

E M L É K N Y O M O K
L I E U S D E M É M O I R E

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Rozsda Endre rajzai és 1956-os menekültekkel
készült interjúk
Les dessins de Endre Rozsda et
les entretiens avec les réfugiés de 1956

Centrális Galéria, 2006



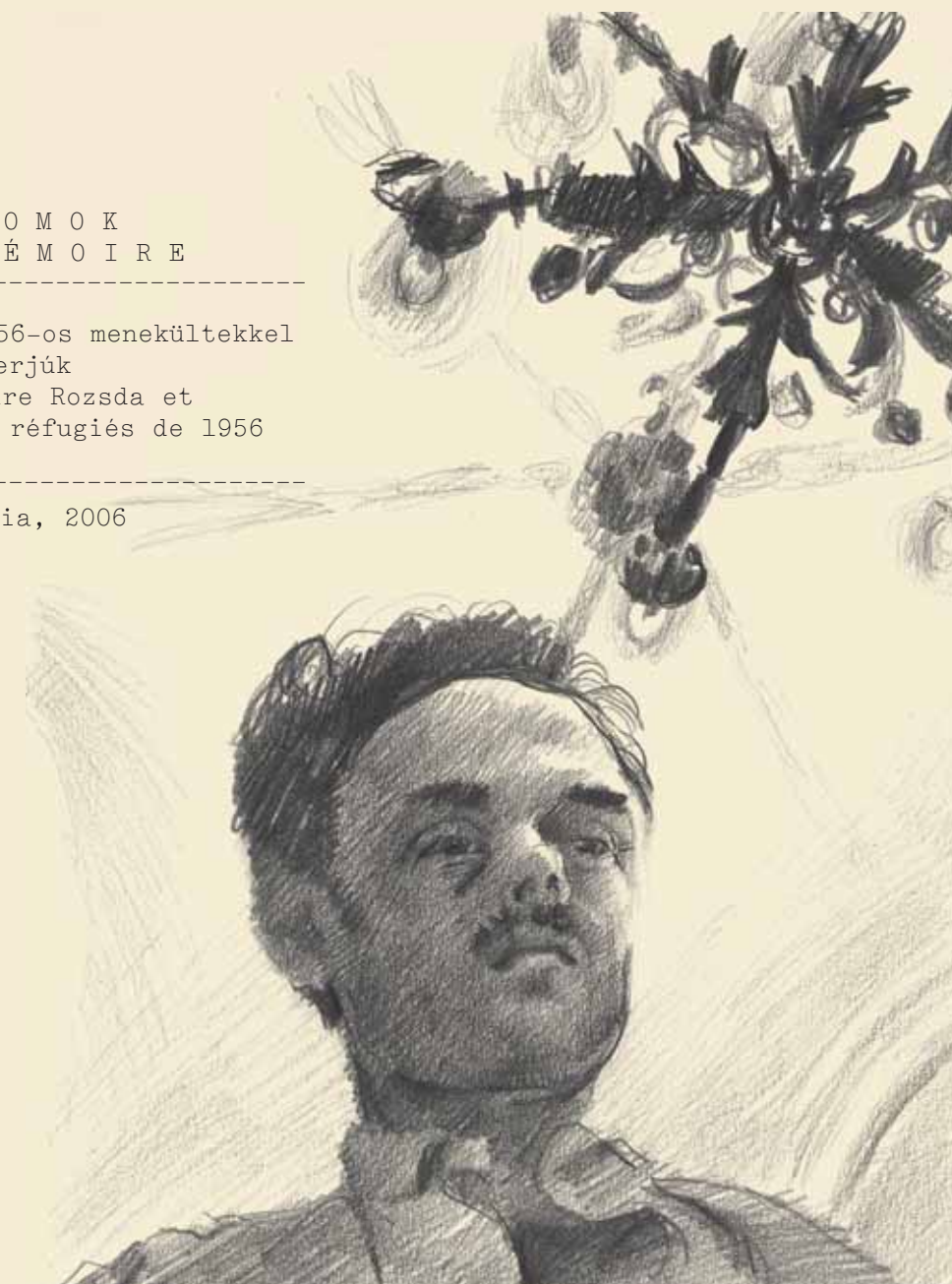
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Készült az 1956-os forradalom 50. évfordulóján

Préparé à l'occasion du cinquantième anniversaire de la révolution de 1956

A kiállítás létrejöttét a MALÉV és az Institut Français de Budapest támogatta



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K Ö S Z Ö N E T N Y I L V Á N Í T Á S

Két embernek: Székely Antalnak és Guy Turbert Delofnak köszönhetjük, hogy a kiállításon bemutatott Rozsda Endre-rajzok fennmaradtak.

Székely Antal, Rozsda Endre régi barátja vigyázott az alkotásokra a művész száműzetése idején, s haláláig odaadóan és körültekintően őrizte a műveket. Guy Turbert Delof pedig – aki 1956-ban a magyarországi Francia Intézet igazgatója volt – nem csekély kockázatot vállalt, hogy segíthessen Rozsda Endrének, s több más festőnek, zenésznek, színésznek. Fejtő Ferenc így emlékezett rá: *"Bensőséges, kifinomult kapcsolata alakult ki a magyar nyelvvel, történelemmel, irodalommal, az értelmiségi körökkel éppúgy, mint a budapesti és a vidéki emberekkel. Ezért nem csupán a magyarországi események kivételesen jó megfigyelője lett, hanem – ami nagy ritkaság – előre látta azt is, ami elkövetkezzt."* Delof megtestesítette azt az ideált, amit a francia kultúrában mint a művészek jótevőjét és támogatóját ismernek. A budapesti Francia Intézet azóta is rendszeresen segíti és előmozdítja a művészetek ügyét.

Tisztelettel adózunk mindazoknak, akik lehetővé tették, hogy a magyar közönség újra felfedezhesse Rozsda Endre életművét:

*Jean Luc Soulé*nek, aki segített megszervezni Rozsda Endre olajfestményeinek kiállítását a Múcsarnokban.
Stanislas Pierret-nek és *Paul Poudade*-nak, akik a Szépművészeti Múzeumban rendezett Rozsda Endre grafikai kiállítás szervezésében működtek közre.
Jean-Pierre Debaere-nek, *Alain Fourgeux*-nak és *Philippe Zeller* nagykövet úrnak, akik a Mai Manó Ház fotókiállítását támogatták.

Köszönettel tartozunk mindnyájuknak.

* G. Turbet Delof: Az 1956-os magyar forradalom. Egy szemtanú naplója Előszó: Fejtő Ferenc. Szerk. Virág Ibolya és a budapesti Francia Intézet 1996.

H O M M A G E

Tous les dessins d'Endre Rozsda présentés dans cette exposition ont été sauvés grâce à deux personnes: Antal Székely et Guy Turbert Delof.

Antal Székely, son ami de toujours, a été le gardien de l’intégrité physique de l’œuvre qu’il a conditionnée, accompagnée et surveillée pendant son exil. Fidèle à Rozsda jusqu’à sa mort, il a continué à veiller sur la conservation avec zèle et la plus grande discrétion. Guy Turbert Delof, directeur de l’Institut français en Hongrie, en poste en 1956, a pris le risque d’aider Rozsda et tant d’autres artistes, peintres, musiciens, gens de théâtre… François Fejtő a dit de lui «…*Il avait acquis une familiarité exceptionnelle avec la langue, l’histoire, la littérature, les milieux intellectuels et la population de Budapest et de la province. Ce qui lui a permis, non seulement d’être un observateur privilégié de ce qui se passait dans le pays, mais aussi, chose rarissime, de prévoir ce qui s’y passerait.*»* Il a incarné une sorte d’idéal français en protégeant et accueillant ainsi les artistes. Depuis, l’Institut français de Budapest continue son engagement en faveur de l’Art sous toutes ses formes.

Nous voulons aussi rendre hommage à ceux qui ont permis au public hongrois de retrouver l’œuvre de Rozsda:

Jean Luc Soulé qui nous a soutenus pour présenter ses huiles au Grand Palais du Múcsarnok.
Stanislas Pierret et *Paul Poudade* qui ont permis de montrer ses dessins au Musée des Beaux Arts de Budapest.
Jean-Pierre Debaere, Alain Fourgeux et son Excellence *Philippe Zeller* pour l'exposition photographique de Mai-Manó Ház.

Qu'ils en soient tous remerciés.

*«La Révolution hongroise de 1956, Journal d'un témoin» G. Turbet Delof, 1996. Preface de F. Fejtő Ed. Ibolya Virág et l'Institut français en Hongrie.

Az 1956-os magyar forradalom ötvenedik évfordulójára az OSA Archi-vum lemásoltatta és digitalizálta azokat a magyar menekültekkel készült interjúkat, amelyeket a Columbia University Research Project Hungary (CURPH, a Columbia Egyetem Magyarországra vonatkozó kutatási pro-gramja) keretében rögzítettek 1957-ben és 1958-ban. A forradalom leveré-se után majdnem kétszázezer honfitársunk hagyta el az országot, és kere-sett magának új hazát. Ők nemcsak a forradalom eseményeinek, hanem a kommunista rendszer mindennapjainak is elsődleges szemtanúi voltak. A szovjet tömb Sztálin uralma idején és a diktátor halála után is sokáig hermetikusan zárt világ volt. Csak az a propagandakép jutott át a vasfűg-gönyön, amelyet önmagáról festett. Ez a kép egyszerre volt titokzatos és egyben fenyegető is a külső szemlélő számára. A Nyugat szomjazta az információt a kommunizmus valóságáról. A magyar menekültek, akár-csak elődeik, azok a kelet-európai menekültek, akik az 1950-es években sikeresen szöktek Nyugatra és magukkal vitték tapasztalataikat, megke-rülhetetlen forrásai voltak a kommunizmus rejtelmeit vizslató megfigye-lőknek. A magyar menekülteket azonban nemcsak az tette különlegessé, hogy soha korábban egy hullámban ennyi ember nem érkezett a túlsó partról, hanem az is, hogy egy olyan országból érkeztek, amelyben meg-történt az, amit korábban mindenki elképzelhetetlennek hitt: a nép egy csapással megdöntötte a megingathatatlannak vélt kommunista rend-szert. A nyugati kutatók azt remélték, hogy a magyar menekültek beszá-molói nemcsak a sztálinista rezsim természetét tárják föl, hanem általuk fény derül a rendszer összeomlásának rejtélyére is.

Nem a CURPH volt az egyetlen ilyen irányú program. De kétség sem férhet hozzá, hogy ez volt a legkidolgozottabb és legjobban szervezett projektum. Több mint hatszáz interjú készült, jobbára erre külön fölké-szített magyar anyanyelvű interjúkészítők segítségével. A legtöbb interjú fölvétele két-három napon át tartott, az anyag angol nyelvű átírata pedig átlagosan hatvan-hetven oldalnyit tett ki. Az interjúkat részletes kérdőív, készítesí útmutató alapján készítették, amelyet a kor legjobb szocioló-gusai, közvéleménykutatással foglalkozó szakértői állítottak össze. Ezek a stúdiумok akkoriban talán még gyerekcipőben jártak, de így is több, később e tudományterületek klasszikusává váló tudós e program kere-tében szerezte első éles szakmai tapasztalatait. A program előkészítésé-ben és az eredmények értékelésében mások mellett közreműködött

Henry Roberts és Paul Zinner, a kremlinológiai tudományok korai elő-futárai, valamint Siegfried Kracauer és Paul Lazarsfeld, a *„Frankfurti iskolából”* érkezett filozófus-szociológusok. A kutatók nem korlátozták érdeklődésüket a forradalom előzményeire és eseményeire. Sok száz kérdés igyekezett feltárni a mindennapi életviszonyokat, a munkahelyi viszonyokat és munkakörülményeket, az életnívó alakulását, a társadal-mi változásokat, a kultúra, az egyéni és a közmorál változását, az ideo-lógiai indoktrinációt, a vallás és a hagyományos értékrend továbbélé-sét. A vizsgálat célja nem kevesebb volt, mint föltérképezni az emberi lét nehezen megfogható totalitását egy totalitárius diktatúrában.

Ebben az évben az OSA Artchivumot érte az a megtiszteltetés, hogy Budapesten első alkalommal kiállítsa Rozsda Endre festőművész a nagyközönség számára jórészt ismeretlen grafikaiit az 1950-es évek Magyarországról. Kézenfekvő volt a gondolat, hogy a Magyarországról 1956-ban kivándorolt világhírű művész képes naplóját az 1956-os ma-gyar menekültek szóbeli tanúvallomásaival párosítsuk. Rozsda munkáit különböző témakörök szerint lehetett csoportosítani: paraszti élet, tár-gyalóterem, politikai gyűlés, koncert, irodalmi élet, kávéház, fürdő, kór-ház. Az interjúkban nem volt nehéz olyan részleteket találni, amelyek közvetve vagy közvetlenül vonatkoztathatóak voltak az említett téma-körökre. Névtelen menekültek interjúiból éppúgy válogattunk, mint ne-ves értelmiségiek, művészek beszámolóiból: megszólal Benkő Zoltán egykori recski fogoly, Faludy György, a Recsket szintén megjárt költő, Gordon Imre táncdalszerző, vagy Aczél Tamás egykori Sztálin-díjas író, aki az emigrációban a forradalom egyik legfőbb krónikása lett.

Reméljük, hogy az interjúrészletek érzékletesen egészítik ki Rozsda Endre grafikaiit, és e kettő révén fölsejlik az a világ, amelyre valószínű-leg az 1956-os magyar forradalom mérte az első komoly csapást ötven évvel ezelőtt.
Mink András

Az interjúk eredetileg magyar nyelven készültek, de a Columbia Egyetem archívumá-ban csak az angolra fordított átírataikat tartották meg. A katalógusban megőriztük az angol átíratok eredeti formáját és nyelvezetét, a helyesírási és ékezethibákat csak ott javítottuk, ahol nyilvánvalóan korabeli elírásról volt szó. Az összes interjú teljes szö-vege az archívum website-ján olvasható (www.archivum.ws).

^[1] «La Révolution hongroise de 1956, Journal d'un témoin» G

^[2] «La Révolution hongroise de 1956, Journal d'un témoin» G

A l’occasion du 50ème anniversaire de la révolution hongroise de 1956, les Archives OSA ont copié et numérisé les interviews des réfugiés hongrois enregistrées en 1957 et 1958 dans le cadre du projet de recherche de la Columbia University (CURPH). Après l’écrasement de la révolution, près de deux cent mille de nos compatriotes ont quitté la Hongrie à la recherche d’une nouvelle patrie. Ils ont été les témoins non seulement des événements de la révolution, mais aussi du quotitien du régime communiste. Durant le règne de Staline – et même longtemps après la mort du dictateur – le bloc soviétique était un univers clos. Seules les images de propagande créées par le régime ont pu passer le rideau de fer. Ces images étaient à la fois mystérieuses et menaçantes pour l’observateur externe. L’Occident était assoifié d’informations sur la réalité du communisme. Les réfugiés hongrois – tout comme leurs prédécesseurs d’Europe de l’Est qui avaient réussi à s’échapper dans les années 1950 et qui avaient emporté avec eux toutes leurs expériences – ont servi de source incontournable à quiconque souhaitait examiner les secrets du communisme. L’intérêt spécial qui entourait les réfugiés hongrois était non seulement dû au nombre jamais vu de personnes qui débarquaient, mais aussi à ce qu’ils arrivaient d’un pays où l’impensable avait eu lieu: un peuple a réussi d’un seul coup à renverser le régime communiste que tous pensaient inébranlable. Les chercheurs occidentaux espéraient que les comptes-rendus des réfugiés hongrois permettraient non seulement d’en savoir davantage sur la nature du régime staliniste, mais aussi de découvrir le mystère de son effondrement. Le CURPH n’était pas le seul programme de ce genre, mais il était sans aucun doute le projet le plus poussé et le mieux organisé. Plus de six cents interviews ont été enregistrées, pour la plupart avec la collaboration d’un personnel de langue maternelle hongroise et préparé à ce travail. La majorité des interviews ont duré deux ou trois jours et la transcription en langue anglaise de ce matériel s’étendait en moyenne à 60-70 pages. Les interviews ont été conduites à l’aide d’un questionnaire et d’un guide détaillés, préparés par les meilleurs sociologues et experts en sondage de leur temps. A l’époque, ces études débutaient encore, mais plusieurs spécialistes à venir de ces domaines scientifiques ont fait leurs premières armes dans le cadre de ce programme. Ont participé, entre autres, à la préparation de ce programme et à l’évaluation des résultats, Henry

Roberts et Paul Zinner, experts en kremlinologie avant l’heure, ainsi que Siegfried Kracauer et Paul Lazarsfeld, philosophes et sociologue de l’école de Francfort. Les interviews n’étaient pas limitées à ce qui s’était passé avant et pendant la révoultion. Plusieurs centaines de questions visaient à apprendre le plus possible sur la vie quotidienne, sur les lieux et conditions de travail, sur l’évolution du niveau de vie, sur les changements sociaux, culturels et éthiques au niveau de l’individu et de la société, sur l’indoctrination idéologique, sur la survie de la religion et des valeurs traditionnelles. L’objectif de ce projet n’était pas moins que de dresser le bilan de l’existence humaine dans une dictature totalitaire. Cette année, les Archives OSA ont l’honneur de pouvoir exposer pour la première fois à Budapest les dessins de l’artiste Endre Rozsda illustrant la Hongrie des années 1950 et pour la plupart inconnus au grand public. L’idée était naturelle d’associer le journal illustré de l’artiste hongrois émigré en 1956 aux témoignages oraux des réfugiés de la révolution hongroise. Il est possible de grouper les travaux de Rozsda par thèmes : vie des paysans, salle de conférence, meeting politique, concert, vie littéraire, café, bains, hôpital. Des extraits directement ou indirectement liés à ces thèmes étaient faciles à trouver dans les interviews. Nous avons cité ici des réfugiés anonymes aussi bien que des intellectuels et des artistes connus, entre autres Zoltán Benkő, ancien prisonnier politique à Recsk, le poète György Faludy, également ancien prisonnier à Recsk, Imre Gordon, auteur de chansons ou encore Tamás Aczél, qui, d’ancien lauréat du prix Staline, est devenu l’un des premiers chroniqueurs émigrés de la révolution. Nous espérons que les extraits d’interviews complètent la perception des illustrations d’Endre Rozsda et que leur association ouvre une fenêtre sur un monde qui a probablement été sérieusement ébranlé pour la première fois par la révolution hongroise de 1956.

Les interviews ont été conduites à l’origine en hongrois, mais seule leur transcription anglaise à été conservée dans les archives de l’université de Columbia. Dans notre catalogue, nous avons respecté la forme et le langage originaux des transcriptions anglaises et n’avons corrigé les erreurs d’ortographe et d’accent que là où il était clair qu’il s’agissait de fautes de frappe commises à l’époque. Le texte complet de toutes les interviews est disponible sur le site web des archives (www.archivum.ws).

Csalódni fog, aki az 50-es évek megszokott toposzait keresi e rajzokon. Sehol egy daliás, csupa izom élmunkás, egy mosolygó sztahanovista, másfelől nincsenek bőrkabátosok s lefüggönyözött ablakkal suhanó autók sem. Helyettük csupa békebeli, semleges helyszín: uszoda, kórház, koncertterem, kávéház és park. Az emberek arcán nem lelni nyomát az üdvözült hitnek, ám a félelem tétova görceit is hiába keressük. Egy város éli jól-rosszul mindennapjait. Mi az a többlet tehát, mely mégis dokumentum-érvényűvé avatja e lapokat? Talán épp az, hogy mentesek a korszak oly jellemző copyrightolható külsőségeitől, s hogy hiányzik belőlük a közvetlen, de majdhogynem még a közvetett politikum is. Nincs igazán különbség közöttük s azon vázlatfüzetek között, melyeken Rozsda a 30-as évek Budapest-jének jellegzetes figuráit s helyszíneit örökítette meg.

Mert hát Rozsda kezéből, kiskamasz korától öregségéig nem esett ki a ceruza. Mappával a hóna alatt róta a flasztert, szinte egyetlen, általa érdekesnek ítélt jelenet sem menekedhetett meg előle, ha sokára hozták az étteremben az ebédjét, hát szalvétára firkált. Mégse képzeljük el egy géppuskakezü, a furcsaságokra utazó könnyed riporterként. A látvány s az amögött megbújó egy-egy izgalmasabb, különösebb részlet ugyan mindig fontos maradt számára, de e csillogó flitterek csak a saját külön bejáratú világába vezető utat jelezték. Fiatalon megkísértette a könnyű siker lehetősége, de egy számára kataraktikusnak bizonyult Bartók-koncert rádöbbsentette, hogy a rögzösebb, népszerűtlenebb úton kell járnia. Mindazonáltal mind Budapesten, mind a 30-as évek végének Párizsában (ahol akkor Françoise Gilot-t, Picasso majdani feleségét tanítja festeni) idegen maradt tőle a tájainkon oly gyakori *„a művész, mint vátesz”*-típusú alapállás. Könnyedebben, görccstelenebbül dolgozott, lazább szálakból szötte a szürrealizmushoz már ekkor is közel álló kompozícióit.

1945 után az Európai Iskola tagjaként és szervezőjeként is megőrizte relatív különállását. Mikor a nonfiguratívok kiváltak a csoportból, ő egyedüli absztraktként maradt helyén s a magyar művészet e patetikus-heroikus, utópikus reményekkel telített korszakában nem áttalott ilyen címet adni (irizáló színek kavalkádjából álló) tárgyatlan kompozícióinak, minth Kacsapecsenye vagy Nagyanyám lornyonja. Ez a frivol attitűd nem akadályozta abban, hogy lelkesen rajzolni tanítsa a Ganz-Mávag ifjúmunkásait, miközben hozzájárulhatott ahhoz is, hogy a korban szokatlan módon nyíltan vállalja eltérő szexuális identitását. Annyi bizonyos, hogy mentes volt minden röghöz kötöttségtől s nagyon is sokat veszített, amikor 1948 végén a művészeti élet gleichschaltolása nyomán az Európai Iskola bejelentette kényszerű önfeloszlatását: *„Japánban meghalt egy európai”* – mondta volt a legendárium szerint Rozsda az aktus színhelyéül szolgáló egykori Andrássy úti kávéházban.

Sokat veszített, de nem szenvedett vereséget. Az új helyzetben a túléléshez kínálkozó stratégiák közül azt választotta, melynek során többé-

kevésbé megőrizhette művészi identitását, de nem kényszerült egyszerűsrmind teljesen a partvonalon túlra. Nem vonult illegálitásba, pláne nem hagyott fel a művészettel, mint ahogy néhányan cselekedték, de nem vált az új kurzus kiszolgálójává sem. Azt használta ki, hogy a kínálat színesítésére néhány politikummentes tájképet is beengedtek a kiállításokra, ilyeneket küldött hát be a hivatalos fórumokra, s melléljük néhány rajzot. A dolgozó néppel való kapcsolatfelvételt persze nem tudta megúszni: erről tanúskodnak a dászentmiklósi Micsurin Mgtsz-ben készült rajzai. Megörökítette persze az elnök elvtársat, az aratást, de figyelmét igazából a leutaztában a vonaton látott alvó kislány ragadta meg.

Így maradtatott – a hierarchia alján bár – *hivatalosan* is művész. Bőröndje azonban neki is, mint annyi más művészársának, dupla fenekű volt: az amúgy korreket tájképek a minimális művészi egzisztencia fenntartására kellettek, otthon pedig saját vágyai és (rém)álmai mentén születtek – a kiállítás minden reménye nélkül – művei. Ekkortájt készült rajzain hol furcsa pszeudoarkádikus álmotjajakon, hol pedig cifra szürrealista mesevárosokban bolyong, csak minél távolabb legyen szegényes környezetétől, a kopott székre helyezett zománcos lavortól, melyet egy hideglelősen pontos rajzán örökít meg a Szabad Nép egyik példányával egyetemben.

A mostani kiállításon bemutatott munkák azonban másról szólnak. A város és a közélet nyilvános helyszíneibe engednek bepillantást. Vázlatok, krokik, apró vizuális feljegyzések felfektetett rendszer nélküli sokasága: munkanapló. Némelyiket a színvilágra vonatkozó feljegyzések alapján lehetségesnek tartotta továbbfejleszteni, de a többiek inkább csak ötletek maradtak.

Ami feltűnik szemlélésükkor: az egyébként a hétköznapokat is elöntő s szabályozni kívánó hivatalos ideológia kelléktárának teljes hiánya. Sehol egy zászló, egy lelkesítő felirat, sehol egy ötágú csillag. Az ideológia jelenlétéről legfeljebb a végeláthatatlan tanácskozások alnalmában elcsípett karakterek, tanulmányfejek tanúskodnak. Ott szundikál Csók István, a Magyar Képzőművészek Szövetségének pátriárkakorú díszelnöke, s pipázik blazírt egykedvűséggel Pór Bertalan, a Nyolcak egykori kiváló tagja, most az *Urak országából a dolgozók hazája* című szuperprodukción készítő festőkollektíva vezetője, s önironikus fricskaként saját alvó portréjáról sem feledkezik meg.

Egyébként azonban csupa *semleges* helyszín, a Zeneakadémián Fischer Annie zongorázik, a volt New York Kávéház csavart oszlopai között továbbbra is zajlik az élet, a parkokban nyugdíjasok sakkoznak.

Talán épp ez a hangsúlyozott normalitás e rajzok legfőbb tanulsága. Az, hogy a mindennapokra telepedő elnyomó struktúra sem képes elmosni egy hosszú évtizedeken keresztül kifejlődött polgári értékrendszer megnyilvánulásait. Az, hogy többek között épp e normalitás iránti vágy tört fel elemi erővel 1956 októberében.

Pataki Gábor

Celui qui cherche les lieux communs des années cinquante sur ces illustrations en sera pour ses frais. Pas un seul vaillant ouvrier modèle plein de muscles, pas un seul émule souriant de Stakhanov – mais brillent aussi par leur absence les manteaux de cuir noir et les voitures aux rideaux fermés. A leur place, rien que des lieux paisibles et neutres: piscines, hôpitaux, salles de concert, cafés et jardins publics. Sur les visages des personnages, pas une seule trace de la foi béate, mais on aurait tout aussi bien de la peine à y découvrir les grimaces hésitantes induites par la terreur. Nous y voyons simplement une ville qui vit tant bien que mal son quotidien.

Où est donc ce plus qui donne à ces pages la valeur de documents historiques? Peut-être justement dans l'absence de ces façades typiques qui font figure de marques déposées de cette époque et que toute politique directe et même indirecte en a été bannie. Pas de différence réelle entre ces images et les esquisses de Rozsda qui gravent dans nos mémoires les personnages et lieux typiques de Budapest des années 30.

C'est que, de l'adolescence à la vieillesse, Rozsda ne s'est jamais départi de ses crayons. Son dossier sous le bras, il arpente continuellement les pavés, aucune scène qu'il juge intéressante n'échappe à son regard. Si, au restaurant, son déjeuner tarde à arriver, il fait des croquis sur sa serviette. Mais ce serait une erreur de le ranger au rayon du reporter aux doigts rapides, à la recherche facile de l'étrange. Bien que le spectacle et le détail excitant et drôle qu'il peut cacher restent toujours importants pour lui, ces paillettes ne font que baliser la route qui mène à l'entrée de son propre univers. Jeune, il est tenté par le succès rapide, mais un récital cathartique de Béla Bartók lui fait comprendre qu'il doit s'en tenir au chemin plus ardu et moins populaire. Cependant, qu'il travaille à Budapest ou dans le Paris de la fin des années 30 (où il avait comme disciple Françoise Gilot, la future Madame Picasso), il ne prend jamais l'attitude de l'artiste génie si souvent adoptée dans notre pays. Son trait est plus léger, décontracté, c'est d'un fil plus relâché qu'il coud ses compositions qui, déjà, sont proches du surréalisme.

Après 1945, tout membre et âme de l'Ecole européenne qu'il soit, il conserve son autonomie relative. Lorsque les représentants de l'art non figuratif quittent le groupe, lui seul reste abstrait et, dans cette ère à la fois pathétique, héroïque et pleine d'espoir utopique; n'hésite pas à donner des titres à ses compositions de couleurs irisées tels que "Rôti de canard" ou "Le lorgnon de ma grand-mère". Cette attitude frivole ne freine pas son enthousiasme à enseigner le dessin aux jeunes ouvriers des usines Ganz-Mávag, mais peut certainement contribuer à ce qu'il confesse de façon inhabituellement ouverte à l'époque son identité sexuelle différente. Ce qui est certain, c'est qu'il est exempt de toute attache et perd énormément à la dissolution forcée de l'Ecole européenne en 1948. "Un européen est mort au Japon", dit-il selon légende au café de ce nom de la rue Andrássy qui a servi de lieu à cet acte.

Il a beaucoup perdu, mais il n'a pas subi de défaite. Dans cette situation nouvelle, il adopte comme stratégie de survie une solution qui lui permet plus ou moins de conserver son identité artistique sans se retrouver totalement sur la ligne de touche. Il ne choisit pas l'illégalité ni ne cesse

de pratiquer son art, comme le font certains, mais il n'en devient pas pour autant le serviteur du nouveau diktat culturel. Il profite de ce que certains paysages sans aucun trait politique soient admis aux salons pour élargir la palette: c'est donc des tableaux de ce type qu'il envoie aux forums officiels, en ajoutant quelques dessins. Bien entendu, il ne peut entièrement échapper au contact avec le "peuple travailleur", comme en témoignent ses dessins faits à la coopérative Mitchourine de Dánszentmiklós. Pour sûr, il dessine le portrait du camarade président et les détails de la moisson, mais c'est la petite fille aperçue sur le train qui l'amène au village qui retient réellement toute son attention.

Du fait, il peut rester artiste "officiel", même s'il se trouve au bas de l'échelle hiérarchique. Mais sa valise est à double fond, tout comme celle de bon nombre des artistes contemporains : les paysages correctement exécutés servent à soutenir une existence minimale, mais, une fois rentré chez lui, il contenue à mettre en images ses désirs, rêves et cauchemars, sans aucun espoir de les voir jamais exposées. Sur les dessins qu'il signe à cette époque, il se balade dans d'étranges paysages oniriques pseuro-arcadiens ou dans des villes féeriques à l'ornementation surréaliste – pourvu qu'il puisse oublier son environnement appauvri, la cuvette émaillée posée sur une chaise minable qu'il commet à notre mémoire avec une précision qui vous donne froid dans le dos, en compagnie d'un exemplaire du quotidien Peuple libre.

Pourtant, les oeuvres exposées ici nous parlent de quelque chose de différent. Elles nous permettent de jeter un regard furtif sur les lieux publics de la ville et de la vie quotidienne. Esquisses, croquis, ensemble de petites notes visuelles sans aucun principe organiseur : nous voyons ici le journal tenu par l'artiste. D'après les notes concernant les couleurs, il devait penser que certains pouvaient être dignes de développement, mais les autres n'étaient que des idées.

Ce qui saute aux yeux, c'est l'absence totale de l'idéologie officielle qui, pourtant, déterminait et souhaitait ordonner même la vie de tous les jours. Pas de drapeau, pas d'inscription à la gloire du régime, pas d'étoile à cinq branches. Seuls les caractères, les esquisses de visages surpris dans l'ennui des réunions interminables témoignent de la présence de l'idéologie. Au bord du sommeil, István Csók, patriarche et président honorifique de l'Association des artistes hongrois; fumant la pipe avec une désillusion éloquente, Bertalan Pór, ancien excellent membre du groupe des Huit, alors à la tête de la collective des artistes peintres préparant la super-production intitulée "Du pays des seigneurs à la patrie des travailleurs". Et il n'oublie pas d'ajouter son propre portrait endormi. Autrement, rien que des lieux "neutres": à l'Académie de musique, Annie Fischer joue du piano, la vie continue parmi les colonnes torsadées de l'ancien café New York, les retraités se disputent une partie d'échecs dans le jardin public.

Peut-être est-ce cette normalité mise en évidence qui sert de morale à ces dessins. Même une culture asservissante qui étouffe notre quotidien ne peut effacer la manifestation des valeurs bourgeoises qui se sont développées pendant des décennies. Et c'est entre autres le désir de retour à cette normalité qui a explosé avec une force élémentaire en octobre 1956.

Gábor Pataki

V Á L O G A T Á S A K I Á L L Í T Á S A N Y A G Á B Ó L

T R I A G E P A R M I L E M A T É R I E L D E L ' E X P O S I T I O N



under the Communist regime was impossible; the Communists inspired unfulfilled and unfulfillable desires and dreams. There was the sex problem. By 1949, overwork and strain had tired people out so that they were unable to read and unable to have a normal sex life, etc. There was the feeling that the country was being sterilized. And then came the wildest Revolution: people found a way of having sex life while doing Party work, under the pretext of carrying out party duties. The Party was sexually immoral and moralistic at the same time. I know a case of a woman who had an affair with a friend of mine, a Communist Party member who was later imprisoned. Because of this affair the woman lost her job and her husband was forced to divorce her against his will. He only met his wife again after Rákosi's fall, when they were remarried. The Party was responsible for many similar tragedies.

*

Révai was an aristocrat; we used to call him the crazy count. He was a brilliant man, and actually he hated socialist realist writing, and only cared for classics. Révai is Jewish, and hence he is an antisemite, and hence he respects only Veress and Illyés because they are the sons of the people.

*

Communist morality is just another term for revolting petit-bourgeois morality, with a hypocritical attitude which I did not encounter even in my petit-bourgeois family. Nobody in the party practiced what the party preached. Everyone had a lover, with the result that small party members who were found transgressing were kicked out. From 1950 to 1953 there was a campaign to uphold the so-called Communist morality. The same standards were not applied to the party leaders; Révai and Gerő had mistresses, and Farkas had affairs with a number of women. In 1954 I said to Farkas: "Why are you calling me to account, I know who your mistresses are..." He did not like it and said: "It shouldn't be done openly; it should be done in secret."



=== There was constant opposition

to the Communist regime in Hungary. The greatest degree of resistance was executed by the industrial workers. They committed acts of sabotage, especially in such things as shipping material, or repairing machines. But, they dared to criticize the regime only among themselves. When some Communist came along only those workers dared to complain who had nothing to lose. For example, a good skilled worker was not afraid of being dismissed because he was grumbling. He was always able to find work.

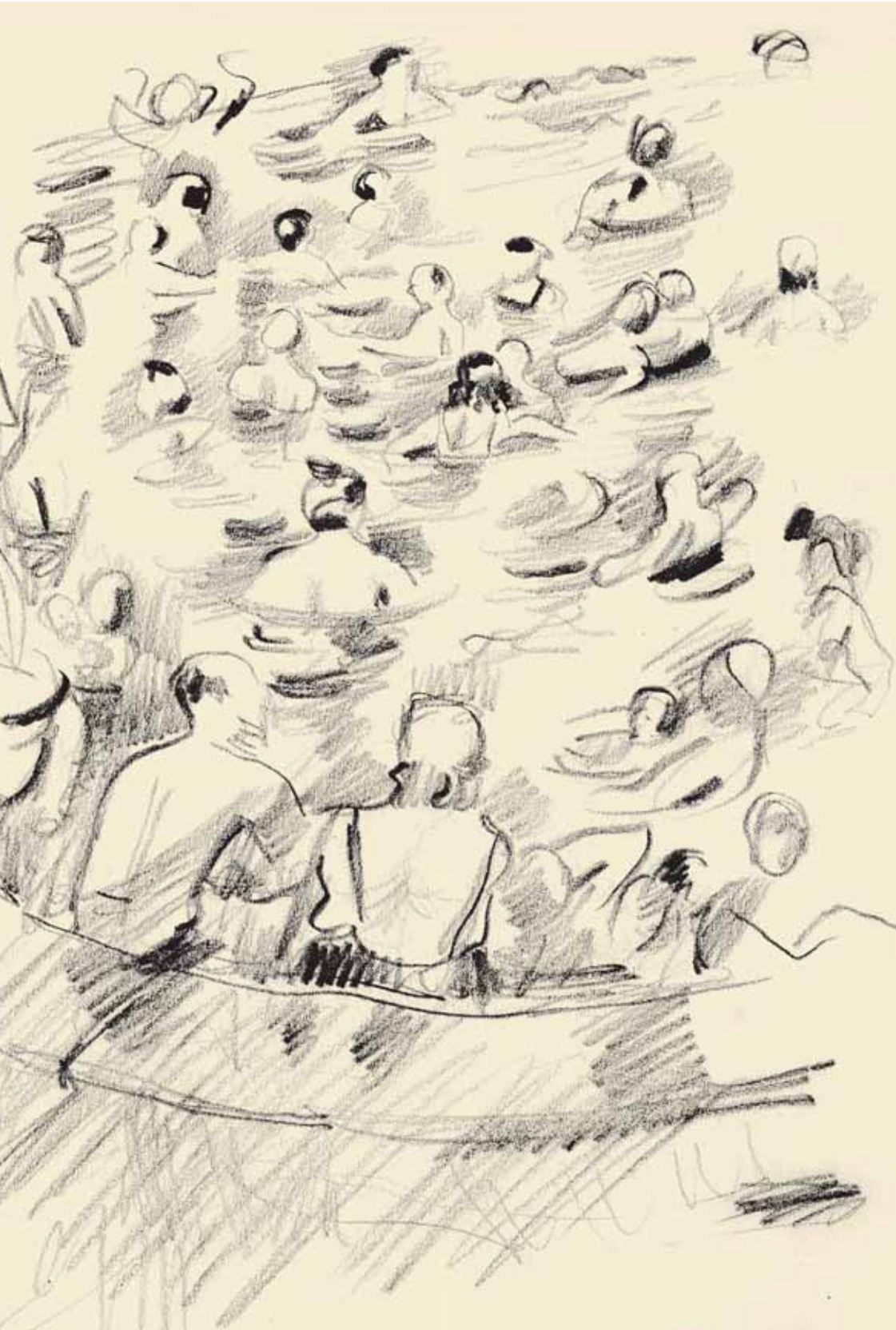
The peasants also sabotaged the compulsory delivery of crops. The students resistance lay in their complete negation of the Russian and political subjects that they were thought in school. These they considered ridiculous and did not take seriously.

*

Should the Communist regime have meant material welfare, 50% of the population would have accepted it. In the given circumstances 97% of the population was anti-communist. Economic pressure and difficulties abated so little that it was of no importance. Lard became available in the last three years, but it made not much difference that its price per kilogram was reduced from 45 to 38 forints. Working competition, tightening of norms went on. Adequate clothing never was possible, not to mention the impossibility to have a motor car.

*

I applied for the streetcar conductor job, I had to take an examination. Mine was the best, and they asked me right away whether I would like to study. They said I would be a streetcar conductor for three weeks and then they would send me to the Party school. I would learn the Marxist-Leninist doctrines and I would be an agitator or later on I could be a supervisor. They said that my origin was all right for that. I answered that I had no intention of studying but I would tell them if I change my mind. After three weeks the station manager asked me again but I answered that I had no desire to study. I didn't attend the Party meetings. I told them I didn't have time. I just didn't want to become a communist because I couldn't be one from my heart.



Since there is no social life

except among the intellectuals, young people usually meet only at offices, schools, or in factories, or sometimes at night clubs, sport arenas, etc. They often live together without benefit of clergy for several reasons: lack of funds or lack of a proper apartment. There are many illegitimate children since birth control and abortion are punishable. However, during the most recent years, one was allowed to obtain an abortion. As a result, the hospitals became so crowded that young unwed mothers could not be kept in hospital, not even for the necessary three days. Common-law marriages were very frequent during the Communist regime. Prostitution, although prohibited, did exist. Veteran prostitutes were rehabilitated; they were placed in one of several jobs and were mighty proud of this change. Sexual matters were widely discussed by the public and press alike. The government tried to put a curb on this.

*

Some members of the pre-war staff sold out to the Communists. Among them Márton Keleti whose father was a Social-Democratic leader, who was made the head of the Orient Film Factory which he sold to the Communists in 1948, or 1949. He received a five year contract with a salary of 70,000 forints per year. He was made a director. However, all his movies failed. There was Frigyes Bán, one of the older directors, whom I held in contempt because he made revolting Kolkhoz movies. He received the Kossuth prize three times. Félix Máriássy was worse yet. His brother had been the Hungarian ambassador in Rome. Máriássy, also a director, was the Party's chief ideologist in the studio. The documentary factory was headed by a man called Révész, a former dental technician. The head of the popular science department was a man named Gárdos, formerly Gelb, an ÁVO major. He is today assistant director of Hunnia.

*

I was seventeen years old when an old friend took me to a thirty year old intelligent woman, an office worker. She was not a prostitute, but on a good term with my friend. I was a virgin and have had no experience with woman. He suggested to her that she give me lessons about the facts of life. She did.



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T h e j a m p e c t y p e

existed in Budapest, mostly young boys who wore rubber-soled shoes and narrow pants, but they were ridiculed. That lowered their number. The Communist made politics out of this too -- anti-American propaganda. They said that Jampec is the American type, and prohibited that behavior. If the youngsters danced in the American way, they had to leave the place. In these things the Communists contradicted themselves because they ruined the moral life of the youth and then they raised objections to their clothing. This wasn't a very logical policy. Basically the Marxist and Leninist principles were good, but these principles were not at all practiced in Hungary.

*

The most important thing I would like to emphasize in order to dispel a basic misconception of foreign observers in connection with Hungary is that the Hungarian people has never been Communists. That includes most of the registered members of the Communist Party. Even these people use their membership as a camouflage to hide certain faults in their social or political background, or simply to secure their job, especially those in better positions, or to secure better salaries for themselves and their families. It is a real miracle how such a system could have been kept in existence where practically nobody believed what he was proclaiming in public.

*

I could make myself fairly independent from Communist training courses and other interference in my life by the regime. Every music composer in Hungary had generally a better life than manual laborers, and as I could be successful by my work I did not feel too hard Communist oppression as to my day by day life.

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M y s e l f I s p e n t



thirty-three days at the ÁVH prison at Szombathely and then I served my sentence of one year at Marianosztra. My father was held at the Andrassy street 60 and subsequently interned at Kistarcsa for nine months. My sister was imprisoned for eighteen months and my husband in 1945, two months by the Russian GPU. My brother again three weeks at the ÁVH prison at Szombathely. My "crime" was for failing to denounce a friend of mine who left for the West. The same was held against my father. My sister on the other hand was put in prison for a newspaper article that her husband, a theater critic had written in a newspaper on the performance of an actress, so it really had nothing to do with politics. My husband was held by the Russians for alleged spying and my brother was held because he also tried to escape to the West, he finally succeeded. (...) There was a man whom everybody called the "colonel with the pipe", and then another one "Rudy the Lieutenant." These two were the most sadistic beasts I have ever seen. For thirty days every day and night we were wakened up and taken to the offices and here without any interrogation or questions we were just beaten up and that was all. And this was the regular routine, they worked on every prisoner, every day. The colonel and the lieutenant usually worked in shirt sleeves and by the end of these procedures, usually sweat was streaming down their faces. All my top teeth were knocked out by that lieutenant and he used probably not to leave open scars gloves over an iron (what we call boxer) ring pulled on your fingers; fingers of my right hand were also broken and they also extinguish their burning cigarettes on my lower arms. (...) Another woman died there among us in the cell. She was a fifty five years old peasant woman, who was charged to have stolen the jewels of some Jewish immigrants who fled the country. The ÁVH were especially out for jewelry because they received a percentage of everything they could get hold of. This poor woman was kept for six weeks on the floor... She was beaten to unconsciousness and when we saw her body in the cell it looked like if someone had used a huge pitchfork on her body, small bits of flesh were just torn off. Her whole breast and underneath her armpits were covered with scars, results of cigarettes extinguished there. She died there in our cell.



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R e s p o n d e n t

was of the opinion that the war criminals were not actually guilty of any international point of view, because for instance, an officer cannot be blamed if he carries out the orders, the orders of somebody to whom he has sworn allegiance. She thought that the sentences were not just and mentioned specifically Imrédy and Bárdossy.

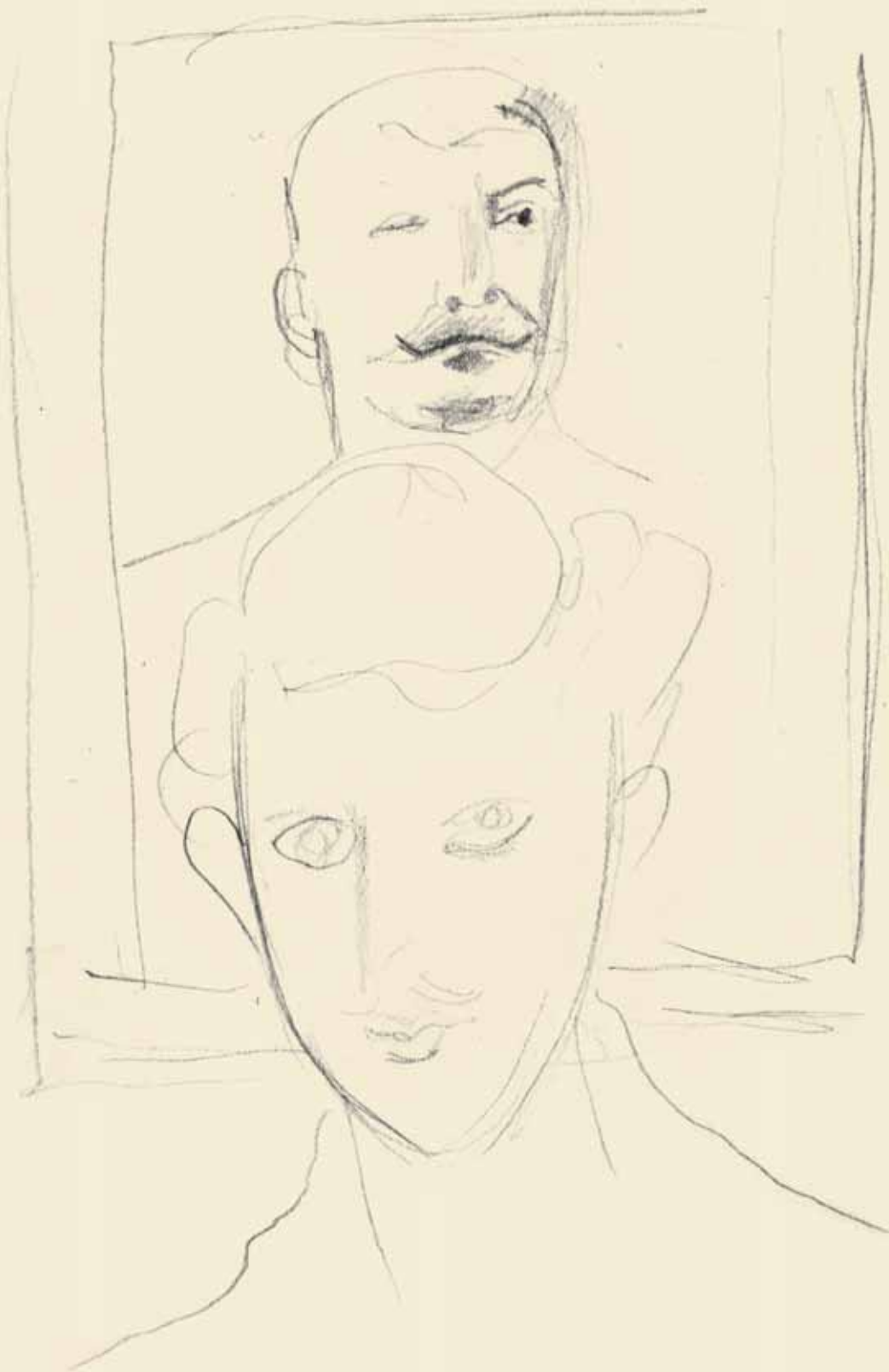
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By 1949, I knew that I would be arrested. It was a good feeling. I felt that I was getting rid of a heavy responsibility. First of all, I knew that Ignotus had been arrested because he had spent a number of years in the West; I knew that none of the charges against him were true. I had been watched since 1947, because of a postcard I received which they misunderstood, and from which they thought that I wanted to leave the country. I knew what was coming, everyone knew. I told my friends that I would be arrested as an imperialist spy...

*

You ask about the prison conditions. The general story is pretty well known. Recsk, of course, was only one of the places where we were held, to be sure, for the longest time. Certainly they mistreated us. I know of a man whose hands were tied and placed near a hot stove so that two of his fingers burnt off. I can give you his name. I myself held the camp record for being tied up (Gúzsakötés) something like 111 hours. (Others have confirmed this information, estimating the number of hours so spent of respondent even higher. They also said that respondent was a) among the more heroic, b) among the few who refused to work as a matter of principle. Interviewer.)

=== Y o u k n o w



that I was a part of the greater student conspiracy, that is former university student, who were active politically and had a common background. I was arrested in the Fall of 1948 under somewhat peculiar circumstances. It was a Saturday, I had picked up my pay and was ready to escape from the country that night. It was then that they arrested me. You know, too, that we have never had a trial either closed or open. The charges against me were various, including espionage..., but no trial was held because the Mindszenty affair and then the Rajk affair intervened, overshadowed our case and it was never finished. This meant in a sense that I was worse off than those who had stood trial. For in my case there was no sentence of any specific amount of time so that I was in prison indefinitely. It was unpleasant. I was let out just the same early 1954 when the camp (Recsk) was liquidated.

*

Speaking of the courts before 1945 he says, "There was no difference between rich and poor. The law was obeyed and everyone knew that it had to be obeyed. And it concerned rich and poor equally". Speaking of the People's Courts of 1945 and 1947 he explains, "They consisted of the most different, but in some respect similar, people: namely, all were incompetent. The People's Courts attorney was the most vicious person who did his level best to get people punished as severely as possible. The People's Courts often judged on the basis of sympathy for the accused person, or antipathy against him." Speaking of the war criminals he says, that he could not judge their guilt, but he knows one thing, that death sentences were handed out very easily and to too many people.



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The people's courts



were no good. They had just and unjust decisions as well. For instance, with the war criminals, Szalasi deserved his fate. He didn't have to seize the power. But Beregffy (Minister of War in the Szalasi government) was a soldier by profession. He only did his duty when he sent his soldiers to fight. The people's court executed many men with excellent minds. This was a mistake and the country missed them afterward. It was the same with those who were sentenced to lose their jobs and property. They would be needed now as experts.

*

Meanwhile, Imre Nagy had appointed me director of HDF, the documentary film factory. I called the employees together and said to them: "I have a list, and I know everything. I won't read any names out loud, because the reading would soil this Revolution Everyone knows whom I mean. Party members and ÁVH agents should not return to the factory tomorrow. Not one of them came in. The rebels came and asked for the list of ÁVH agents in the factory, but I refused to give it to them..."



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A n o t h e r i n t e r e s t i n g e p i s o d e

was in connection with the creation and election of the executive committee of the former political prisoners. It so happened that some friends of mine and I wandered into the theatre where the meeting of former political prisoners was being held. The scene on the stage of the theatre was incredible. People were milling about, pushing one another, yanking the microphone out of one another's hand, everyone wanted to have his say, everyone wanted to praise someone and smear someone else. I myself was somewhat disturbed by all this and thought that I would leave when a friend of mine grabbed the microphone and gave it to me and announced that I would have something to say. I tried to say something sensible about the role of the political prisoners. Somehow I got through my speech and then I was elected chairman of the executive committee of the political prisoners' association. I could not say that my activities as chairman of this association amounted to much. Another time, on October 30th, I believe a delegation of us went to the Prime Minister about some affairs. At the time Imre Nagy seemed resolute and made a very good impression on me.

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I don't believe in the idea of collective guilt. My feeling is that party members should be judged on their own merits or demerits. The members of the DISZ were of course all on compulsory basis so that nothing should be done to them except to the very top leadership possibly. The ÁVH should also be judged on its own merits. There should be no clear-cut collective proceeding against them. As to what happened to the members of these groups during the revolution I can only say what you have already heard, that some excesses against members of the ÁVH were committed. I personally don't know any case where a party member or a DISZ member or official would have been manhandled by the crowd.

As for collectivizations,



everyone knew in advance that it would not work, because they had seen a fair example on the state farms. On the whole, respondent has a bad opinion of collectivization because it simply does not work. It did not work in Hungary where it was enforced too quickly. Respondent thinks that the well-to-do peasants as well as the poorer peasants were equally against collectivization. Respondent heard that in 1953 or '54 several of the collectives were dissolved after Imre Nagy's speech."

*

I was 20 years old when collectivization was first introduced into Hungary. I was opposed to it because I realized that the profits would be reaped by the government. I also realized that there would be too much government interference and one could not be independent. It would mean the loss of independence which the Hungarian peasants valued the most.

*

Collectivization caused a loosening of morals among the peasants. The peasantry lost its material independence. A girl working on a collective farm had to be nice to the agronomist or foreman. Otherwise she would not be able to get ahead. Girls and boys were taken to distant apprentice homes where they had no parental supervision, and consequently indulged in sexual affairs more readily. The lack of religious life left a moral vacuum in the youth. The number of divorces increased considerably. Marriages were regarded less seriously. In our family Communism had no effects at all. Peasant traditions in our village were very strong, and we did not let girls and women go off to work. There were one or two women who were promiscuous, but this was their nature, and not the effect of Communism.



My father is

a peasant farmer with 12 yokes of land. My parents were divorced in 1939, and my father ceded six yokes to my mother. But my mother and grandfather farmed the other six yokes also, because my father moved away from the village and became a construction worker. (...) The peasantry as such remains unchanged. There are the industrial workers who have been reinforced by the peasantry. A large number of the peasantry had to lead a double life. That is, they had a bit of land to farm on, which was not sufficient to support them. Therefore, they kept the land, but also went to work in industries. This was a special class, half peasant and half industrial worker.

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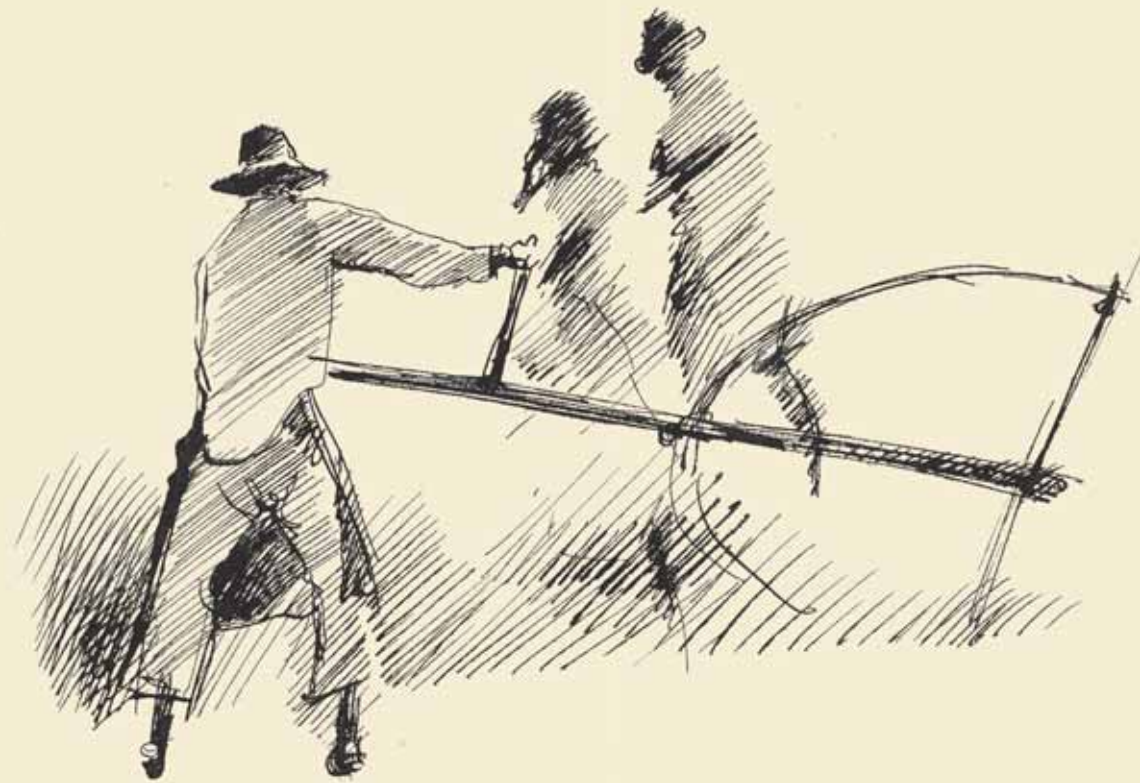
Then we proceeded to organize people against the regime. We had a man in the Budapest Party Committee: Imre Mező, who was killed during the Revolution. I took care of the army, and I also went down to Zala to work on the peasants. In 1955 the peasants did not know about the literary revolt; by 1956 many of them had found out it from the RFE balloons. Our aim was to get people to open their traps, to make them throw out the delivery collectors. By 1955-56, things were easier along this line, in the village, because terror was not so strong. We had no success with the workers until 1956.

*

I had a brother-in-law who had been an Arrow Cross member (Interviewer's note: The Hungarian pro-Nazi party was really called Arrow Cross Party because their party emblem was a cross that had arrow-shaped points.) This brother-in-law of mine became also a Party official. (When I got married in 1941 I had no home, and my brother-in-law suggested that I become a member of the party to receive a Jewish home that had been evacuated. But I told him that I never wanted to have somebody else's property, and I rather accepted a job as a humble janitor.) My brother-in-law became an Arrow Cross Party soldier. He was a prisoner of war in Russia for five years, and when he came home he became a member of the Communist Party. In one or two years he was "okay". He became assistant Town Council member in a large village. Later they found out that he had been a Nazi. This happened only because people discussed it with him and dug up his past, because he was so naughty and looked down upon the poor people that much.

I always felt sorry for him and reproached him for being a pro-Nazi, and now I reproached him again and again for being a Communist Party member.

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The regime was



just as absurd in the economic field. The following story is a case in point. Gyümért, the fruit export agency, made contracts with the peasants, agreeing to buy up all their perfect Jonathan apples for four forints per kilo. The contracts were forced on the peasants. While the peasants had to sell their best apples for four forints to the export agency, they could sell their left-over bad apples for eleven forints on the free market. The result was that the next year the peasants used no insecticides, so that all of their crop was worm-eaten. This enabled them to sell all of their fruit on the free market for a higher price.

*

The first government of Imre Nagy wasn't particularly significant for the later development. He became very popular among the peasants because of his liberal attitude concerning collectivization, and because he practically canceled the word "kulák" from the official vocabulary. The circumstances of his resignation made him really popular. He didn't confess his mistakes, he refused to apologize, and it was known that, on that price, he could have remained in the government. That was the moment when it became obvious what he was standing for. From then on, he was considered a possible leader of an eventual national Communist movement or government. In addition to the above statement I would like to quote a popular joke in order to illustrate the great change which followed the 20th Congress, you know who are the worst reactionaries in Budapest? Those who quote last year's Szabad Nép.

*

The kolchoses would have to be disbanded. There is no basis for them. But one would have to revise the land reform quite thoroughly in accordance with the situation prevailing in various [...]. The land reform would have to be reviewed as I said, because last time a proper count of the land was taken was in the 19th century. Property should be returned to their former owners but there should not be real large holdings and the upper limit of the holding should be determined in accordance with the quality of the land and the type of crop in accordance with the situation in different regions.



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H u n g a r i a n l i t e r a t u r e

or Hungarian Communist literature, was divided into two groups in this period. See Révai's brochure discussing the clique of "young gentlemen" (úrfiúk), and the opposition clique. Essentially, the clique of young gentlemen included Karinthy, Devecseri, Somlyó, Méray and myself. The opposition clique included Benjámín, Zelk, Lajos Tamási, and Déry. This was the era when everybody began to awaken... Both groups were occupied with the problems of depicting the truth, reality. This was the situation: everyone assumed, took it for granted that our clique was the group supported and backed by the party, but at the same time our group was roughed up and attacked by the party just as was the other group... At the end Révai destroyed both groups, including Déry... Personal hatred characterized this period. Révai deliberately, consciously incited us in order to prevent a free development. He threw in the slogan "petit-bourgeois moralizing," attacking those who brought up the fact that people were living badly, or that people disappeared at night.

*

The Communist writers found it psychologically difficult to write. At the height of the Rákosi terror they were unable to write more than 15 to 20 lines of a novel a day. When Imre Nagy came in, they found that they were able to write more freely, the pages flowed more easily. It was easier to work then. Thus, the writers revolted against Rákosi for professional reasons. Suddenly they found that they could write and people began to read them.

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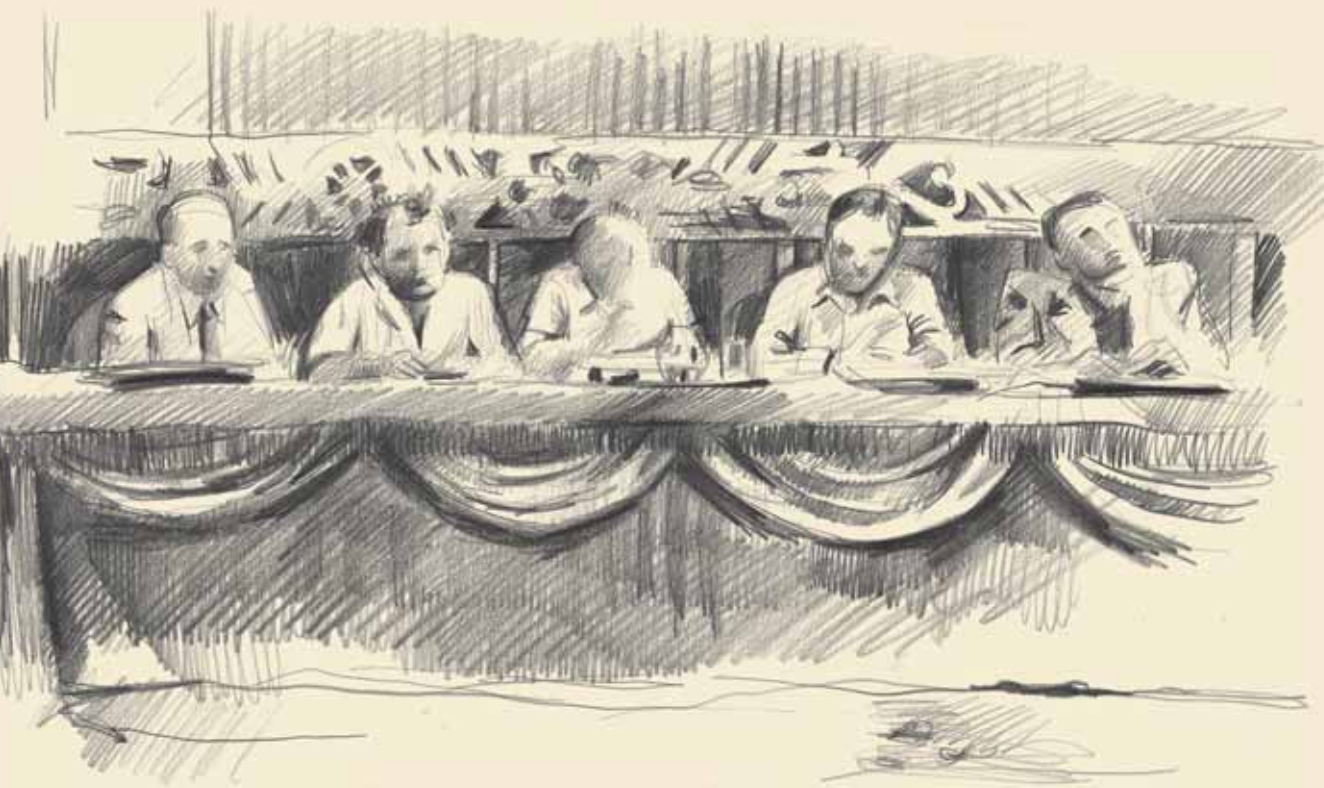
I decided to leave Hungary on November 25, after the kidnapping of Imre Nagy and the others. Méray and I made this decision together. I discussed it with people in the Writer's Association, with Hágy, Déry, Benjámín, Hámos, etc. My friends urged me to leave in spite of our unanimous decision to stay in Hungary until Imre Nagy should be freed.



were able to believe in Communism because they set themselves off from reality. They didn't travel on streetcars, they didn't meet people on the street. Márton Horváth, the editor of Szabad Nép, was once surprised at the price of ham. These people simply didn't understand how the ordinary man lived in Hungary. The Communist writers could be divided into a number of categories:

- 1) Some of them were the paid agents of the NKVD, like Háy. Háy's motives for serving the NKVD were noble. He is an intelligent but cowardly man -- he is going to break in prison -- but a bad writer.
- 2) those Moscovites who were unable to escape the Communists but hated them; like Andor Gábor.
- 3) Those, who wanted only money, like György Bölöni. But they didn't really believe. Zelk, who was a card-sharp, said: "They are making a great poet out of me, but they don't pay." He left Communism when he was made to write bad poetry which was read by no one.
- 4) The most beautiful bunch was the group of charlatans eternally true to Communism, with whom the Writer's Association was filled in 1949 and 1950. People like Ligeti, Murányi-Kovács, Gereblyés, and Tibor Barabás.
- 5) Decent idiots from below or old Communists like Déry. Déry was the only Communist writer who was not unprincipled, dishonest or irresponsible.

By Party moral



I mean the extent to which Party members believe in what they are saying and what the Party is preaching. I think the Party moral simply did not exist because very few, an insignificant percentage of the Party members were members by conviction. Collectively the aim of the top Communist leaders in Hungary is to carry out to the dot instructions given them by Moscow. They pass these instructions to the lower rank and file. I do not think that the Hungarian top Communists are Communists by conviction. One or two may be, but I am unable to give you an example.

*

However, the Communist Party has made itself so ridiculous in Hungary that, in an independent Hungary it would be advisable to permit its existence just to prove to the world that it has no followers.

*

Party moral really never existed. What the Communists called Communist consciousness' was just a lot of humbug to mislead the youth. Party moral was only the close cooperation of careerists for mutual benefits. As individuals the top leaders of the Hungarian Communist Party have no convictions. The history of the Communist Party shows, that it is a constant struggle for power by various factions. I don't think that they themselves believe in what they are doing. Perhaps the top leaders believe that they are better than others. Dictators usually invent theories to justify themselves. Power and material advantages are equally important to them.



Essentially by the morning

of the 24th, the party meant only the Academy street headquarters with the party functionaries inside. The party's function disappeared completely. The party members, the functionaries went, escaped, wherever they could. There was a skin-saving campaign -- whoever needed it.

*

I attended meetings very seldom, fortunately I was excused to attend compulsory lectures on account of my studies... I went to trade union meetings once in every six months and every second week to the Petőfi-Circle... The trade union meeting lasted about two hours, the meetings of the Petőfi-Circle much longer, sometimes six hours... The trade union meetings were uninteresting while the meeting of the Petőfi-Circle dealt with vital problems.

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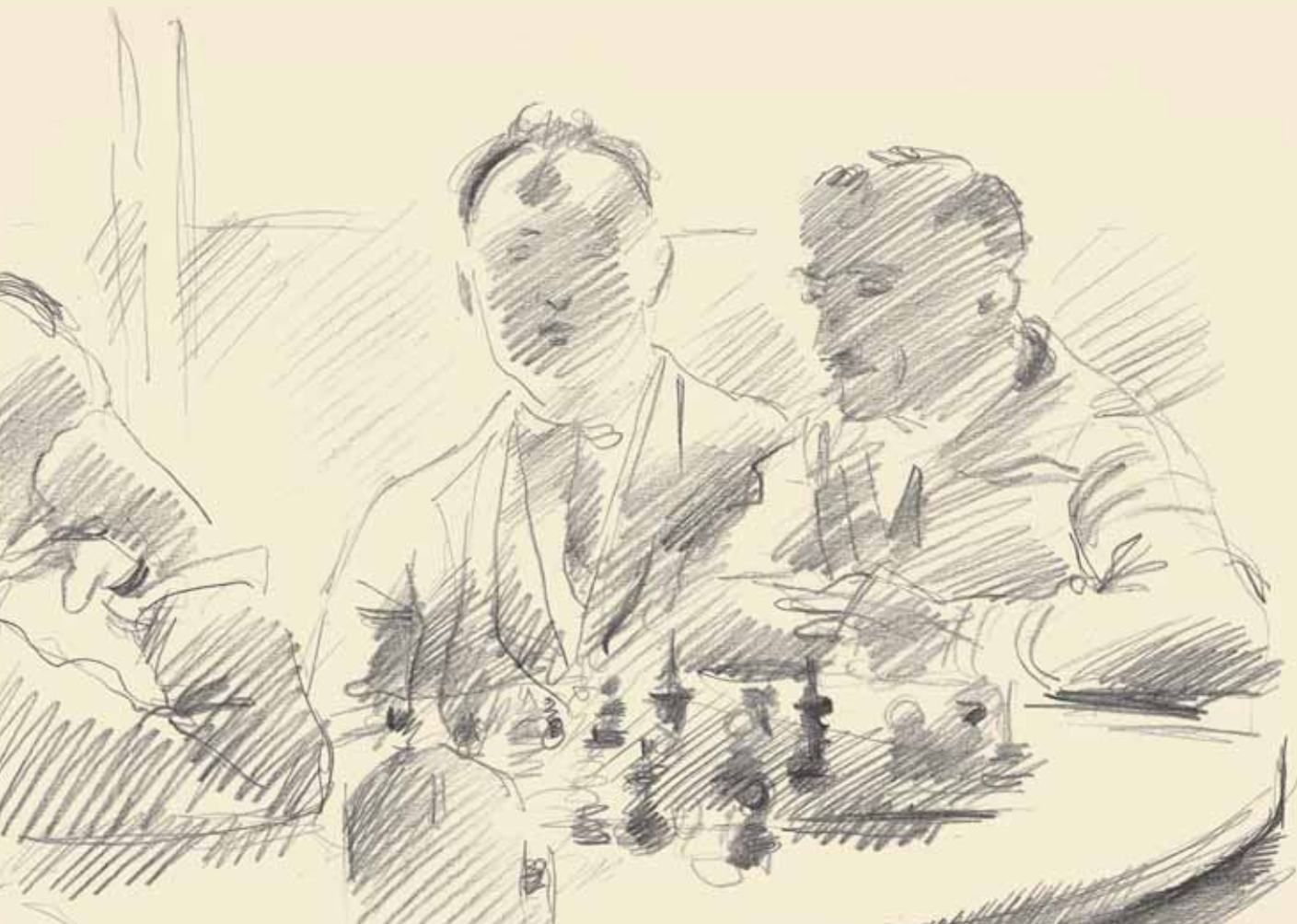
Petőfi Circle? I had no illusions about the Petőfi Circle. It was like trying to make butter out of shit. I don't think any kind of Communism is good, and I never had any illusions about Imre Nagy either.

*

By then people began to come out of prisons; the age of rehabilitation has arrived. Everything smelled to high heaven. That was when we became completely disillusioned... By the summer of 1954 the air had become dense and heavy; there was resistance, and the apparatus didn't function. There was an explosive party membership meeting at the Writer's Association, and an extremely important three-day membership at the Szabad Nép at which they demanded a complete purge, with the immediate removal of Gerő and Farkas, and the calling to account of Rákosi. This meeting took place in October 1954, and afterwards the recalcitrant Szabad Nép staff members, such as Méray, Gimes, Kende, Lócsei, etc., were fired from Szabad Nép. Of the Szabad Nép rebels only Sanyi Fekete kept his job, because he was not a Jew.

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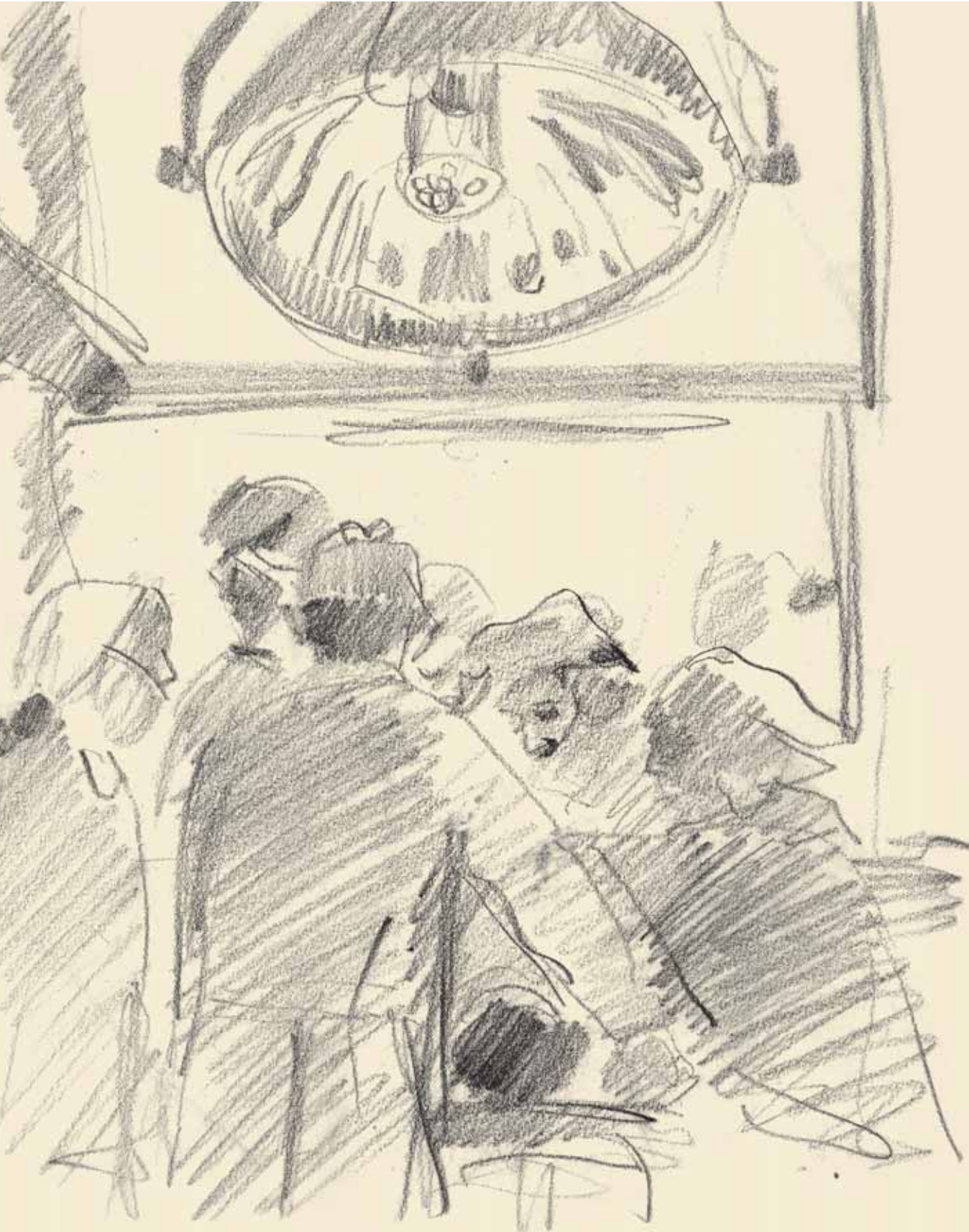
O n t h e 3 0 t h o f O c t o b e r ,



the majority of the Hungarian movie people got together, almost spontaneously, in Fészek, the movie artists' club. The spontaneity of this meeting was fantastic. Almost all good movie people were there although nobody had called the meeting together. Iván Darvas, a good actor, who has now been sentenced to three years in prison, was the first speaker. He said that the association of the Theater Artists would be dissolved because some of its members and leaders like Keleti, Fábry, Felix Máriássy and Béla Illés were left wing Communists... It was typical to Zoltán Várkonyi, that he, who had been the biggest bootlicker of the regime, now stood up and approved the formation of the new organization, in the name of the old leadership... Várkonyi also abused Rákosi and Stalin and performed self criticism. I thought the speech of maximum impertinence, and it took people by surprise, so that they almost voted for his proposal. I stood up therefore and said: "This Revolution is so pure and beautiful that even the thieves have gone on strike. People are contributing money for the victims of the Revolution; the money is in boxes on the street, without anyone stealing it. This is a noble Revolution. Therefore, a revolution which is so pure should not be besmirched at this meeting..."

*

Then Rákosi called together the Writer's Association praesidium to a meeting, in which Gerő, Hegedüs, István Kovács, Andics, and Márton Horváth also participated... We warned them in every possible way we could think of, we begged and shouted, and told them that there would be a trouble unless they stopped undoing the New Course... Rákosi closed the meeting with an hour long speech. He told us that we did not see the truth, that we did not see the connection between things, claiming that we only saw the partial truth. About the Rajk question he said: "If you have any hopes that Rajk will ever be rehabilitated, you are very much mistaken. Rajk will not be rehabilitated because he was guilty."



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I t w a s a t e r r i b l e t h i n g

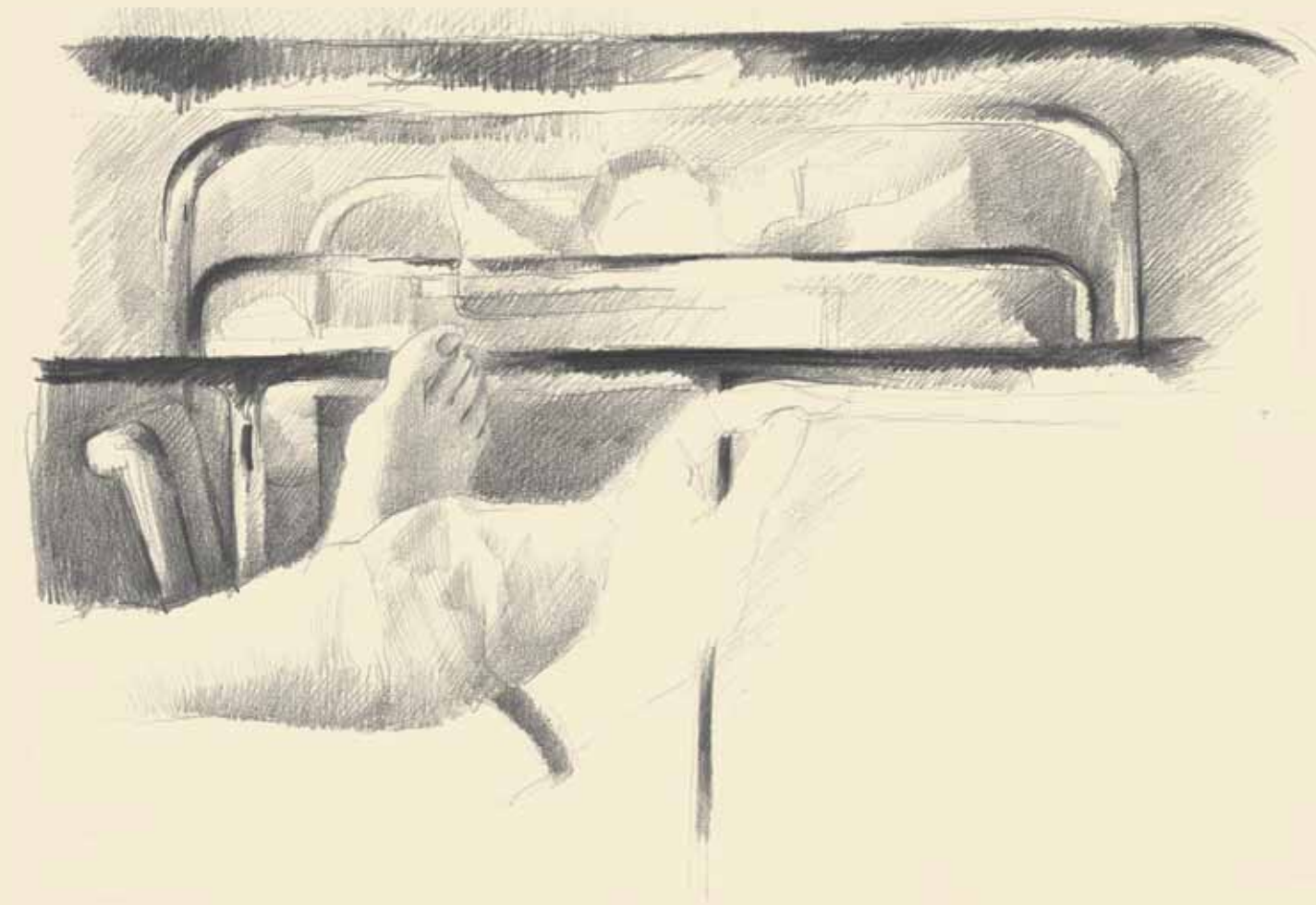
to be in tear gas. One's eyes, nose and mouth start running, and it is a biting, unpleasant feeling. But still people rather coughed and wept and spat, but they did not retreat. On the contrary, they brought tools, picks and axes and wanted to break the door. -- Then I saw some military force, perhaps ÁVO, came on trucks and shots were fired not only above the heads of the crowd but also to the people... I was among the first to be wounded. A shot hit my jaw and the bullet stayed in it. At first I put my handkerchief on the wound, and thought that it wasn't too bad, but later I decided to go to a hospital. I went to the hospital of our district. I was operated on and the bullet was removed. At the hospital I saw several students badly wounded, and I was told that some of them died on the way to the hospital.

*

Doktor Ács, the camp physician and a fellow prisoner, called me on the tenth day and told me that he had medicine enough for only ten percent of the sick. He did not know whether he should save every tenth, or give a small quantity to each prisoner. Ács became the most hated man in the camp; he decided to save the elite and let the others die. He saved a catholic priest, me, etc.

*

Shortly after that a university student beside me was stabbed in the head by a bayonet. With another demonstrator we took him to a doctor several blocks away. She applied temporary dressing and advised me to take this boy to a hospital. I took him to the Rókus Hospital which was the nearest. The hospital was overflowing with severely wounded demonstrators and nurses were hurriedly rounding up doctors to operate. It was after midnight in the early hours of October 24 when my friend was treated in the hospital. He feared to stay there, thinking that there may be retaliations. When he saw that the nurses were taking down the names and addresses of the patients, he begged me to take him away. I finally managed to take him home. He lived in the sixth district of Budapest.



I s p e n t m y d a y s

between the time of the Soviet withdrawal and the Soviet reinvasion doing Red Cross and first aid service in the Buda district at the Sports Hospital, also I went over to the Pest district to pick up the wounded in the ambulances. I very often was at the Corvin köz; here it very often happened that during the fighting we were unable to go back to the hospital and we took off our white uniforms and picked up arms and fought. Our bus number 807 which my husband and I commandeered during the revolution and with which we were shuttling between Buda and Pest and helping the freedom fighters, became quite legendary. Everybody knew our bus I am proud to say. We were carrying instructions from the different groups to each other. We carried medicine and Red Cross supplies, also pamphlets. The Sport Hospital was the headquarter of the revolutionary council of young people.

*

This day I felt so lousy that I stayed at the hospital all day. It was on that day that it happened that ÁVO people came, pretending that they were Freedom Fighters, of course dressed in civilian clothes. They listened to our people and took notes secretly, apparently so that they could revenge themselves on the Freedom fighters. We learned only later when they left that they were ÁVO.

The story of my husband



was different. He was a class enemy, a gentry and unreliable for the very reason that he was born in Vienna. Once they announced hirings at the Army Artist Ensemble. He played before the jury and they liked his playing, but he had to present his biography, too. They said that they liked his playing but he is unreliable. He came home crying. Finally he got a job as the conductor of a worker's orchestra, but pretty soon he was fired again. He was jobless, very often for a half a year or longer and could get only temporary assignments.

*

Deeply influenced by my phone talk with my sister..., I contacted by phone two of my friends whom I knew had good western connections and suggested to them that we leave the country together. For the same purpose I went over to Mrs. Márta Zárai where I met some other Opera singers. We had a long talk with them on the escape until the late night hours. No positive steps, however, were agreed upon... Evenetually we decided with my wife to leave Budapest temporarily without our children. We were driven in a truck to Győr... In Győr we met a friend, György Cziffra, a pianist, with his wife and son. We boarded in the same hotel where they stayed and on November 5th at 5:00 a.m. we saw Russian armored cars in front of the hotel. The Cziffras were driven to Austria by a friend who lived close to Győr in his car. My wife and I, together with 9 persons to whom we got acquainted in Győr, started on foot on Nov. 6 to the Western border.

*

I had to attend theaters mostly in order to hear my own compositions, otherwise I did not go to the theater but very seldom. In 1956 I saw and heard Yehudi Menuhin in the Városi Színház. It was the greatest musical event for me that I experienced since the regime. Until about 1953, people had to talk to each other in this way in the plays. "My darling", said the man to the woman, "I love you so much that I am ready to fulfill my quota better tomorrow than before." Later, a relaxation came and more artistic plays were permitted. Such as those of Bernard Shaw, Edmund Rostand's "Cyrano", Sándor Szabó was a big success in it.

== I t w a s t h e Z e n e m ű v é s z S z ö v e t s é g



(Union of Musical Artists), organized in the late 40's or early 50's that prescribed the trends to be followed. I was not permitted to be a member. Yet I participated in meetings upon invitation, about 10 times since the early '50's... Ferenc Szabó, Pál Kadosa and Ferenc Kerekes had the main word in it. In effect, Ferenc Szabó was the musical dictator; he was the president of the Zeneművész Szövetség. Both he and Kadosa got incalculable premia. I heard from a friend, a musician, that masses of 100 forints bills were lying in the wardrobe of Ferenc Szabó. he was told so by a charwoman who worked both for him and Szabó. The latter was a Soviet citizen to general knowledge. Zoltán Kodály though he was against the regime was thrust into prominence, but, for instance, Leo Weiner was pushed into the background. Kerekes was a very influential man in the Union. He wrote the film and operetta: Állami Áruház (State Store), and was one of the leaders of the Union's light music department. His wife was a secretary of Mihály Farkas (top Communist)... At almost any time I met unknown persons at meetings or the Zeneművész Szövetség. They were not the same persons as before. My friends and I supposed that they were detectives.

*

The director of the nationalized Hungarian movie industry was Dezső Révai, a former passport photographer, who was a brother of József Révai. His assistant was someone, not a lady but a female, who had been toilet attendant in a movie, and rose to a district Party agitator. She made her career by doing voluntary Party work, which simply means that she was an informer on the people in her district.

*

Yes, definitely more people had a chance to go to the movies, to theater, to concert than before. More people could afford to go. That was very important, and more people went because as I told you before this form of entertainment was a welcome relief from the drudgery of daily life and from the incessant torrent of political indoctrination and lectures that the Communist Party tried to force upon the people.



=== T h e y w a n t e d

me to make a movie about the creation of the world. According to Soviet scholars this started with a sphere, a ball, before which there was fog. Thus: primordial fog into ball. I asked Gárdos: "but who made the primordial fog?" Gárdos answered: "That simply was." I told him that the catholic religion was against this. He answered that whoever tried to criticize this theory would be convinced of its truth at the ÁVO. Before Gárdos became the head of the popular science department, he was a furrier in Király street. He realized that being a shop keeper, a furrier, had no intellectual and scholarly content, and therefore he changed jobs. According to the regime, Soviet science discovered everything. It was not enough to make a good, clear, precise educational movie about electricity. We also had to figure out how to add the fact that the electricity bell was invented by Csengőnov (Bellof) who was Lenin's colleague and friend.

*

After 1945 we used to play crazy telephone games. Cini Karinthy had a trick of imitating voices so that he could fool his own mother. Some of the best telephone jokes were around '47-'48. For instance, once Cini called up Tibor Barabás, who was a Writer's Association functionary, and said: "Tibor, this is Milán Füst. I am calling you from the Austrian border. The border guards just arrested me and found 5000 dollars on me. For Heaven's sake, Tibor, do something. Help me! the border guards are using my manuscripts for toilet paper... (Milán Füst was a notoriously finicky, fastidious and aesthetic writer.) Barabás got excited and said: "For Heaven's sake, Milán, how did it happen to carry 5000 dollars on you? What a mess!..." Then the voice changed on the other end of the line and Barabás heard the following: "This is István Szabó, lieutenant of the border guard. Who is this maniac I just arrested. My men have been reading his manuscripts all day, and laughing their heads off at the nonsense." Then the line was broken. When Barabás called the border station, he found out that they had never heard of Milán Füst and he figured out that the whole thing was Cini's hoax. The next time one of the writers of the Writer's Association really was arrested at the border station. He called Barabás and said; "Tibor, for Heaven's sake, help me, I have been arrested by the border guards." And Barabás answered: "Oh leave me alone, Cini, I have other things to worry about. If you try this trick again, I will knock your block off." And the poor writer was left to rot at the border station.



=== The totally centralized planning

as practiced by Communist states, requires great administration, and the usual red tape creates great difficulties and confusion. The detailed plans, with built in time schedules, are impractical, especially in agricultural production, since local weather conditions are (and cannot be) sufficiently considered. There are difficulties in distribution of industrial raw materials and products, as well as new machinery and spare parts (which are distributed equally to productive units, regardless of actual need). Central planned economy cannot coordinate supply and demand at local levels, cannot satisfy individual needs. Supplies are delivered according to fixed quotas, not according to demand.

*

For six years I was in the concentration camp and I can tell you that there were few places where the official organ of the Communist Party was as thoroughly read as there... After I got out of concentration camp I read a lot of newspapers and periodicals, as many as I could get hold of, and as many as I could read, given my exhausting type of occupation. Of those that I read first place belongs the official organ of the Hungarian Communist Party. I also read the paper of the trade unions, the former Social-Democratic paper, the Monday Journal, the Literary Journal, too. Once I got hold of Life magazine, a few times I saw the Reader's Digest but that was about all. I used to go to movies quite often because it was a good source of diversion and entertainment. I must honestly say that I did not like the Soviet pictures. I saw one called Chapayev and after that I refused to see more. As a matter of fact my wife berated me for that because there were some that were artistically very worth while. But I could not stomach them.

*

You can't make a happy movie about the labor competition! I was told that my movie had no ideological content. I said I was showing happy smiling youth in the factory. What more could one ask? I was told that I should place a sign above the young people's heads saying that they were happy about the 117 percent production in the factory. I said this is not what these young people are happy about; they are happy about spreading culture. I explained to them that the movie was full of the things which they wanted. However, the movie was never shown to the public. Later the same idea was stolen and made into "Life is Beautiful When You Sing". After this I was transferred to the newsreel and documentary film factory, to make educational movies.



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T h e p a r t i c i p a n t s

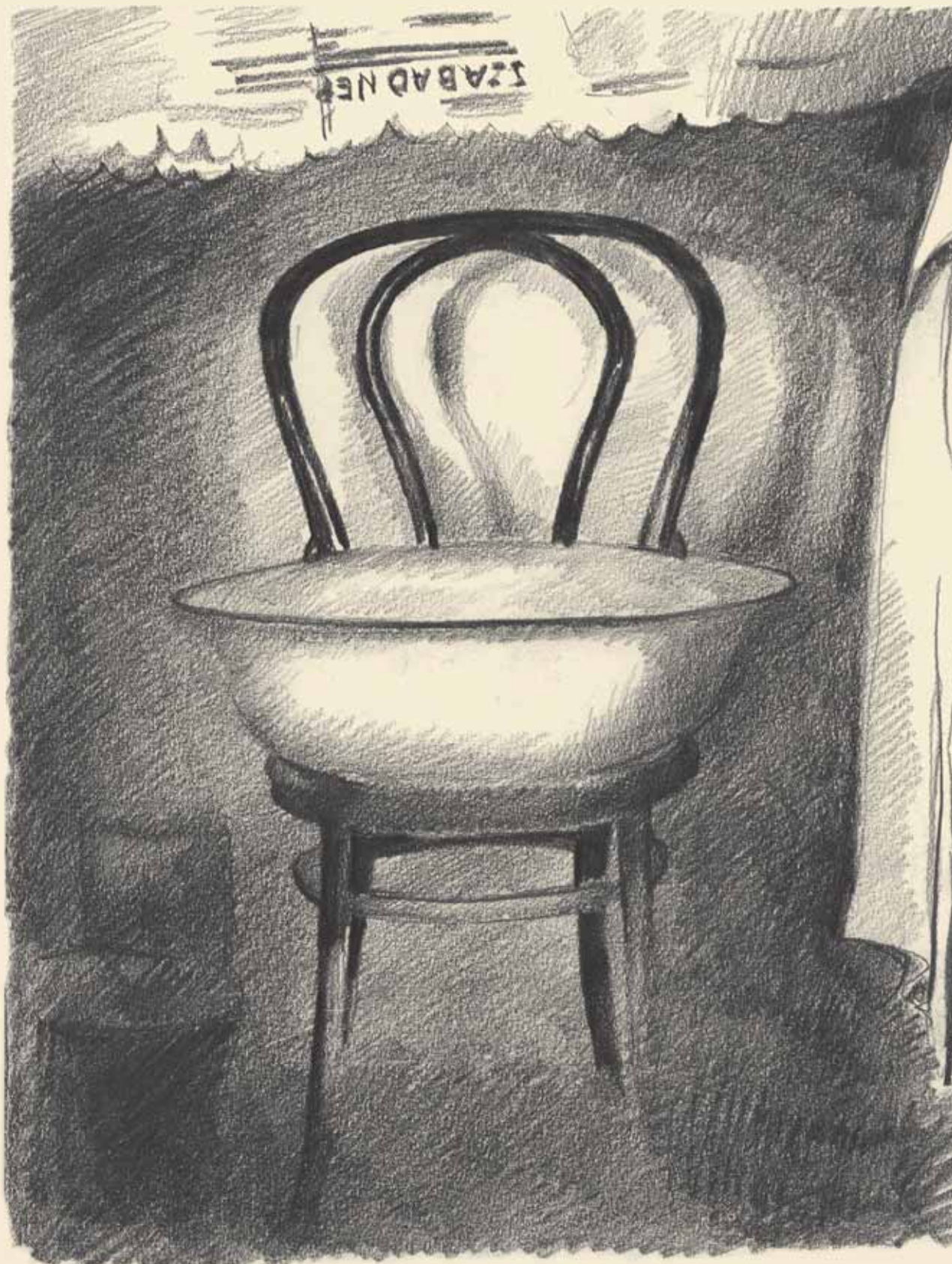
of the demonstration on the 23rd of October had no revolutionary intentions, if we mean revolution with arms, though theoretically the demonstration was revolutionary, but not in the barricade sense of the word. The intention was to wring immediate concessions, changes from the regime. The first time I heard the word "revolution" was when Vásárhelyi told Imre Nagy at the Parliament, on the evening of the 23rd, "Why do you hesitate? There is a revolution!"

*

A tremendous crowd stormed the building of the Szabad Nép (official daily of the Party). I felt too weak and I didn't take part in dashing the building. Soon ÁVO and Russian armored cars and tanks came. A fight started with the ÁVO and the Russians appeared to be reluctant to fight. They seemed to drag their feet, because they could have fired at the crowd and they didn't, only once in a while. I also fired all the rounds I had with me at the ÁVO, and after a while I ran out and I grew so mad that I threw the pistol at them. Desperately anxious to fight, I got a Manlicher (Interviewer's note: Time honored World War I and also World War II Hungarian infantry rifle.) I got it from a 13 year old boy who didn't like the rifle hitting his shoulder. By then, darkness fell. It was about 7 or 8 P.M., and I became too weak and felt that I had fever, so I returned to the hospital...

*

First we went to the Bem statue and then to the parliament building. There Péter Veres made an attempt to speak to the masses. Nobody was willing to hear him. I attributed this to the fact that he was a fascist before 1945 and turned to be a Communist enjoying the privileges of the system as a peasant writer. People wanted to hear Imre Nagy and succeeded in their request. We happened to meet a friend, Mrs. Márta Zárai, an opera singer. She drove me and my wife to the radio building in her car. Staying a while there we saw armed border guards arriving on trucks. The masses demanded their firearms and they were ready to hand them over.



====

M y a c t i v i t i e s

during the revolution did not include actual fighting. The best way to characterize what I did would be to say that I was milling about, the Hungarian word for this is *nyüzsögni*, I was running about Budapest and the countryside as much as I could getting people from one place to another... Some of the highlights of the things I did include the following: I requisitioned a car of the secret police and with it I went to get Mr. Ferenc Farkas, the eventual leader of the re-born peasant party, which was called the Petöfi Party. As we were riding along we were stopped by a group of armed freedom fighters. The situation was touch and go, we didn't know whether they thought we were members of the Secret Police and would shoot when we stopped or that they were members of the Secret Police in disguise and would shoot when they found out that we in turn, were not members of the Police. We dashed on with the car, found some people who were indeed freedom fighters, returned to the group and straightened matters out.

*

Yes, there were many reactionaries in the Revolution. There were those who waited to use the Revolution for their own purposes, for instance Mindszenty, whose speech was reactionary and a-political. He spoke absurd idiocies. Mindszenty is a stupid, feudal, medieval, shady character. That murderer, rascal idiot Rákosi made a martyr of him. Mindszenty is not Wishinsky, or a priest with European standards, with whom one can sit down and argue.

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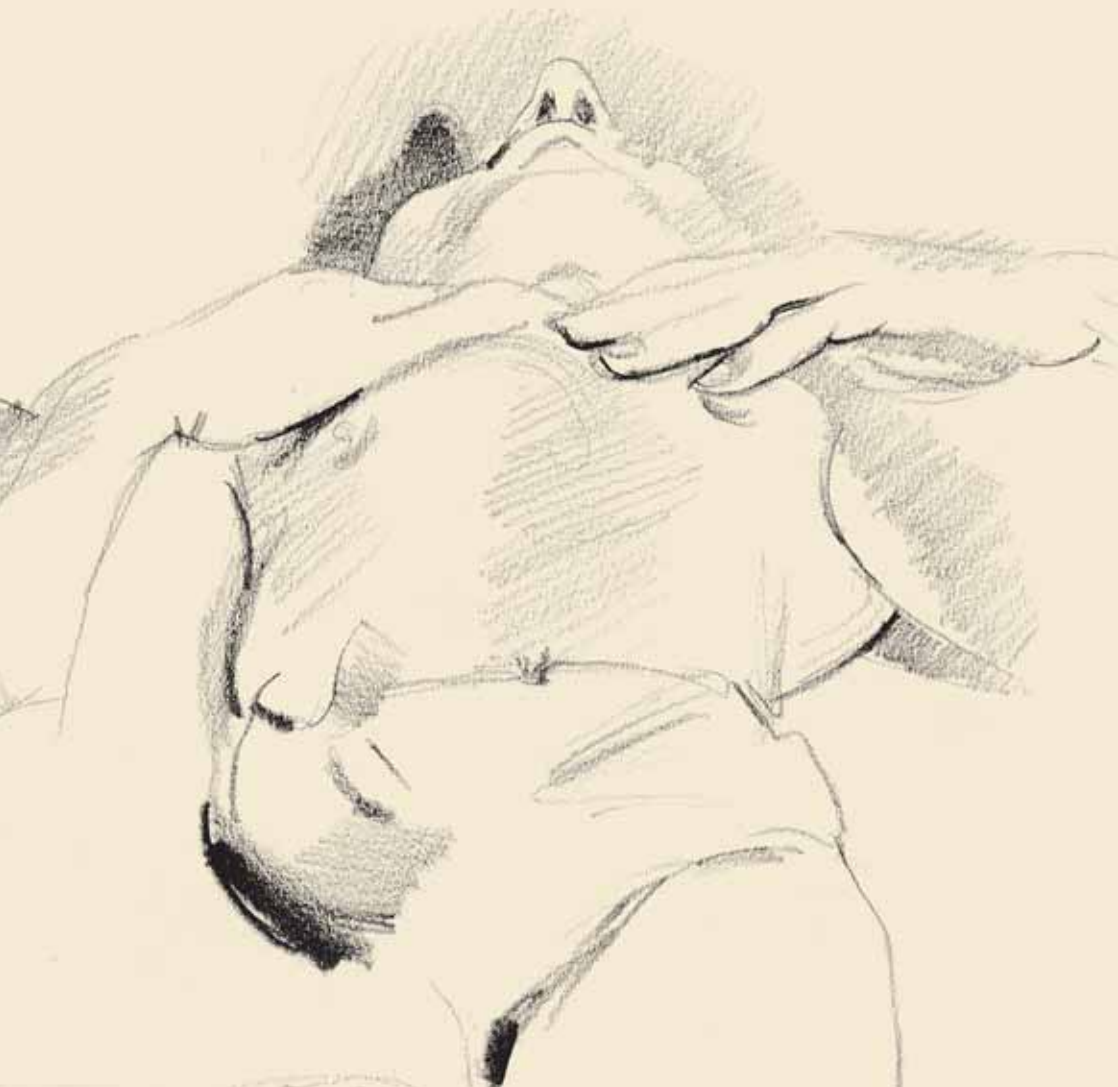
On the night of the 23rd, we had a tremendous argument with Kopácsi because he said that it was a counter-revolution. By dawn he had every intention to organize the defense against the revolution. We attacked him with Sanyi Munkácsi and said: "Whom do you want to shoot? The workers of Csepel?" He ordered that the rebels should be disarmed, and continued to think of the Revolution as counter-revolution. We mobilized all our friends to convince him that he was wrong. By the next day he came over to our side.

I s a w t h e f i r s t

returning Russians at dawn on November 4. I was then in Pécs at the Megye (County) Council, discussing the organization of the Petófi (Peasant) Party. The attack did not take us completely by surprise. The previous night we heard of their approach. But, the commander of the Russian tank troops convinced us that he wanted only to protect the Russians working in the uranium mines. The military commander of Pécs told us that the troops were not in a position to offer resistance. Some of the political officers sabotaged preparations for defense.

*

In the first phase, I saw only scattered shooting between the young rebels and the ÁVOs. I cannot report many details because I usually went to hide in cellars or buildings when I was surprised by such scenes. The second phase was more dangerous. We were all hiding in the cellars. These new Russian troops were merciless. They repeated all the horrors of 1945, except what they did to women... Once when I made a desperate attempt to get some bread for us, I have seen a tank unit demolishing a huge apartment house, although there were no fighters there, and all the tenants were probably hiding in the cellars.





=== The radio studio

was heavily guarded and the Communists would not let us in. At first the crowd did not want to break in or force its way into the studio building. They were waiting for Gero's speech. This speech is at least 50% responsible for the eventual siege of the studio building. (...) After Gerő's speech the crowd began to shout, "Down with Gerő". They wanted to crash in the gates of the studio building. Thereupon the ÁVH started to use tear-gas bombs. I tried to throw some of the shells back into the building, but the tear-gas made our eyes smart. The ones who got a dose of it drew back, but there were others to take their places. The crowd was constantly streaming back and forth. The crowd later pressed in the gates of the building, and the ÁVH started to shoot. (...) When the shooting started I was furious and incensed. The minute the first shot was fired I knew that there would be a fierce fighting. ÁVH troops had already surrounded the vicinity. On the other end of the street they formed a line and tried to sweep the streets clear with their bayonets. Behind us stood the soldiers who were still passive. We went to them and told them to give us arms. A sergeant gave the orders to fire on the crowd. A major who was not their commander, but probably one of the demonstrators, drew his service revolver on the sergeant and forbade the soldiers to carry out his instructions. That was the turning point. The soldiers seeing that a major was also on the side of the demonstrators willing joined us or gave us their arms. Our best persuasion was "You, too, are Hungarians. Your brothers may also be in the crowd."

Rozsda Endre 1913. november 18-án született Mohácson.

1918 Első rajzok, napi gyakorlat: női cipők, később női profilok. Tudja, hogy festő lesz. Kezdi látni a festészetet, kezd *sétálni a képekben*.

1926 Festők találkozója Mohácson, megfigyeli munkájukat és őrzi a visszakapart képek emlékét, amelyek magukon hordják az előző festmények nyomát: *„sokkal szebbek és titokzatosabbak, mint a befejezett képek.”*

1927 Fényképezőgépet vásárol, megtanul felvételt készíteni, előhívni, másolni: *„utcarészletek, egy fél bicikli, egy csendélet...”* Megfesti első képét, Gainsborough Kék ruhás fiú című művének másolatátát. A figura arcának helyére önarcképet tesz.

1932 Az érettségi után Aba-Novák Vilmos szabadiskolájában tanul.

1933 Aba-Novák mellett segédkezik a jásszentandrási és a szegedi freskók készítésében.

1936 Első egyéni kiállítása a Tamás Galériában. A tárlat kritikai és üzleti siker. A Szépművészeti Múzeum megvásárolja az egyik kiállított művet.

1937 Részt vesz a Nemzeti Szalon kiállításán.

1938 Festőbarátai, Ámos Imre és Anna Margit társaságában ott van Bartók Béla hangversenyén, ahol Bartók és felesége játszik. Ez döntő felfedezés, addigi festészetének teljes megkérdőjelezése: *”Játéka elbűvölt, zenéje fölkapart. Úgy éreztem, hogy az én művészi pályámat bírálja. Megmutatta, hogy nem vagyok saját magam kortársa.”* Párizsba költözik.

Barátjával, Barta Lajos szobrással közös kiállítása a műtermében, a rue Schoelcheren.

1939 Találkozik Szenes Árpáddal, Hajdú Istvánnal, Giacomettivel, Max Ernst-tel, Picassóval, Jeanne Bucher galériatulajdonossal. Festészetet tanít Francoise Gilot-nak, aki néhány évvel később Picasso felesége lesz.

1943 Csatlakozik az ellenállási mozgalomhoz. Amikor megtudja hogy keresi a rendőrség, gyorsan elhagyja Párizst. Visszatér Budapestre, kiállít az Alkotás Művészházban.

1945 Barátságot köt Pán Imrével, mindketten az Európai Iskola alapító tagjai lesznek. Az iskola festőket, szobrászokat, költőket, írókat és értelmiségieket gyűjt egybe. Heti összejöveteleiket Rozsda Endre műtermében, a Váci utca 47-ben tartják. megszületik több fontos absztrakt műve.

1946–48 Részt vesz az Európai Iskola által szervezett közös és egyéni kiállításokon. Kiállít a Fővárosi Képtárban és az *Elvont művészek második csoportkiállításán*.

1948 Egyéni kiállítása a Művész Galériában. Gegesi Kiss Pál professzor, az Európai Iskola alapító tagja és mecénása a Japán kávéházban bejelenti, hogy a csoport felfüggeszti tevékenységét. *„Japánban megölték egy európaít”* – teszi hozzá Rozsda.

1948-50 A hatóságok felszámolják a különböző művészeti csoportokat és szervezeteket.

1949-56 Rozsda fest és rajzol. Egyfelől személyes és titokban készült művek, másfelől néhány politikai szempontból *semleges* kép születik. Noha Rozsda a Magyar Képzőművészek Szövetségének tagja, nem kap jegyet, amire festészeti anyagokat vásárolhatna. Ha Erdélyinél, az egyetlen festékkereskedőnél festészeti anyagokat vásároltak, meg kellett adni a nevet és megmondani, mit akar festeni az ember: portrét, tájképet, csendélelet. Legtöbbször álnéven vásárol. *„Egyszer zöld festéket akartam venni. Az eladó azt felelte, zöld festék csak tavasszal lesz.”*

Semleges képeket küld a kor néhány hivatalos tárlatára. Gyermekkönyveket illusztrál.

1956 Csatlakozik a formalista művészek csoportjához, részt vesz a *Hetek* nem hivatalos kiállításán Esztergomban, többek között Anna Margittal, Barta Lajossal, Bálint Endrével és Korniss Dezsóvel. Több mint háromezren nézik meg a kiállítást. Október 23-án kitör a forradalom.

1957 Párizsba költözik.

Összeállítva a Szépművészeti Múzeumban rendezett Rozsda c. kiállítás katalógusa alapján

Endre Rozsda est né le 18 novembre 1913 à Mohács, en Hongrie.

1918 Premiers dessins: des chaussures de femmes et, un peu plus tard, des profils féminins. Il sait qu'il sera peintre. Commence à regarder la peinture et à "se promener dans les tableaux".

1926 Rencontre des peintres à Mohács, observe leur travail et garde le souvenir des toiles grattées qui conservaient les traces des peintures précédentes: "les trouve beaucoup plus belles et mystérieuses que les tableaux achevés".

1927 Se procure un appareil photo et s'initie à la prise de vue, au développement et au tirage: "des morceaux de rues, une demi-bicyclette, une nature morte..." Il peint son premier tableau: une copie du Blue Boy de Gainsborough, dont il remplace le visage par un autoportrait.

1932 Après son baccalauréat, il travaille comme apprenti avec Aba-Novák.

1933 Il travaille aux côtés d'Aba-Novák à des fresques à Jászszentandrás et Szeged.

1936 Première exposition personnelle à la galeria Tamás. L'exposition est un succès critique et commercial. Le Szépművészeti Múzeum de Budapest acquiert une des oeuvres exposées.

1937 Participe au Nemzeti Szalon.

1938 Assiste en compagnie de ses amis peintres, Imre Ámos et Margit Anna, à une représentation publique de la Sonate de Béla Bartók, interprétée par Bartók lui-même et sa femme. Ce fut une révélation décisive, une totale remise en question de son travail de peintre: "Son jeu m'a enchanté, sa musique m'a bouleversé. J'ai senti qu'il (Bartók) critiquait ma propre trajectoire artistique. Il m'a démontré que je n'étais pas contemporain de moi-même." S'installe a Paris. Exposition rue Scheolcher, dans son atelier, avec son ami, le sculpteur Lajos Barta.

1939 Rencontre Árpád Szenes, István Hajdú, Giacometti, Max Ernst, Picasso, la galeriste Jeanne Bucher. Il enseigne la peinture à Françoise Gilot, qui se mariera quelques années plus tard avec Picasso.

1943 Lié au mouvement de la Résistance. Retourne à Budapest. Expose à l'Alkotás Művészház.

1945 Il se lie d'amitié avec Imre Pán et devient avec ce dernier l'un des membres fondateurs du mouvement Európai Iskola (l'École Européenne). Groupement d'avant-garde qui réunit peintres, sculpteurs, poètes, écrivains et intellectuels. Les premières réunions de l'École Européenne ont lieu le jeudi dans l'atelier d'Endre Rozsda, 47, rue Váci, à Budapest. De cette période datent d'importantes œuvres abstraites.

1946-48 Expositions collectives ou individuelles organisées par l'École Européenne. Participe par ailleurs à diverses expositions: Cent peintres à Fővárosi Képtár.

1948 Exposition personnelle à la galerie Művész. Le professeur Pál Gegesi Kiss, membre fondateur et mécène de l'École Européenne, annonce la cessation des activités du groupe devant une assemblée réunie au Café Japán à Budapest. Rozsda conclura: "Un Européen tué au Japon".

1948-50 Les autorités interdisent toutes formes d'art autres qu'officielles.

1949-56 Rozsda peint et dessine: d'un côté, une ouvre personnelle et clandestine, de l'autre, quelques tableaux "neutres" du point de vue politique qui lui permettent de vivre sans trop éveiller la suspicion des autorités. Chez Erdélyi, le seul fournisseur de couleurs à l'époque, lorsqu'on achète du matériel de peinture, il faut donner son nom et préciser ce que l'on veut peindre: portrait, paysage, nature morte. C'est là qu'il s'approvisionne, la plupart du temps, sous un faux nom. "Une fois, j'ai voulu acheter de la peinture verte. Le vendeur m'a répondu que la peinture verte ne serait disponible qu'au printemps". Envoie des tableaux "neutres" à quelques Salons officiels de l'époque. Illustre des livres pour enfants.

1956 Participe a l'exposition non officielle des "Sept" à Esztergom en compagnie, entre autres, de Margit Anna, de Lajos Barta, d'Endre Bálint et de Dezső Korniss. Plus de trois mille personnen affluent à cette exposition. Le lendemain de la cloture de l'exposition, la révolution hongroise éclate.

1957 S'installe de nouveau à Paris.

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