exactly: the number of those discovered has increased. Formerly the thing was fairly simple. The atom was imagined as containing protons and neutrons in its nucleus, with electrons rotating around the latter. This conception is still justified—as long as "peace" reigns inside the atom. However, since atomic fission has been realized and atomic particles are bombarded by one another, it has been discovered that there are about thirty kinds of elementary particles of varying life.

In the order of diminishing mass such particles are the cascade or xi hyperon, the sigma hyperon, lambda hyperon, the proton, the neutron, the K meson, the pi meson, the mu meson, the electron, the neutrino, their several variants, the various "resonances", and the photon. Many of these are "permanent" members of the family, others come into being and vanish in inconceivably brief time, some in a millionth of a second, while others exist only for the billionth part of a billionth of a second. And we are still nowhere near the end of the discoveries. Nuclear physicists have found out a huge quantity of facts about these numerous different particles—yet they are still far from being able to summarize these various phenomena by ranging them in a uniform system and giving a comprehensive explanation. There are countless hypotheses, each of which contains some truth, but also some contradictions.

*

When the interaction of electrons and photons is investigated, computations usually fully agree with experience; at the same time mathematical difficulties arise. It is as if figures were making fun of physicists. In the questions the queer "electromagnetic selfmass" of the electron appears, a sort of "infinite" mass that does not exist in practice. This has to be corrected with the aid of the so-called "renormalization" technique. An infinite mass is added also to the basic equation, as it were to "balance" the infinite mass. In the end only the actual mass remains. However, according to mathematicians, this is "not an attractive or correct" procedure. Its lack of elegance must be admitted; let us not make a virtue of necessity.

On the other hand, when the interaction of heavy elementary particles, e.g., of protons, neutrons, pions, is studied, we are dealing with extremely intricate, almost unmanageable mathematical equations, the results of which are not always in conformity with experimental findings. No scientist

has so far contrived to explain the source of the divergencies—whether the fault lies in the incorrectness of the fundamental assumption in the equatino itself, or in the method of approximation applied in the solution.

*

The above may give some idea of the difficulties of modern quantum mechanics. We hope—with a sigh of relief—to have passed through the thicket and come face to face with Heisenberg's problem, which he sets forth as follows: could we not find a way out of these innumerable difficulties by deriving all elementary particles from a single primary matter? Suppose, he says, that all elementary particles, the electron, the proton, the neutron, and all the rest are produced by the motion, the interaction of this primary matter. Heisenberg has formulated the equation of motion of this hypothetical primary matter. Whether his theory is right or wrong remains to be seen. Many great scientists of our age are optimistic as regards the perspectives of the equation, and think it possible that it has brought the elementary particles to a common denominator, shedding light on their interaction. This belief, however, does not rely on mere hope; feverish research work is in progress in many parts of the world, including Heisenberg's institute at Munich. Károly Ladányi has joined in this work.

He has followed a particular track at Munich. The phenomenon of superconductivity is well known in physics. When the electric conductor is cooled to a temperature a few degrees above absolute zero, its electrical resistance vanishes permitting current to pass unhindered. The Japanese physicist Naumbu came to the conclusion that an analogy may be traced between certain phenomena of superconductivity and of the physics of elementary particles. Károly Ladányi adopted this theory and found that this analogy may prove useful in various fields of research relating to elementary particles. His papers dealing with this issue brought him the invitation to come to Munich, and during his stay there he occupied himself with utilizing this analogy, thus contributing to the research work conducted on the basis of Heisenberg's equation.

Károly Ladányi has returned to Hungary; but this has not induced him to drop his voluntarily assumed interest in nonlinear spinor equations. He is continuing his research on this problem. Recently he has completed the manuscript of a new paper on "Imperfect Symmetries" in which he endeavours to answer the absorbing question—so far rarely asked and still unanswered—as to why the proton is charged electrically while the neutron is not. Up to now science has only registered the fact of this difference as a natural phenomenon, without seeking to find its cause and explanation. Ladányi has sent the manuscript to Heisenberg with whom he is in uninterrupted correspondence. On his visit to Hungary Heisenberg discussed this question with his Hungarian co-worker.

Magyar Nemzet, April 1, 1964.

ISTVÁN CSATÓ

NÉPSZABADSÁG DUNAÚJVÁROS

The history of Dunaújváros is our own history. The turns of the last 15 years, our own fate as it were, can be recognized in its development. Bold imagination handicapped by narrow-minded realization, correct ideas over-exaggerated into their opposites, return to the correct foundations, chopping off exaggerations, restoration of sound proportions, sober planning of the future—in essence this is the history of Dunaújváros.

What I like most in the town is the quarter that was first built—the Street of May 1st, the small square in front of the House of Culture, the shops, and the first houses with flower gardens between them. I feel at home in this environment; the region cheers and refreshes me. I do not have to twist my neck to catch a glimpse of the sky above endless tall façades. The streets do not lead far away, but merely serve the communication needs of the quarter. The houses do not cast shadows on each other, they breathe freely. The air-scape between them (i.e. the ratio between height and distance from each other) is 1 : 2, 1 : 3.

You do not get lost in this environment. The trees, roughly of the same age as the houses, already reach up to their shoulders. I deliberately use the word "shoulder." We like to compare everything to ourselves, to our own proportions. Windows seem to be eyes, looking intelligently or blinking shiftily, while an open gate represents a yawn. Heavy walls and mouldings surmounting the upper row of windows suggest respectability and sternness. The houses of this quarter are simple and modest. Instead of high roofs and heavy mouldings, a flat reinforced concrete slab, a sort of visor shadows their foreheads. They are not beautiful, these houses, only local applications of the then countrywide types. Even so, the whole settlement, including houses, trees, bushes and children is proportionate and human.

Proportion—this is the most important thing in architecture. The ancient Greeks related every element of the temple to the diameter of the column's basic section. The elements of the Dunaújváros buildings were not pondered as minutely as that. The proportionment we need and are in search of is far broader. What we are striving for is in keeping with the social function of the buildings and with the natural, social, economic and spiritual conditions and possibilities of that function. Despite many errors, we regard the settling of Dunaújváros in its surroundings, its external and interior structure as up-to-date, proportionate and suited to the essence of the task.

In this first quarter the principles of up-to-date town-planning assert themselves in a comparatively pure way, without any distortions. There are no bare side walls, rear wings, airless court-yards and fences. There are no main and secondary fronts. The houses freely inhale the air of the square, and the square flows freely around the houses.

Up to the beginning of the present century, architects generally proposed closed squares, cleaving passages through the spontaneously arisen jungle of houses—the result of social circumstances determining the architectural tasks of those days. The architect did not know the rules of the processes determining social development, distribution and utilization of land and the evolution of the settlement; he was thus unable to plan homogeneous urban district landscapes, beyond the strictly limited site allotted to him. However, the architect of our age, particularly of socialist society, is not confronted with isolated tasks, but places his buildings and housing estates into consciously ordered, well-arranged spaces. Besides being a relatively self-contained organic unit, every building and settlement becomes part of a system of higher relation-

ships. Comparatively independent spaces become organically linked and penetrate each other. This is true of the first Dunaújváros quarter; our eyes are first attracted by the houses and the trees, but further houses smile from behind the lacework of foliage and distant gardens greet us from between the houses.

Unfortunately, in the course of subsequent construction all these up-to-date attainments, incorporated in the entire structure of the city and in the buildings of the first quarter, became distorted and, for the most part, lost. By that I mean the architecture of the main street, of the quarter between the main street and the Danube, of Kossuth Lajos Street, as well as of the so-called technical quarter. In themselves, the buildings of the first quarter are none too beautiful, nor are they particularly modern. They are simple, rendered brick buildings; as yet methods of mechanized, industrialized building had nothing to do with them; but it should be emphasized again that they are well-proportioned and that their scale is in agreement with the size and character of the city.

The vast blocks of the ironworks are on a different scale, emanating a completely different atmosphere. It is not the height of five or, in the case of the tower, of eight flights that is disconcerting, since even higher houses could have been built provided they were arranged more loosely, but the fact that these buildings constitute a single vast wall, which not only separates the first quarter from the green belt, but practically cuts the whole town in two.

Reminding us of the style of old cities, the houses face the main street with their principal front, as if having to conceal shameful slums. Here, the concept of original and up-to date town-planning was utterly misunderstood, as it was precisely in order to protect the housing estates from the noise and smoke of traffic that the highroad leading to the ironworks was traced through a broad green belt; yet the largest dwelling-houses have been erected along the main thoroughfare. This, of course, is not the result of a misunderstanding. In line with the ideas of that period the main thoroughfare of Dunaújváros had to be formed into a pathetically conceived parade street of the Danube Ironworks.

The dwelling blocks of the quarters lying between the main street and the Danube, as well as those of the so-called technical quarter, are axially ranged. They have closed courts at the corners and are provided with the cornices and plaster elements of Hungarian provincial baroque. The tall roofs give the buildings a conservative and provincial look; in strange contradiction to their large-scale symmetrical composition. Borrowed from historical Hungarian architecture but inconsistent with up-to-date techniques and concepts, these obsolete forms were designed to lend a national character to the buildings of Dunaújváros. Unfortunately their aspect cannot be improved by trees and gardening; despite their ornamentation they are bleaker than the plain plastered cubes of the first quarter. The first quarter, so inviting today—with its completed streets and gardens—gave a very cold impression in the beginning because of the wind-swept loess and deep mud. People clamoured for the long-accustomed, finished urban environment. Ten years ago, moreover, furniture and buildings of modern form were still unknown to most of the population. Since then a great advance has been made in the field but obtuseness could not be overcome by a simple wave of the hand, and a certain retrogression could hardly be avoided.

With its row of shops under the arcades, the closed square in front of the cinema and the courtyards at the block-corners, the main street was intended to meet that demand for urbanity and to produce that sense of completeness which the inhabitants of the first unfinished quarter found lacking. The settlement, finished as the first phase of the construction of Dunaújváros,

was really not complete; actually it was no more than a housing estate of the iron-works—it was not a town. Nor did the construction program envisage it as other than a housing estate. It was not intended as an independent centre and chief town of the district—a role it is in fact playing. Accordingly, only a few communal centres serving to amalgamate the residential areas into organic units were built. The main square of the city is not finished even now. All this provided an objective basis to the sensation of incompleteness.

Though not in an entirely direct way, modern forms of architecture arise from up-to-date building techniques. The sharp corners, the flat, undecorated surfaces meet and reflect the requirements of mechanized mass production. This new technique, however, was unavailable both in the first and the second building periods of Dunaújváros. The first houses, with their modern appearance, and the archaistic buildings of the second period contain flats of similar type and are made of brick and plaster in each case. The forms of the first quarter are in a certain sense contradictory to the comparatively backward technique, a fact which though not necessitating it, still permitted a return to the customary Hungarian provincial architecture.

Since that time the new technique permitting mass production of houses has established itself also in Dunaújváros. Factories producing prefabricated units have been set up, blocks and panels are manufactured on the conveyor belt. The technology of mass production, however, does not tolerate the forms of handicraftsmanship evoking a petty-bourgeois atmosphere. Corner houses, high roofs, turrets, articulated entabletures, Hungarian-style balconies are definitely on the way out.

Social requirements have altered too. The large-scale housing program is a manifestation of this changed attitude. It is no more the primary aim of architecture to erect huge monuments and pathetic main roads, but to provide pleasant surroundings for the daily life of the working people. The national character is to be expressed, not by applying characteristically Hungarian forms and traditional elements, but by trying to meet the realistic conditions of the given task and by adapting it to the requirements of the landscape, climate, society and people.

Since that time, new and up-to-date housing estates have been built in Dunaújváros out of blocks and panels. Modernity here is not only a question of attitude and external form, but flows from the very structure and technique applied. The houses stand separately, without forming closed courts. The use of standard elements does not tolerate the breaking of the building masses, as it would necessitate the manufacture of elements used relatively infrequently and would result in disorganizing the technological process. Neither does our present conception, developing together, if not parallel, with the technical and material bases of our way of life, allow the narrow-minded pettiness, flaccid picturesqueness and petty-bourgeois romanticism characteristic of handicraft periods. Present-day architecture proclaims the triumph of logical thinking and of purposeful human labour and derives its effect from the beauty of pure structure, crystal-clear mass and rational form. Provincial romanticism is replaced by the framework of a free human life and of all the comforts made available by up-to-date technique. In Dunaújváros, the harbingers of this new architectural period are the block and panel houses, the tall blocks, the new school for industrial apprentices, etc.

Of course, mass construction must not lead to a standardization of needs, to the building of monotonous and lifeless settlements. Besides technology, divergent human needs must also have their say. Different types of flats must be worked out according to the age, profession and habits of their occupants. Dissimilar requirements call for a varied and dynamic mass composition. In the quarter called "Friendship" there is

a tall apartment block in the vicinity of single- and three-storey family houses.

An effort has been made to correct and cover up old mistakes. But we think it better in the future to remain faithful to the initial concept. It would be a pity to continue to narrow the green belt next to the main street and to build new houses in front of ugly old ones. What are we to do when these houses we regard as modern today have become antiquated? Make the main street still narrower?

The future building up to Dunaújváros must continue to develop the original conception which was fundamentally right. The concealing of mistakes is an unworthy procedure. Let us build better and more attractive houses, more modern estates next to the old ones, but let us not add to the impurity of style of the old ones. Dunaújváros should be developed into a real town, the centre of the region. Communal centres should be built for the different quarters as well as public buildings for central administration. And finally, the main square should be completed, so that its inhabitants and its thousands of visitors may at last see the two as an entity.

Népszabadság, February 9 1964.

JÁNOS BONTA

Magyar Nemzet "WE WERE BORED"

At the end of last December, the Local Council of the Nógrád County village Diósjenő held a public meeting at the local cultural centre. Such meetings are only called on festive occasions or for some extraordinary event. This time, the community of 3,000 in the Börzsöny range gathered not to celebrate but to listen in dismay.

It was dusk; a cold stillness had settled on Csóványos peak, and the white crags of the Börzsöny loomed above the snowbound village.

*

A captain of the county police headquarters at Salgótarján was speaking at the meeting. He laid the facts of the criminal case of the Diósjenő "Rovers" before an audience of Local Council members, teachers and parents—forest workers, peasants, railwaymen and commuting factory workers. The purpose of his report was to awaken consciences and raise the question of parents' responsibility.

The Rovers had carried on their felonious activities for five years, since 1959. They had begun as cat-burglars. Later, they got hold of weapons, broke into houses, looted and poached in the Börzsöny. The gang included five minors and two adults. Four of the seven persons are being kept under remand at Balassagyarmat Gaol and three are at large. The case, as the defendants included adults, would be tried by the Rétság District Court instead of a Juvenile Court. The public hearing was probably going to be held at the Diósjenő District Cultural Centre.

These young people (the two adults are also young men) had all been, years before, members of Diósjenő Primary School's Young Pioneers' patrol called "Rovers." They roamed the green wilderness of the Börzsöny. Later, they made themselves independent, detached themselves from their fellows in the Young Pioneers' movement and, joined by two adults, formed a gang.

After leaving the primary school, these

boys became blacksmiths', motor mechanics' and turners' apprentices and shop assistants. One of the two adults is a semi-skilled locksmith, the other a fitter's helper. With one exception—a boy whose parents are employees—all of them are of working-class or peasant origin.

The Rovers stole a carboy and rubber pipes from the local old people's home, soda water bottles from the soda water works, transformers from pylons, copper piping from the distillery, a micrometer, a spraying machine, and a fishing net from cooperative farms, and ten litres of liqueur and a fifty-litre barrel of beer from restaurants. They burglarized the local corn-marketing company's warehouseman and stole a pistol. Plenty of weapons and ammunition, left behind from the last war and the 1956 revolt, lay scattered all over the neighbouring countryside. The Rovers possessed themselves of an old carbine and a rifle; under circumstances dangerous to life they removed the ammunition from old projectiles and also fabricated some weapons. They went hunting in the Börzsöny and once killed a deer. Sometimes they used their weapons for scaring the villagers and on one occasion fired a rifle outside the window of the Youth Protection Officer.

They were making preparations for burglarizing the Rétság branch establishment of the National Bank ("we would have had a lot of money") when they were found out. "Why did you boys do all that?" a reporter from the county newspaper *Nógrádi Népújság* asked them at the Salgótarján county police headquarters. "We were bored," they said.

Several weeks have passed since the police investigation and the arrests.

I made the journey from Balassagyarmat to the Rétság prosecution in the company of a plain-speaking, dark-haired young man, a native of Börzsöny district, who had been form-master of one of the boys at the Balassagyarmat technical school.

"Didn't the boys' parents notice that their sons carried arms?"

"Poaching has a long tradition in these parts," the master said. "In the old days, there used to be as many as fifteen to twenty poachers in nearly every village of the Börzsöny district. They were farm hands and outlaws, and the villagers never told on them. The manorial foresters closed an eye to the poachers' activities. Now people find it difficult to digest that the People's Democracy does not connive at poaching. This must be the reason why their parents kept silent about these young people carrying arms."

"Did not the youth leaders ever take notice?"

"Apprentices who live in villages and commute to town to attend school are members of the youth organization of their school, not the local village organization. However, they aren't active in the town organization because they live in the village and after school hours hurry off to catch the first train home. Actually, they belong neither here nor there."

"S. B. is considered to have been one of the leaders of the gang. What sort of a boy was he?"

"He had no appetite for studying. He had been expelled from a technical school in Szeged. In my class he sat on the last bench. A good-looking, strapping chap, quick in the uptake, but short-tempered, restless and cantankerous. Once he struck a weak, scrawny, pale-faced kid in the belly ('I'll settle your hash for you,' he had vowed). The kid collapsed. I asked S. B. how he had been able to hit that pale-faced kid. He just shrugged. When the boys were brought in the police microbus from Salgótarján to Balassagyarmat, I saw them when the bus was parked on the street. I peered in. S. B. did not greet me, he just looked at me, and grinned."

The acting Rétság District Prosecutor, a doctor of law, is the 29-year-old son of a worker. This generation of bright young people, perceptive, highly able and forging ahead, have acquired their education

under the People's Democracy. They are most characteristic of Hungarian youth today, to which, however, the Rovers of Diósjenő also belong. Society must face the bad ways they develop if such youthful offenders are to be helped and reformed.

The District Public Prosecutor has brought the charges of larceny and illegal possession of firearms and ammunition used in a conspiracy to commit unlawful acts. The prosecutor finished drawing up the indictment the day I arrived at Rétság. For him this document is not a bundle of papers bearing cold facts, but a serious question mark. Why did they do it? The answer to that question had been the object of the prosecutor's passionate search. He had released one of the minors without charge. The indictment concerned six defendants.

The young prosecutor calls attention to the following circumstances.

"To begin with," the prosecutor says, "these young people are misfits. They maintained a closely guarded conspiracy, none of them ever turning traitor for five years; they carried out their felonious activity in utmost secrecy and the planning and execution of burglaries were absolutely foolproof. They never left any traces. In a police search conducted for other reasons, stolen goods found in one of the boys' homes led to the arrest of the gang.

"The second point: They did not steal because necessity had driven them to do so. None of these boys' families lived in deprived circumstances.

"The third point: Their motive was not any desire to acquire wealth—despite the fact that they had been planning to raid the local bank at Rétság and had stolen poison, with the intention of strewing it over the road leading to the bank to get rid of the police dogs."

"Did they not sell the goods they had stolen?"

"They usually destroyed them. They emptied the soda-water bottles, then smashed them."

"The fourth circumstance: Life in or contact with a town gives rise to demands which cannot be satisfied in a village. Village youths are bored. Experience I have gained in my office has shown me that the rupture occurs in the lives of young people who discontinue their studies, do not read books, have no opportunities for amusement and no facilities for sports.

"The fifth circumstance: The utter indifference some parents display with regard to their children's future, what they occupy their time with, what they do with themselves in their leisure time, how they live. There is a certain estrangement between even well-meaning parents and their children. Parents with only an elementary education—or not even that—are frequently found to be incapable of providing guidance for their children, who are more educated than they and have more desires than they have. This problem that our generation faces is of no little significance."

*

A Committee for the propection of Youth was operating at Diósjenő under the sponsorship of the local KISZ (Communist Youth Organisation). One of the executive members of the Committee was the young director of the cultural centre.

He said:

"There are and have been entertainment facilities at Diósjenő. But we just found it impossible to approach these boys. I would invite them to take part in our orchestra—one of them had an accordion—or in our folk dance ensemble. They turned the invitations down.

"They shunned people—everybody. They lived for themselves. They would greet nobody in the street; were disrespectful to grown-ups and especially to women. They would make no friends but just roamed the forests.

"To any suggestion or invitation their

invariable reply was 'We don't like that.' They didn't feel like doing anything—they were just angry.

"On one occasion they were sitting in the auditorium of the cultural centre's cinema during a showing, and turned up the volume of their transistor radio. People told them to cut the noise, whereupon the boys replied in rude language. Even the manager of the cinema called upon them to turn the radio off. They used words which made her burst into tears.

"In general, these boys would never talk to anyone. They lived a savage, sad, and angry life."

*

S. B.'s father is a member of the Local Council, a respected, ambitious man, but a man whose life had been abortive.

I shall refrain from recording most of our two-hour interview, as it was filled with expressions of shame ("I had no idea whatever"; "I could never get any sleep until he came home") than with real answers.

He let his son have everything he might want, but knew nothing about the boy—the human being that was his son. The boy had an accordion; his father had also given him as a present the scooter he had won in the lottery. He only took it back after the boy had taken to racing about at a break-neck speed.

The father—a local councilmember, a man who lives for his family and the community—declares with the rage of a lone wolf:

"If I had gone out more often to the village I might have learned about it. But I didn't. I didn't, I don't and I won't."

I got to know a new mental make up—that of the unsociable local councillor.

"I'm not going to take to smoking and I won't be a 'jolly good fellow.' I have no pals. Don't need any, I live for my family, my object in life.

"I had nine brothers and sisters. My father was a farm hand. If anyone knows about poverty, about struggling to make ends meet, I am the man."

Horror remaining in him from the misfortune of the old days has developed in his mind a strange kind of morality in the new society. It has developed in him the acquisitive urge, the view that you have to grab things for yourself if you want to survive.

"My dwelling house is being built. That's all I care about. I don't care about anything else and I didn't care, The bricks... the tiles... the beams—that's what I care about. Scrape together, penny by penny, the money that pays for it."

His house has been built.

True, his family life has been wrecked in the process.

Magyar Nemzet, February 19 1964.

PÉTER RUFFY

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

CLIO AND THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS

History teaches us, among other things, the lesson that generally speaking, an effective or tactical cooperation lasting for some time will actually be easier to establish and less problematic in character between groups with marked and fundamental ideologico-religious differences than between those standing closer to one another and differing apparently over minor conceptual matters only. Suffice it to remember the era of early Christianity, when divergences of opinion which from an historical distance would appear almost incomprehensible, led to savage warfare and fierce hatred, with the result that centuries could not wholly erase the antagonisms and the mutual distrust which arose at the time.

The struggles, disputes and cruel conflicts between the various Protestant sects in the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries, the internal altercations of the English and French revolutions, all go to show that, instead of constituting a link, the affinity of views acted rather as a barrier and drove both parties to the most determined fanaticism.

Our modern era witnessed the development of a similar fatally insoluble, antagonism between the various branches of the labour movement, and it would hardly be justified to put the blame for the deterioration of a relationship which has gradually grown into open hatred and hostility exclusively on one party to the strife. Nor would it be justified to reduce this antagonism to one between the communists on the one hand and the social democrats on the other.

Nobody with even a superficial knowledge of the history of the international labour movement will be able to deny the fact that these internal conflicts go back a long way, to the early stages of that movement, and that they have in fact never ceased over the last hundred years or so. The series of battles which Marx and Engels had to fight right at the beginning with the various groups ranging from the anarchists through the representatives of petty-bourgeois views to the followers of Lassalle are both well-known and memorable. Even within the camp which professed itself Marxist, how often had Engels to take a stand against one tendency or another in the defence of what he considered the right line from both the theoretical and the tactical points of view.

At the turn of the century the "orthodox" and the "reformist" wings were already waging an embittered battle against one another—with the weight of the labour movement increasing and the ideas of the socialist movement spreading, the prize at stake was growing in importance. The time was approaching when the working class would obtain a share in or accede to power; it is easy to understand that under the circumstances each group attached the greatest importance to securing the leadership of the

labour movement for itself. It will be sufficient to refer here to the struggles between the various social democratic fractions in Russia and to the sharpness with which Lenin would attack the tendencies and persons he considered inconsistent, or to the battle that raged for some ten years in the German labour movement between Bernstein's reformism, Bebel's and Kautsky's centrism, and the revolutionary wing led by Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. Nor were the struggles less fierce within the French, Italian and Spanish labour movements; even the British labour movement was not free of clashes between strongly conflicting views.

During the era which has come to be called that of Stalin's "personality cult" (and connected in Hungary with the name of Mátyás Rákosi) the inherited antagonisms degenerated into an excessively spiteful hostility, and not even the attempt was made to base the criticism of each other's principles and actions on truth and objectivity.

Communist thought and concept knew of no attribute more compromising that that of "social democratism" as conceived by Stalin; nor were the social democrats sparing in their attacks on the communists. Some social democrats even held the view that no class struggle against the real enemy —capitalist society—was possible because of the presence of the principal enemy—the communists—in the ranks of the labour movement. For the communists, the term "social democracy" was for decades almost synonymous with that of "class betrayal", and nothing evoked in them fiercer passions than the fight against social democracy.

The enlightening views put forward at the Twentieth and Twenty-Second Congresses of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union made it possible to place on a more equitable and less emotional basis on both an international and international scale, the relations between the various parties and movements which—working in different countries under varying conditions—elude any schematic valuation. When Khrushchev unmistakably pledged himself to the thesis —not the mere opinion—that under the conditions actually prevailing today in the capitalist countries the transition to socialism could be achieved by parliamentary means, he threw open the door to a new era of cooperation between the labour parties both on the international and the intra-national levels. This does not mean, of course, that the mutual distrust would disappear within a few seconds and that mutually depreciatory opinions would change from one day to the other. But it is both worthwhile and appropriate to note the phenomena which indicate a change of spirit and the emergence of a willingness to judge the role and also the activities and functions of the other group realistically and without prejudice.

It must therefore be noted with special satisfaction that in the past few years there have been a growing number of works published in Hungary whose approach especially to questions of recent history has shown a new and unrestrained spirit and which, in the most commendable effort to record the truth, have arrived at judgements and valuations which formerly could not have been pronounced. Marx's witty and profound remark: "*Die Geschichte geschieht*" should provide the starting-point for the historian (even for the non-Marxist) whose judgement should be based not on some external standard deliberately chosen but exclusively on the historical function. In other words, he should never put the question whether a thing was proper to do or not, but always whether it was useful or harmful. Was it instrumental in fostering progress in the called for, the humanistic direction, was it beneficial or the contrary from the point of view of development? These and only these questions can be relevant for the scholar, and it is only by application of the standards derived from them that genuine results can be obtained and the correct conclusions drawn.

In a recently published book, "On the Development of the Social Democratic Con-

cept of History,"* László Márkus, a Hungarian historian of the younger generation, deals with a question which only a short time ago, under the shadow of the "personality cult", could hardly have been touched upon: the significance and originality of the views of the social democratic theoreticians and historians, whose role at the turn of the century was not only an important but generally a progressive one. The book is based on the realization that such dogmatism in histiography is now out of place and has lost all power to prevent the emergence of independent opinions.

This in itself constitutes an important step towards doing away with the evils of the intellectual atmosphere during the era of the "personality cult." It is a significant manifestation of the endeavours of those convinced of the truth of socialism to make it common knowledge—especially in intellectual life—that revelation of the undisguised truth can never do any harm to socialist ideals. One of the gravest crimes committed by the "personality cult" era was, besides unlawfulness and anti-humanitarian attitudes, to have dangerously undermined the credit of the printed and the spoken word. And we know that this credit is quicker lost than regained. During the 1950's it was shattered; it was nearly destroyed. In a world where there was no official censorship, intellectual terror reigned supreme—a fact that nothing but intimidation can explain. Internal censorship, a product of the terror, made a host of intellectuals the tools of misrepresentation, falsification and premeditated judgement, all unworthy of the scholar. And the judgements were all considered infallible; to challenge them was equivalent to taking the gravest risks.

It is in the knowledge of all this that we welcome the fact that László Márkus's book could be not only written but also published.

Márkus's endeavours to free himself from intellectual restrictions command our respect; and even if he cannot claim to have been completely successful, his zeal, his intentions and his exertions toward this end must be considered an example to be followed.

Certain things emerge from Márkus's book with unmistakable clarity, and these in themselves render the publication of the book an important event. Some errors and limitations, which will be pointed out and whose roots should be sought in the past, do not detract from the book's value.

The most positive feature of Márkus's book is that it makes clear that in the era of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy the propagation of honest and impartial history-writing and of a concept of history free of nationalist distortions became one of the primary objectives of the forces of progress a multinational country governed to the very end in a chauvinistic spirit. The social democratic labour movement in Hungary was formed on the German and Austrian models from which it never really differed in character. The application of Marxism to Hungarian conditions, however, inevitably forced the leading theoreticians of the Hungarian movement to assume a different mental attitude, because in this country the central task was to take up the fight against the spirit of chauvinism and all it stood for: the obscurantism and the falsifications which safeguarded the survival of the remnants of feudalism.

How deliberately and in how truly Marxist a spirit Hungarian social democratic historiography—of which Ervin Szabó was, as also in all other departments of Marxist knowledge and theory, the most outstanding representative—undertook to carry out this hard task is clearly demonstrated in László Márkus's book. It gives a sweeping survey of the tendencies and the school of ideological, historiographical and philosophical thought which followed almost in one another's footsteps around the turn of the century. These schools, made famous by such names as (to mention only the histo-

* Márkus László: *A szociáldemokrata történetfelfogás feilődéséhez* (On the Development of the Social Democratic Concept of History), Gondolat Publishers, Budapest, 1964.

rians) Mommsen, Mehring, Ranke, Renan, Taine, Carlyle, Ferrero and others, made orientation rather difficult even in Western countries. Moreover, the Hungarian intellectuals (with the social democratic theoreticians among them), living in a country which had barely outgrown semifeudal conditions and was only slowly beginning to develop its own national culture and science, found themselves confronted with all these tendencies simultaneously. The fact that besides Marxism, such schools as positivism and agnosticism strove to gain ground and adherents at once, made it extremely complicated for those engaged in the social sciences to find their way. It is to the survey of these tendencies and of their direct effects in Hungary that a considerable part of László Márkus's book is devoted.

And here we have one of the disturbing shortcomings of the work: too much space is devoted to this survey which for the most part does not analyse either contents or essence but confines itself instead to mere designation. Thus, Ervin Szabó is reproached for having in certain respects "...sought a compromise between the objective and subjective sociological schools, leaning in his concept of history on anarcho-syndicalist theories..." But from this it does not become clear how far Ervin Szabó's understanding of the events was correct or erroneous.

Ervin Szabó's achievements were certainly unparalleled in giving the truth about not only social democracy but also Hungarian historiography with its strong tendency to chauvinistic distortion. No one before him ever gave a clearer analysis of the most important historical question of Hungarian life, the series of events which decisively determined all ideologico-political attitudes: the 1848–1849 War of Independence, with its abortive social revolution. It is equally certain, on the other hand, that in his wholly understandable and justified endeavour to dissociate himself from the chauvinistic ideologies and the tendencies of personality idealization which were weighing so heavily on Hungarian public life, he went to extremes that must be termed both undesirable and unacceptable. We refer primarily to his attitude towards Lajos Kossuth, whose role and ethical and political significance he presented in a distorted light because he himself was so keenly opposed to the county-system upheld by the nobility on which Kossuth, a genuine representative of those institutions, had been building.

Of course, all that Ervin Szabó had to say about Kossuth is true—he only did not say everything that ought to have been said. The unequivocally condemnatory judgement he delivered has as little substance as that given by József Révai, that other outstanding (but Marxist-Leninist) politician and scholar, who had the exigencies of current politics rather than the historical truth in mind when surrounding the personality of Lajos Kossuth with what amounts almost to romantic glory.

Besides its merits, László Márkus's book has the weakness of not going into the analysis of these problems, or if so, not in a sufficiently consistent manner. As a work of analytico-descriptive historiography, it ought to have gone deeper into the concrete problems, demonstrating from the view-point of historical function the significance of an event or a personality discussed by Ervin Szabó or some other social democratic historian, and showing the divergences of opinion on the subject between the latter and the social democrats of the turn of the century. Their concept of history could thus have been presented in a more exhaustive and convincing manner.

In addition, more space ought to have been given to analysing the effects of national historiography, as presented by social democratic scholars, on the bourgeois historians, who were almost without exception under the influence of strong prejudices and an extremely chauvinistic mentality. Although Márkus points out certain phenomena—thus, first of all, that the bourgeois

historians of the radical school have extensively drawn on social democratic methods—the effect was more far-reaching and serious than would appear from his book.

Most enlightening and illustrative is Márkus's book, on the other hand, in showing how the social democrats were forced, partly by Hungary's specific conditions but partly also by their own orthodoxy, into committing a series of mistakes which, though resulting in many respects from the concept of history, were political in character and had, accordingly, political consequences.

Pre-1914 Hungary had two basic problems: the system of big estates with the concomitant burden of feudalistic traditions, and the nationality question. The social democrats made the mistake of not seeking the means to unite the forces of the poor peasantry and the small farmers with those of the town proletariat in the struggle against the big estates. They got into just as difficult a situation in the nationality question: in a country tainted with chauvinism they failed to find the way to an understanding with the nationalities. So they isolated themselves—and thus prevented their concept of history from the possibility of exercising an influence on the broad masses. Not only Ervin Szabó but also Ernő Garami, the political leader of Hungarian social democracy, repeatedly challenged even the views of Marx and Engels on the subject; the origins of their concepts are clearly demonstrated by Márkus in his book.

Considering the conditions under which the young historians of present-day Hungary received their training and the atmosphere of intellectual terror which weighed on them in the fifties, Márkus's book must be welcomed as further proof that science in Hungary is freeing itself of its fetters, and as a promise that if research is allowed to proceed in this direction, important results will be achieved.

ZOLTÁN HORVÁTH

WHO'S AFRAID OF EDWARD ALBEE?

We are. Or let us rather say that we would have been afraid if he had appeared on our horizon a few years ago. We should quickly have proclaimed him "nihilist," "pessimist," "morbid," "naturalist"; doors and windows would have been slammed in his face and the blanket pulled over our ears. And today? There are lively and open discussions going on about his latest play, "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?", or, to be more exact, about ourselves and our aesthetic principles.

It is indeed a devil-spawned play—we do not know how to judge it; it is attractive and repulsive at the same time. At one moment we would throw it into the fire and in the next we would be proud if we had written it ourselves. Then we take that imaginary instrument with which we are accustomed to measure the effect of literary works and apply it to Albee's drama. Its scale includes markings such as the following: "Discloses profound laws of social reality," "Unmasks, judges, awakes to consciousness, educates," "Helps to shape the new mode of life, the new morality, the new ethics, the new man," and so on. But no use observing the pointer—it remains still this time. Yet we feel that this drama of Albee's actually has an effect—and a positive one, too. So where is the mistake? In ourselves? In the instrument?

It was not surprising that within a few weeks public opinion was divided into

two opposite camps. For simplicity's sake let us call the one camp the *Albee-genses* and the other the *Crusaders*. And, in order to know how they are getting on with brandishing their weapons, let us join one of the camps, that of the Crusaders for the moment, who are rattling their swords at present: "That is supposed to be literature or art, is it?! It is more like the feverish dream of a morbid brain. It is naturalism of the deepest dye, a sort of psychological muckraking. The whole thing consists of nothing but actors getting drunk, falling into hysterics, and maligning and abasing each other to death. We cannot find a single honest man on the stage, all are depraved, sadistic, tired of life, or at the very least stupid, pharisaic, servile... To hell with it! We'll have none of it..." ...But then we are interrupted by the Albee-genses who, knowing about our devout respect for the great classic literature, reproach us with the example of Shakespeare, saying: "Your dear Hamlet is nothing else either but murders, incest, madness, suicide, spleen, studied cruelty, and so on."—"Not so fast!" we retort in self-defense. "There, after all, you will find something else! Because it is not the quantity of horrors presented by the author which determines whether the effect of a drama is positive or negative; not at all; it depends exclusively on the intention he might have in laying all this before us, on the stand he takes on the reality being represented. The question is whether he is swimming helplessly with the tide or, as Shakespeare did, turning against it, to..." "And what about Albee?" the opponents break in, "Perhaps you imagine him to be sitting up to the neck in the lukewarm bath of obscenities listed above, and..."

This being the case, what can you do? You doff your armour and your helm, put your sword among the umbrellas and, with Albee's drama in your hand, seat yourself in the most comfortable armchair available and proceed to read it all over again. Let's see who is right? Is the author really fighting against the dismal reality he presents in his drama, or is he simply presenting it indifferently? Is he able to generate that peculiar *tension* between reality and himself in the magnetic field of which the raw material of experience becomes alloyed into a composition of literary art?

In the works of today's avant-gardist literature we often look in vain for this tension. It seems as though the authors were contemplating the crisis and the disintegration of a world in an indifferent and helpless way. But it is certainly not by chance that the works of the best of these authors are vitalized by this very tension. O'Neill for example induces this tension by increasing the pain of life to extremes, to improbability, to madness, condensing the atmosphere of human misery to such a degree that the reader, in the end, cries out in suffocation. No, you cannot go on living like this! In the early plays of Beckett the protest of man is indicated only by a sort of harassing and objectless nostalgia; in Happy Days, however, this nostalgia is forged into the heroism of a man looking boldly in the face of death and into the futility of life. Ionesco too has gone beyond the startling and paralyzing experience that is the absurdity of life, and there is even some pathos in the way he speaks of the struggle of his two petty bourgeois heroes—the struggle they are fighting against murderous madness (in: *Tueur sans gages)* and against the inhumanity of men turned into insensitive and irresponsible beasts (in: *Le rhinocéros).*

Albee's new drama, however, promises to be more intricate than those mentioned above. Thus it may be useful to devote the following pages to a somewhat more detailed analysis of the play.

*

Albee induces a tension from the first moment, although for the present only between the two leading characters, George

and Martha. They have hardly appeared on the stage before George is nagging about their having stayed out so late; his wife objects and, in return for George's constrained excuses, the first insulting words escape her: "What a cluck! What a cluck you are." And as though this were the starting shot, these words set off a fierce race between the two that lasts far into the night and becomes intensified to blind hatred, madness and intent of murder. At first, one witticism or another makes us laugh, but soon the laughter sticks in our throats. More and more ruthlessly the words touch raw spots, and the two lose their tempers until at last they are fighting like bloodthirsty beasts.

Despite all its horror, this progessively fierce combat would be fascinating in itself; however, the effect is intensified and modulated by another stress curve, now running parallel to and now being entwined with the ups and downs of the struggle. It is the fluctuating alternation of sympathy and antipathy that the reader feels for the two characters. In fact, they do not rise and sink in our estimation and sympathy at the same times as they do in the struggle with one another. A rude and mean blow, while lifting one of the combatants above the other, makes him or her sink simultaneously on the scale of our sympathy. Then again, when we feel the accusations to be justified, he or she will rise both in the combat and in our sympathy.

The complexity of experience and effect is increased not only by the syncopated fluctuation of these two stress curves, but also by the more sweeping curve of the combat going on between the two protagonists. At the beginning of the play the combatants are equally matched; in the second act, the woman gains the upper hand; in the third, it is George who almost succeeds in driving her to madness, while at the end, out of breath and broken down, they conclude a temporary armistice. In this case, our sympathy takes an entirely opposite course: at the time of the woman's indecent victory we take the side of the husband, whereas, later, his triumph makes us turn against him.

The network of tensions is complicated also by the combat between George and Nick, the athlete. A young couple unintentionally becomes the witness of and the suffering participants in the hosts' early-morning quarrel. In the beginning, George plays with the brave simple fellow like a master swordsman, cutting off one ear, then the other and then the nose of his big hulking adversary—who is successively interrupted, corrected, reprimanded, ignored, rebuffed, compelled to hear insinuations about his wife, and driven into impossible situations. At first the young man shields himself against the molestation by flexing his champion-boxer muscles with injured pride; finally he adopts George's tone and cynicism, washing his own dirty linen in public, venturing rude remarks about the hostess, inciting the couple against each other, and so on. But a difference is immediately noticeable: Nick uses the very same words as George, yet they sound different to us depending on whether they are uttered by Nick or by George. When used by Nick, the words and insinuations reveal only coarseness and filthiness, whereas when used by George they seem to have some sort of legitimacy and authenticity, an internal heat, as it were. With Nick everything arises from a petty offendedness, a drunken familiarity; with George we become more and more convinced of a great internal passion, a desperate pain flinging out these words that burn, bite and hurt himself and everybody around him. And then, in a flash, a hidden internal layer of the dramatic action becomes clear to us.

Thus far we were moving on the level of naturalistic representation. We saw nothing but people who continued to abuse and insult each other in drunkenness and disgust. Only one thing emerged from the picture—the immense passion of the two heroes and especially of George. At first we did not

understand where the intensity of hatred came from; as long as he was inveighing against his wife, we might have believed that it was the accumulated bitterness of years bursting out, but when, without any apparent reason, he turns against his simple and insignificant guest we suddenly realize that it is not with his wife and even less with his oafish guest that this man is fighting his endless struggle. The wife may be the scapegoat and the guest a mere doll that he suddenly has got hold of to tear to pieces in his mad pain. But these are not the real adversaries, which are his own bitterness, despair and the pain caused by the senselessness and cruelty of life and by the insignificance and wickedness of men.

It is precisely the slovenliness, the physical and spiritual filth, the lasciviousness and the cruelty which he hates most in his wife, and the unscrupulous ambition, the petty calculation, the submissiveness and the mendacity, designed to conceal interests, which he is most disgusted with when examining the conduct of his father-in-law and his colleagues. And all at once we understand his behaviour towards Nick. It is not out of rudeness that he attacks Nick as soon as he enters the room, but because he wants to size him up and see whether this new acquaintance is a fraud as good for nothing as the old ones. Making a show of indifference, he observes with eager attention whether Nick has backbone or any honesty or worthwhileness. When he starts making things hot for him, laying small traps to observe how long he will stand for the misinterpretation of his words and the distortion of his ideas, we are reminded of the way Hamlet makes a fool of unhappy little Osric, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. And when he tries to make him attempt to explain an abstract picture in completely opposite ways, the parallel with *Hamlet* cannot be missed any more—with the scene where Polonius, afraid and resourceless, regards one and the same cloud alternately as a camel, a weasel and a whale. The result of the experiment is the same in both cases. More and more overcome with nausea, George finds out that his disgust with life is only too well supported by reality: With unwarranted familiarity, Nick blurts out that he has married his wife for her money—the money her father, a travelling preacher, has wheedled out of his admirers—and that he is far too much of a coward and a calculating self-seeker to say no when tempted by the director's fifty-odd year old daughter. But when George's most revolting experiment succeeds too—when he manages to drive his wife into cuckolding him with the young teacher almost before his very eyes—he virtually collapses under his grief; in his desperate rage he first injects a deadly poison into the life of the young couple and then robs his wife of her only life-giving illusion.

Thus it becomes apparent that George's actions are not stimulated by intoxicated emotions and roused instincts nor by the distorted sensations of a disintegrated brain, but by human consciousness protesting against the senselessness and impunity of life. This raises the drama high above the level of naturalism.

But what about Martha?

In the first part of the play she launches one attack after the other; she is rougher than her husband, and her roughness actually seems to spring from intoxicated emotions, sexual frustration and unrealized ambition. Her vulgar insults show that she hates her husband for his physical weakness, for having blundered, for being unrespected in society and for having failed to achieve a brilliant career. And to such a miserable little nobody is she chained...

This portrait would seem to fit into the worst of naturalistic satires! Gradually, however, Albee adds some queer and unwonted colours to this picture. For example, the woman sometimes laughs heartily at a joke of George's that has been aimed precisely against her. Then she makes a charm-

ing though uncompleted gesture. Suddenly, she abuses Nick when he, following her example, begins to make fun of George. And when she finally bursts out and casts in George's face that all is hopeless, that something has definitely broken in her this night, we are confronted unexpectedly with the following stage direction: "Dripping contempt, but there is fury and loss under it." And her despair is intensified when her husband ostentatiously ignores and appears to be indifferent to her love-making with the young teacher. Finally, when her brand-new lover feels himself only too firmly established, she tells him that throughout her life she has loved but one man—her husband. A few lines must be quoted from this strange confession which is the most dramatic moment and at the same time the climax of the play:

MARTHA: There is only one man in my life who has ever ... made me happy. Do you know that? One! ... George; my husband... George who is out somewhere there in the dark... George who is good to me, and whom I revile; who understands me, and whom I push off; who can make me laugh, and I choke it back in my throat; who can hold me, at night, so that it's warm, and whom I will bite so there's blood; who keeps learning the games we play as quickly as I can change the rules; who can make me happy, and I do not wish to be happy, and yes I do wish to be happy. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad. ... whom I will not forgive for having come to rest; for having seen me and having said: yes; this will do; who has made the hideous, the hurting, the insulting mistake of loving me and must be punished for it. George and Martha: sad, sad, sad. ... who tolerates, which is intolerable; who is kind, which is cruel; who understands, which is beyond comprehension. ... Some day ... hah! some *night* ... some stupid, liquor-ridden night ... I will go too far ... and I'll either break the man's back ... or push him off for good ... which is what I deserve."

This monologue of unforgettable beauty, the woman's lamentation over herself, her husband and their common life, throws a light on an agony even more tormenting than George's despair. George may eventually break out of the surrounding world —the woman remains the impotent captive of a tragic contradiction. She considers herself down and out, a good-for-nothing, who does not even make an attempt to add sense and substance to her life. She has expected and would still expect George to perform this miracle. But even if he were capable of this magic he could not save her. The very moment he condescendingly approached her, being satisfied and taking rest with her, he was doomed to failure. Because he has accepted in her what was "intolerable," loved what he should have hated, and what he should have escaped from: life disintegrating without object, value and sense. And for having thus become unfaithful to himself and to his mission as man, for being debased into the world of compromises, weaknesses and futilities, the woman is torturing him to death, and not, as we have believed, because he has failed to achieve a brilliant career. And while disparaging his weakness and his insignificance, it is not swelling muscles, airy conversation and large-scale organization that she seeks in him much more: the hero who brings her fire and light.

She thus wanders in an insoluble tension, between two extremes. She would readily drive away her husband (she does not laugh when he makes her laugh, bites him till blood comes when he cherishes her, refuses to be happy when he makes her happy), in order to have him free himself and become fit for his real "mission." But at the same time she would tie him to herself, because without him she would be left with "what she deserves": misery, loneliness, nothing. Only for a moment does the woman recognize and formulate the tragic duplicity of her life as clearly as this, but this very duplicity moves her even in the unconscious

minutes of blind rage and drunkenness. This is why she sometimes laughs even at the most painful insults, this is why maddening rage and sudden emotion alternate with each other, and this is what makes her utter such apparent nonsense as "I do not wish to be happy, and yes I do wish to be happy..."; "I don't suppose, maybe, we could (try again) ... Yes. No."; "Are you all right? ... Yes. No."—and so on.

The reader would be actually satisfied with the vision of these whirling passions and this great human nostalgia: most contemporary western dramas offer much less than that. However, Albee has yet another surprise in store. In the last moments the reader is dumbfounded by the announcement that George's and Martha's son, about whom the most passionate struggles have been fought, does not and never did exist. He belongs to the realm of phantasy and is merely a product of George's and Martha's illusions. We rub our eyes and do not know what to make of the whole thing. In this case, what about the other motives of the battle? Are they all supposed to be pure fiction, and the furious struggle a merely game?

If we go back to the beginning, we are surprised to see that from first to last the characters do not cease making allusions to some game and to the impossibility of knowing what is play and what is reality in life. It does not turn out, however, that all we have seen could have been a mere comedy. At best it could create objective elements and fragments of memory or could widen the imagination, but the despair against one another and against life—we can be sure of it every moment—originates from the depths of real pain.

But then, what is the point of introducing this game motif? To add more aspects, nuances, tension and realism to the drama? Certainly, this may be one of the reasons. However, it is as though the author had intended to make it play a role of still greater importance. Maybe he wanted to weight the drama on the positive side and to fill it with still greater life-giving energy. But how?

So far we had the feeling that it was the struggle—fought by the two leading characters against the senselessness of life—that gave the play a positive force. However, this was only a defense, a protest against existing evil. But the game, through which they have built themselves an imaginary world seems a pitiable and sad attempt to create a new life. It is actually something less than that. They simply want to fill the vacuum created around them by their senseless and lonely life. This happens for instance when, sitting exhausted and indifferent after a great clash, they stumble onto a new subject and, as though delivered from a nightmare, throw themselves into "total war"; as the stage directions put it, "they both seem relieved ... elated." In another instance, the man torments the woman by avoiding struggle, and she almost suffocates in the vacuum. At last we understand that George's grandiloquency, which occasionally seemed tiresome and superfluous, originates from that very compulsion to fill the emptiness around them with the glittering products of his restless brain. And we are definitely sure that they are engaged in filling some sort of a vacuum when we learn that they never had and never could have had a child and that they have created a phantasy-child to have something unstained and valuable in their lives. "The one thing," says Martha, "the one person I have tried to protect, to raise above the mire of this vile, crushing marriage; the one light in all this hopeless... darkness ... our son."

The tragedy of the two people culminates when even this precious daydream is befouled and finally torn into pieces by the bitterness of one trying to cause pain to the other. As though the son were really alive, they keep accusing one another of having ruined and chased him away, until finally the man, mad with rage, invents the news

of his death. According to the rules of the game, this is irrevocable. The woman mourns for the boy as though he had been really alive and, broken, worn out, robbed of all she had, she drags herself upstairs on the arm of her husband. She has still a slight hope that they may find each other again; George has neither the will nor the courage to believe in anything, but to break the miserable mood, begins to sing "very softly" the distorted little nursery rhyme they and their guests have so often chanted during the night—the one which has given the play its title: "Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf—of the big bad wolf...?" And like everything in this drama, this little tune hummed here and now makes sense and attains profoundity in the end. As the drunken rage is gradually transformed into a great human agony, the mutual torment into revolt against life, and the rude quarrelling into a search for each other, this stupid little tune suddenly cuts the woman to the heart. Instead of "Virginia Woolf" and the "big bad wolf", she hears now something like "Who's afraid of life, who's afraid of death, of all that's still ahead of us...?"—and she answers, stammering her last words in this play: "I ... am ... George ... I ... am ... George ... I ... am..." And there is nothing left but a stage direction saying: *George nods, slowly. Silence; tableau.* CURTAIN.

*

By way of introduction we said we would need an especially sensitive instrument to measure the intensity and nature of the effect produced by the highly problematic avant-gardist plays. At any rate, we have to judge them by other standards than those applied to works written under the aegis of traditional or socialist realisms. In avant-gardist plays, mere revolt, even if with no way out, against the existing social reality is to be regarded as an asset, as something of real value to the reader, to all of us. This is particularly so in the case of works in which the author intends a protest, is in search of something different and new, and has transformed the oppressive whirl of events into a fascinating human vision. This has been realized in Edward Albee's drama, which though gloomy is yet full of hidden and radiating lights.

ELEMÉR HANKISS

CONTEST OF GENERATIONS

(A book review)

We seem to have arrived nowadays at one of those rare moments in the history of Hungarian literature when lyric poetry and prose are on the same level—in fact, the enterprising spirit of prose seems to be superior. If it is true that the literature of an era can best be recognized by its average works, this impression can be justified thus —after the clumsy and primitive mediocrities of the fifties, more refined and clever writings can be found to-day in periodicals and books alike. However, refinement alone is no asset to any literature; the more cultured way of writing would make us somewhat mistrustful if there were no really remarkable works—novels, short stories, memoirs, reports—which also helped to show that mediocre works had reached a higher level.

All over the world there is a very strong

current in prose literature which allots a major role to autobiographical elements in epic authenticity; a lyrical attitude, as it were, even in non-autobiographical writings. It is as though personal experience were the safest standard of truth and the writer had to test his discovery on himself—as certain medical researchers do with the serum they have discovered. In world-literature the best prosaic representative of this lyrical attitude is Hemingway. In contrast to him, however, Hungarian prose-writers of our days usually link this personal epic authenticity with an intellectual message. It is intellectual, but not in the manner of Huxley, not in an abstract, philosophical and encyclopedical manner (which is no trouble at all); they seek an answer to the questions of life, not of philosophy, the reply of intellect and not of passions and instincts, as did the strongest current of Hungarian prose literature in the recent past. The infusion of the intellectual attitude was only too necessary in this period which compelled men to think. The need for a detailed and reliable knowledge of the world has caused such literary forms as autobiography and literary report to flourish, coupled with the spirit of lyricism, intellect and restless investigation.

One of the most beautiful books of the last decade is the autobiography of the excellent poet István Vas.* The attribute "beautiful," the truth of which can be readily judged by the reader from selections published in our present issue, seems to be almost frivolous or at any rate insufficient to designate this rational and unostentatious prose. It is a commonplace that good literature requires the sacrifice of blood like the pagan gods, or like the building of Déva Castle in our fine folk ballad "Kőmíves Kelemenné"—the blood of the author or of his model. Nothing could be more natural than for the author's blood to be shed in an autobiography. However, this book is more than the autobiography of an excellent writer; it is the history of sentiments and ideals which help us to understand those artists and intellectuals who, in the ideological and artistic chaos of the twenties, attempted to break out of the formal and intellectual barriers of bourgeois existence; their absence would prevent us from understanding ourselves—the succeeding generation, who have received from them, so many pure and fateful spiritual gifts, before we started to struggle with our own chaotic confusions and phantoms.

The pureness of thoughts is international; but the most important of all, the atmosphere of this autobiography—the atmosphere of an epoch—cannot be suggested to the foreign reader except through the book itself. And even the book would often fail to succeed, because the reader's acquaintance with the young spirit's main supporting-columns, Freud and Marx in the present case, is to no purpose if the leading figures of the Viennese or the Hungarian poetic avant-garde, the representatives of the different political fractions, the discussions, the intellectual agility of the Budapest bourgeoisie, and names such as Kassák and the Punalua remain as unfamiliar to him as the Paris of Hemingway, Ezra Pound, Anderson and Gertrude Stein is to us. "Troubled Love," with all its European outlook and wide horizon, remains irretrievably Hungarian, unless the introspective and attractive force of its thoughts breaks through the intricate entanglement of unfamiliar names and references.

The autobiography of István Vas has two main centres: Budapest and Vienna. Budapest belongs to the years of his childhood and teens: ardent and painful friendships, the first awkward orientations in the world of spirit and poetry, social gatherings with fair and clever, or at least snobbish girls who do not speak of Michelangelo, but of divinities more up-to-date. It is the age of surrealism and dadaism, and it is

* Vas, István: *Nehéz szerelem* (Troubled Love), Szépirodalmi Publishers, Budapest, 1964.

only too evident that István Vas, the poet-to-be, is captivated thereby: he thinks he has found the new and brave outspokenness of spirit, the modernity of taste and the mood of his own restlessness. (It is amusing and almost inevitable that the effect of the "isms" is completely dissolved in his strict and disciplined art of form. With the exception of Kassák, the first pioneers have all returned to more traditional forms and have thus reached lofty peaks of prose and verse, *e.g.* Gyula Illyés and Tibor Déry.)

The years in Vienna were preceded by an interlude in Colmar which, perhaps, provided the last impulse to turn Vas against his father's will and against the whole wealthy merchant class to which he belonged; it led him to choose poetry instead of textiles. The path is not unfamiliar and has been trodden by many. The history of 20th century literature is also that of individual revolts and escapes. István Vas belongs to the less spectacular but more painful cases. It is as though the growing roots of a plant were gradually cracking the tight pot.

The major role in this growth belongs perhaps to the years passed in Vienna. It would be wrong to believe that Vienna, in the twenties, nourished a more guileless imitation of the "lost generation," or at the best, of some provincial, East European avant-garde. Hungarian recollections, and most profoundly of all, those of István Vas, make it clear that the point in question was not only the haunting of corpses hanging on the barbed wire nor the dethronement of intellect discredited by war, but also the recoronation of intellect after the torments of war and the bitter defeat of revolution. Writers of Eastern Europe can be hardly cured of the belief that they are unable to find and to express themselves unless they have found the expression of a country and of an ideology. From the Hungarian point of view, the Vienna of the twenties means the communist, socialist and leftwing bourgeois emigration, the opposition against the regime of Horthy and the struggle for a more democratic social system. At the same time, Vienna was the first great school of many members of the younger generation, including István Vas. In those days, Vienna was the refuge of Hungarian writers, the door opening on Europe; anybody who really wanted to find his way home had to get somehow into Europe.

The autobiography of István Vas irresistibly provokes the critic to arbitrary judgments; since we are unable to respond to all its riches, we try to find our own likeness in it. However, it would be profanation to review the whole—childhood, first love, school, rebellion. In fact, the autobiography of most modern writers can be expressed by one and the same formula, whether its title is Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man or Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog, unless he has been a sailor, a South American gaucho, a prize-fighter or soldier in the Foreign Legion—and these careers are rarely open to Hungarians. But this is perhaps the only area which has not yet been subjugated to the formulate of omnipotent mathematics. The formula: master of intellect plus poetry plus love is not too suggestive of a rational, modestly relentless poet like István Vas; but if it is true, then the last part, the fascinating description of his love for Eti expresses the formula of the gauche and awkward, ambitious and genuine first love of us all.

The poet Sándor Csoóri has written a different kind of autobiography,* though the autobiographical element in this book lurks beneath the surface. Twenty years younger than István Vas, the peasant-born poet writes as follows: "This book was written in despair. The author would have preferred to write poems, but he did not succeed."

It is difficult to determine the literary genre of a book born in despair: it is a report, a memory and a meditation at the

* Csoóri, Sándor: *Tudósítás a toronyból* (Report from the Tower), Magvető Publishers, Budapest, 1963.

same time. The critics have labelled it "literary sociography."

Csoóri's book has produced a wide-ranging dispute, but has earned him considerable appreciation as well. Csoóri is not one of the classic sociographers, relying upon scientific analysis and matter-of-fact statistical data—hence the "literary" attribute. Through investigation, meditation and intuition he examines the greatest change in the Hungarian village: the institution and the first troublesome years of the agricultural cooperatives. He draws portraits, asks questions, observes and concludes. Behind the generally-known pains and difficulties of transformation, the book shows us a network of traditional attitudes, morals and customs among the peasantry—the most conservative class—and exposes the fresh wounds. It shows the change—and sometimes the troubles and cares—caused by the fact that the young men of the village are learning trades and that the peasant girls, brought up on more rigid moral standards, are now more unembarrassed and joyful in love. Every newspaper-reader in Hungary knows that mechanization and use of chemicals are questions of vital importance in the further development of agricultural cooperatives. This is required not only by the shortage of manpower, but also by the advanced methods of production enforced by just that shortage. There are, however, far fewer of us who know all the trouble and animosity caused, for instance, by a young man who has learned the trade of tractor-driver, and returns to his village as a skilled workman only to find no tractor to drive. The self-consciousness of the skilled labourer, and his sense of achievement, rebel not only against the old peasant way of life, but also against the peasant's earth-bound ways. Nor has much been said recently about the fact that—due to unavailable necessities, such as horse-keeping, lack of buildings, etc.—the former antagonism between wealthy, middle and small peasants has flared up again, after it had seemed to be extinguished completely in the oppressive days of the fifties; and that the former estate servants, despised by the village, have much more quickly abandoned their past in work, dress and habits and became much more successful workers in a large-scale agricultural enterprise, than the villagers living amidst their traditional ossified customs. They feel as though their bones were cracking in that great transformation. However, here and there a silent man begins to speak and, though slowly, anxiously and painfully, soul and intellect gradually become aware of the new situation.

"Report from the Tower" is a personal indeed an autobiographical work, not only because the study deals with Csoóri's native village, his relatives and memories, but also because, like most of our peasant writers, he too has undergone a crisis in the past fifteen years. Without suppressing pain and torment, care and trouble, his report indicates the resolution of the crisis. "The five stories compiled in this book deal with historic changes brought about in the village; but the reader must feel that they deal with something more and something else: the general attitude of a young man,"—he writes. The attractive force of this "sociography" is due precisely to this restless personal character tense with emotion. In it can be felt a lyrical tension of emotions and poetic discipline of style. Let me cite a passage which, I think, will touch a sympathetic chord in anybody who is fond of horses: "Who will tell me where the wooden horses of the fairground have gone: the black, grey, chestnut-bay, which whinnied even though silent? Who will tell me where they have been corralled? What store-house witnesses the flashes of their glass eyes at night? Instead of fairs and long journeys, does plaster keep dropping upon them from cobwebby walls?... Who will tell me where the wooden horses of the fairground are? And where is the fiery-headed horse of my father? Where are they, as they break up the calm of dawn, and drag the cart out of the hell

of mud? Suddenly, my memories are covered with snow. It is winter, the roads are sparkling in the February sunshine. Where are the horses that run before the sleighs? In my streets, before my sleighs, on my highroads they are still galloping to and fro. My friends, when you hear the word "horse," is it not the very first memory of your mother tongue which is reborn? As for me, it is as though I hear: wind, water, earth, bread, God, night..." I have hardly ever read a more beautiful ballad about inevitable big changes.

With a few excellent and bold reports written some ten years ago, Ferenc Karinthy the reporter has almost outpaced his reputation as novelist. By way of introduction, it is necessary to give a short explanation about the importance ascribed in Hungary to the literary report, since the report, as far as we know the activity of western writers, is not considered there—except during the war years—as equivalent to other branches of prose writing. It is mainly the job of newspapermen, and its principal rule is sensation, not lasting discovery. In Hungary, the literary report is a literary genre, just like sociography. Indeed, it is a most important genre. The western reader, astonished perhaps by this requirement of feverish and immediate social interest, may be given this explanatory example: in Hungary, history has always compelled writers to take up a stand in prose and verse, and to intervene in the gravest problems of the nation, like the French authors in the Second World War.

Since the appearance of his book *Ezer év* (A Thousand Years), Karinthy has lost none of his excellence as a prose-writer. Indeed his collection of reports* is more elegant and refined, his irony is invariably attractive, and the distance between the writer's personality and his work is steadily decreasing. In late years he has written some excellent short stories (Hátország) and some others that have been violently debated. Though one article was strongly criticized at the time, the present volume is most unlikely to stir up a storm. Unresponsive critics will go even as far as to write that it is delightful to read. An inn, with horrible pictures painted on the wall, charming and squalid drunkards, the grotesque and jerky gestures of marionettes, the white frenzy of a dairy, the noise-laden night of a bus garage, the habitual visitors of the winter bath, artists, writers, a summer resort on Lake Balaton, memories of childhood, the guard in a lighthouse—a world grotesque and queer, though undeniably real. The insider who knows the references and circumstances will understand more, but the outsider too will be amused. And, after all, how many of us have ever been in a dairy at night, or in the suburban (one-storey) railway junction of Kelenföld?

And is it worthwhile going there at all? What shall we find there? Well, according to the evidence of this book, nothing really important or interesting, just impressions which are described by Karinthy with a clever and fine irony.

There are certainly some personal elements in these reports, just as in an elegantly printed visiting-card—but the blood of the author and of the figures he describes is missing. It was not missing, however, in "Ezer év," or in some of the short stories Karinthy has recently written.

Thirty-year-old István Csurka has just published his second volume of short stories* He first attracted attention ten years ago, with a daring and original story *Násznép és pofon* (Nuptials and Smacks), for which he was reprimanded in those severe years. Since that time—though one or an other of his short stories has brought him some severe criticism—he has failed to win the scandal due to his talent, this apparently

* Karinthy, Ferenc: *Téli fürdő* (Bath in Winter), Szépirodalmi Publishers, Budapest 1964.

* Csurka, István: *Százötös mellék* (Extension 105), Fiction and Poetry Publishers, 1964.

being the first stage of a literary reputation in Hungary. It is to be feared that the present volume will not receive more than a reproof either; perhaps some of the short stories may deserve it, but not the volume as a whole.

It is a collection of the author's writings over six years; it is not surprising that the different layers clash with one another. One of the best short stories, "Nyílt törés" (Open Fracture), shows the author's earlier sphere of interest and a more traditionally realistic conception. It is about a country boy—a semi-trained engineer—who is working in Budapest. He belongs to nobody. For six days, the community of his working-place makes him forget his loneliness more or less, but on Sunday he remains utterly solitary and forsaken. There is nothing left but raving and fantasy, resulting in a still darker loneliness of the soul. Half unconsciously and half deliberately he breaks his leg, merely to extort some compassion and attention for himself.

In this and some other short stories of similar conception, there seems to be some lazy irony and a desire to take-off from immediate realism. Both elements are going to play a significant role in Csurka's subsequent evolution. At first, he thinks his emotions and dispositions cannot be formulated except through absurdity, and with grotesque outsiders as his characters. There is the lorry-driver, for instance, who at the age of fifty smashes the furniture he has obtained with great difficulty, this being the only way to feel happy and free; or the weird theatrical company, arriving unexpectedly at night in the flat of the petty-bourgeois couple to play them "the tragedy" and thus to release their soul; there is Ali, the fat foundling, and the corpulent country woman flashing like a miracle through his loneliness. Inclined to absurdity, these passionate stories are the most debatable ones of the volume, both in their message and in their method. Without being tragic, they deal with a tragically dismal world, in a realistic style which makes it clear that there is much more at stake than what is actually expressed by the story. I acknowledge the justification of a message even if I do not accept its truth; I do not believe in the development of young sober-minded authors whose outlook is excessively well-ordered. However, this method of style raises doubts, though Csurka's stories are very good indeed; yet, the autocracy of inspiration, the possibility of self-deception make me uneasy, even though it is in harmony, for the time being, with the author's "angry young man" attitude.

Probably Csurka himself was displeased with the method he chose because the stories he has written in the last two years indicate a different conception. Ironical and unaffected, they seem to be frivolous and superficial, though the best of them are actually more profound than some earlier and more spectacular efforts. With the playfulness of action gratuite, the *Uszálykormányos* (The Bargeman) displays the oppressive atmosphere prevailing in the university during the fifties and visualizes the provocative joy of senseless revolt. These stories are such a fortunate compound of earlier irony and sober styling that I found genuine pleasure in the more airy ones *Miért rosszak a magyar filmek* (Why Are Hungarian Films Bad), *A rádiótól jöttünk* (We Are from the Radio). I think this is the real tone of this highly gifted young prose-writer; and if the obligatory didactical purpose is not to be omitted, I would merely like to suggest that he beware of that sentimentality which appears in some of his love stories *Hármas egység* (Triple Unit), nor should be become intoxicated with his ideas.

György Moldova, an equally talented young prosewriter has appeared almost simultaneously with Csurka. His writings do not deal with the peripheries and the adventures of soul, but with the outskirts of the metropolis and the realistic, life-and-blood adventures of life. His interest is more social and extensive than that of Csurka, and

his subject-matter more diversified. This is why I was disappointed when I put down his latest novel.* Alarming as it may be in the case of Csurka that his experimenting zest leads him astray, it is much more depressing with a highly-gifted writer like Moldova to find cheap tricks of romanticism and to see him playing again and again with the barnstorming theatricalism of best-sellers, though the basic idea of the novel is good and uncommon literary force is expressed in many excellently written passages, in the descriptions of labour and of the sultry atmosphere of espressos. The hero of the novel, sixteen year old Csaba Válent, takes up arms with fanatical determination against the régime in 1956. And when he has to lay down his arms, he cannot regain his composure: in the company of his money-grubbing and opportunist father, he is doomed to lonelines within the family. He starts writing and distributing handbills and is arrested. For two years he is sent to a reformatory. Here, in the atmosphere of work and of the matron's love, he becomes a man. When he returns home, his loneliness is still more oppressive. Aimlessly, with aching indifference, he loiters and works, without finding his place anywhere. His emotions become released only when he meets the girl for whom he was arrested while distributing handbills. They fall in love with each other, but the parents on both sides are opposed to the marriage: his father because the girl is Jewish, and the girl's mother because he himself is Christian. He breaks with his family, but the girl is unable to do so. Thus, he returns alone to the working-place he frequented when detained in the reformatory—in self-redemption as it were.

This Csaba Válent is presumably a sensible young man, at least certain scenes in the novel permits such conclusions to be drawn. He is likely to have sentiments too. However, Moldova does not disclose much of this. He outlines a colourless teen-age figure, with nothing but unyielding stubbornness, and drags him through all sorts of adventures. Due to his deficiently represented (or non-existent?) intellectual and emotional life, the boy's indifference is as immanent as though he had within him one of Camus's heroes. His principal and almost only reaction is to hit back when he is struck. The indifference and the lack of ideals of certain layers of youth is indeed a remarkable problem in Hungary, but it is a social and political trouble, not immanence; it is not even an antagonism between the family and the world, as obvious and base as it is in the Válent family. Right at the beginning I had the feeling that Moldova was setting out towards easy resistance. This feeling however was soon forgotten because he is such a talented writer. Later, when the matron accosts the handcuffed boy in the train, when brawls and women and harsh colours follow each other in swift succession and when, at the end, we are faced with an extreme example of Judeo-Christian antagonism—I find myself unable to believe it: I feel the novel to be artificial and unnatural.

If Moldova were not as highly gifted as he is, I would have hardly written so passionately. But I feel—nor is it the first time—that he owes more responsibility to himself, more respect to the reality to be represented; he should not satisfy his inclination to romanticism with cheap and insincere solutions. It is not a cheering thing when a young writer wishes to follow in the footsteps of Jack London, and become successful, though increasingly cheap.

IMRE SZÁSZ

* Moldova, György: *Sötét angyal* (Dark Angel), Szépirodalmi Publishers, Budapest, 1964.

EMILY DICKINSON

The difference between narrative and suggestion as the life-giving principle of poetry seemed to have attained general recognition when Mallarmé told Degas that poetry is made not with ideas but with words.

That was around 1880, and we have reason to believe that for French poetry it was the signal opening the door to modern lyricism.

However, as early as 1860 a young American girl was writing the first words of an electrifying work of art which was to remain unknown throughout her lifetime. And, incredible as it may seem, although Mallarmé and this young woman did not know each other, they were about to give expression, at almost the same moment, to the verbal torments of a parallel revolution.

Let us state immediately, however, that Emily Dickinson was to push her own liberation much farther than Mallarmé, who remained faithful throughout his life to Parnassian forms.

From 1860 on, Emily Dickinson began to write poems according to an entirely revolutionized conception which was not to be understood until a hundred years later; for the new forms of art continue the poetic trend for which this woman of genius was responsible—responsible without having set down its rules in advance and without having achieved recognition for her writings in her own epoch.

Earlier than all the French poets, she worked out a technique which implies the necessity of interpretation, because—to restate Saint-John Perse's definition—her poetry, though representing a reaction against lyric poetry in America, reveals a complicated system of associations and interconnexions that border on the incomprehensible.

In her poems, from the first to the last, she worked out a style enlivened by a peculiar semantic rejuvenation which made it possible for her to manipulate words as they had never been used before. She even confessed that she only had a single friend in the emptiness of her solitude—the old dictionary which she took delight in. She transformed nouns into adjectives or took the liberty of doing the opposite; she employed ellipses or metaphors greatly disturbing to the public; she used idiomatic expressions peculiar to the Massachusetts region; and she held that respect for established rules impaired expression.

Naturally, these style combinations, instead of stating a fact directly, only suggested it in a roundabout way. Emily Dickinson even said that she felt herself fettered in the prison of prose and tried in vain to express in everyday language the incoherences that preoccupied her. Everything she did unconsciously and mysteriously at the command of her tormented nature was to become systematic premeditation with French poets from Mallarmé to Saint-John Perse.

A hundred years were to pass before lovers of poetry were able definitively to surmount the barriers Emily Dickinson had erected to protect her impassioned experience.

Never before her had the metaphor so flourished; she often used it in such a way that it bordered on obscurity.

Intent upon expressing her almost inexpressible feelings, she frequently uses the word in a sense which critics disagree about. She has, from nature to divinity, by way of love, a few favourite themes which she attempts to express through explosive analogies or mysterious symbols. She claims that nature is an enchanted house, and that art is an undertaking to enchant houses by means of an obscure demiurgic power.

To her the world is a spectacle, a menagerie whose animal phenomena do not

fit into the blundering powers of usual human logic.

The breath-taking complexity of Emily Dickinson's poetry will be understood better if one is aware that, before Mallarmé, she unconsciously put into practice the principle of describing not the object but the emotion it evokes. Listen to this tortuous definition of the hummingbird:

Within my Garden, rides a Bird
Upon a single Wheel—
Whose spokes a dizzy Music make
As 'twere a travelling Mill—

He never stops, but slackens
Above the Ripest Rose—
Partakes without alighting
And praises as he goes, . . .

A Route of Evancescence
With a revolving Wheel—
A Resonance of Emerald—
A Rush of Cochineal— . . .

She did not use the word hummingbird because she only wished to describe it by peripheral qualifications. She reveals the centre by its circumference. As soon as one accepts this difficult game, one will understand that playing it is not within the scope of everyday perceptions. And the object to be defined in the example just quoted is a simple one; the problem becomes almost insoluble when it comes to the definition of feelings, emotions or—what is even more complicated—aphorisms or conclusions that reveal their meaning only awkwardly, approximately, and uncertainly.

Here is a primitive poem which gives some information concerning Emily Dickinson's tortuous method.

I like to hear it lap the Miles—
And lick the Valleys up—
And stop to feed itself at Tanks—
And then—prodigious step
Around a Pile of Mountains—
And supercilious peer
In shanties—by the sides of Roads—
And then a Quarry pare . . .

And neigh like Boanerges—
Then—punctual as a Star
Stop—docile and omnipotent
At its own stable door—

What is it about? A single word could designate the object hinted at by this complicated enigma. And one inevitably thinks of Mallarmé describing the effect and not the object. This principle of dispersion is explained in a letter written by Tournon in 1865, but at that time the American poet had already successfully used the same procedure. In her economical unfurlment of words, she likens the train to the biblical horse Boanerges. But who could guess this?

The Bible, which she read regularly, left a profound impression on her mind. Incredible as it may seem, this young girl, brought up in a thoroughly Christian way in a puritan environment of staunch believers, was to escape the ardent faith of those who surrounded her.

One must think of her as a woman not much blessed with beauty who, at the most limited contact, was consumed by love and, like Nerval or Mallarmé, transformed her burning desire and sublimated it to the point of enjoying and indulging, in her imagination, in the pleasure of a thousand and one tortuous subtilities.

This is important if one is to make headway with the analysis of Emily Dickinson's poetic expression, for an important part of her work is connected with embittered and disappointed love.

She was to live the poor life of a hermit spent in listing her disappointments, her unhappiness, her desires gone astray, her despair. Her entire art was to assert itself in a prudish compulsion to sing the inexpressible, to speak without revealing, to paraphrase the effect without mention-

ing the cause, and even to put the reader on a wrong track where the uncertain interrelations between divine and physical love would make it possible for her to express in symbols the suffering of her sad situation.

In tortured and clumsy words, with uncomprehensive ellipses or impenetrable metaphors, she expresses the subtle and complicated repression of her passionate emotions.

One should consider that Emily Dickinson was to have a gradually growing influence on international poetry. Poe's impact on Baudelaire, Mallarmé and Valéry no longer has such an effect on present-day French poets; but I am certain that little by little Emily Dickinson's power will exert its fertile influence by widening and clarifying the perception of those who create or love art in which depth and beauty are allied. And may I confess that I myself have often had recourse to the poetic methods so awkwardly suggested by this poet who has enchanted me and continues to hold me in her spell.

It is perhaps not premature to note the incomprehensible parallelism between Emily Dickinson, Nerval, Mallarmé and Rimbaud.

A single explanation may be given for this concordance, which, if one does not dig deep, verges on a hieroglyphic Byzantinism. Poetry is the expression of profound reverberations that inspire the emotional or love life of some poets who conceal their feelings in a labyrinth of words.

We must look in this direction for the explanation of the propensity for seclusion which is often only a hint. For Nerval, it is frustrated love distilled through the emotional labyrinth of an impossible passion; for Rimbaud and Verlaine, it is the justification for the periphery of a prohibited centre which they do not dare to be exact about. For Mallarmé and even for Emily Dickinson, it is the transmutation of an abandoned dream of love that cannot come true and that must be sung of in veiled words only; in the case of Stéphane, the family has to be respected and the object of his love must not be unmasked; for Emily Dickinson the problem is that of an irresolute passion inconceivable to puritanism, which the poet nevertheless, wishes to define, but in its effects only and not in its unexpected reality.

The interpreters of Emily Dickinson prudently stopped at the borderline of respectability. But it is necessary in the interest of poetry itself not to respect the awkward taboos which with their idolatrous impact obscure the mysterious message of beings belonging to the *élite*—that is, if one wishes to achieve a complete elucidation of their genius.

This is my intention as far as Emily Dickinson is concerned; it is necessary to go beyond the respectful lucidity of the interpreters, however admirable they may seem otherwise, who examined her case.

The most recent of these, Charles R. Anderson, has given us, in a masterful book, the use of some keys which make it possible to open most of the locks which we might otherwise consider complicated. Let us start from the thesis that Emily Dickinson did not believe in the supernatural and that she was burning with an unrequited love amid the disappointments of her solitude. A short and significant poem which tells a lot about what the author has repressed, will suffice to prove this:

Wild Nights—Wild Nights!
Were I with thee
Wild Nights should be
Our Luxury!

Futile—the Winds—
To a Heart in port—
Done with the Compass—
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden—
Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor—Tonight
In Thee!

Let us try to unravel logically some of her secret lines which are among the most complicated and most beautiful.

We shall then see more closely all the elements of a personal alchemy rivalling that of Mallarmé in the distortion of words that are the cement of the ellipse and the abstraction. This alchemy is characterized by an economy as scientifically controlled as that of Ponge or Guillevic; it joins symbols and enmeshes interrelations as in the poems of Saint-John Perse; it confuses, mixes and marries religion and love like Rimbaud; it trans-substantiates life into dream, like Nerval; with a poetry obscurely intellectual as that of Valéry it nonetheless releases emotion; it suppressed or disarranged punctuation long before Mallarmé, Cendrars or Apollinaire; it is unique in using seemingly unnecessary dashes in order to, like Claudel, cut off with respiratory sluices the unrolling continuity of words.

This is a universe of new poetic dimensions to which we are not accustomed. We must accept the system of a new logic which seems to arise from the extravagance and the incoherence of several interpretations; Emily Dickinson herself said that words are like imprisoned birds, which can only escape from their cage through song.

For her, words must build, as if with bricks, staircases of surprise, with dashes as landings; her alchemic architecture is completely individual. The metaphors should show themselves like unexpected dancers, or reveal their aggressive nakedness by a process of mental strip-tease. The verb, in its irresistibly logical progress towards an adventure of impossibility, must intoxicate like wine! She realized that old words, polished by use, are nothing at all and that "there are no others"; the recognition compelled her to strike word-sparks, because superior beauty defies the suppleness of expression and even combinations of nouns. Poems are like vessels bringing to the reader cargoes of words whose sense, potentialities and reverberations interpenetrate. She spends her time looking for obsolete and outdated meanings in the labyrinth of definitions in her dictionary. She is aware that this verbal currency represents several values which produce a shock at the moment of exchange, for words do not begin to live before being betrothed (and she discovers, half a century before André Breton, the lightning of words that make love. Emily Dickinson said that poetry is to language what the Eucharist is to bread. (A little like Valéry, who with the same thought in mind compared dancing to walking.)

She defines once and for all the significant particularity of her disappointed carnal passion. Her life of solitude, without a willing lover, is white. However, she chose it, just as Mallarmé chose the exaltation of absence; this is the "white election" which most American critics take to be the symbol of the mystical marriage of the virgin with the divine lamb. This is the opinion of Charles Anderson, and I shall have the audacity not to agree with him on some points; let me stress, however, that I shall put forward suggestions only and leave it to the reader to make his choice.

I believe in all humility that the poet often uses biblical or religious language to suggest sensual trance by superposing associations which sometimes expand to the point of eroticism.

Let us test the pertinence of this allegation with a poem:

Mine—by the Right of White Election!
Mine—by the Royal Seal!
Mine—by the Sign in the Scarlet prison—
Bars—cannot conceal!

Mine—here—in Vision—and in Veto!
Mine—by the Grave's Repeal—
Titled—Confirmed—
Delirious Charter!
Mine—long as Ages steal!

In his careful analysis, Charles Anderson says that the election assumes the immaculate colour because it symbolizes the celes-

tial bride dressed in her attire for the ceremony described in the Book of Revelation. And, by way of confirmation, he also adds a quotation from the Bible, describing the Virgin draped in white. Thus, the conclusion is that the poem is a cry of religious conscience; it seems to me, however, that such a supposition contradicts the opposite intimation in a preceding poem. If one compares the fragments considered mystical with other emotional explosions of the exalted love and with numerous expressions whose true nature, if one weighs them carefully, cannot be doubted, then one cannot, in my opinion, avoid the belief that it is a question of earthly passion as much as of a manifestation of religious devotion.

It is well to bear in mind that the subject of some poems is some mystical emotion, but that others undoubtedly reveal word associations, combinations and alterations which the religious elements are unhesitatingly converted to the unassuaged desires of one who loves without being loved! Besides, there cannot be any doubt that the confrontation of the carnal with the sacred must be decided in favour of earthly passion, for the opposite is inconceivable, to the extent that a believer who respects his faith would not be able to mix suspect sensuality with it.

What is very moving in this confusion between flesh and religion is that actually the poet is filled with love, because she thinks love is the only kingdom in the world that can confer immortality on her. She fills her poetry with love and finally, despairing, she becomes, above all, a priestess of poetry.

One can find the rudiments of all this in other poets' works, too, but with Emily Dickinson, it is elevated to the level of genius because her theme is often completely integrated in a structure where she ignores certain rules of form, such as punctuation, orthography, dashes, capitals.

Here are some quatrains which do not leave any doubt about her exasperation and the mixture of associations which she elaborated in her poem about the loaded gun.

My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun—
In Corners—till a Day
The Owner passed—identified—
And carried Me away—

And now We Roam in Sovreign Woods—
And now We hunt the Doe—
And every time I speak for Him—
The Mountains straight reply—

To foe of His—I'm deadly foe
None stir the second time—
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye—
Or an emphatic Thumb—

Though I than He—may longer live
He longer must—than I—
For I have but the power to kill
Without—the power to die—

Emily Dickinson could hardly have found a more expressive symbol to show the fullness of her carnal fire: it is the loaded gun whose yellow eye threatens any enemy or any rival, and whose trigger awaits only the movement of the lover's thumb to go off!

Should one understand that when the gun speaks only the echo of the mountains replies, because the master has not yet given his consent? The couple roaming in the "sovreign woods"—is this not a memory of the Elysian woods in the sixth book of Virgil's Aeneid which Emily had to translate in college? This is undoubtedly the supreme happiness which belongs only to the afterlife; it is the joy of eternity which only love can dispense here on earth. And this explains the many metaphorical overlappings between death and love.

Charles Anderson considers the last quatrain a riddle and even implies that it might contain the idea of suicide. It would be preposterous for me to lecture the learned commentator whom I consider to be an authority on the subject, but it seems to me that another famous poem on death can help in solving the enigma. Let us, therefore, com-

pare the poems of what her most recent critic terms her "strategy of immortality."

Yes, it is an entire strategy whose elements must be looked for in several poems if one wants to reconstruct its unity. Here is a well-known stanza which I shall take the liberty of quoting before the poem, for this first quatrain will perhaps explain the last one of the *loaded gun:*

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—
The Carriage held but just Ourselves
And Immortality.

You can see from this how in English the superposition of genders becomes possible; for in English death is masculine, and so *He* in the second line seems to refer to death. This is a pitfall for French commentators who have to take a stand, death *(La mort)* being feminine in French, while the English text leaves room for doubt and permits the ambiguity of speaking about death and love at the same time.

I believe that death is not referred to here, but the loved man. All American critics admit, by the way, that according to the context this is not a funeral but a lovers' excursion (ride). This fictitious rendezvous with the eternal principle is made possible by the fact that, for the poet, Love embraces Immortality. Here on earth, she said, Love is the only means of attaining Immortality. Having established this, we can now explain the last quatrain of the poem about the loaded gun.

In this autobiographical symbol of the gun ready to shoot, the lover awaits immortality, i.e., absolute happiness achieved through earthly love. This depends on pulling the trigger (emphatic thumb). And as she cannot kill herself to win celestial immortality, it is necessary for the master to survive her, dying of despair, to release the abundance of carnal love.

This poem is important because it throws light upon other obscure matters. The ride and the horses again occur, and so we can reconstitute the elements of the poetic puzzle.

Let us recall another passage from one of Emily's letters in which she tells about a long-past rendezvous from her college days. She says she has found a new friend and has twice been on a carriage ride.

Here is this memory retransposed on the occasion of another love:

We slowly drove—He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess—in the Ring—
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain
We passed the Setting Sun—

Or rather—He passed Us—
The Dews drew quivering and chill—
For only Gossamer, my Gown—
My Tippet—only Tulle—

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground—
The Roof was scarcely visible—
The Cornice — in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses Heads
Were toward Eternity

We need not comment much on the moral symbolism which Emily Dickinson weaves around this first rendezvous which came to nothing. She was on her way towards the happiness of Eternity which the fulfilment of her desire could have given her. But then, as now, she was only on her way towards it; all was a vain hope and she never reached that Eden, those Sovreign Woods, she burned to know, for love (He) passed them by.

ROBERT GOFFIN

THE CHRISTIAN MUSEUM IN ESZTERGOM

MIKLÓS BOSKOVITS—MIKLÓS MOJZER—ANDRÁS MUCSI: *Az esztergomi Keresztény Múzeum Képtára* (The Picture-Gallery of the Christian Museum in Esztergom.) Budapest, Publishing House of the Academy, 1964. 205 pp., 81 coloured tables; 152 illustrations.

The Christian Museum in Esztergom provides a touchstone for Hungarian art-collecting and scholarship. The municipality itself is of outstanding importance as regards both the history of Hungarian towns and the preservation of monuments. The one-time Roman township of Salva stood at one of the most picturesque spots of the Danube-bend, where the mountains force the river to change its course from an eastern to a southern direction. In the Fourth Century, at the latest, there already stood a *castrum* on the rock plateau above the Roman settlement, which was later made use of by the Slavs when they settled there and which, under the name of Esztergom, became one of the centres of the Magyars. Prince Géza installed his court here; his son, Saint Stephen, founder of the Hungarian State in the eleventh century, was born there; and the archbishopric founded became the leading institution of the Hungarian Catholic Church already in the Middle Ages. Up to the thirteenth century, Esztergom played a significant role in Hungarian history as the royal seat, and after that as the leading church centre. Not even Turkish occupation, lasting one and a half centuries, could expunge the artistic and historical monuments of the town. It was a symbol of the re-birth of monument preservation in Hungary, when between 1934 and 1938 the royal castle at Esztergom was unearthed, with its Roman chapel, its Italian *trecento* and *quatrocento* wall paintings. Here, in the classicistic cathedral, the largest church in the country, is to be found the sepulchral chapel in early *cinquecento* style, of one of the greatest Hungarian church princes, Tamás Bakócz, who had sought to occupy the papal throne.

It was in this geographical and historical setting that, at the initiative of Archbishop János Simor (1818–1891), the Christian Museum was founded, which in little more than a century has become the most important collection of ecclesiastic art in Hungary.

Primate Simor collected mainly ecclesiastic paintings of contemporary artists, but through a few fortunate purchases he also acquired some valuable old Italian paintings, a few important medieval panel paintings and sculptures of Upper Hungary for his collection, and thereby determined the character of the Christian Museum. The 63 fourteenth to sixteenth century Italian paintings from the Roman Bertinelly legacy to this day form the stock of the museum's foreign collection on which its fame is based. The foundations of the collection of industrial art were laid by the purchase from the Cologne Schnütgen collection. The museum became considerably enriched by the collection of Arnold Ipoly, Bishop of Besztercebánya, one of the founders of Hungarian art historiography. Its treasures included, in addition to Hungarian medieval paintings and statues, material from the Cologne Ramboux and the Viennese Lehmann collections. The collection (mainly industrial art) of the San Marco and of the Neapolitan Capese-Zurlo family were acquired immediately after the First World War; and in the inter-war period, through the acquisition of some old Hungarian paintings, the Christian Museum became the most important collection in Hungary, which in some respects (old Italian and Hungarian material) rivalled the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts. Since 1954, the Hungarian State has taken charge of restoration, investigation and up-to-date presen-

tation of the material. Today its maintenance is the task of the state, while its further development is that of the owner, the Church.

From the viewpoint of the history of science the Christian Museum also has its importance. It is mainly the Italian pictures that have induced the best international and Hungarian research workers to study its treasures. The name of Tibor Gerevich should be mentioned first, who as curator published his findings on the Italian and medieval Hungarian paintings in Italian and Hungarian publications. Among them his study on the fifteenth-century Hungarian painter, Tamás Kolozsvári, is particularly significant. In the twelfth volume of *Dedalo*. Elena Berti Toesca described the museum's Italian paintings in detail. These have since been included in the huge publications of B. Berenson and R. von Marle. In the first volume of A Magyar Műemlékek, Topográfiák ("Topographies of Hungarian Monuments"), published in 1948 under the editorship of István Genthon,* the entire ecclesiastical material of Esztergom (treasury, Christian Museum, library) was described and now, some 15 years later, three young Hungarian art historians, all of whom can already look back on some successful publications, have issued a study of the picture gallery's material, covering the research results of the last decades.

The volume is a fortunate mixture of a scientific *catalogue raisonné*, and of a beautifully illustrated book appealing to the general public. This is insured by the high-quality colour reproductions that follow the description of the collection's history and of its most important material. This explains why, departing from the books' title, several medieval wooden sculptures, and splendid fifteenth-century Brussels tapestries are reproduced.

The catalogue, which forms the largest part of the volume, describes the 440 paintings of the gallery in four chapters covering the four main groups: Italian, Hungarian, Austro-German and Dutch paintings. After giving data on the painter of a particular picture, the material and technique used, the size, origin, condition and earlier restoration, it analyses in detail the painter and the artistic circle to which he belonged, and mentions earlier attributions. There is, in each case, a detailed bibliography. The bulk of colour reproductions (the work of Alfréd Schiller) represent, of course, the material of the gallery (70 in all), and for the sake of easier identification, two-thirds of the gallery's material is presented in small-scale reproductions. An index of artists is appended.

It would be interesting to give figures to describe the extent to which attributions have changed since the 1948 edition. The figure is considerable which does not imply that the earlier publication was superficial in its attributions, it is the result of the adoption of increasingly refined methods and especially of advances in universal art history.

From this point of view, the Hungarian material has been the most stable part of the collection relatively; as already indicated, it includes the most important works of fourteenth to sixteenth century Hungarian painting. The more exact determination of the iconographic content—the legend of St. Catherine of Alexandria—on the earliest Hungarian panel painting, a diptichon by I. Báti, is of importance. The same applies to the Garamszentbenedek altar painted by Tamás Kolozsvári in 1427, which has retained the prominent place in the history of Hungarian painting that was given it by Tibor Gerevich, and the masters of Jánosrét, Jakabfalva, the Martyrdom of the Apostles, and especially of the paintings marked with the initials M. S.* and the year 1506.

The pictures of the Italian *trecento*, though

* See László Gerő: Hungarian Architecture through the Ages. The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. IV, No. 10.

* See on this subject the article by Miklós Boskovits in Vol. III. No. 6, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

mainly of small size include a few Venetian works of high standard, numerous Florentine paintings (Taddeo Gaddi and his successors) and from Siena (Duccio, "Ugolino Lorenzetti," Luca di Tomé, Andrea Bartolo). The *quatrocento* is represented by several significant pictures from the workshops of Matteo di Giovanni and Pesellino and by Madonnas from Botticelli's school). The Young Girl with the Unicorn, formerly attributed to Pisanello, has recently been found to be the work of the master of "The Story of Paris in Baltimore." The three small *predella* pictures by Carlo Crivelli, Lorenzo di Credi's Madonna, works by Palmezzano, Rositi and Agapiti also deserve mention. Of the Dutch paintings, attention should be directed to Memling's small size Christ only, because the German and Austrian material is much richer, if not of such high quality.

The date of a collection is determined by many factors. Hungary was not fortunate at the time of the formation of the great private and state art collections, but at the end of last century through the Esterházy gallery and the Simor–Ipolyi collection, it acquired treasures of international significance. Hungarian cultural policy is directed towards using the country's museums for educating the broadest masses. The three indispensable requirements for this—now realized not only in the large public collections but also in the Christian Museum of Esztergom—are: maintenance, restoration and effective presentation, based on the results of up-to-date scientific research, not only on behalf of art patrons and experts, but of hundreds of thousands of visitors. A scientific foundation for accomplishing this is supplied by the work here reviewed, and we trust that its foreign language editions will be a welcome addition to international art literature.

DEZSŐ DERCSÉNYI

FROM OUR NEXT NUMBERS

(Continued from p. 95)

COEXISTENCE AND WORLD TRADE
József Bognár

EUROPE AND THE THIRD WORLD
Maurice Lambilliotte

TWENTY HOURS
(parts of a novel)
Ferenc Sánta

NEW HUNGARIAN SHORT STORIES

BARTÓK'S MIRACULOUS MANDARIN
Bence Szabolcsi

A HUNGARIAN COOPERATIVE FARM
László Emese

THEATRE AND FILM

LETTER TO LONDON

on The Royal Shakespeare Company's Budapest performance

Dear Carole,

You scold me for the short letter I wrote you last, and I hang my head in shame. Compunction spurs me to try to make amends this time for my recent laziness.

It seems to be becoming a habit with me not to make excuses until some time afterwards; for I now recall another time I was rebuked by you: it was that night last November as we were coming from the Old Vic: we had stopped on the corner of Waterloo Road, and you were talking with the competence of an actress about your new National Theatre's production of Hamlet, which we had just seen and which you knew far better, of course, than I, who had seen it for the first time. I didn't say anything; despite myself I never yielded to my love of debate even when you made some points on which I didn't see eye to eye. "Didn't you like the performance?" you asked at last. "That's really not important," I replied somewhat churlishly. Fortunately, we were expected at the Italian osteria in Dean Street, and so I didn't have to invent an explanation for my silence. There was one other occasion when I became tongue-tied like that—remember? It was when we were coming from the Aldwych, where we had seen The Representative. That time I could see that you believed the words had stuck in my throat under the impact of the tragic destinies and grave concerns which that play called to mind. (After all, the picture sequences that were shown as a kind of epilogue, in which tanks cleared away heaps of corpses at Auschwitz, had made the audience's applause dry up too.) Yet I had known Hochhut's play quite well and had read it in German as well as English. Actually, I was thinking about something quite different.

As part of the Shakespeare Year programme, the Royal Shakespeare Company, as you in London know, are on a world tour, during which they were recently here in Budapest. I want to tell you about my impressions of their visit here: maybe this will help you understand the reasons why I kept silent on those two occasions.

I felt ashamed of trying to assure you that Hungarians looked upon Shakespeare as an almost Hungarian poet and playwright. Was I afraid, perhaps, you might think this was a cliché in my country? No, I was rather afraid you might mistake it for sycophancy from a small nation anxious to curry favour with a great one. Yet there is nothing more repellent in small nations than such fawning—unless it is the opposite: walking around with chips on their shoulders. But what can I do? Facts are facts. To show you how frank I am being with you, let me tell you about our greatest poet, Petőfi, who, while an ardent admirer of the French, had little love for

the British. Yet he admitted that "that nation has the greatest poets; that nation has Shakespeare." He envied the British for this. ("As a Hungarian, I wish he had been a countryman of mine," he wrote.) And with what ardour he wrote about Shakespeare! "Shakespeare—Let that name be turned into a mountain, and it will be higher than the Himalayas; let that name be turned into an ocean, and it will be deeper than the Atlantic; let that name be turned into a star, and it will be brighter than the sun." And: "Shakespeare by himself is half of Creation!"

However, I had better leave fine sentences aside and write down a few dry but significant facts instead. One of the plays the RSC performed in Budapest was King Lear. This play had its first performance in Vienna in 1780, in Paris in 1868 and in Hungary (the fifth Shakespeare play to be performed here!) in 1786. (True, it was not yet played in the vernacular then: the first performance in Hungarian—and even, incidentally, with the action laid in a Hungarian milieu—was nine years later.) Since then, Shakespeare has retained his hold on the Hungarian stage—a spell never broken.* In this country theatrical companies did not need to make special preparations for the Shakespeare Year. Last year was not a Shakespeare Year; yet, besides the National Theatre, obliged by the Ministry of Culture and its audiences as well as its own tradition to keep several Shakespeare plays on its repertory at the same time, two other theatre companies in Budapest presented Shakespeare to their audiences: the Madách Theatre produced Hamlet and the Vígszínház, Romeo and Juliet. And (although perhaps I ought not mention it here—still, facts, as I have said, are facts) Kiss Me Kate, an adaptation of The Taming of the Shrew, is running at one of our theatres devoted to musicals. More important is the fact that ten other towns in this country each have a theatrical company of their own, and that Shakespeare appears in the repertories of these provincial companies with many of his plays, from Hamlet to Coriolanus and from Richard III to A Midsummer Night's Dream. Over and above these, one Budapest company has troupes of players touring the countryside and staging performances in villages; this company has now followed up a production of Romeo and Juliet with another of Hamlet. We may, therefore, take a legitimate pride in the Hungarian cult of Shakespeare. And yet... When we came out of the Aldwych, after seeing the RSC's performance of the Hochhut play, it occurred to me. But let me first come back to the guest performances in Budapest.

The Royal Shakespeare Company had been tremendously looked forward to in Budapest. I, who believed I knew Hungarian theatrical audiences, felt almost sure that the guest performance would turn out to be an anticlimax. The Budapest theatre-goer's reaction, after being tense with excitement, is usually to purse his lips and say, "Is that all there is to it? Well—much ado about nothing." Yet the interest that was now being shown was something quite extraordinary. The performances were staged at my theatre, the Vígszínház. For two weeks previously my telephone, both at home and in my office at the theatre, had been ringing practically without stopping. I was being besieged by friends and acquaintances, both known and unknown to me. At the outset, it was "Never mind if it isn't in the stalls" or "Never mind if it isn't in the middle"; later on, the phrases changed to "Never mind if it's up in any of the galleries" or "Never mind if it's only a whiskey seat"; and at the end, "Let me just squeeze in anywhere—I don't mind standing. By then, of course, tickets were not available any more either in the stalls or in the pit, in the middle or on the sides, in the dress-circle or in the top gallery.

* See The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. V, No. 13 (Shakespeare Memorial Number).

On the first two nights, The Comedy of Errors was performed. Clifford Williams, who directed the play, appeared to be winning his battle at the very beginning of the production. The start, with the players wearing no costume and then assuming their parts under the very eyes of the audience, thereby as it were drawing the audience into the performance—all this produced an extremely stimulating, suspenseful and hilarious effect. Just the same, the first great victory was won for the director by the costume designer, Anthony Powell. The way the cast filed in, during the "prelude," wearing uniformly grey clothing, and the way each member of the cast was issued some simple article of clothing and with it the character of his or her part—this was a brilliant stunt, brilliantly executed. At this point, it seemed as if the designer meant only to throw out a hint with his pieces of costumes, soon to efface himself. Then came the surprises. Not only the picturesque pantomime costumes of the interacts, but Caroline Maud's picturesque Luce costume and Michael Williams's fantastic Pinch dress demonstrated the immense comic possibilities inherent in costumes. The crowning touch was Elizabeth Spriggs's Courtezan costume, whose never-to-be-forgotten feather-ornament swayed together with an audience that was fairly splitting with laughter. The décor scored a success in particular with professionals simply because it was not designed to represent any scene, but merely a playing-field, which it did splendidly.

In this country—I haven't mentioned this to you yet—as distinct from many other countries, theatre critics do not play a significant role in influencing public opinion. This is partly due to the nature of criticism at the time of the "personality cult," when newspaper criticism was often rather one-sided, expressing a kind of semi-official view which theatre-goers did not regard as artistic criticism. Today that state of affairs has changed completely and theatre critics enjoy complete independence; their failure, nonetheless, to influence public opinion properly has as I see it two causes. One is the fact that the public at large has a chance to become acquainted with modern trends and ideas of literature and the arts by reading our magazines and Hungarian editions of foreign literature and by seeing Hungarian productions of foreign plays (not to mention those—and their number is considerable—who know foreign languages and can get hold of books in the original in libraries and bookshops). In this way the more fastidious of the Hungarian theatre-goers and theatre people were ahead of theatre criticism, which proved to be narrow-minded on the whole, and for a long time lagging behind theatrical progress and the taste of the playgoing public, often hindering rather than promoting progress. The other reason for the alienation of criticism from the playgoing public is that our newspapers have discarded the former practice of reviewing and commenting on premieres either immediately or at the latest the following morning. Nowadays it happens that important premieres are reported in a daily paper weeks after their occurrence. Thus the public has grown accustomed to form its own opinion or to get information from fellow playgoers; and criticism in this country—I can testify to this—is capable of neither making nor breaking a play. Therein lies the explanation for the curious fact that, even though no critique of the RSC's performance of The Comedy of Errors had yet appeared in print, the whole town knew about the enormous success of the performance the following morning.

What were the ingredients of this success?

The Comedy of Errors is not one of Shakespeare's most universally admired plays. It isn't widely played, either. Its humour lies in farcical situations; and the great values of Shakespeare's character-drawing and the magic of his poetry, as they appear in his later works, do not shine forth

with particular force here. That is what is usually said about it. Nor is it very popular in this country. (Its very first performance here was cavilled at by the Hapsburg censorship of that time, with the result that the characters of the Courtezan and the Abbess had to be omitted.) It has had only one—weak—performance in this country during the last twenty years. Theatre managers were afraid they might not be able to find actors who resembled each other enough for the Twins, and they had misgivings concerning the homespun humour of the play.

Well, Clifford Williams had no such misgivings. Our excellent humourous author Frigyes Karinthy* (whose sketches also occasionally appeared in English-language magazines in the years between the wars) coined the aphorism, "Humour's no joking matter." This aphorism seems to have been the motto for Clifford William's direction of the play. His actors take their acting extremely "seriously." They apparently enjoy it very much, not from without as the audience does, but from within as they live their parts. That is what makes this serious acting so hilarious and meaningful. The director has created an atmosphere of magic for the comedy. He has conjured up an Ephesus where the cult of Diana coexists with the spirit of St. Paul's Ephesus—that of marital fidelity ("He that loves his own wife loves himself") and of the common responsibility of master and servant ("Both their master and yours is in heaven")—and with Shakespeare's Ephesus, a fantastic city of magic and enchantment where, for this very reason, anything can happen. The production became a demonstration for youth, good humour, and *joie de vivre*. The audience was carried away by the fireworks of directorial inventiveness, but not the director himself, who retained a sure sense of proportion throughout.

Naturally, so that this conception could be carried into effect, one needed to have highly imaginative and well-trained, disciplined, gifted actors like the RSC's company. Most of them I had seen in England and was glad to see Budapest audience warm to them so quickly. Of the twins, the two Scotsman, McCowan and McGregor, playing the two Syracuse men, scored the greatest success with the audience here, while among the actresses Diana Rigg was the most successful, although audiences also liked the husky-voiced Julie Christie very much. Pinch, too, was naturally received with frantic applause; yet it was not until after King Lear that Michael Williams, who had impersonated Pinch, really fascinated his audience with his splendid dramatic talent, as they realized from the playbill that Oswald, played with brilliant restraint and subtile haughtiness, and the boisterous, grotesque Pinch of the previous night had both been impersonated by the same actor. The audience grew positively enthusiastic about such richness of transformation and character-drawing. The performance abounded not only in unforgettable scenes and interpretations but also in similar dramatic moments. Such a powerful moment was, in the last scene—when he is utterly confused—the fine and meaningfully sighed "Well..." of the Duke (Michael Murray), or the drawn-out "the chain"-s of the Goldsmith (Ken Wynne). However, I will return to the style of the production as a whole.

If my memory serves me right, at our meetings in London you never spoke to me about this production of The Comedy of Errors, which leads me to the conclusion that you had had no opportunity to see the 1962 production either at Stratford or at the Aldwych. For this reason, strange as it may seem to you, I would call your attention to it from here in Budapest.

I had heard a great deal and ahead of time about Peter Brook's King Lear. I not only remembered how you praised the stage manager and his actors, but also knew of

* See also Miklós Vajda's essay on Frigyes Karinthy in Vol. III, No. 6, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

their success in Paris and of the prizes they won there. I had also read the British and French newspaper reviews and Peter Brook's statements. I knew that General Brook and his army had won the glorious battle on the basis of an operational plan laid down in the Polish scholar Jan Kott's well-known study on "Shakespeare, Our Contemporary." Kott, who views Macbeth through the perspective of Auschwitz, and Coriolanus through that of modern class war, sees in King Lear the world of a morbid clowns of the French *avantgarde*, especially of Beckett. "When the system of values is buried under ashes," writes Kott, "and when in the face of the torments inflicted by a ruthless world one can no longer invoke God, History or Nature, then the clown, the Fool, emerges as the central figure of the stage." Now we could see for ourselves the way Brook had translated Kott's ideas into practice; why he said of the direction of the play that "it is not so much Shakespeare in the style of Beckett as it is Beckett in the style of Shakespeare." In order to realise this conception, he employed, with a consistency bordering on genius, every means and exploited every resource. In his effort to free the production of all the sugar-coating with which the nineteenth century had supplied it, that is to say, to bring Shakespeare closer to Beckett—he even went so far as to alter the Shakespearean material. For instance, after Gloucester's eyes had been put out, Shakespeare voices the indignation and commiseration of the servants. ("Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and white of eggs To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him.") Instead of this, from Brook's stage, the old Gloucester, with a piece of sackcloth wrapped around his head, goes off reeling, hustled by the servants, under the merciless glare of the auditorium lights going on into the bargain, as Brook concludes the first part of the performance with this device. "Ruthlessness"—the ruthlessness of life, of the world—is the keynote of the whole production. That note is driven home by devices which reflect an obvious Brechtian influence: the build-up of the acting area (which calls to mind the Berliner Ensemble's production of Galilei); the staging of the whole play under the glare of a single white light; the raw, rustic character of the acting; and other Brechtian features. That note is further supported by the ingeniously designed leather costumes and every element of the production, from the rust-eaten plates to the directing of the various scenes. The wales raised on Cordelia's neck by the rope are not an element of naturalism: they are designed to prevent a surge of compassion, in the name of naked Truth. For Peter Brook, the dilemma of a bitter or a sweet catharsis does not exist. In his production, the conclusion of King Lear is not the cathartic conclusion of a Shakespearean play, but a vindication of the philosophy of bitterness.

The character delineation in the production also shows the influence of existentialist philosophy—again in complete conformity with the whole conception. There are no predetermined characters in this production. Brook, like the existentialists, has little confidence in character: he holds the view that one's behaviour is determined by the situation one finds oneself in. No doubt it is no accident that of the many Shakespeare performances I have had the opportunity of seeing so far, this was the first production which was not directed from the point of view of the principal character or characters. Before this I had always seen productions in which both the action and the characters of the play were directed from the point of view of Hamlet, Romeo, Juliet, Othello or Lear. Not so in this production. Here, when Goneril complains that Lear's knights and men are rioting in the palace, it is no mere slanderousness or captiousness on her part, as Lear believes; here, Brooks *shows* us, she is speaking the truth. Numerous nineteenth century students of Shakespeare objected to Cordelia's death on the grounds that she dies "innocent." (For many years, the play

was performed with a happy ending.) Brook presents to us a Cordelia (captivatingly interpreted by Diana Rigg) who does not in the least resemble the namby-pamby, lily-white virgins: in that well-known first scene, she appears just as obstinate as her father, and in this sense she dies, tragically speaking, a not wholly sinless person. (Not to mention the fact that her death is primarily an event, which makes Lear's tragedy complete: it is the only affliction which this Job of England cannot endure.) In this production, however, it is not Cordelia who weeps, but Goneril when she is upbraided by her father. But the illustration of the thesis that one's behaviour is determined not by one's character but by the situation one finds oneself in, is most richly expounded dramatically in the building up of the character of Edgar. The way Edgar, a bookworm and a gullible, naive young man in the beginning, develops into a duelling bravo, the two duels (against Oswald and Edmund), and the dramaturgically significant difference between the two duels is spectacular evidence of the director's comprehension of the play. (And Brian Murray had the talent to appear true-to-life in each phase of his development.) In this respect also, Edmund gets a good start in this production. Reduced under the paternal roof practically to the status of a menial, the chair-fetching, boot-shining Edmund's ambitions are at once made clear by his very plight. It is regrettable that later on this part—or so it seemed to me—became rather humdrum (despite Ian Richardson's high-standard "from-within" performance).

Of course the acting itself deserves a special letter. In this country, as elsewhere, people referred to the performance as "King Scofield"; what is more, a journalist friend said that if he could have his way he would headline his report of the performance "The Visit of the Three Magi in Budapest"; by the three magi he meant Shakespeare, Brook and Scofield. In any case, Scofield had some moments when you almost felt that he was out to paint a larger-than-life portrait of King Lear. No actor interpreting a Shakespeare character could possibly do more. Even in this brilliant cast, Irene Worth's marvellous Goneril and Alec McCowen's Fool should deserve special lines; but I am afraid you will reproach me this time for writing you a letter that is too long. Let me therefore get to the heart of the matter now.

The Royal Shakespeare Company have scored a success in Budapest that is without precedent. Some people thought even superlatives inadequate to express their enthusiasm, and some people were heard to say that these guest performances heralded a new era in the history of the Hungarian theatre. The same consensus was reflected in the critics' reviews. Behind all these extravagant statements, however, there was the eruption of a volcano which had been seething and rumbling for some time. The RSC's four performances were seen by no more than 4,500 persons. (Even this figure is too high, since the skilful "operators" and the fortunate had been able to wangle tickets for both plays.) But these 4,500—regardless of age—belonged to the élite of Hungarian intellectual life, and their consensus reflected the general sentiment prevailing in Hungarian intellectual life as a whole, which is a strong desire to see the rule of the nineteenth century in the arts brought to an end. And let me tell you that this was the thought I had been turning over in my mind all the time as we were coming from the Aldwych Theatre, after seeing The Representative, and I was thinking there was nothing accidental about the invigorating, present-day spirit which emanated from the Royal Shakespeare Company. I was mulling over the same thought after seeing Hamlet at your new National Theatre. In this production, for instance, Polonius reminded one uncannily of Harold MacMillan or Premier Douglas-Home as they appear in London newspaper cartoons nowadays. Polonius appears as a venerable old man—after all, he discharges so many

public functions: receiving ambassadors, conducting negotiations, travelling, making speeches, concluding treaties: his mind is full of the concerns of a great nation. For all that, he is a deeply comic figure because he thinks himself so important, believing as he does that he is guiding the destinies of the world or of the nation, whereas they are really decided by the Fortinbrases and the masses trying to force the palace gates. I envied you for the modern ideas and the modern theatrical idiom by which you are preventing Shakespeare's world from becoming distorted or merely "historical." I also meditated at length over the clownish interpretation of the grave-digging scene: it might have been written by Ionesco or Beckett. Now the Budapest guest performances by the RSC have raised, in a tempestuous manner, several problems concerning modernism in the arts, specifically in the theatre. The effect, as I have said, was overwhelming because, after much debate and with tension building up over a long time, the situation was ripe for clarification. A few years ago, Budapest saw two equally brilliant guest performances by Brecht's famous company, the Berliner Ensemble. At that time, conditions were not yet ripe to broach more searching problems relating to modernism in the theatre. Then, such theatrical ideas and stage devices as marked the productions of that company were still largely foreign to our audiences. Even those who did not fail to be impressed by the performances said it was a unique case which could not be repeated, that it was not in line with progress. Indeed, Brecht is a unique phenomenon and his is a self-contained world; but that his dramatic and theatrical devices are in line with progress has been proved by time. The question has now been raised at a time when the situation in the Hungarian theatre has become clarified. To make this clear to you: There was also a tendency to modernise classics in the years of the "personality cult"; in most cases, however, this meant that directors forced modern ideas into the Renaissance plays. Following the downfall of the "personality cult," there were other tendencies for renewing stage devices, but even these were often inartistic attempts, an end in themselves, and often showed conflicting tendencies. Now, the Royal Shakespeare Company's guest performances have set the task: To modernize Shakesperae not by our going back to him, into his Renaissance, but by bringing him closer to our day.

I might as well end this lengthy letter here. Let me add, however, that I am sure that not only will the lessons drawn from the Royal Shakespeare Company's guest performances in Budapest occupy the attention of the Hungarian theatre for a long time to come, but that the performances have already posed some broader questions to aestheticians as well. For instance: How is it possible that a production, though pessimistic, nevertheless provides mental uplift? How can one like a production with whose philosophy one disagrees? And so forth. But I should not trouble you with these questions: they will be thrashed out here. In any case, I trust the RSC's Budapest performances will have most usefully enriched our stagecraft, which is blessed with very many talented people. And I hope you will—true to your promise—come and see for yourself before long.

Yours,

JÓZSEF CZIMER

AN IDEALISTIC REVOLUTIONARY

ON MIKLÓS MÉSZÖLY AND HIS PLAY

Miklós Mészöly has published three major works so far: a volume of short stories, a novel for young people, and a play (*Az ablakmosó*—The Window-Cleaner), of which an excerpt appears in this issue.

His play is a one-act burlesque-tragedy. As the author says: "It is universally valid, regardless of space and time; it takes place wherever private life can conflict with the powers that be."

The individual traits of his style emerged distinctly from his short stories, published in 1957. He is particularly good at suggesting an atmosphere, and is evidently intrigued by the secret and vague stirrings of the soul. His short stories are flavoured with mystery and anxiety, yet they do not descend into obscurity. He has the facility of re-creating the micro-world through a realist portrayal of environment and landscape, attitude and dialogue alike, and his short stories owe their tension to this continual alternation of spheres of existence. Thus they offer a wider meaning, a symbolic universality directed at the essence of the matter.

In The Window-Cleaner everything is concrete and simple, a fragment of life—even earthy—and at the same time abstractly universal and elevated, almost to the point of solemnity. The tragedy is shot through with comic and grotesque elements. Nightmarish pantomime and childlike idyll go hand in hand.

The play is set in the early hours of a Sunday morning, in a contemporary big city. The Window-Cleaner unexpectedly drops in at Tomi's and Anni's flat. Although he does little besides being present, he soon manages through over-familiarity, and arrogant behaviour to disarray what had before seemed sensible and rational; soon everybody begins to do things differently. Tomi's monologue containing the fundamental thought that he has withdrawn into the shelter of his two-year-old marriage and is determined to have nothing to do with the outside world opens the drama. His illusion of a sheltered life conceals an essential loneliness, a growing isolation.

It is now that the Window-Cleaner makes his appearance. At first, the dialogue of the two is trivial. Tomi protests, and the Window-Cleaner, gently and irrepressibly, keeps asking for a pail and ladder so he can get down to his job. However, as the dialogue continues, it becomes evident—by way of implication—that the newcomer had to invade Tomi's and Anni's life, under no matter what pretext. The Window-Cleaner represents some irresistible force—of inevitable Power. It is Tomi who first begins to see this clearly, together with the tormenting realization that their daydream was mere self-deception, because one cannot live with his back on the world. Anni tries in vain to defend their illusion. Tomi has already lost himself and does whatever is expected of him, obeying the command of a hostile outside world. The Window-Cleaner completes his mission by bringing in the janitor and his wife and cleverly entangling the lives of these four people. He brings Tomi together with the janitor's wife and sends the janitor—who prides himself on his strict adherence to the letter of the law—to his death, while putting a spell on Anni and luring her to himself.

The Window-Cleaner has been produced on the stage and published in a periodical. The reception of the play, however, has been far from uniform—if only because, in the context of Hungarian literary tradition, Mészöly's writings strike an unusual and even bizarre note, especially in the sphere of the drama. Our theatre has not yet reached the point to which our prose and poetry have advanced. For the English it will suffice if we mention the name of Harold Pinter in this connection and draw attention to his similarity to Mészöly, who, neverthe-

less, is unfamiliar with any of Pinter's works. Opinions have differed mainly as to what the "modern committedness" of the Window-Cleaner represents; and as to whether the author means to say that the powers that be inevitably make a mockery of man by forcing him to surrender his individuality. According to Pál Pándi's analysis and criticism, *A tagadás tagadása* ("The Negation of Negation") in the December 7, 1963, issue of *Élet és Irodalom*, ("Life and Literature"), Mészöly's play is centred around the clash between the human dignity of the individual and the powers that be. In Pándi's view, the essential point about this play is that its author equates powers of different content, thereby creating a pessimistic myth; while the motifs of anxiety and fear clearly show Sartre's influences. The Window-Cleaner is an existentialist drama; its characters are lonely people. According to Pándi, Mészöly "does not look upon man as a social being; he does not interpret the process of becoming a human being as a real process taking place within a social context. He regards man's responsibility for himself and for his fellow-men as a responsibility of the lonely individual, and considers it as absolute in terms of this loneliness. In this sense the concept of individual dignity sinks, with Mészöly, to a level below the objective possibilities of human dignity." These are weighty words, especially when one adds to them the main point made by the critic, that the writer of the play is inspired by "nihilist negation." One might continue the argument beyond this point. The essence of the power that invades the scene in the shape of the Window-Cleaner is indeed not defined in the play, putting thus an equation-mark between all kinds of power, a very un-marxist idea. What is more, the story is deliberately laid in a symbolically abstract place and time, thus emphasizing the author's intention to convey a truth that is valid everywhere; this is philosophically wrong, of course. That is an indisputable fact, and the author himself draws attention to it in a footnote to his play. In my opinion, The Window-Cleaner, however, can scarcely be called a work inspired by nihilist negation. After all, Tomi and Anni—at the price of having their love made a mockery of and losing their individuality—have realized that the retreat into the shelter of their love, the shutting out of the outside world, is a mere illusion. Hereafter, they will not be able to go on living like "a tiny boat on the crest of the waves," turning their backs on everything. The autonomy of the personality cannot be realized except in some form of coexistence with the outside world. Their daydream about retreat from the world has led to disintegration, to the rule of the demoniac. Loneliness prettified by dreams so as to appear homelike deprives those living in it of their power. The self-exiled dwellers of island life cannot possibly possess traits of character that could rouse them to active resistance. What is more, as we see in Tomi's case, the illusions hide some vague sense of guilt, which may well be a presentiment of impending doom. The Window-Cleaner does not win an easy victory merely because he is the emissary of an inevitable power. His success is also due to the fact that Tomi and Anni are intoxicated with themselves and are thus easily defeated. "If you gaze into the whirlpool long enough, it will gaze back at you," says Nietzsche, and that dictum holds true of Tomi and Anni as well. The grotesque tragedy of the leading characters of The Window-Cleaner therefore points to the necessity of a collective sense of responsibility. In the catharsis of The Window-Cleaner we find both a desire for intelligent action and a demand for the harmony of Man with the outside world, a desire and a demand that cannot be satisfied from a starting point philosophically so uncertain as that of the very gifted author's.

MIKLÓS BÉLÁDI

THE WINDOW-CLEANER

Part of a play

by

MIKLÓS MÉSZÖLY

TOMI moves first. It is as if he were awakening from one dream into another. He lets his eyes roam. He runs his hand over his forehead. The behaviour of the JANITOR'S WIFE is also hesitant. She moves with a girlish confusion that does not harmonize with her appearance.

TOMI: It's strange. I thought it would be much simpler.

JANITOR'S WIFE: Sorry.

TOMI: I thought it would be much simpler.

JANITOR'S WIFE: I too... I thought I'd remember everything. I can't remember anything. Perhaps only this bench.

TOMI *(inspects the bench):* Quite new.

JANITOR'S WIFE: It's old though. At least thirty years old. *(Sighs.)*

TOMI: Don't lay it on so thick. *(Softly.)* You're not at home now. Everything's brand new here, unsoiled, untried... You too. It's better you don't remember things. *(Sighs.)* It makes things easier.

JANITOR'S WIFE *(sinks on the bench, bemused):* How strange your words sound... There's so much in them! Ah, these men... Don't you think?

TOMI *(sits down by her):* Yes.

JANITOR'S WIFE: Say nice things to me. What is it to you?

TOMI: Indeed—what is it to me? Indeed. Then the rest goes ahead like a house on fire.

JANITOR'S WIFE *(emotionally):* I do like you to speak to me about love. When you say nice things to me, memories come back. D'you know what the word happiness means to a young girl? It is like putting one's first low-necked dress... What did you say?

TOMI: I said nothing.

JANITOR'S WIFE: And the little birthmark on the shoulder, which we haven't given a thought to till now, begins to glow and smart, and now this trifle makes us defenseless... And how grand it is to feel defenseless. *(Bares her shoulder.)* This one here.

TOMI *(leaning over):* It hasn't changed at all. *(Kisses it.)* Brand new.

JANITOR'S WIFE (starts and looks around): Careful... Isn't there anyone coming?

TOMI: No. A pity.

JANITOR'S WIFE: We're like runaways now. Feels as though we were at the seaside now... white marble palaces all round... piers... eucalyptuses... no, not that, palm trees.

TOMI *(nodding towards the stunted tree):* A palm tree.

JANITOR'S WIFE *(frowning):* You are a bad boy. You are sparing with words. Men are laconic, aren't they? Why don't you have a word in praise of my flower print? *(Gets up, poses girlishly in her kimono.)* It was my first full-length summer frock... And we were just going off to a holiday in the Riviera. *(A little out of her depth.)* You don't believe it?

TOMI: Believe what?

JANITOR'S WIFE: That we went to the Riviera?

TOMI *(indulgently):* Of course I do. You are such a silly. And then? What happened then?

JANITOR'S WIFE *(mumbles confusedly):* I can't remember now...

TOMI: Yes, you do. Go on just as if you were reading from a book. Once you've

started... Now, how was it, let me see. You had just gone to the Riviera and were living in one of the posh hotels...

JANITOR'S WIFE *(gratefully):* Yes, that's it. In a gorgeous hotel, all marble. You couldn't tell it was during the war. I don't know how they did it. I simply didn't know it was war. There were only expanses of water and sand... *(Sits down again on the bench by TOMI and leans her head amorously on his shoulder.)* Sea and sand as far as you could see... when the sun went down too. The nights were a deep blue. Luminous blue. A young man was walking on the pier in an open-necked linen shirt. *(Buttons up TOMI's pyjama at the top.)* He had a shirt like yours, exactly like this. Mother was reading upstairs in her hotel room, on the balcony. When she'd taken her ascorbic acid she always used to read for a while.

Prolonged pause. The JANITOR'S WIFE is waiting for a response.

JANITOR'S WIFE: You are a bad boy. You never have any comments at all?

TOMI *(forced):* Yes. Just one...

JANITOR'S WIFE *(brightening):* You have, don't you? *(Softly.)* But don't say it now—wait till I finish.

TOMI *(sighs):* All right. I'll wait.

Pause.

JANITOR'S WIFE: Will you just get up a little... *(Points to extreme right.)* If you were coming from over there—no, it wouldn't do... *(Points to extreme left)* Supposing you were coming from over there.

TOMI *(slowly turning his head right, then left):* Yes. What then?

JANITOR'S WIFE: You get me, don't you?

TOMI: Quite.

JANITOR'S WIFE: It was you, wasn't it, who said...

TOMI: Well, yes.

JANITOR'S WIFE *(hangs her head):* ... that we have to find each other again...

TOMI *(presses both his hands on his chest):* Did I?

JANITOR'S WIFE: Don't you remember? That we have to find... find that pier.

TOMI *(fixing his eyes on the JANITOR'S WIFE for a long time):* You're right. That's what we ought to do. *(Bends forward, sitting, and buries his head in his hands.)* But where it is I don't know either.

JANITOR'S WIFE *(points again toward the extreme left with half-closed eyes):* If you were coming from there... With your hands in your pockets, and stopped for a minute on the pier and kicked a pebble into the water... Are you listening?

TOMI *(his head still in his hands):* I've always been afraid of piers. They're like mouse-traps. On and on you go, they entice you as if to say: at the end of the pier everything will at once be unfolded to your view!

JANITOR'S WIFE: Or would you be more apt to be whistling? Yes, that's even better perhaps. And I'm sitting here, listening as you approach... coming back towards the safety of the shore.

TOMI: And then suddenly the pier comes to an end. There's nothing further. Only darkness and water. Expanses of water. You'd like to pray for the darkness to open up for one short moment... But nothing happens.

JANITOR'S WIFE: And then you'd see that I'm alone...

TOMI: And you can come plodding all the way back to the shore. The miracle has not taken place. We can make ourselves a private little world, a private little domestic stage... That's secure, they say. No one can mess it up.

The JANITOR'S WIFE slowly gets up and drags TOMI towards the far left.

JANITOR'S WIFE: But you said it, didn't you?

TOMI: Of course.

JANITOR'S WIFE: If you were coming from here... *(Impulsively peers round.)* No... that wouldn't do. *(Leads TOMI over to the far right.)* If you were coming from here, slowly...

TOMI *(muttering):* Yes. That's it. Not from there, from here. We have free choice, after all, don't we?

JANITOR'S WIFE *(whispering):* And not a soul around... Only you and me!

Subdued strains of the Rosenkavalier waltz are heard but—as if only waiting for a chance—a few bars of sentimental music keep breaking in.

The JANITOR'S WIFE hurries back to the bench, girlishly on tiptoe, and settles in a day-dreaming pose. TOMI starts to come over with his hands in his pockets, whistling an unobtrusive accompaniment to the tune. He comes to a halt at the prompter's box and pretends to catch sight of NUSI for the first time. He makes for the bench and then sits down at a respectable distance from her.

Pantomime.

The behaviour of the JANITOR'S WIFE is coy. TOMI moves nearer and nearer. Then as the JANITOR'S WIFE warms to the make-believe with sudden passion, TOMI dodges away in a bashful manner. Finally both look in front of them apathetically.

JANITOR'S WIFE: I thought it would be much simpler.

TOMI: What?

JANITOR'S WIFE: I thought it would be much simpler.

TOMI: So did I.

They sit motionless. The music stops dead. They both toss their heads, and with a defensive gesture she closes her kimono and he his pyjamas. Their faces show consternation.

JANITOR'S WIFE: What happened?

TOMI: I don't know. As if some searchlight were directed us.

JANITOR'S WIFE: No... As if something had been disconnected.

TOMI: It's all the same. It comes to the same thing. *(After a slight pause.)* Shall we try and go over it again?

The JANITOR'S WIFE rises, face towards the audience. Her face now expresses purity and suffering. She shakes her head but no tear falls from her eyes.

JANITOR'S WIFE: No. Come. *(Extends her hand towards TOMI.)*

TOMI: Shall we get it over with?

JANITOR'S WIFE *(softly):* Yes.

Ear-splitting jazz music blares out. TOMI and NUSI hug each other and with convulsive, grotesque movements hop and jump in a dance around the stage. Then, turning towards the sign-board 'Hotel,' they start towards it, throwing their arms and feet around. The door of the hotel is flung open, and they half fall in. The door closes on them.

For a few seconds the stage is empty: the jazz is blaring on. A little later the two stagehands in overalls come in. Slightly surprised, they stare at the swaying 'Hotel,' then shrugging their shoulders, exchange glances as if to say that it is no business of theirs to disapprove of anything, only to take note. Their movements take over the rhythm of the jazz, and in a kind of dance step they push out the stunted tree, the bench and, finally, the reeling, swaying 'Hotel.'

The jazz blares on relentlessly, with undiminished volume.

Then, suddenly, everything is silent.

Gasping, his hair matted, the JANITOR rushes in in a pitiful state of collapse. He comes to a stop mid-stage, and blinks around uncertainly. He is in the same dressing gown in which we first saw him.

JANITOR: I think I've lost my way. I lose my bearings in the evening. The same in daylight, it seems. *(Knocking his head with his fists.)* I've been looking for the Court and the Police Station since this morning and... *(Lounges right to peer around.)* Let me see... The old harbour was somewhere around here... Yes, must have been, before they pulled it down, together with the warehouses, the boats, the pier... and the water too *(Laughs loudly and idiotically.)* The water... they pulled even the water to pieces. *(Under his breath)* They did it in secret, I didn't know anything about it. There wasn't a word about it in all the decrees and regulations. How they did keep telling us that nothing could happen without our knowing, without our consent, nothing would be removed without our being notified! *(Goes slowly up to mid-stage.)* A bench

used to be here. It was taken away without notice... *(Looks around.)* Emptiness everywhere... *(Almost on the verge of tears, goes down on his knees.)* Why have they done this to me? Why have they confused me like this? All my life I've cared for nothing but getting the facts clear. *(Narrows his eyes aggressively.)* Why don't the decrees prescribe it? The law? *(Rises on his feet, then with eyes closed, standing at attention, begins to recite.)* "First the facts of a situation must be established precisely, the whys and wherefores, the motives—that is the first duty. If this is done, neither fraud nor lies can remain undetected. Failing this, it may happen that the unclarified facts assume the semblance of necessity and usurp the authority of the law." *(Opens his eyes, waits a second, then waves his hand despondently.)* It doesn't help either. I can't say it loud enough. I've shouted myself hoarse. I've been wandering in the streets and harbours of this town since early morning...

The confused din of big town traffic is heard, cars and ships' horns going, brakes screeching, engines whirring, in 3D technique as before. The metropolitan hubbub increases and decreases in volume but above it all we can hear the JANITOR's words distinctly.

JANITOR: This is too much—this is too much. One floor... ten floors, twenty floors...—the whole town! *(Despairing.)* But I'm only responsible for one house!

Din grows in volume; dies down.

JANITOR: My ears have got hoarse too. I'm dead tired. I'd like though to give a statement of the facts to the authorities. Perhaps there's one person among them, one place of authority where they understand what she meant to me. We had a child born to us fifteen years ago. A girl. *(Pause)* She had such beautiful long curly hair, she was this size, this small. *(Indicating)* But she too grew up like the rest. The only trouble was that she couldn't speak. She was an imbecile, poor thing. Born like that. Yes. But we followed all the rules. And just the same. That was the first state of affairs I couldn't clear up. Why she, of all people?

Din increases; dies down.

JANITOR: Why did it have to be her? *(Drops his chin.)* Then we got a cat. A kitten. To have some being that miaows at least when one has shouted oneself hoarse or got tired. God, what a nice little cat it was. Grey. Wasn't like other cats. It had short legs, its body was lanky and long... *(Gesture)* And its tail this way, that way, never at rest... could always keep it busy. It moved about. We laughed at it. We never laughed so much in our life before or since. One day it threw itself on its back, knocked its head against the floor and miaowed... It was epileptic, poor thing. But there's never been such a cat. And yet. This was the second state of affairs I couldn't clear up. Why just this cat?

Din grows louder, then diminishes.

JANITOR: Why did it have to be just this cat? *(Moves back and forth.)* And now this... this third thing. Since early this morning I've been wandering up and down like a beggar, like a salesman who's been sacked... *(Low, as if giving away a secret)* And I don't dare go home... what if the house has been pulled down too? What if they say, "Here? There wasn't a house here."—Hm? And if they say the same thing at the Police Station? How am I to prove, to substantiate, that we lived there day in, day out and drank our morning coffee there, that I gave my wife her medicine there... *(His voice breaks.)* How am I to prove all this, alone?

Suddenly he pulls his head into his shoulders, turns up the dressing-gown collar, and starts cautiously to walk around the stage along the half-circle of the curtain-set.

JANITOR: 'Sh! I would have been wiser to say nothing... Maybe I'm being followed and observed. A pedestrian, a man in a dark suit stopped me just now and asked: "What's the matter, governor? Nobody home?" *(Tapping his forehead with one*

finger) And it's true. They are not at home. Gone. And I'm afraid to go home...

He goes on cautiously around the stage twice. Then, impulsively, he runs up mid-stage.

JANITOR: I can't bear it any longer... I can't go on like this, hiding myself.

Mops his face with a handkerchief. He calms down gradually.

JANITOR: That's better now. Now it's better. Here I am.

He straightens his back and turns his palms towards the audience.

JANITOR: They're empty...

He stares at his palms for a few seconds.

JANITOR: There's nothing in them. Not even a scar. Not even a scar... *(Laughs idiotically.)* You can't get one so easily. They don't want to recognize me, they would rather look away... I have the Regulations and Decrees in my pocket though. God, how many times I've read it over! I know every line of it by heart. *(Flicks through the pages slowly.)* Directions concerning staircases... cellars... back stairs... attics... *(Laughs idiotically.)* I saw a monkey this morning. It was jumping about on a rope and beat its chest: "I protest! I forbid! I'll report it!" *(The same laugh.)* Then it was enough... *(Shuts the book.)* I shan't read this anymore I suppose. *(Puts the book down on the ground in front of him.)* Someone may come this way and pick it up. Children. They're so much nearer the ground, they're not so high up. *(The same laugh.)* They may notice it.

Din grows just perceptibly louder. JANITOR lifts his head as though he were really trying to elevate his face into a region above the height of children.

JANITOR: High up here... above them... here one's eyes go deaf too. What a crowd of people. My God! And how they're bustling and running after one another. This afternoon I saw a truck full of car tires, new ones. They were black, shining black—shimmering they were! Not a speck on them... nothing at all... And they will be rolling along, all of them. No, I'm not angry with them any more.

A sudden outburst of whirring, rumbling hubbub. JANITOR makes a hesitant step to the right, as if he saw something in the distance. He shouts into the rumble.

JANITOR: Nusi! My dearest Nusi!

Din ebbs away. JANITOR backs to centre.

JANITOR: I thought it might be her... I know it can't be though. *(His voice breaks.)* Somewhere there she too is rolling along... all of them are rolling along there...

He unties his dressing-gown belt, fiddles with it clumsily; makes a loop of one end.

JANITOR: It'll be better like this.

During this the model of a petrol pump with two hoses is lowered. One of the hoses comes unstuck and its hook dangles just over JANITOR'S head.

JANITOR: It can never be the same as it was...

The lights gradually fade but before they go out completely we can discern JANITOR putting the loop around his neck, fastening the belt on to the hook and then beginning to pull the free end of the rope downwards.

While this goes on, soft jazz music is heard.

As the stage is submerged in darkness, the lights barely illuminate a silhouette of JANITOR on the tips of his toes, head dangling on one side.

The two overalled stagehands enter in this twilight. They are whistling the tune in turns. Pushing in a window-frame with pane, a couch, a screen, they set them in place as they were at the beginning of the play. They are about to leave when they notice JANITOR. With a whistle of surprise they look at each other and then, taking him on their shoulders, carry him out right.

The jazz grows wilder for a second: the darkness is now complete. Then there is silence.

The lights go on, that it is night now is indicated by distant neon lights playing on the window frame.

The WINDOW-CLEANER is standing by the frame and is folding up his chamois cleaner. ANNI is lying on the couch in a catatonic posture and gazing ahead of her.

WINDOW-CLEANER *(sighs):* Now we've got this one done. Half of it anyway.

He steals a furtive glance at ANNI while going on folding his chamois.

WINDOW-CLEANER: Quite a nice bit of work, very nice bit... Never lets me down. One should take one's time though. Everything is the world takes time. Anything like this in particular. First the skinning, tanning, softening...

He winks at ANNI.

WINDOW-CLEANER: A bit rough at first, there's no denying... a little on the bristly side—but then! This one's so soft it makes you feel good to wring it.

He unpegs his jacket from the window-frame and puts it on.

WINDOW-CLEANER: Anyway, I seem to be irresistible in this jacket, God Almighty knows why. There's nothing behind the lapels though. *(Shows.)* My manners, I suppose. *(Laughs.)* Must be my manners.

He pulls himself up and presses down his jacket.

WINDOW-CLEANER: Well, let's see about it now.

He clears his throat while keeping an eye on ANNI, who does not move. He is humming as if deep in thought, then with face brightening he taps his forehead.

WINDOW-CLEANER: I know. That's it. Poetry's been left out... It's evening, it's spring and a flowering branch reaches into our room...

From above a flowering branch reaches over the couch. ANNI does not move. WINDOW-CLEANER continues with false emotion in his voice.

WINDOW-CLEANER: And at a touch our two souls become like two ancient musical instruments... *(Imitates plucking strings.)* Plum, plum, plum, plum.

ANNI does not move.

WINDOW-CLEANER: We have to step on the gas, it seems.

He fishes out of his pocket a red rose and sticks it in his buttonhole. He leans against the window-frame, and assumes a piously sentimental expression. First only hums the tune, then begins to sing.

WINDOW-CLEANER:

The feathered companions
Begin to make love;
They'll come in the spring,
And in the trees above
Will warble and sing.

For in places like these
As among orchard trees
The saplings,
The young ones are nursed,
Good sons
By God's grace.

ANNI slowly rises from her reclining pose, goes towards the spotlight and stops there. WINDOW-CLEANER suppresses a fleeting smile. He sings the second stanza over again. While he is singing, ANNI comes closer, halting at each step. Having finished the stanza, WINDOW-CLEANER hangs down his head in boyish embarrassment and begins fingering the red rose.

ANNI *(in a low voice):* Where did you learn that song?

WINDOW-CLEANER *(without lifting his head):* A long time ago. Very long ago... *(Fetches a sigh, looks up)* Do you know it?

ANNI: Where did you learn it?

WINDOW-CLEANER: That is my soft spot. I like to sing after work, just sing to myself. One never quite becomes a grownup. Deep down in our hearts we stay adolescents—there's a big boy there. The rest of it is a disgusting farce, if you ask me. But what are we to do?

ANNI: There's a third verse too.

WINDOW-CLEANER: A third one? No, there isn't. You are mistaken.

ANNI: Tomi knows it...

WINDOW-CLEANER: Funny. I've never heard it.

ANNI: Where did you learn it?

WINDOW-CLEANER: Are you really interested? It's kind of you. If I didn't know that you trusted me, I suspected that you

only wanted to confuse me.—It isn't easy for us, I mean the way we live, take it from me. Where ever do we hear, when ever do we hear, a kind sincere word? Very rarely indeed. Year in, year out, no one ever asks what we feel, what our troubles are... It's we who have to ask continually: "Where's the bucket, please, where's this or that—aren't we disturbing?" *(Waves despondently.)* Every trade has its own sorrow.

ANNI *(controlled but recoiling):* Murderer.

WINDOW-CLEANER *(meekly):* That's one of the things they say too. I understand them. It's so easy to mistake one man for another. Do you think it's just a question of grabbing someone by the ear and telling him: you are responsible? Every one of us is responsible. *(Points to his heart.)* And inside here... a child is crying. And he no longer remembers the third verse. Because we let each other down... there's no one to hold our hands and say: "You're neither better nor worse than the others... if you come in you'll also find the switch on the left, the plugs, the bathroom door—everything in the same place"... There's no strange flat, you can feel at home everywhere! But we've let each other down, and there's nobody to hold our hands...

WINDOW-CLEANER holds one of ANNI's hands, she would draw back but he does not let her hand go.

ANNI *(under her breath):* Murderer...

WINDOW-CLEANER *(with a sigh):* Oh God...

WINDOW-CLEANER leads ANNI gingerly towards the couch; the woman obeys him as in a trance.

WINDOW-CLEANER: So you want to know when? Well, I learned that song when I was an apprentice. You know, when one is a beginner one's heart is full of songs. Lack of understanding, callousness—these are the things that kill, that make grownups of us all. *(Stands at the couch.)* Please, sit down.

ANNI sits down hesitantly. WINDOW-CLEANER spreads his chamois on the floor and sits on it.

WINDOW-CLEANER: No more windows? Somewhere... something or other? I'd do it with pleasure, completely free.

ANNI: Murderer.

WINDOW-CLEANER: By the way, to tell the truth, there was one among us. But he was pushed into it by circumstances. He wasn't a bad chap. We started together in the trade. Well, at first not upstairs, not with such large beautiful windows as these. You don't often see the like of these. It's a pleasure to work on them... Just look how they shine! Don't you feel your lungs expand in your chest... that everything's changed?

WINDOW-CLEANER, sitting, bends forward towards ANNI, but she shies away and pulls her feet under her.

WINDOW-CLEANER *(sighs):* In the good old times it was different, to be sure. D'you know what we started with? Dirty cellar windows. That was the heroic age. *(With a yank he pulls the chamois from under him and holds it up.)* This is a relic of those days. Badly paid jobs... drafty cellars... coal dust, dirt, rats. *(Grimaces.)* You couldn't bear it unless you sang, you had to. Now it's only after work is over. One should be considerate to the tenants, shouldn't one?

He replaces the chamois on the floor as though he were again going to sit down on it, but instead he squats on his heels and props himself on one elbow on the end of the couch.

WINDOW-CLEANER: If I were to sit up here, for instance... like this *(sits on the edge)*...—That would be called encroachment, I expect.

ANNI curls up tight, then springs to her feet.

ANNI: What do you want?

WINDOW-CLEANER *(with a polite gesture indicates the chamois):* Please, sit down.

ANNI sits on the chamois while keeping her gaze fixed on WINDOW-CLEANER. He stretches out comfortably on the couch.

WINDOW-CLEANER: Well, this colleague of mine was really up against it. I still remember quite well. We were on a job in a filthy hole of a basement... and it

was spring like now... Well, one day he got the idea of going up to the third floor. There there was an attractive curtained casement window... an eyeful... *(With two wavy movements in the air indicates a curvaceous feminine figure.)* Trouble was it was closed. How damn intriguing such buttoned-up windows can be! But I won't make this long. Anyhow, this fellow goes up and finds the door unlatched. Goes in, they are asleep, I mean, the man and the woman. He goes to the bedside and tries to wake them up but they just won't wake up for anything. He shakes them and jogs them, all in vain. He starts praying, goes down on his knees, implores them to wake up... he tells them not to let the firm down... not to bring shame on his head... he would do it free... —But no, those two went on sleeping. My mate then burst into tears, just imagine! He wept. But then he lost his self-control, went to the window, drew the curtains aside... *(Pantomime)*—and set about it. Without any permission.

WINDOW-CLEANER warming to the story, springs to his feet. ANNI, misinterpreting his movement, cuddles up to the side of the couch defensively, then climbs up with feline movements and curls up on the couch.

ANNI *(barely audible):* Murderer...

WINDOW-CLEANER laughs and makes a theatrical gesture.

WINDOW-CLEANER: What do you think happened next? They threw a grenade at him. Yes, a hand grenade. Luckily, it didn't go off—it had been left over from the last war. But who could have known it before? Just who, I ask? One means well and that is the reward! Is it great wonder that my colleague couldn't resist the life-instinct rising in him to defend himself... to explain... *(Sits down demurely on the couch and droops his head repentantly.)* He went a bit too far with the explaining though. It was a mistake. *(Shakes his head.)* A big one. It was only the rival firm that could laugh in their sleeves. We got no jobs for years, our good name was gone, the confidence in our firm was destroyed... *(Leans sideways on the couch, approaching ANNI, who, now mesmerized, does not shrink away but only shudders a little.)* You see, you're also mistrustful. You don't have the slightest cause though. What happened then can't happen now. We've learned from it. *(Draws up his legs, clasping his knees with his arms; looks at ANNI.)* The main thing is that you two understand each other... *(Adding coolly, nonchalantly)* And that you two understand us too. *(After a slight pause)* Wait a minute... the third verse has just come back to me. Shall I sing it to you?

ANNI stares at WINDOW-CLEANER for a while, then nods stiffly.

WINDOW-CLEANER: Thank you. Thanks for the permission. *(Clears his throat.)* Well now, let me see how it goes. Yes, I've got it. *(Sings.)*

If it isn't as it should be,
our squirt gun's at the ready,
you may well know...

He hums the second half of the tune as if stuck for the words, then sings again.

I stand in your window,
you'll all get right wet
if I now discharge it.
Then I wish you a bit
of all that is writ
from God A'mighty.

Slight pause.

WINDOW-CLEANER: Does it go like that?

ANNI *(low):* It does...

WINDOW-CLEANER *(drawing closer to ANNI):* You try it now... I shall begin, okay? *(Sings.)*

All the dirt of summer,
of spring and of winter
you'll wash off now...

ANNI *(in the thin small voice of a schoolgirl):*

If it isn't as it should be,
our squirt gun's at the ready,
you may well know...

ANNI falters and draws farther away on the

couch. WINDOW-CLEANER slides up to her, propped up one elbow.

WINDOW-CLEANER *(encouragingly):* Go on... go on. Now comes the best part of it.

ANNI shuts her eyes and continues with them shut.

I stand in your window,
you'll all get right wet
if I now discharge it.

She falters, swallows, then resumes.

Then I wish you a bit
of all that is writ
from God A'mighty...

WINDOW-CLEANER *(sentimentally):* Isn't it beautiful? You don't hear anything like that in the street nowadays. It's only we who know songs like these... *(Aside.)* Me too if I'm hard put to it.

ANNI opens her eyes, clasps her hands on her breast, and looks away at nothing in particular in the auditorium.

ANNI: A long time ago... at Easter... they went from house to house and said greetings...

WINDOW-CLEANER *(triumphantly):* That's it... You see there's nothing new under the sun. Just as you say... It's only the older people who are worth learning anything from. Just how does that old greeting go now?

ANNI *(to herself, softly):* In my youth I came to you, on the child to sprinkle dew...

WINDOW-CLEANER *(takes over but with a frivolous undertone):* We'll sprinkle and not spill if they let us and stand still...

ANNI *(makes a feeble gesture in the air):* I can see the cock there strutting about the doorstep... the hen cries out, leave the girl alone. *(Speaks this loudly, then looking at WINDOW-CLEANER continues in an imploring tone.)* Because she pays ransom with two red painted eggs...

WINDOW-CLEANER *(pressing closer and closer. ANNI is curled up at the far end of the couch):* Pays not only for herself... for us all. *(After an impressive silence.)* You understand me now, don't you? Won't you? *(Begins to stroke ANNI's thighs.)* It's all such a small thing... I don't beg for alms. I ask confidence. Trust. Faith that everything will be so different after... Happier! Now you detest me but—alas—this can't be helped. Think of all those who haven't got half the happiness that you all do... you and me, who are aware that there's sense in the sacrifice... for the tomorrow! For all of us!

While he is holding forth, ANNI slowly rises to a posture half sitting on her heels, propped up by her hands, and leans backwards slightly. She is looking away over the man's head. She is statuesque now. WINDOW-CLEANER accompanies his words with voluptuous gestures and in the end almost bends over ANNI. At his last words the sound of marching steps is heard—but this time without the dissonant military march. This rhythmic thudding accompanies the whole wordless pantomim-like act that ensues. When it reaches the fortissimo WINDOW-CLEANER bends down eagerly on ANNI's breast and embraces her waist: they are a demonic replica of Rodin's Eternal Desire. Then ANNI—her head still held up stiffly, her eyes wide open in a delirious stare—clasps WINDOW-CLEANER with the stiffness of a puppet. They slide back in this embrace.

The lights go off abruptly. Only the neon lights are now flashing on the window pane. The couch and the screen are in complete darkness. The marching steps fade away. Silence. The lights go on gradually. ANNI lies on her back, her hands clasped on her breast: she is like a laid-out corpse. WINDOW-CLEANER is sitting on his knees at the other end of the couch and folding the chamois on the floor. He stands up, tucks the chamois in his pocket and slaps it.

WINDOW-CLEANER *(wrily):* That's all. That's the whole trick. Not much but enough. *(Looks at ANNI.)* She's asleep... She always likes to doze off after it, the dear. And when she wakes... *(Pouts, waves his hand.)* But enough of it now... I'd only repeat myself. My role is done and finished. The rest goes automatically. *(Shrugs his shoulders.)* And anyway, I'm only an under-

dog, a subordinate. *(Glances at ANNI again.)* As far as I'm concerned I'm sorry for her. I won't charge anything... I'm not that hard-hearted. *(Cynically)* The firm won't go bankrupt anyway. But that anyone should be unfeeling, not showing even a little hatred, no clawing, nothing at all, it beats me! Like a bedpost! *(Shakes his head.)* Believe me, my part is not all that easy either. But I've said that too many times over. It doesn't matter. Next year perhaps. We shall meet again then. *(Takes out a diary, turns the pages, reads.)* Yes. May seventeenth. Don't forget the date: exactly this time next year, same place. And till then? Well, there are no rules. *(With his back to the audience, turns towards ANNI.)* Believe what you will, all of you.

WINDOW-CLEANER goes out quickly left. ANNI is motionless. After a little while WINDOW-CLEANER comes back, tiptoes to the end of the couch and bends over ANNI's head.

WINDOW-CLEANER: May seventeenth...

He hurries out.

Translated by
L. T. ANDRÁS

FOUR NEW HUNGARIAN FILMS

If some time in the future a film historian were to study the past and present of Hungarian film production, he could justly reach the conclusion that the past few years represented a period of crisis. While in the middle fifties the Hungarian film, in line with the aims of neo-realism, found its own Hungarian form of expression ("Merry-go-round," "Precipice," "House Below the Rocks") and sometimes succeeded in attaining an international level, the new cinema language since triumphant the world over seems to have left no trace here. The contrast between the hits of the past and the dreariness of the present have increasingly sharpened, and the Hungarian public has observed the successive fiascos of our movie-making with growing disappointment. Never before have so many articles, suggestions and comments from competent and less competent sources appeared as in recent years.

This period coincides with a reorganization of the Hungarian motion picture industry, the establishment of the Béla Balázs Film-Studio and an endeavour to render the symbiosis of literature and film as effective as possible.

All this in itself would not have been sufficient, however, to overcome the crisis, if it had not been accompanied by a clearing of the political atmosphere and, as a result, of the views of the cinema artists and by the appearance of a new generation able to convert the Béla Balázs Studio into a forum for its positive attitude to life.

The crisis can thus be considered as ended. Our film-making now reflects an encouraging trend, which is evidenced, among others, by the four films shown to the public this year.

*

Let us first discuss László Ranódy's film "Lark," partly because here we witness a fairly fortunate encounter of literature and film art and also because Ranódy belongs to the generation that in the epoch of neo-realism gave rise to specifically Hungarian realism ("Precipice").

Ranódy has put on the screen a novel of Dezső Kosztolányi from the 'twenties of

this century. As in his other prose works Kosztolányi in his novel "Lark" proves to be a master of psychography. The rather plain-looking daughter of an ageing couple leaves her home for a week to visit a relation in the province. The parents again find their way to each other with a sense of joyful relief, and return, as if restored to youth, to their former society and to the amusements they used to cultivate before their daughter grew up. And upon her return they confess with shame that she is a burden to them and that it was she who ruined their life.

It is a typically Freudian situation; the repressed subconscious strikes back and the obligatory love, which once appeared pure and unequivocal, now unexpectedly becomes a burden and changes into hate.

The film auspiciously starts from the basic situation of the novel. Using the glittering glass globes of the rose props as a background, one of the first picture shows the garden path among the carefully trimmed shrubs leading into the closed yet intimate petty bourgeois world. Everything still seems unalterable, the plain-looking girl is about to leave, and on the top of the old buffet the jars with preserved fruit glitter in the secure eternity of an affection that keeps the family together.

The restaurant scene introduces the series of temptations that threaten the old pre-Lark world: a well-known old waiter, a forgotten dish, a friend whom they have not seen for a long while, recalling the time when the old couple was still free and which, though irrevocable, the two of them remember only too well, even though they often managed to dismiss it from their mind. And here they commit the sin, which they do not confess to themselves of enjoying themselves without their daughter, indeed even more than if she were there.

Up to this point the film carefully follows the spirit of the novel, but then it begins to depart from it, unfortunately to its disadvantage. In an attempt at a somewhat school-bookish criticism of the *fin de siècle*, it sacrifices psychological authenticity. While in the novel the old couple, having found the way back to their youth, feel at home in the atmosphere of the past, the film shows them as unable to adapt themselves to their one-time society. The director of the film converts the pensioned archivist into a wise critic of society, thereby depriving his intellectual disengagement from his daughter of its authenticity. Another weakness of the film is that instead of a refined psychography the second half of the film presents a superficially portrayed provincial revelry. These excessively colourful scences are far removed from the spirit of Kosztolányi.

But are we really justified in calling to account a film for missing the spirit of the novel on which it is based? The answer is yes, at least in the present case. If instead of engaging in social criticism the producers had the novel's psychographic aspects, they would have created a far more unified and modern film. The criticism of society lies in the basic situation itself; in the unhappy destiny of the daughter who remains an old maid and of those who live around her. Overemphasis weakens the desired effect of the film instead of strengthening it.

That the film may, nevertheless, be termed successful is due to Ranódy's extraordinary ability to create an appropriate mood. The atmosphere of a small town at the end of the century, the friendly society of the "Leopards," the typical petty bourgeois home, the little pergola in the garden: all give a sense of the stuffy, oppressive mode of life of the epoch. The cameraman, György Illés, is a worthy associate of the director in evoking this atmosphere.

The ageing couple, played by Antal Páger (who was awarded a gold medal for the year's best male performance at the Cannes Festival, 1964) and Kláry Tolnay, are one of the most magnificent duos to be seen in recent Hungarian films. The academy student, Anna Nagy in the role of Lark was also remarkable, as was Iván Darvas's arrogant lieutenant,

Sándor Szakáts's ungainly railway official and Ferenc Bessenyei's boozing professor of Latin.

*

And now let us skip eighty years—from reminiscence into the present, in which the other three films are set. Two of them deal with the problems of youth that has barely outgrown its children's shoes.

The rain is streaming, pouring, there is thunder and lightning, yet above the water on the deal floor—*iam alios vidi ventos*—youngsters are dancing. This is how Péter Bacsó, author and producer, starts and intonates his lyrical film "In Summer It's Simple." It is raining. But one can dance splendidly in rain. The portable radio falls silent. Perhaps it is soaked with water? But the sun soon shines anew, and this again is grounds for laughing. There is always reason enough for joy, these youngsters profess.

The film is about the love of two, a boy and a girl, almost children still, about their hasty marriage and about the irresponsible yet inspired emotions of which only the very young are capable and which makes so endearing those for whom nothing exists but a love they are ready to make any sacrifice for. To no avail are friendly misgivings and parental admonitions, or the arguments of the girl's sister, bolstered by statistics and psychology. The two insist on getting married, though they can find no lodging and have to make do with a derelict boathouse. In spite of minor jealousies and misunderstandings, their love proves its metal. Since judicious reasoning ever retreats in the face of genuine emotions, defeated by its own nostalgia we step by step see parents and friends—openly or secretly—becoming the allies, almost accomplices of the young couple. And although the film takes leave of them as autumn chills invade the island boathouse, we feel no need to be concerned about them; having had enough courage to take the first step, they will be strong enough for those that follow.

The choice of the two young people does credit to the sure hand of the director. Maria Laurentzy and Benedek Tóth are no professional actors, and their playing is thus a doubly pleasant surprise; indeed, the artless, even gauche charm of their youth is one of the most attractive qualities of the film.

The young cameraman, Tamás Vámos's fresh way of looking at things faithfully supported the director's ideas. Only his night pictures were sometimes too dark.

Péter Bacsó is at home in the film world both as author ("Two Half-times in Hell") and as dramaturg, but this is his first attempt as producer and, let us add, a successful one. Although in the rhythm of the initial series of pictures there is some hesitation, some sluggishness resulting from uncertainty, the film quickly takes wing and succeeds in maintaining a high level—except for a few scenes.

While Bacsó tells of young people just setting out in life, the theme of Mihály Szemes's film "New Gilgamesh" is confrontation with death.

Ida András and József Solymár have made a happy choice in selecting the mythical story of the king of Uruk as prototype for their modern scenario. Unfortunately they could utilize the possibilities inherent in the theme only in some of the details, and after a splendid start the film thus becomes superficial and ill-considered.

The start is excellent. Dávid, the young research worker in folklore, suddenly realizes, after an X-ray examination, that he has cancer. With ever deepening lethargy he observes in his self-deluding fellow sufferers, the ravages of the fatal disease. As he aimlessly roams about the corridors of the hospital, the inexorable future gives him not a moment's rest. He already sees everything from the perspective of approaching death, everything shrinks into insignificance, becomes transitory and indifferent in the face of death, which alone remains a disturbing, unfathomable certainty.

Then the great experiment begins. His doctor calls him into his room and makes

him sit behind a microscope. Here is a healthy cell. And this is what a cancer cell looks like. And when Dávid with eager attention bends over the microscope, the doctor quietly remarks: "This is your cutting." Then he refers to experiments with mice: of those disturbed from the outside hundred per cent perish, as against eighty per cent of those left undisturbed. He points out that medical science records cases of recovery at this stage of the disease, amounting to twenty percent. All of them were strong men of the fighting type. And the doctor adds: "I think you are of this sort. That's why I'm telling you all that. "Later he remarks: "I've read your study. Why don't you continue it?"

In Dávid this conversation arouses a sudden gleam of hope, and he resumes his research work. He learns how to face death, for now he knows this is the only way to overcome it.

Here the film reaches its climax. The doctor—alongside the cobalt gun, the microscope and the surgical knife—aligns what is more important in the struggle: intelligence and moral strength in facing the facts. The experiment is not verified by success. Even if Dávid should fail in the struggle—the film rightly leaves the question open—he will not have succumbed, he will have learned an attitude towards death worthy of man.

Up to this point the work shows promise of becoming one of our greatest films. Unfortunately, from here on it begins suddenly to decline. Dávid in the hospital becomes acquainted with a woman abandoned by her husband and falls in love with her. And now the man who is absorbed by the thought of death buys a bar of chocolate for the woman! Or when taking a walk together they buy a duck-shaped balloon; for there is a folklore legend which personifies death in a duck-headed deity. And so they let the balloon lose and it flies away—as does their love.

Memento mori says the doctor, although in an opposite sense to that of the Carthusians. "Don't think of death," says the woman, who thanks to the scenario writers regains her health near the end of the film, whereupon—by an unexpected turn—the doctor too falls in love with her. It is hardly necessary to give more examples to show how the intellectual boldness characteristic of the first part got bogged down.

Unfortunately, the director's style is stamped more by the chocolate and air-balloon scenes than by the profoundly moving initial minutes. He merely notes and illustrates where he ought to delve into the depths of his subject. Stretcher, motor-hearse, mourners, all accessories are in their proper place, yet not once do we have the feeling that they are more than accessories. No matter how appropriate the film's title, the references to the Gilgamesh story—Dávid's occasional delving into and quoting from the volume in his possession—become no more than an artifice, a *deus ex machina.*

Barnabás Hegyi, the cameraman, did everything in his power to give authenticity to unauthentic scenes. Where the director leaves him to his own devices he is often ingenious. Nowhere do we feel the presence of death so deeply as in the lonely wanderings of Dávid: his shadow now leaps ahead, becomes broken in two, now runs back, disappearing and appearing again in the light of the street lamps.

It was a pleasure again to see Iván Darvas in a leading role. Unfortunately even his outstanding talents could not give real plasticity to a figure outlined by an uncertain hand. The best interpretation is that of the doctor by Sándor Pécsi: he is human, authentic, heroic without affectation. But even he cannot make his implausible love for the sick woman real. We should stress the performance of Szilvia Dallos as the nurse, who through a gesture, a word, a flicker of her eyelids as she accompanies Dávid, expresses the intensity of a repressed love.

*

"In the Current" authored and produced by István Gaál, seems to be the most significant among recent Hungarian films.

At the end of the fifties the Hungarian film started on a new path in the course of which it increasingly relinquished the usual dramatic structure. On the stage dramatic action is of decisive importance, but the modern film centres on the relationship of man to action. This in itself could degenerate into pathologic psychology if the "why and wherefore" were addressed to the instincts, but the really up-to-date film addresses it to the intellect and through the intellect to the moral sense. What emerges here is the search for a new morality; the really significant films of recent times all move in this circle (Antonioni, Resnais, Fellini, Chuhray). The desire to revamp the complex of our relationship to ourselves and to others arises from the recognition that this complex was left to us a heritage from the past and no longer covers today's true interrelations, whether between society and the individual or between individuals, or of each person to his ownself. The film producer's demand for unlimited realization of the personality condemned to freedom turns into its own contradiction; it can do no more than cut through the old, evil threads without being able to form new links. (Goddard: Au bout de souffle). The relationship of tangent to circle; it grasps only a moment of liberty, and in the impetus of the immediate motion the action is removed and alienated from the person engaged in it. To catch the whole personality, the net must be plunged deeper, so that—aware of the intricate mechanism of thinking, remembering and feeling—we may succeed in formulating the new morality with an authenticity that arouses our inmost conviction. There is such a strong demand today for this intrinsic personal authenticity that the so-called author's films, in which the duo of writer and director is replaced by the single personality of the film author, have an uncomparably more powerful effect.

The film of Gaál derives its extraordinary penetrating force from such suggestive personal authenticity. Here the camera is the eye of a character who never appears on the screen—the director himself. After his film we thus have the feeling of not having seen but lived it. As if we ourselves had wandered with the merry group of young people on the village street, on the silky quicksand of the river bank; as if we had been diving with them into the Tisza river, proudly bringing handfuls of silt to the surface; as if we had later participated in the uninhibited dance around the fire, reminiscent of some tribal ceremony. Until a girl suddenly says: "Where is Gabi"?

And at once water, sky, riverbank and forest become implausible, strange and hostile. Nature, which hitherto seemed so intimate, is now full of unforeseeable traps, of lurking dangers, the scene of a still hidden tragedy—the kind that might happen to any of us. The trees, the opposite bank reverberate with the cry: "Gabi! Gabi!" We pause for a moment in our running; silence surrounds us, we hear only our own panting in the mute indifference of the shady path.

And suddenly we realize that we hardly remember Gabi. Whom are we really looking for?

This consciously calculated effect is the clearest evidence of Gaál's mastery over his material. In the film it is not possible to turn back the pages, we too have lost the face of the boy for ever, a feeling of want arises in us, which keeps us intently watching so how these young people recompose the picture of their lost friend—one of the girls, in particular, that of his first love. The tragedy happens in the first third of the film, and as sketchily as the producer up to that point has presented the separate characters, as minutely does he now seek to expose the divergent oscillations caused by the tragedy in each individual soul. Here he reveals a profound psychological understanding. For these young people, in recalling the figure of their ill-fated friend, have to face up to their own responsibility for

him and to confront, as it were, their own selves.

The first real encounter with death places objects and feelings into an unfamiliar perspective and arouses in these young people a desire for complete candour. In the sudden light of this frankness, relationships tear apart or gain a new sense. With stumbling words and half-gestures they search for their vanished playmate and belatedly try to clarify their relationship to him—by way of self-accusation, jealousy, unsubmissive rebellion.

Summer has come to an end and with it the irresponsibility of youth. Our hearts contract as from the window of the car we look back for the last time at the receding houses of the modern settlement and the abandoned riverbank.

Perhaps we come closest to the truth embodied in this film if we regard it as a requiem for a lost friend. This requiem resounds in the objects glittering in the room of one of the boys to the music of Frescobaldi, in the moving dirge of the dead youngster's grandmother as the camera moves over the deserted room.

The same synthesis may be felt throughout the film; everything is Hungarian and everything is European and modern at the same time. Again we must stress the work of the cameraman, Sándor Sára, which is in harmony with to that of the director. This is the fifth film in which Gaál and Sára have collaborated. Among them "Track Repairers" and ("Gipsies" have won international prizes. "Gipsies," incidentally, was directed by Sára and photographed by Gaál.) As a result of this long-standing collaboration the contribution made by each of them to this, their first common feature film, is so happily fused that it is impossible and superfluous to determine which of them deserves the greater credit for this or that brilliantly executed pictorial solution. One thing is certain: this is one of the most thoughtfully and artistically photographed films to have seen the light of day in Hungary.

At the beginning of the film the awkwardness here and there of the dialogues is somewhat annoying. But by the time we reach the second third of the film we already find ourselves smiling as we realize that this is just the way we talked when we were eighteen years old, with the same self-important bumptiousness, serving to conceal our growing alarm. These young people are now taking the first steps towards finding themselves.

In the acting too these youthful attitudes first disturb and subsequently reassure us. It was a brilliant idea to entrust the roles to students of the academy, to beginners. These young people do not struggle so much with their roles but rather with the fact that they themselves do not know just what they would do if they were faced in reality with the situation into which they drift in the film. By essentially leaving them to their own devices and mainly confining himself to recording the results, Gaál follows the best method possible in the given case. From among the ensemble of Mariann Moór, András Kozák, Sándor Csikos and Lajos Tóth deserve separate mention. But our unstinted praise should go to Maria Mezei, whom we did not see but whose voice we heard in the beautifully sung dirge.

After many tentative searching we feel that in Hungarian film making at last we obtained the real new trend. This film is the opening door of a new generation of the cinema and we have some reason to hope that the door from now on will remain open.

BÁLINT TÓTH

MUSICAL LIFE

PÁL KADOSA

Portrait of a Composer

Pál Kadosa, one of the composers of the generation after Bartók, was born on September 6, 1903, at Léva, a small town in the former Hungarian Highlands, now belonging to Czechoslovakia. Owing to the early death of his father, his mother took him and his younger brother to live with their grandparents in Nagyszombat, today Trnava in Czechoslovakia. On his eighth birthday he asked his grandparents to let him have piano lessons. That is how his musical career began. His first teacher was an old lady who hardly knew more than how to read music; to put it more accurately, he learned from her not much more than the names of the notes and the place of the corresponding keys on the piano.

He was still in primary school at Nagyszombat when he began to compose, without any theoretical training, on the model of such music as came his way, all of which he "devoured voraciously." This "solitary stalking" in the ever-widening realm of music began in the last years of peace preceding the First World War and lasted until the end of the war. In 1918 the family moved to Budapest. Here he first took private piano lessons and it was only when he had finished secondary school that he took up musical studies seriously. At the Academy of Music he studied the piano under Arnold Székely. When looking back on this period of his life the composer explained "I knew I should have to learn about the technical part of composing. I had taught myself the tricks of the trade with more or less—rather less—satisfactory results, until I found a valuable helper and instructor in István Kardos. I studied with him for several months, perhaps a year. Then I became a pupil of Kodály, and this exerted a decisive influence on my further career. I have learned very much from him, but, of course, only a fragment of what he has to offer. I have endeavoured to learn from him what is the precondition of development in general, notably that one should set oneself exacting standards. On the whole I still exist on the profit gained from him."

In this instance 'profit' naturally applies to the ethical sense—and in addition, to technical proficiency—but does not imply any stylistic relationship between master and pupil. In teaching composition Kodály followed the principle of respecting a pupil's individuality. He set high demands, and those who stood the test of his exacting standards could start on their own way armed with considerable knowledge. Of course, there have always been students who were unable to escape the spell of Kodály's fascinating personality; most of these refrained from seeking new paths and consciously strove to follow in his footsteps. Kadosa, however, was far from belonging to this category; a search for signs of ex-

ternal influences in his youthful compositions is more likely to suggest the intellectual effect of Bartók, Stravinsky, and Hindemith. His relationship to folk song is also completely different from that of many members of Kodály's school. He never toured the villages to collect folk songs and although he has composed arrangements of folk songs in all periods of his life, folk music has acted on his work rather as a general intellectual force, chiefly through the art of Bartók, than with the direct power of a natural phenomenon.

Such an "indirect folk-song effect"—perhaps a direct effect of Bartók and Stravinsky—can be discovered in an important piece among the youthful compositions for piano, the Second Piano Sonata, Op. 9, composed in 1926–1927. This work was contemporary with Bartók's First Concerto for Piano, his Sonata for Piano and the cycle entitled In the Open; its spiritual relationship to these compositions is evidenced by the occasional treatment of the piano as a percussion instrument, the persistent, ostinato repetition of brief themes at close intervals, stormily emphatic execution, parts of movements in driving unison, and pentatonic influence in the construction of melodic lines. As with his previous compositions, this work of Kadosa was published by the well-known music publisher Schott in Mainz which undertook to issue all the young Hungarian musician's works. A special title page was designed for the compositions of Kadosa and up to the year 1933 fifteen works of his were published. When the nazis came into power this connection was severed for ever. The last work of Kadosa to be published in Mainz was Op. 18, Three Easy Sonatinas for Piano, composed in November 1931. It is worth while drawing attention to these pieces, because in every stylistic period of his life, from early youth to the present day, Kadosa has composed studies which permit an illuminating insight into his methods of work.

These pieces furthermore indicate that Kadosa has always been interested in educational problems. In 1927, having taken his degree at the Budapest Academy of Music, he joined the staff of the Fodor Music School where he taught until December 31, 1942. "When I finished school I began to teach at once, and learnt much from teaching as well as from my pupils. It is the same with every teacher who is any good."

He watched with an observant eye all that took place around him—and not only in music. He was interested in literature and the fine arts, and maintained a connection with progressive intellectual movements. He became a musical leader of the "100% Group," and later was active in the Hungarian section of the International Association of New Music. "In my human and musical development I was exposed to numerous influences," he has stated. "I am not thinking of stylistic forces, but have to explain that I responded very readily to the impulses that reached me from my colleagues, my fellow-fighters, my artist friends and acquaintances. In this connection I think of Hugo Kelen, György Kósa, of Ferenc Szabó and István Szelényi, of Ferenc Farkas, Sándor Veress, László Káldy, László Somogyi, Vilmos Palotai, or among the poets, of Lajos Kassák and Attila József... The line would not be complete if I omitted to mention Bence Szabolcsi and Aladár Tóth who noticed me; they are only a few years my senior but were standing firmly on their feet while I was still stumbling awkwardly. I was extremely fortunate in that many of our most excellent performers stood by me in my youth. I was not yet twenty when Mária Basilides sang several songs of mine, and only a few years over twenty when József Szigeti put in his program my Sonatina for Violin, to be followed by other works for this instrument."

The line of artists who stood by Kadosa or influenced his art is still incomplete.

In the early thirties he began his second creative period—the chief period of concertos and divertimentos—which displayed with increasing clarity the influence of Stravinsky and Hindemith, of neo-classicism and jazz. There was also someone else whose intellectual influence can hardly be disputed, namely Bertolt Brecht. His odd, wry humour, his dramatic art rich in astounding, unexpected turns left their mark on the Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra (Op. 26, 1936) and the Concertino for Viola and Orchestra (Op. 21, 1937), as well as on Kadosa's first work for the stage, *Irren ist staatlich*, the German libretto of which he wrote himself; this introduction to the second creative period, Op. 17, was written as a study-piece. This delightful political satire of grotesque humour requiring a small cast of a few singers and musicians pronounces judgment on the fate of a man who has been 'executed and revived.' The first Hungarian performance was given only after 1945; entitled "Even the Law Can be Wrong," it was performed in the small hall of the Academy of Music by the Comic Opera, which was then housed there. At earlier concert performances in which parts of it only were presented, it appeared as *Lehrstück Op. 17* in order to avoid trouble with the censor.

This creative period actually opened with the First Piano Concerto (Op. 15, 1931), the first work which brought the composer before an international audience. The opening night was on June 9, 1933, in Amsterdam, at the 11th festival of the International Association of New Music; the Concertgebouw Orchestra was conducted by Eduard van Beinum, and the composer himself played the piano part. The Brussels journal *Les Beaux Arts* referred to the composition as a work abounding in dissonances, the ideas of which were permeated by a certain instinctive impetuosity, but nevertheless showed the composer to be endowed with genuine qualities and a strong capacity for expression.

The next year also brought him a noteworthy success abroad. His First Divertimento composed in 1933 (Op. 20a) was played on September 8, 1934, at the Venice Biennale in a program including new works by Mortari, Dallapiccola, and Martinu. This was the only Hungarian work in the program of the Biennale and it was a great success. The Second Divertimento, also composed in 1933 (Op. 20b), was given its première at Strassbourg. The First Divertimento was played in Hungary too in 1935, but the Second has never been heard here. In 1960 the composer revised the latter; he did not alter its form, proportions or harmonic line, but simplified certain parts. In Hungary the piece has been played in this new form in the 1960's.

The Second Divertimento, with its pale memories of folk songs, its mechanical steely rhythm, austere and hard harmonies, and linear-polyphonic construction bears witness to the influence of Bartók and the neo-baroque concerto. It was dedicated to Béla Bartók who expressed his thanks in a very cordial, warm-hearted letter. The principal theme of the first fast movement is developed from a motif of Bartók's Allegro Barbaro—obviously as an allusion to the dedication. With its themes of long, sweeping lines, the Andante—as is usual in baroque concertos—affords a lyrical rest between the other two swiftly-racing movements. The closing Presto is a sonata rondo of tempestuous speed. The simple main theme in folk rhythm is introduced by the strings. At the close of the movement the main theme and a delicate second theme recur before the headlong drive of the finishing section (this characteristic may also be observed in later works of Kadosa).

'Lyrical rest' has been mentioned above in connection with the Second Divertimento—the word 'lyrical' being employed for the first time in the analysis. In fact Kadosa's works composed at that time display few lyrical features; the contrasts of hardness, of primordial power are here pro-

duced by manifestations of grotesque humour. His lyrical gestures are shy and modest; Sándor Veress has aptly remarked that with Kadosa a lyrical passage is always followed by a grimace. It is as if he apologizes for an involuntary lapse into softness.

Of course, there are moments when lyric occurs without any shame or self-consciousness, as in the Second Piano Concerto, more generally known as Concertino (Op. 29, 1938), the composer's most popular concert piece. Lyrical passages permeate the slow movement, but—since the thematic material flows freely across the open bound of the movements—they are encountered also in the initial fast movement, the character of which is indicated by the title Preludio-Toccata. The composition opens with solemn chords played by the solo piano and the fast main theme itself commences only after this brief, slow introduction. The chief thought of the Preludio is introduced by the orchestra which creates a restlessness and tension although it moves at an even pace. The various parts seem to vie with each other to gain precedence, in a baroque sense. Soon the piano also joins the fray, introducing a gentle, song-like theme in contrast with the emphatic tone of the introduction, and the energetic main theme (thus anticipating the main theme of the slow movement). The introductory chords unexpectedly return, to give place to a witty, virtuoso recapitulation of what has gone before.

As has been stated already, lyrical passages occur without reserve in the slow movement, the Romanza. The widely sweeping, sharply accentuated, intertwining melody of the latter is introduced by the piano which thenceforward carries on a dialogue with the orchestra. Among the melodies for the orchestra, a soft motif suggesting a "night-patrol" is given out by the brass and wood-wind; from this time onward, it returns as a sort of "musical visiting-card" in Kadosa's various compositions, from The Adventure of Huszt, a comic opera, to the slow movement of the Fifth Symphony. Here in the Concertino it also appears several times and with particular weight in the orchestra, while the main theme figures only once in the orchestral score, at the close of the slow movement, as if to sum it up. A rhythmic element now promptly comes to the fore: the lyrical warmth of the Romanza is resolved into palpitating motion verging on the riotous in the uninterrupted flow of the Tarantella. After a short introduction the tarantella theme appears in the piano score, invested with a dash which is intensified to exhaustion by its melodies, which leap in two directions. Then the dance proper takes place: the theme crops up in the whirling eddy, of the rondo theme assuming fresh force after every inserted episode. Suddenly the pace of the dance seems to be curbed, the music becomes softer and a muffled trumpet proclaims a few facetiously sad notes. For a few moments the tarantella is revived but finally loses all its vigour in a violent passage on the piano, and with two soft but decisive chords the strings finish the composition.

Such balanced serenity is not encountered again in the works of Kadosa for a long time. The years that followed the Concertino were far from being years of serenity and balance: to the artist weighing the future, the horizon of Europe began to shrink, and the shadow of war loomed before him. He thought of emigration. When he turned to Béla Bartók for a letter of recommendation, he gave him one with the following text in May, 1939.

> "Pál Kadosa is one of the most outstanding young composers; his proficiency is very remarkable; this is evidenced by his works and by his performances at several festivals of the International Society of New Music.—In addition he is an excellent pianist and teacher.
>
> His presence will therefore be a great gain to any country where he settles."

In the end, however, Kadosa remained in Hungary. The Second World War broke out. The number of his new works gradually

decreased. By the end of the 'thirties and the early 'forties his inspiration was nourished on doubt and the hopeless gloom of anxiety. As shown by his Partita for Orchestra, Op. 34, composed in 1943 and 1944, his material was harsh and despondent, concentrated into crowded polyphony, his gestures stiffened into convulsions, his means of espression grew increasingly intricate, as if they were gradually drifting further away from the reality of the musical material. At this time the composer worked only for the sake of composing, for there was no chance of his works ever being performed, unless—and it was a remote hope—the surrounding world underwent a radical change.

The liberation gave a fresh impetus to his work both as composer and as teacher. In 1945 he became professor of piano and head of the piano faculty at the Budapest Academy of Music. He was elected vice president of the Arts Council functioning under the presidency of Kodály.

In the meantime he set to work with renewed energy: in 1948 he wrote his Second Symphony (Op. 39) in which the capricious metric flashes of the opening capriccio movement and the free-ranging closing movement of popular inspiration embrace two dance-movements, one slow, the other quick, recalling distant memories of recruiting dances both in tone and in rhythm.

The Second Symphony is representative of the third creative period of Kadosa, which followed the end of the Second World War. This period is marked by the prominence assigned to Hungarian material, which is to be found, for example, in the Second Symphony; tunes assume a broader curve, the "grimaces" vanish, and aphoristic style gives place to wider elaboration.

This creative period was very brief; it ended in 1949, when the fourth period began, a time of cantatas, songs for the masses, and the comic opera entitled 'The Adventure of Huszt.' This commendable and well-meaning period brought him the greatest disappointment. Apart from the song Welcome May which has really become a song of the people, and for which he was awarded the Kossuth Prize in 1950, none of these works exerted an effect which might have helped to promote contact between the composer and the new audiences. In analysing this period of his creative career Kadosa has declared: "In the years of darkness I was condemned to silence. Not I alone, but many others with me. When the liberation in 1945 restored the possibility of expression, with growing dismay we found—or at least I did—that in the terribly long years of silence I had lost the power of speech. Those who had seemed to like my compositions almost or completely failed to understand my musical language. No one expected me to do violence to my own feelings, but I could not resign myself to the idea that the message I had to communicate should fail to reach those for whom it was intended. I attempted the impossible, I tried to jump out of my skin, I strove to simplify my message to the utmost. Instead of trying to build a bridge between the people and myself by means of collective experience or through the intensity of common experience I concentrated on simplifying the means of execution. The experiment, which was doomed to failure from the very beginning, naturally failed. Nobody wanted these works. Today I think that least of all did I myself want them."

The most significant fruit of this unsuccessful period was The Adventure of Huszt (Op. 40, 1949–1950). This comic opera of two acts was composed to Bence Szabolcsi's libretto based on the short story of Jókai entitled "The Visitors of Huszt." The action revives a humorous romantic episode of the Hungarian revolt against the Hapsburgs at the beginning of the 18th century, giving an account of the stratagems and tricks by which the Hungarian insurgents took the Castle of Huszt from the Austrians. The music is delicate, witty, full of delightful features, but the piece suggests

a brilliant series of independent episodes rather than a dramatic work of inexorable logic. Some of the scenes decidedly diminish the effect of preceding ones, causing a break in dramatic developments. The Adventure of Huszt was broadcast by the Hungarian Radio in August, 1951; in the autumn of the same year it had its *première* at the Budapest State Opera. The finale of the first act is based on the melody of the popular Welcome May, but, as has been remarked before, the opera found no favour with the public. It was a failure, and was only given nine times altogether. Today, about a decade and a half after the first night, the composer thinks that putting the libretto to music was beyond his powers. "The stage life of the work was not long" he said, "it had no real success; in this respect it shared the fate of several other new Hungarian operas which solved their *task* better than I have solved mine. The really strange truth is that sometimes inferior works were successful. Of course the first failure did not discourage me, at least not for a long time. He who cannot take failure does not deserve success. If I found a libretto to my liking I should immediately start to compose music to it."

In his fourth period the composer felt that he had reached a crisis: the demands of modernity had forced him into an impasse of over-simplification. The Third Piano Concerto (Op. 47, 1953; revised in 1955), however, showed a way out of this crisis; it seemed that Kadosa had recovered his own, individual tone. Simplification was a thing of the past, without any return by the composer to the intricate modes of expression he had cultivated in earlier years. The fast first movement is in a remarkable sonata form; after four sweeping opening bars the piano introduces the explosively vigorous main theme in varying metres. After this has been elaborated in numerous ways, the clarinet introduces a lyrical second theme which is taken up by the piano and woven into a fantasia. The development consists of two major sections: the second theme is elaborated in the style of a choral variation: this is separated from the second section (which begins with a fugato) by a short piano cadenza. The second section is constructed of material from the main theme. To illustrate the proportions of the formal structure of the movement, it may be noted that the number of bars in the first and third sections, the exposition and the recapitulation, correspond exactly.

The slow movement of the Piano Concerto consists of three sections and is in free, song form. The dirge-like, monotonous, repetitive theme of the first section is introduced by the piano. Mysterious sounds of nature are heard in the passionate middle section, then the music of the first section returns, to die away. The final fast movement is a freely formed sonata rondo. The vigorous, brilliantly racing music contains—perhaps as a reminder—a few melodies recalling the composer's earlier creative periods.

The Third String Quartet (Op. 52, 1927) is not a transition product, but definitely indicates the beginning of a new—the fifth—creative period. This work is marked by extreme seriousness and economy of expression and melodic line. In terseness it may be regarded as the forerunner of the Fourth Symphony (Op. 53, 1958–1959), to this day felt to be Kadosa's most important work, the performance of which has once more won the appreciation of audiences for the composer.

"The Fourth Symphony is funeral music" Kadosa said before its first night. "This explains the unusual order of the movements: the work of three movements is terminated by a slow movement of dramatic tone, the performance of which takes half an hour. It lacks true contrasts, that is to say, true contrasts of mood. My symphony was composed for a string orchestra, and the intonation of a string orchestra is typical lyrical intonation. Yet none of the three

movements is a really lyrical one, even if the atmosphere occasionally softens. Of course, there can be no cheerful or bright movement in a funeral symphony. The lack of contrast is certainly a musical "mistake," but at least it offered a problem of some magnitude. On the other hand, from what I have said I think it clearly emerges that I had to bear the weight of this problem... The musical language of the symphony is not simple. My works composed in the 'twenties and the 'thirties and also a part of those written later were of an avant-garde character. Since the end of the 'forties, out of ideological and political conviction I have endeavoured to express myself more simply and to render my style more understandable. Through this striving for clarity, the style of several of my colleagues has become schematic, academic and obsolete—my own language too. At the same time I found that this clear, or at least more easily comprehensible, music failed to grip audiences, because the messages of our own days cannot be conveyed to our audiences in anything else but the language of today. We had to throw off the shackles of academicism and provincialism; we had to get rid of the delusion that only the old is modern and new. I am ever more strongly convinced that if our music really has a message to communicate, and if this message is expressed with intensity, then the modern form which suits the message of our days cannot be an obstacle barring our music from finding its way to present-day audiences."

The Fifth Symphony (Sinfonia Breve, Op. 55), composed in 1960 and 1961, forms a "counterpart" to the tragic Fourth Symphony. It is composed for a small symphony orchestra. This work cannot be regarded as serene, though when compared to the Fourth Symphony it is marked by lighter colours. To use the composer's own words, this work was to express the moods of weekdays, the lyrical aspects and the drama of everyday life.

It consists of three movements. The frequent solo appearance of the wind instruments after the style of chamber music is a striking feature, and so is the noticeable endeavour to create a synthesis of freely-interpreted twelve-note music and tonality, as in the Fourth Symphony. As in many other cyclic works of Kadosa, the various movements are connected by 'reminiscent motifs.' The fast opening movement is in sonata form, the slow movement—where dodecaphony predominates—is an Andante of mysterious tone in song form. This movement is the outstandingly beautiful part of the work. It is followed by a sonata rondo of passionate force.

Those who were present at the world *premières* of these two symphonies felt that their intensity found its way to the audiences. Most of the public were unaware that these compositions were the synthesis of all the former endeavours of an artist who had trodden many paths and had more than once found himself in a deadlock. However, they must have felt that they were having the language of today, and that these tersely artistic compositions of glowing tone were throbbing with the rhythm of our days.

FERENC BÓNIS

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

ERDEI, Ferenc (born 1910). Agrarian economist, academician, Director of the Research Institute for Agrarian Economy, General Secretary of the People's Patriotic Front, member of the Editorial Board of our periodical. In 1934 he joined the incipient sociographic movement for village research. Was a leader of the left wing of the National Peasant Party, formed in 1939. In 1945 he became its vice president and then its general secretary. He was Minister of Home Affairs of the Provisional National Government formed on the already liberated territory of Hungary on December 20, 1944, then Minister of State in 1948, Minister of Agriculture from 1949 to 1953, Minister of Justice in 1953 and 1954, and Deputy Prime Minister in 1955 and 1956. He is also an M.P. His chief works: *Parasztok* ("Peasants") (1938); *Magyar város* ("The Hungarian City") (1939); *Magyar falu* ("The Hungarian Village") (1940); *Futóhomok* ("Drift Sand") (1941); *A magyar parasztársadalom* ("Hungarian Peasant Society") (1942); *Magyar tanyák* ("Hungarian Farmsteads") (1942); *A szövetkezeti úton* ("On the Cooperative Road") (1956); *Mezőgazdaság és szövetkezet* ("Agriculture and Cooperation") (1959); *A termelőszövetkezeti munkaszervezés gyakorlati kézikönyve* ("A Practical Handbook of Production Organization on Cooperative Farms") (1960).

KEMENES, Egon (b. 1924). Economist. Author of essays on market-research. See his articles in several previous numbers of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

BÓKA, László (b. 1910), literary historian, novelist and poet, professor at the Eötvös Loránd University in Budapest, member of the Editorial Board of our periodical. His publications include monographs on Endre Ady and János Vajda, a volume of essays entitled *Tegnaptól máig* ("From Yesterday to Today"): two volumes of poetry *Jégvirág*, *Szebb az új* ("Frost Flower," "New Beauties"): and more recently the novels *Alázatosan jelentem*, ("Have the Honour to Report,") *A Karoling trón* ("The Carolingian Throne"), *Karfiol Tamás* ("Thomas the Cauliflower"), *Nandu*, from which our review published extracts, Vol. V, No. 14.

VAS, István (b. 1910). Poet and literary translator. Has written poetry, criticism and essays since his early youth. His earliest works appeared in socialist periodicals, and later he became a contributor to the periodical *Nyugat*. Mr. Vas, one of the major living Hungarian poets, was twice awarded the Baumgarten Prize (1936, 1948), twice the Attila József Prize (1951, 1955), and more recently the Kossuth Prize for his poetry. His volumes of poems are: *Őszi rombolás* ("Autumn Havoc"), 1932; *Levél a szabadságról* ("Letter on Freedom"), 1935; *Menekülő múzsa* ("The Fleeing Muse"), 1938; *Kettős örvény* ("Double Vortex"), 1947; *Római pillanat* ("Moment in Rome"), 1948; *A teremtett világ* ("The World as Created"), 1956; *Rapszódia egy őszi kertben* ("Rhapsody in an Autumn Garden"), 1960; *Római rablás* ("Roman Pillage"), 1962, and Collected poems, 1963. Fiction: *Elvesztett otthonok* ("Lost Homes"), 1957; *Nehéz szerelem* ("Troubled Love"), 1964. Plays: *Trisztán* ("Tristan") 1957, *Rendetlen bűnbánat* ("Disorderly Penitence"), 1963, both in collaboration with Endre Illés. Volume of essays: *Évek és művek* ("Years and Works"), 1958. Translated, among many others, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Huxley, Eliot, O'Neill, Steinbeck, Villon, Racine, Molière, Apollinaire, Anatole France, Goethe, Schiller, Fontane, and a whole volume of the English metaphysical poets. See his "A Journey to England" in Vol. I, No. 1, of the New Hungarian Quarterly.

GENTHON, István (b. 1903) Art historian. Since 1945 has leaded the department for modern foreign art of the National Museum of Fine Arts. Among the large number of his publications we should mention his comprehensive topography of historical monuments entitled *Magyarország Műemlékei* ("Historic Monuments of Hungary"), his volume *Új magyar festőművészet* ("New Hungarian Painting") and his album on the life and art of the painter József Rippl-Rónai. (See also his essays on Béni Ferenczy in Vol. 1. No. 1. and on Miklós Borsos in Vol. IV, No. 10 of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

ALMÁSI, Miklós (b. 1931) Aesthetician. Graduated from Eötvös Loránd University. Budapest, as a pupil of György Lukács. Works for the Institute for Theatrical Research. Recently published a book about the main trends in contemporary drama. See also his "The Impact of Cinema on Literature," in Vol. IV, No. 10, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

FENÁKEL, Judit. Novelist and short story writer. Educated at Attila József University, Szeged, she acquired a degree as secondary school-teacher. At present works on the staff of a local daily paper in Szeged. Published two volumes of short stories and has a novel and another collection of short stories under preparation.

LÁSZLÓ, Anna. Novelist and theatre historian. Studied drama theory at the Budapest Academy of Dramatic Art. Published a monograph on Sándor Hevesi, a notable figure of the modern Hungarian theatre. Since 1956, she has published two collections of short stories, a novel, and a play of hers has been performed; adapted for the children's stage "The Prince and the Pauper".

TREWIN, John Courtenay (b. 1908). Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature; dramatic critic and author; Editorial Staff: Western Independent, 1926—32; The Morning Post, London 1932—37; second dramatic critic, 1934—37; Contributor to The Observer, 1937—; editorial staff, 1942—53, Literary Editor, 1943—48; second dramatic critic 1943—53; Dramatic critic, Punch, 1944—45; John o'London's, 1945—54; The Illustrated London News, 1946—; The Sketch 1947—; The Lady, 1949—; The Birmingham Post 1955—; Radio-drama critic of The Listener, 1951—57; Editor: The West Country Magazine, 1946—52; Plays of the Year Series (17 vols), 1948—; The Year's Work in the Theatre (for the British Council) 1949—51. Publications: The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, 1932; The English Theatre, 1948; Up from the Lizard, 1948; We'll Hear a Play, 1949; (with H. J. Willmott) London-Bodmin, 1950; Stratford-upon-Avon, 1950; The Theatre Since 1900, 1951; The Story of Byath 1951; Drama 1945—50, 1961; Down to the Lion, 1952; (with E. M. King) Printer to the House, 1952; A Play Tonight, 1952; (with T. C. Kemp) The Stratford Festival, 1953; Dramatists of Today, 1953; Edith Evans, 1954; (ed) Theatre Programme, 1954; Mr. Macready, 1955; Sybill Thorndike, 1955; Verse Drama since 1900, 1956; Paul Scofield, 1956; The Night Has Been Unruly, 1957; Alex Clumes, 1958; The Gay Twenties: A Decade of the Theatre, 1958; Sir Frank Benson: A Biography, 1959; The Turbulent Thirties, 1960; A Sword For a Prince, 1960; A Cornish Name, 1961; The Birmingham Repertory Theatre, 1963. (Extract from Who's Who, 1962). See also his "Playgoer in Budapest" in Vol. IV, No. 11, of The N. H. Q.

UNGVÁRI, Tamás (b. 1930). Literary historian, critic and translator. Graduated at Eötvös University, Budapest, worked for a time as assistant editor of a literary periodical, later became play-reader at a musical theatre in Budapest, presently a research worker at the Institute for Hungarian Literary History. Published popular monographs

on Fielding, Thackeray, a travelogue on England and several translations of works by Graham Greene, Arthur Miller, etc. See also his "Living World Literature" in Vol. IV, No. 11, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

ORTUTAY, Gyula (b. 1910). Ethnologist, professor at Loránd Eötvös University in Budapest. President of the Society for Dissemination of Scientific Knowledge. Conducted extensive ethnographic research in the thirties. Between 1947 and 1950 was Minister of Education. Since 1946 has headed the Chair of Folklore, was Secretary General of the People's Patriotic Front. Main works: *Székely népballadák* ("Transylvanian Folk Ballads") Budapest 1935; *Nyíri és rétközi parasztmesék* ("Peasant Tales of Nyír and Rétköz"), Budapest 1935; *Fedics Mihály meséi* ("Mihály Fedics Tells Stories"), Budapest, 1941; *Magyar népmüvészet* ("Hungarian Folk Art"), Vol. 1—2. Budapest, 1942; *Parasztságunk élete* ("Life of Our Peasantry," also in English), Budapest 1947; *Magyar Népmesék* ("Hungarian Folk Tales," in German Ungarische Volksmärchen, Berlin, 1957, English edition under preparation). See also his essays in Vol. I, No. 1, and Vol. II, No. 4, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.)

SZINAI, Miklós (b. 1918) archivist at the Hungarian National Archives in Budapest. His scientific work is directed mainly to Hungarian history between the two world wars. See also his "Horthy's secret Correspondence with Hitler, in Vol. IV, No. 11, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

KARSAI, Elek (b. 1922) Historian. Acquired his degree at Loránd Eötvös University, Budapest. From 1946 to 49 he worked as Assistant Professor at the Sociological Institute of the University, then joined the staff of the Hungarian National Archives. He is engaged chiefly in the study of the period from the Paris peace treaties to the end of the Second World War. See also his articles "The Meeting of Gömbös and Hitler" in the Vol. III, No. 5, of the New Hungarian Quarterly.

HANKISS, Elemér (b. 1928). Literary historian. After acquiring his degree in English and French literature in 1950, worked for ten years at the National Széchényi Library's Department of Theatrical History; now heads the group dealing with English and American literature at Europe Publishing House in Budapest. Published several studies in various periodicals at home and abroad. See also his article, The Hamlet Experience, in Vol. V, No. 13, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

SZÁSZ, Imre (b. 1927). Writer and translator. His first novel, *Szól a síp* ("The Whistle Blows"), gives a vivid picture of the period of the liberation struggle under Ferenc Rákóczi in the eighteenth century. *Vízparti kalauz* ("Water-front Guide"), is a volume of indeterminate literary genre, compounded of meditations, lyricism, short stories and portraits on the riparian life. He has translated a number of English and American authors, including Shakespeare, Chaucer and Melville ("Moby Dick"). See also his short story in Vol. III, No. 5, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

GOFFIN, Robert (b. 1898). Poet, literary historian; president of the Belgian Pen Club's French center. A lifelong friend of Maeterlinck, Cocteau, Eluard, Cendrars and Max Jacob, he published—besides volumes of his own poetry—a number of essays on literature; among which that on Rimbaud was praised by André Gide as "rendering ultimately the *real* Rimbaud to humantiy". A well-known European expert on jazz, he published several monographs on this subject as well as a volume of poetry on jazz. His volume on world poetry, from which we publish some passages on Emily Dickinson, was published in 1964. He is also a barrister, approved by the Bruxelles High Court.

CZIMER, József (b. 1913). Play-reader, translator and drama-critic. Attended school in Budapest and acquired his doctor's degree at the philosophical faculty of the Eötvös University. Worked in the University's Psychological Institute before the war, with the intention of becoming a psychologist, became a professional journalist in 1945, since 1956, resident drama critic in the Budapest *Vígszínház* (Gaiety Theatre). In addition to two books, *A régi Magyarország és az új* ("The Old Hungary and the New") and *Hollywoodi boszorkányok* ("Hollywood Witches") has published numerous essays and other papers in Hungary and abroad. (See also his essay "Style-Breaking" in the Theatre, in The New Hungarian Quarterly, Vol. I, No. 1).

BÉLÁDI, Miklós (b. 1928). Scientific coworker at the Institute of Literary History of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Editor of the periodical *Kritika* ("Critique"). Author of essays and papers on twentieth-century and contemporary Hungarian literature.

MÉSZÖLY, Miklós (b. 1921). Author. After the war and several years of captivity was successively mill inspector, public supply clerk, journalist, newspaper proprietor and puppet-show dramaturgist. At present is devoting himself to literary activity. His main works are: a volume of short stories entitled *Sötét jelek* ("Sombre Signals"); the novel *A fekete gólya* ("Black Stork"); a burlesque tragedy *Az ablakmosó* ("The Window-Cleaner"); *Bunker* ("Air-raid Shelter"), a drama published by Dialog, Warsaw; and the novel, *Az atléta halála* ("Death of an Athlete"), to be published in Budapest and in France (Éditions du Seuil).

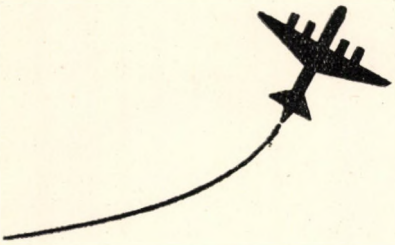
TÓTH, Bálint (b. 1929). Librarian, translator. Worker at the Department for Theatrical History at the National Széchényi Library in Budapest. Published translation of poems by Rilke, Petrarca, etc. See also his article Modern Trends in New Hungarian Films, Vol. V, No. 13, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

BÓNIS, Ferenc (b. 1932). Musicologist, received his diploma in musical science at the Ferenc Liszt Musical Academy in Budapest. Head of the department of Hungarian Musicology at the Budapest Bartók Archives. His works: *Bartók Béla élete képekben* ("The Life of Béla Bartók in Photographs"), 1956, 1958 and 1961, also in English and German, Boosey and Hawkes, 1964; *A Vietórisz kódex táncai* ("Dances of the Codex Vietoris") 1958; *Mosonyi Mihály*, 1960; "Quotations in Bartók's Music," 1963; *Die ungarischen Tänze in der Handschrift von Apponyi* ("The Hungarian Dances in the Handwriting of Apponyi") 1964.

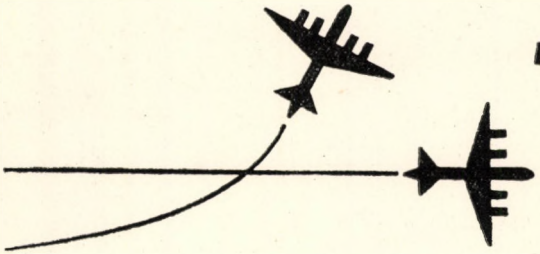
PERNECZKY, Géza (b. 1936). Critic and art historian. In 1954 obtained a musical teacher's degree at the Béla Bartók School for Music; in 1962 finished his studies in art history and Hungarian literature at Eötvös Loránd University in Budapest. Since then editor at the Art Fund Publishing House. See also his "Two Exhibitions", in Vol. IV, No. 12, of The New Hungarian Quarterly.

DERCSÉNYI, Dezső (b. 1910). Art historian. Deals mainly with the medieval Hungarian art. Publications in this field: *Nagy Lajos kora* ("The Age of King Louis the Great") 1943; *Az esztergomi Porta Speciosa* ("The Porta Speciosa in Esztergom") 1948; *Visegrád műemlékei* ("The Art Monuments of Visegrád"); 1951. Since 1953 editor of the periodical *Művészettörténeti értesítő* ("Communications on the History of Art") and of the series of monographs *Magyarország műemléki topográfiája* ("Topography of Historical Monuments in Hungary"). For a volume of this series entitled *Sopron és környéke műemlékei* ("Monuments of Sopron and its Vicinity") written by Mr. Dercsényi in collaboration with Mr. Endre Csatkai, both authors were awarded the Kossuth Prize.

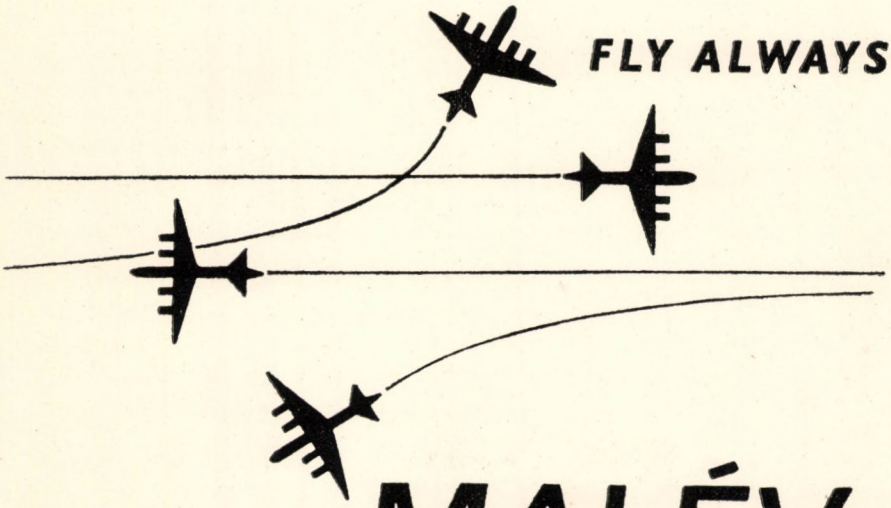
Amsterdam
Athens
Belgrade
Berlin
Brussels
Bucharest
Cairo
Copenhagen
Frankfort
Helsinki
London
Milan
Moscow
Paris
Prague
Rome
Sofia
Stockholm
Tirana
Vienna
Warsaw
Zurich



FLY ONCE



FLY AGAIN



FLY ALWAYS

MALÉV

HUNGARIAN AIRLINES, 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: Central Books Ltd., 37 Grays Inn Road, London W. C. 1.
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