

THE ARMY'S ROLE IN THE REVOLUTION.

May I start with my over all, personal analysis of the events of last year. Titoism had appealed to the writers and progressive individuals, the general expectation being that the Democratisation process of the Gerö gov't will be speeded up. The Gerö - Tito talks obviously will have great significance in this regard, only no one knew what happened in Belgrade, what Tito's impact on Gerö's policy will be in the future. At the time I was finishing my two years with the Army, assigned to the political headquarters group at divisional headquarters in Esztergom. I have exact and reliable information that the division was alerted exactly at 9 p.m. when not a shot yet was fired. Gerö's speech ran from 8 - 9 p.m. The Hungarian troops were alerted to much lesser degree than the Soviet units were, but as long as a few Hungarian units would appear in Budapest, it would presumably be easy to claim before world opinion, that whatever action proved necessary was carried out by a "joint operation".

What exactly was expected, I am not sure to this day. I am quite certain, however, had there been a rain on the 23rd, no revolution would have broken out.

The Communist leadership itself was quite afraid to take a stand against the demonstrators and no one wanted to be responsible subsequently, for acting too severely, either to Moscow or to the masses of the people.

In our newspaper office, I heard over the radio the indecisiveness of Pirov and other Communist officials vacillating between permission and prohibition of the demonstrations. By that time the county Party organization was meeting at Dorog. As its most unusual feature the division commander and his Russian advisor showed up at this meeting. Something was in the air I knew, but I didn't know what. Gerö and the AVH must have had a better idea, because they had the accurate statistics on the country. It is absurd to suggest that they were unaware of the extent of dissatisfaction, because if nothing else, they knew the number of worker and peasant political prisoners in proportion to class aliens held in jail and they must have had a warning of the truth. On the other hand, they were aware of the clumsiness and unreliability of the tremendous bureaucratic machinery and took steps against it. One step was that they introduced specialized officials who would keep the Council of Ministers and the Party secretariat directly informed of grass roots developments in their fields.

Late that afternoon ^{The 23rd} I had my driver drive me to Budapest on our official motorcycle, after I informed my boss, the editor, that I am going to investigate the developments in the capital.

The armored division I served with was the one securing Budapest, and its various regiments were stationed in a number of villages around the city. Divisional headquarters and the 33rd Armored Regiment were based in ~~Es~~ ¹estergom. The most distant unit belonging to our division was a full 160 kilometers from Division Headquarters. Our units were undersized and there were from 40 to 60 tanks in a regiment. However, somewhat earlier an undersized division was dissolved and our division absorbed half of its force, among them a construction engineer regiment. The dependability of the troops throughout Hungary was an enigma to all. It would be practically impossible to say that one unit or another was completely reliable in the support of Gerö or in the support of the Revolutionaries. The over all directive ordered our division to Budapest, with one regiment securing the War Ministry and another one AVH Headquarters. Aside from this there were continual changes, just as the entire situation was in a flux.

There was no doubt in my mind from the very beginning that the entire Revolution was madness, a completely senseless undertaking which could not have succeeded.

I think the revolt broke out as a result of a series of unfortunate accidents and coincidences. A strong rain-storm would have washed away the first spark on the 23rd and the crisis would have been surmounted. While many writers and students wanted far-reaching changes, they had no say on the evening of the 23rd. At that time it was the mob in the streets who sparked the Revolution, once it lost control over its emotions. Soon others joined this upheaval. The Revolution couldn't win inspite of the enthusiasm displayed during the first 8 days while the Cserö people and the Russians hesitated over how to oppose them. During the second week a full-size terror was mounted with heavy guns responding to any pistol fire, and the retaliation proved effective. People became very cautious, winter was coming and they did not want to see their apartments destroyed and frequently refused to cooperate with the Revolutionaries. After the first week we saw that no Western help was forthcoming. By this time the Revolutionaries were ready to quit. They only needed some time to wind up the Revolution and let its course run till it was spent.

Had the Russian tanks arrived an hour earlier, the mob would have stayed under control. But although they were alerted quite early on the 23rd, they needed considerable time to drive up to Budapest from Szombathely.

Meanwhile the mob was drunk enjoying its new-found freedom for the first few hours. The biggest mistake committed was when the AVO's independent authority was limited in its absolute power. This power worried Party leadership and therefore they tried to subordinate the AVO and as its result they were indecisive and unwilling to squash the earliest demonstrations. Several months ago they would have dispersed the demonstrators with every means at their disposal and then made a report to Party Headquarters subsequently; now they were awaiting instructions for action.

I arrived in town by 7 p.m. and then went to my best friend's apartment, where I listened to Gerö's speech. From there I went to the Journalists' Club, which I found deserted. On the street I saw a mob coming from the Stalin statue, shouting "Russki Go Home!" They joked and they were upset because the ropes with which they wanted to pull Stalin down, burst. Finally they fetched some metal-cutter torches and brought the statue down. As I was watching them at work a motorcyclist showed up, who turned out to be a friend of mine. He brought news of the AVO's shooting into a group of people at the Radio Station. I jumped up behind him and we sped there. I walked around the area twice.

By this time, it must have been 11 or 11:30, the mob broke into the Szabad Nap offices and some Russian cars were driving up to the radio through the mass assembled. They had a small Hungarian contingent with them and they disappeared in the building. By 1 a.m. several Hungarian tanks showed up, parts of our division who were called in from Filisecsaba under the command of Lt Col Solymosi. I knew him personally and I knew he was a completely devoted, reliable Communist. I have no doubts that he came to relieve the AVH forces closed into the radio. He got out of his tank and with a few people approached the Radio Station, taking a flag from the hand of some demonstrator. Somehow the AVH lost their head and machine-gunned the whole group. The troops were flabbergasted when they saw their commander fall and started to go over to the Revolutionaries. They withdrew into the background and the officers watched the developments from the distance in helpless indecision. The fire-power and combat strength of this unit was such that they could have taken the building within a couple of hours, had they wanted to. However, they only stood there without purpose and their presence was of no effect. By 3 or 4 a.m. the first truckloads of miners arrived, joining the Revolutionaries in their siege. By this time arms were plentiful from arms repair-stations, armories, police-stations and the generosity of the soldiers present.

I went to the office of the Red Star, the Army newspaper, and tried to call my superior in Sztergom over the Army ~~K~~ - lines ^(These were special Army telephone lines reserved for our use.) (These were special Army telephone lines reserved for our use.) So I went home to sleep. Next morning I went to City Hall when I heard the curfew regulation supposedly in force from 10 a.m. to noon. I saw that City Hall was surrounded by Soviet tanks and I withdrew into a doorway till the end of the curfew, perhaps I could have walked on since I could have identified myself with my political headquarters group Army certificate, but one did not know whether they would first shoot and then ask questions, or apply a more civilized method. Later I approached the radio where fighting was still going on, only this time I found that the revolutionaries were being attacked from the rear by Russians. At Kossuth Square a full-size battle was going on. AVH men were shooting at people queued up in front of food stores to create the impression of Revolutionary high-handedness. But soon a few Revolutionary marksmen picked them out from the windows, as soon as they reappeared there. By this time Russian tanks standing around at the National Theater, must have gotten annoyed at the shooting and rumbled down Kossuth street, firing into every other building on both sides of the street to restore peace and order.

I would like to emphasize, however, that some of the Russians did come over to the Revolutionary side and I myself saw some and talked to some. They were very impressed with the heroism of the Kilian Barracks defenders and it was near these Barracks that I talked to them. They were all keyed up and enthusiastic, enjoying the fighting. Later that day I looked up the tank regiment which was ordered in from Esztergom the previous night. It was now protecting AVH Headquarters on Jaszai Mari Square. There were only Russian tanks at the War Ministry by then, I think. Since I knew most of the people in the regiment, I had no trouble in approaching them and talking to them. However, several AVH men came out of the building under the protection of the tanks and investigated people, frisking them for arms. Soon four of them came over, warning me not to talk to the soldiers. By this time I am certain they knew that their biggest problem would be the reliability of the Hungarian Army. I identified myself and told them not to bother me, whereupon they left. Actually they had reason to be scared, for our propaganda division has been telling them for years that they were fighting for the people. To many it now seemed the time had come to do just that.

The reliability of the Army was up for debate; and even the Russians did not trust themselves.

No clear line could be drawn, particularly since the Revolt was not only anti-Communist. Had it been merely an anti-Communist raising, defense would have been possible against it. But views and situations were changing continually and rapidly and more often than not real Communists were fighting a bastard version of opportunist Communists. At least on the 24th and 25th, even though many were armed, many remained pro-Communist, presenting the Revolutionary aims strictly under the Communist colors, claiming to be the true representatives of Communist aims and ideology. On the 24th or 25th I saw a tremendous mass of people milling down on Stalin Street, shouting in unison "We are not Fascists, we are Hungarians!" Soon, half of the 33rd Armored Regt. deserted the unit. Adding to the ideological confusion and the confusion of loyalties, was the confusion in military tactics^c, inevitable in city fighting under such conditions. Near the West side rail terminal where one of our Hungarian tanks was posted as a look-out, Russian soldiers killed the three Hungarian soldiers carried by the tank for mine-clearance and close-range defense. This was most upsetting to the Hungarians, men and officers alike. On the same day, it may have been the 27th, a mass of people came up to the Hungarian regimental commander, asking him to lend some tanks to the Revolutionaries.

He told them he couldn't give them any, but it's significant that he talked and negotiated with them instead of having them either shot or arrested. In spite of their lack of success, the forces of the regiment were steadily diminishing; one battalion, under Captain Tari, was sent to the Kilian Barracks and they promptly switched sides, becoming Maleter's tank group. A few tanks were sent out to Lakihegy, some to Ujpest, to defend the officers' quarters there, but all units, once out of sight, either disbanded or went over to the revolutionaries. The only time any tanks returned from a mission and reported for new assignment, was the Csepel excursion on which I took part, and this unit returned only because the regimental commander was in charge of the five tanks in person. ^{ALLY} Desertions and reversal of sides was not too unusual once soldiers saw the 3 killed by the Russians, and saw subsequently the Russians kill half a dozen civilians in broad daylight as they were going some place unarmed. This last action took place on Sgt. Istvan Avenue in plain view of the Hungarian troops. No wonder the Hungarian soldiers were all careful and all doubtful.

Nightly shootings were going on all the time sporadically, and one night, I think on the 25th, a group of young people warned me of Russian shootings and offered to take me home under their cover.

These were all youngsters, except one handsome, old man with white hair and white mustache, who gripped a World War I Russian rifle. I must admit, they were pure and enthusiastic about their activities and they did escort me home. A couple of teen-age girls were acting as first-aid men. On the other hand, however, the Russians blasted houses indiscriminately, as it was noted above, on the 27th for example, which I saw personally. They also often fired so close to their own men that these died of the air pressure.

By this time I was in touch with Esztergom, calling them from the offices of the Red Star, the Army paper, and since they couldn't or wouldn't order me back they approved of my delay in Budapest. The Army political headquarters group was also located in the Red Star building, with whom I kept in touch. On one occasion a mass of people came and demanded the newspaper to print the demands they presented; the commanding officers of the paper were unwilling to agree, but at the same time they were unwilling to point blank deny the request. I think they were playing for time, hoping that a solution would present itself or the mob would disperse. Instead however, a mass of workers appeared, reinforcing the demonstrators, whereupon the newspaper management decided to print the demands and these were soon carried away in trucks to be distributed all over town.

As I noted above, the attitude of the Russians was quite different and on similar occasions I saw them fire into the mob or else over it, and I saw people jump into store-window glass panes to safety. At any rate, the street was clean in less than a minute. After the mob left, the Red Star building was reinforced heavily by the newly arrived field engineers from Ercsi, who also occupied all apartments, making a tight defense ring around the War Ministry. This was decided in order to eliminate the danger of Molotov cocktails being dropped on tanks from the apartment windows above. Since these troops were now assigned to our division, I wanted to interview them and I went to talk to their commander. After assigning a political officer to go with me, I talked to a lot of these soldiers. Their attitude was not different from that of the others.

One day, I think towards the evening of the 27th, I went into AVH Headquarters where the assistant divisional commander, commanding the division at the time, a Lt Colonel, noticed me. He was a fairly new man in our division and I didn't know him very well; he sarcastically inquired if I was getting any fresh air by roaming around and then point blank asked me whether I deserted? I told him that I was in constant touch with my commanding officer and that I was acting on orders.

At any rate he told me to put on my uniform and move into the headquarters in the AVH building from my mother's house. Of course I had no choice and complied. The following day, the 28th, a radio order came through to send out 5 tanks to Csepel, the heart of heavy industry in Budapest and a key workers district. The commanding officer told me that he and I would be accompanying the tanks. We were already being expected by the plant management and 100 AVH men in brand new police uniforms. A strategy was decided on, by which 2 tanks would stay in reserve with half the men, and the rest would attack police headquarters, which was now the headquarters of the Revolutionaries. There were no workers in the plant, except a handful of reliable Communists ready to protect it. The management then treated us to a fabulous meal with every delicacy imaginable. The Army devised the strategy, proposing to cover the attack by the AVH men with tank artillery. This was done with some malice ~~and~~ forethought, since the AVH men had no desire to be the attacking force. Finally, the police headquarters were approached and since no one defended it, it was easily taken. When we got in, there were only two young men enjoying themselves with two girls in bed. The AVH men arrested them and investigated them. Since the soldiers were present, they did not dare to beat them or as much as touch them.

Of course they knew of nothing and I think they were later let go. However, a roomful of homemade preserves were found, which must have been piled up by the Revolutionaries, probably stolen from homes. Mission accomplished, we went back to the plant and agreed to comb the town the next day. Next morning we started out at 10 a.m. and we met some small arms fire, but since we did not mean to destroy the homes, only small arms fire was returned. No one of the population saw any of the Revolutionaries, although we knew that they were right among us. Not one man was captured, but one of our heavy machine-gun crews, together with the machine-gun, disappeared; we searched for them for 2 hours, but we could not locate them anywhere. At times we were fired at from windows, but whenever we got there, we were always late. I am sure that everyone knew where the Revolutionaries and our machine-gun crew disappeared, except us. During these skirmishes in this phantom war, our soldiers fired at the Revolutionaries on occasion. They fought back, especially since many were shot. By Monday night the operation had ended, and while the troops still stayed there another day, I told the commander that since there was nothing to do I would be leaving. I simply got on the trolley and went home. On Tuesday I was completely perplexed when the Hungarian Air Force threatened the Russians unless they withdrew from the city.

By this time it seemed clear that only those supported the gov't who were either afraid because of their past deeds and activities, or else ~~they~~ had jobs ~~way~~ beyond their capacity to ~~hold down~~, which they kept ^{due to} because the regime's ^{good graces.} favored them. These were justifiably afraid of loosing them and ^{of} being reduced to a job which they could more properly fill.

On Wednesday the miracle happened and the Russians withdrew. There was no fighting and full armistice was observed. The Red Star was re-christened, the "People's Army" and I reported to this newspaper for duty, with several friends of mine together. On Wednesday we wrote articles already on the new Budapest. On the following day I was assigned to write an article on some Austrians who were sending countless packages to Hungary, and I was given a car to go to Austria to visit this elderly person who was busily making ^{up the} packages. On my way to Austria we drove through Esztergom and found the town completely transformed. The city was flagged and decorated with flowers and welcoming statements in the expectation of the return of Mindszenty. Fortunately we had a horribly inexperienced chauffeur who managed to get stuck in every village, and thanks to his incompetence we had a chance to survey public opinion everywhere. The most widely represented attitude was that the general strike must be continued until the Russians leave the entire country.

Finally we got to Austria, wrote our story, took our pictures, and returned. Crossing the border was a thrilling experience; we drove up and shouted to the AVH man "Raise the gates!" and he did. The other AVH man who sat in the office, mechanically stamped exit and entry visas into everybody's papers. He asked no questions. By 6 p.m. we were back in Győr and we heard the first rumors about the return of the Russians. The news were repeated at Komarom. The Russians controlled traffic to Budapest by blocking half of the way with a tank, but they let traffic actually pass. In Budapest there was still some shooting, which, in fact, never ceased entirely.

On Saturday the 3rd, I joined a squad sent out by the new district Revolutionary Council to collect AVH men. For this they gave us a riot car and we went about this business in a most haphazard manner; on occasion someone would tip us off that an AVH man lived at such and such an address. We would go there and at times it turned out that the person in question once served in the police, but had since retired. At other times the tip would pay off and we would locate an AVH man who had two choices open to him. He could simply come along with us, which many did and in which case nothing happened to him, but ~~he got~~ ^{getting} locked up in jail awaiting a trial.

Again, if he, instead of coming along, barricaded himself and started shooting, someone would throw in a hand-grenade into his apartment and at times killed the whole family unintentionally. The third alternative an AVH man could expose himself to if he got into the hands of the street mob. Then, more often than not, he could expect to be lynched.

I spent the night of the 3rd in the War Ministry building and of the events of the 4th my only comment is, that a large degree of treason was obvious. During their take-over, the Russians shot only one Hungarian soldier and the whole arrangement seemed well designed and was swiftly carried out. The 33rd Armored Regt. had only about 12 tanks left at its disposal, stationed between the War Ministry and Parliament. At 6 a.m. the entire tank crews were called into the War Ministry building to receive orders for the day, and when they returned to their tanks, they found them surrounded by Russian tanks with Russians at the controls. The Russians very politely handed the men their blankets from the tanks and wished them good luck and good-bye. We left the War Ministry at 8 a.m. This was the role of that part of the Hungarian Army which I witnessed on the 4th. In view of the great Russian force present, this was not surprising. As far as I know, no Hungarian forces were active on the 4th in any capacity.

Several days later, on the 7th I think, a special group of Hungarian units appeared working in close coordination with the Russians. They were in every instance outnumbered by their Russian counterparts, perhaps for security reasons. They wore blue police uniforms with red armbands and they operated only out of Russian troop carriers. Their job was to mop up unreliable elements.

I would like to say a word on my personal attitude towards the Revolution. I fully agreed with those officers who spiritually approved of the Revolution, but logically refused to cooperate with it. They said, our first responsibility is for our troops and we cannot afford to support the Revolution or display mad heroism. Many people were, and are, convinced that it is better and more useful to be a live slave than a dead hero. One could not draw a dividing line between sane common sense, patriotism and selfishness. Basically one had to serve fulfilling one's duty and idealism was secondary. One saw this everywhere, a thousand folds every day. I am sorry to say I lost all idealism.

END OF INTERVIEW ON REVOLUTION.

When my applications for university admission were refused, I had no choice but to go to the Army. Once one was drafted it depended on his assignment whether he will be staying in for 2 or for 3 years. The Air Force and air ground defense crews, the Blue and the Green AVO, radar personnel, and the tank crews and maintenance staffs served for 3 years, the rest of the Army for 2 years. According to a story, the AAA was added to the 3-year group when they failed to shoot down an American plane which crossed over Hungary. In the subsequent investigation the commanders blamed the inefficiency and lack of experience of their troops. So, to improve these short-comings, their tour of duty was extended to 3 years.

Nine months before one was to be called up, one was subjected to a preliminary physical examination and also to a political-social examination by a committee of 5 men. These people represented the Party, the AVH, the local gov't agency, and the military replacement agency who was actually an Army representative. They asked political and social questions and in exceptional hardship cases they could postpone the induction. They too decided on how reliable a man was and what branch he would be assigned to.

All people were judged on the basis of their kader sheets, but they were given a chance for a verbal exchange to permit the human element to enter. The next step was the actual draft, which I managed to avoid by having my appendix taken out just then. This presumably gave me one year's deferment, giving me a breathing space. The actual induction took place 6 - 8 weeks after the draft. I felt quite secure in having weathered the storm, when a subsidiary draft was called up because the quotas were not met the first time. Without much fuss I was drafted and given an extra month to recuperate from my operation.

We were called up in ¹small groups, filling ¹the manpower requirements of each unit separately. An officer from that unit came to fetch us and take us down to be trained and to be serving with our unit for the entire 2 years. Every unit trained its own replacements and one gets assigned to ones permanent duty during the first 2 weeks of quarantine, before the actual training begins. Then followed a six-weeks basic infantry training, after which we were assigned to our permanent jobs.

Each regiment has its own library and one man is assigned as regimental librarian. Besides him there is a studio man in the regiment's propaganda section.

He and the librarian cooperate carrying out the propaganda and cultural activities in the regiment. The studio man handles the radio centrale from where he relays the Budapest radio program, or else creates his own programs. These would include speeches by various officers, various experts, recitals, choir groups, for amateur plays, etc. He would also be in charge in running the movie projector which during the week showed training films, primarily Russian ones, and once a week showed an entertainment film. I was very fortunate to get the job as regimental librarian and I have no idea why I was considered to be an adequate person for the job. However, it was a very pleasant surprise to me, as it relieved me from all other duties and permitted me to enjoy many privileges. A very important one was, that with the quiet, though unofficial, approval of my superiors I was permitted to sleep in the library on a beautiful big desk top. Later I even had a cot and I very much preferred this arrangement to sleeping with 65 others in a room, because entire companies slept in one room. This way also I did not have to stand reveille.

I should like to give an outline of the political apparatus in the regiment, starting with the Russian supervisors.

Their title was that of advisor and until 1954 or so, such were assigned even to regimental commanders. But by '55 or '56 they were only on the divisional level. They were of two kinds: one was advising the divisional commander, and another one acted as a technical assistant, concerning himself mainly with technical matters. A regimental or divisional commander could actually disregard the advise of his Russian advisor, and I recall one such instant in our regiment. Of course the advisor had recourse to his own superior, and it was just a matter of time before the commander was ordered to carry out the advice by his own superior. The Russian advisory personnel disappeared during the Revolution without a trace.

The Hungarian political apparatus was headed by the political assistant of the regimental commander. Below him was the regimental agitator, who was jokingly dubbed as the "chaplain". His functions frequently indeed, were those of the chaplain in helping and advising soldiers in their problems, and although real chaplains were on the tables of operation, I have never seen one in my two years in the Army. Below this man ranked the regimental club officer, who was in charge of the entertainment and cultural affairs, to whom the librarian, the studio man and such people were responsible.

Down to the lower echelons there were political assistants to the battalion commander and even to a company commander. In a mechanized unit there was also a technical assistant assigned under the commander ~~in~~ every level. In other than mechanized units there was only ^{ONE} ~~the~~ political assistant under the commanding officer. The political officer was actually not PART OF THE chain of command. He was an outside supervisory agent and while in practice he may have acted as a substitute for another officer, this was not part of his duty assignment and he never actually replaced a commander. The lowest grade assignment for an officer was that of a platoon leader, but many platoons only had a staff sergeant instead of an officer. It should be noted that a company commander was replaced in his absence by the leader of the first platoon.

The concept of the political assistant, who by the way was on the table of operation supposedly one grade below the commander, whom he assisted, developed out of the political officer concept existing from 1947 - 1950. In those days, when still many unreliable, old-time officers commanded units, the political officers were in control and could issue orders to the units without the knowledge of the commander, while every order from the commander had to be cleared by the political officer.

In those days the authority of the political officer was paramount, but they relied on the commanding officers for technical competence. Once the new cadres started replacing the old officers, the role of the political officer has changed. Officially too, he became known as political assistant, and in practice he could not act over the head of the commander and his job consisted now of observing the commander and reporting on him. He did lose his independent authority to act after 1950.

Aside from the political assistance^{fs}, there were also Party and DISZ organisations in every military unit and every company had its Party secretary and DISZ secretary. Their role, of course, was much more restricted than the role of their civilian counterparts.

The political assistant had four major areas of responsibility besides supervising military activities, especially those of the officers. The political assistant in our company-size unit was responsible for the political indoctrination of the troops. This took place in three 2-hour sessions a week. This training was absolutely compulsory and it preceded all other kinds of training in importance.

Since I myself was assigned to the political headquarters group, I could occasionally manage to miss the lectures with impunity. The second main task of the political assistant consisted of ~~assessing~~ ^{PROVIDING} the right political motivation ^{FOR} ~~of~~ the general training program. He prepared the ideological basis of the training and he explained and justified it to the troops. The third major area of activity of the political assistant concerned recreation, cultural education of the troops. Cultural programs were carried out on regimental, battalion and company level. Once a week the troops took a shower on roll call, and I think this too went as part of the cultural program. Fourth, the political assistants attended to the personal problems of the soldiers.

The political assistant had no place in the training program or in military operations, except as noted above, which in turn meant that he has a say in everything. All matters are full of political implications always and thus the political assistant was part of every phase of military life. Rarely was he active as a soldier ^{IN THE FIELD}. One such exception is in an armored unit, for the political assistant is tank commander of the Humber Two tank. Strictly speaking, there is no interdependence between, say, the regimental commander's chief of staff and his political counterpart, the regimental agitator.

I mentioned above the full set of Party secretaries existing separately from the political assistance^{ts}. These, of course, are presumably freely elected by the CP members of each unit. While their actual power was small, they acted through Party authorities as a controlling agency over the political officers. And to make sure that everyone is checked by somebody else, there was an entirely separate organization, a control agency, a counter-intelligence corps. These were entirely independent of all military control and they were not responsible to anyone, only to their national headquarters in the War Ministry. There was much disagreement between the AVH and the Army, and these people represented the AVH in the Army. Their official name was "control section".

I should like to describe my impression of the new Army officer in Hungary. He is not as dashing, not as educated as his predecessor was, and often he is not as competent. But on the other hand he was educated to regard soldiers more like human beings in contrast with his former counterpart. Today's officer stands closer to the soldier and they participated in all phases of training and all activities. He does not live a separate life from his men during duty hours and although he may cut an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon by showing up late and leaving early, yet he is usually there.

At the same time keeping proper respect, for the officers became a major source of concern. It was hard to keep respect when the soldiers didn't see any educated officers. They tried to solve the problem and instill respect by re-introducing the goose step and the eyes right, even if a soldier met an officer off duty. They tried to increase the officers' prestige by maintaining separate dining-rooms for them, giving them much better uniforms and showing them off against the soldiers in many ways.

The cause of this basic problem is revealed by the back-ground and history of the new officers. Some, like my divisional commander, a colonel, was a reliable, old-time Party man from Csepel, where he worked in the Rakosi Works. He was lifted out of there and taught Russian. Subsequently he was sent to the USSR, where he attended the SUVOROV Military Academy for four years. He returned from there a full colonel. He had an excellent ^{grasp of} ~~grasp of~~ military matters and at a casual meeting one would have thought that he spent his entire life being and training as an officer. These people were under close supervision and control and the War Ministry sent several inspection teams to every unit, making full inspections. The significance of the new Army is that this new officer corps de facto functions. It is also revealing that the largest number of these officers remained neutral in the Revolution.

Our divisional commander, for instance, knew how to keep discipline. Our regimental commander in the regiment where I worked the first year in the library, was highly respected. He was an ex-steel worker who had 6 grades of schooling and no table manners, but he was an excellent soldier and he too kept fine discipline. He is a graduate of the *HUNGARIAN* Military Academy, I believe. When I was librarian, he regularly visited the library and he had me find books for him to read, for he did not want to waste time on trash. Of the Hungarians he read Moricz, Mikszath, and Jokai. Of the newer writers he liked Kalman Erdős. This writer wrote a sensational novel about a careerist who went over bodies to get ahead under both, the Horthy regime and the Rakosi regime. The title of it was "Dangerous Art". A good book and realistically written, except for the conclusion, which was kept in the Communist manner, when, in the end, the careerist is unmasked by a Party secretary, saving the purity of the Party. Lack of cultural background and education became a complex with these officers, not only because they did feel their inferiority, but also because they were attacked primarily on this ground by critics. This was a valid objection, implying incompetence, without accusing the Party directly. Thus, these people felt a great urgency to fill their cultural gaps. Throughout my Army career I came across only one old-time officer left over from the Horthy Army.

Surprisingly there was no explanation for his being there, he was not a CP member, he was not a former under-ground worker, he was simply a very pleasant, smiling, friendly person, who never pretended to be a Lt Colonel that he was, but he was a most competent regimental supply officer who knew his business inside out. After completing his tour of duty he is now retired from the Army. Actually, many of the old-timers would have cooperated, but the regime did not trust them. Thus they were dismissed and rare are those members of the old intelligentsia who are fully reliable, and these, of course, work in the ministry in Budapest. Their kind would not be wasted on a field unit. A further group of officers was made up of the ex-sergeants of the Juttas School. These were tough, non-commissioned officers of the old regime, who were now given a chance to go up in the officer grades, and they were highly valued for their military training and experience with men. Generally however, the Juttas methods were disapproved. On the whole I would say that well over half of officers were members of the CP.

MY OWN MILITARY CAREER.

I was the most surprised person when in the first weeks in the Army I was informed that I would become regimental librarian after basic training. I still don't know how I got a job with the political division. Of course, this was the Army and in military life a bad kader was not as important as in civilian life. This was partly due since men were assigned to branch of service on the basis of their kader sheet, with the unreliable class aliens going to labor battalions, the majority to the armed forces, and the specially selected to the AVH, both Blue and Green, or some other selective branch like the Air Force. By 1954, however, when I was drafted, there wasn't much labor service anymore. Indeed, many preferred labor service for they got regular civilian pay, while we had to subsist on 40 ft. a month. This was a ridiculously low pay, even under the domestic conditions.

In my new job I had to manage a library of 2,800 books. They broke/^{down} something like this: 40% political literature, 50% fiction, and 10% technical literature. It did not include any of the training manuals, for those were all kept by the "T" officer. "T" stands for the Hungarian word of "Secret" and this man protected his secret library and document collection with an elaborate method.

Much of the training material of course, was mainly of the restricted type and these he handled on regular book shelves. Each officer however, had a secret strong box in which he had to keep confidential material in his care. He could only use these boxes during the day and at night he would have to deposit the entire box with the secret officer after sealing it with his personal wax stamp. These boxes were not locked, but the officer who used the material, was unable to abuse them outside of office hours, and the secret officer could not get hold of the material without breaking the seal of the boxes.

My job as a librarian obliged me both to recommend books to read, and also to refuse to lend certain ones. At the time of my activity there, the anti-Rajk and Tito books were no longer permitted to be lent out, certainly not after the spring of 1954. During the summer they were taken away altogether. In a typical instance a collection of Rakosi's speeches could not be lent out because it included two anti-Tito speeches, and for the time being, until a new edition was prepared, this volume was not available for the public. Once the new edition was out, they collected and burnt the old edition. The income and outgo of books was regulated in part by the political headquarters group.

In addition, however, we were allotted 6,400 ft. per year to purchase books. This was a new¹ system, introduced when I got to the library, because they found that mass ordering from the ministry to each regimental library meant a narrow selection of books which nobody cared to read and it basically was a waste of money. More by design than by accident, the book we had most copies of, was written by Mihaly Farkas, entitled "On the Front Line of Peace." We had 82 copies of this book. I might add it is a miserable opus, but Mr. Farkas was War Minister at the time and a subordinate may have wanted to create a good impression. In my one year at the library I lent one copy of the book out once. The borrower? A soldier who had to prepare a lecture on Farkas' ^{LIFE} ~~life~~ story for a seminary meeting. Runner-up for the greatest number of copies were Soviet political novels, some of which we had 15 to 20 times each. All this was a complete waste, because even the best books were not needed in more than 2 or 3 copies, that is the maximum number I bought out of my fund. Really good literature, be it Eastern or Western classics, were always scarce and people signed up for them for several weeks in advance. While there, I made a study of the type of library we had and the way it was being used, and found that over half of the books were by Russian authors, about one third by Hungarian authors and the rest by other authors.

We still received a good number of books from the political headquarters group, but these were almost entirely political works or else political novels. Of my 6,400 ft. budget I could spend 80% on books of my choice, and of course I was guided there by the wishes of my readers. For 20% of the money I had to buy political books which the regimental political assistant wanted to see in the library. He gave me the titles he wanted us to have. At times I talked to him lengthily and convinced him that even if they ~~got~~^{got} some insane propaganda work, no one would read it any way. It was ~~Not~~^{Not} my idea of a library that I observed in Jaszbereny. I visited the military unit there, on a Sunday, only to find that they lined up the troops at the library and they were given a book for each man on a roll call. I wrote up the story and it created a terrific fuss. My soldiers preferred travelogues over everything else, signing up for weeks in advance.

After a year I moved up to my new position in Esztergom to divisional headquarters, when my predecessor was discharged. Four of us on the division newspaper were working there under the supervision of the political headquarters group. On our team we had two officers, one as editor and the other as his assistant, one sergeant who was our photo reporter, and one soldier who was I.

My role, I think, was mainly to provide the little fellow's view point, seeing military life from the worm's-eye view. Our paper, a 4-page affair, appeared Tuesdays and Fridays and it was primarily designed to aid in the education of the military and in the daily training program. Ours were the routine objectives of improving citizenship, morale, and building better soldiers. Also we were to share the experiences of military life with all our readers. We were also responsible to give thorough coverage to innovation programs and campaigns to economize. This meant a steady search for substitutes, since there were shortages even in the Army, and my first job was to cover a technical conference on innovations.

The paper itself was dreary and dull, and since there was not much we could do about the content, we placed quite a bit of emphasis on the make-up. We could have up to 3/4 of a page of pictures in each 4-page issue, but this included cartoons and even the crossword puzzle which I introduced after an absence of 6 years from the paper. Not that crossword puzzles were considered decadent Western hobbies, because I don't think any policy was developed on them, but they simply did not think it necessary. The head of the paper didn't go all the way across and we filled the space with a picture. The title, by the way, was "The Red Flag".

For a long time it was customary to have a lead article, usually written by our editor or on some festive occasion by a higher-up commander. Lately however, instead of a lead article we tried to fill the front page with a "Socialist sensation story". This was to be an interesting sensation story on the Western pattern, but at the same time it had to be socially acceptable. An important item in the paper was the "Letters to the Editor"; frequently these were not letters but entire articles on some topic on which the writer wanted to express himself in public. It goes without saying that at times I had to write the article and then ask somebody to sign his name to it and then send it to us. On the whole however, we had a good-size group of soldiers who graduated from gymnasium and with whom one could carry on quite intelligent conversations. These were the people one could rely on to send in a story or a letter or an article in a pinch.

The good old stand-bys to fill our pages were the packets of stories and **RELEASES** sent out by the political headquarters group of the War Ministry. Since we made up a tentative outline of our paper a week in advance, we could usually determine the space we had to fill, and the space where we could use the ready-made articles.

This material covered Soviet affairs, imperialist affairs, and we were expected to use a certain percentage of each. Actually we were not told which specific articles had to go, but the material had to be balanced over the long run.

Our pages were divided up among the following things: the first page was primarily military training; page two covered Party - DISZ activities, political articles and political education news. The third page often continued ~~the~~ training stories from page one, and we also had some informational material there, besides a bit of literature, short story or something of this sort. The fourth page was the cultural page and there were also sports news, jokes, and cartoons. We had a regular column entitled "From the World of the Imperialists", and this we had to fill with material provided.

Paramount in our work was coverage of troop information and the military training program. This had to be represented best. We planned the paper a month ahead on a tentative schedule, and actually I had written most of the paper, for both the editor and his assistant preferred to let me do the work. On their part, however, they were most cooperative with me and they were personally very helpful.

I very much enjoyed this arrangement and I was willing to work hard since there still was plenty of free time left for fun. Once I wrote a New Year's Eve story about a soldier who had to scrub his floor with his gas mask on for several hours, and I did not omit the non-commissioned officer's name who was disciplining this man. A tremendous fuss grew out of this and I was called up to the ministry to explain. The blow-out was not that I described an abuse of military authority, which was fine, but the naming of a name, which was inexcusable for one could not criticize anyone openly, aside from an Army private. Yet I wasn't removed and when we got a letter of complaint about some abuse we made a point to follow it up and if we did not pillory them anonymously, (yet making quite plain who was meant,) at least we handed over our material to be investigated and clarified by the appropriate authorities. Thanks to the nature of our job we had quite a bit of freedom and we did not have to worry about revenge, particularly not since we were part of the political headquarters group.

The ~~putting-out~~ ^{production} of the paper was a rather simple process for me. Our office had a car and a motor-bike and I would have myself be driven to a company or regiment, where I would collect material for an article in a couple of hours.

Once I mulled it over I would dictate the article in a couple of more hours to a secretary and with that my work was actually done. The editors worried about putting it in shape and getting it ready for the printer. We had our own print-shop, although this was not a rotary press. It may be of interest that not only was the printing machine most carefully controlled so as not to permit illegal printing, but on some occasion, like before a big holiday, even the typewriters and of course the mimeograph machines had to be locked up and sealed. If I recall correctly, it was in 1951 that some 19 factories had a plant fire on the 4th of April and simultaneously illegal handbills appeared on the streets. It was in order to prevent such agitation, that all equipment that could be used for multiplying or printing *was so tightly* ~~controlled~~ *controlled.*

The pleasantness of the job compensated for the extremely low income; a private made all of 40 ft. a month and each grade had 20 ft. additional income up to a sub-lieutenant. There was a big jump to the officer grades. In any job, however, the assignment was at least as important as the rank of the man: a full colonel as a regimental commander earned 2,500 ft. a month. But a lieutenant, acting as a secret field messenger, made 2,700 ft.

The Army and the AVH were always in opposition, but as a member of the political section I was quite immune to attack. There were only 9 of us enlisted men in Hungary, who were members of the political section, the 9 reporters on the 9 divisional newspapers. All other political section members were officers.

What all this political indoctrination and control meant in practice, is visible from the adjoining B-7 interview on the Revolution and the role of the Army in it. A few general ideas may help to clarify the various degrees of reliability during the hour of crisis.

At Csepel the Army actually fired at the Revolutionary workers when they were being sniped at as we carried out our cleaning operation in a house-to-house search for insurgents. I also know of a unit that was used to clean the area from the Kilian Barracks down towards Csepel of Revolutionaries, and after suffering several casualties they did not hesitate to fight against the Revolutionaries either. The overwhelming majority of soldiers, of course, stayed either neutral and many even joined the Revolutionaries.

I have seen myself soldiers fighting against the Radio Station on the night of the 23rd, with their officers standing by helplessly, trying to slow them down or control them, without success. As I noted above, the Esztargom tank unit of our division, when it finally arrived in Budapest, protected AVH Headquarters throughout the Revolution. I think most officers stayed faithful to the regime and even Lt Colonel Solymosi, who was shot at the Radio, meant to bring help to the Radio, for I knew him to be a convinced and devoted Communist. The general attitude of the troops was not limited to the Hungarians alone; I think the most serious problem was that the Russians were unwilling to fight the Hungarians and I know for certain that the AVH had to provoke them and get them angry. Especially later during the Revolution the AVH kept sniping and firing in order to keep a certain Revolutionary atmosphere in the air. I know they were sniping at Russians and killing them at times in brutal ways to get them aroused. It was on the 26th or 27th that the AVO was firing into a queue lined up in front of a movie. On this occasion also they tried to get the Hungarians resentful against the Revolutionaries and the Russians resentful against disturbers of the peace. It was on this occasion that the Russian tanks drove down the street and shelled every other building.

The following is a short outline of my life until I was drafted. I started my secondary education in 1944 at the *PIARISTS*. The school was closed in 1949 and I changed to the Ady Gymnasium in '48. While still at the *PIARISTS* I was very aware of the social injustices and I saw the abuses of the church. I also disapproved of the large estates which existed before in Hungary. I think I was quite Socialistic and because I thought of the Boy Scouts with their priest-Scout Master as merely a continuation of clericalism, a friend and I formed the Young Pioneers at the *PIARISTS*. I thought of the Pioneers as a substitute for the Boy Scouts, bringing a new, fresh breeze that was not under the Communist control. In contrast I found the Boy Scouts as an integral part of the clerical influence of the school. I belonged to the Pioneers for a year, but when I was due to enter the 5th class, the *PIARIST* gymnasium started fading out and I had to transfer. In the new school I got to the youth movement also, but soon developed personal differences with the *VISZ* secretary, especially due to the fact that an unbending kader policy was developed and under the circumstances we as ex-*PIARISTS*, three of us, were steadily being discriminated against and considered most unreliable and class-alien.

In the end, several weeks before the final exams, the school DISZ secretary applied such pressure on the director (which at that time was altogether possible) that I was called in and told to send in my father the following day to be informed of my being kicked out. That I was branded unreliable, after I so enthusiastically embraced the Communist movement, was very hard to take, especially if one considers that I was 15 years old. Instead of going home I wandered about the country for a week. My father, of course, was very upset and suggested that the DISZ secretary drove me to suicide and since as tax collector he was still influential, he made merry hell for both the DISZ secretary and the director. When I showed up at home I found out that I was re-admitted at school and that I could graduate. I did that, but I was spiritually broken. I knew, ever since then, that I could not go back to either camp. I didn't go back next fall but went to a new technicum which opened preparing for food preservation industries. This also proved necessary, since my father was jailed for 4 years in 1951, accused of having sabotaged the tax collecting program and not having hit the MASZEK independent artisans hard enough, so that they were not ruined. After that I left politics alone, but I read a lot as I continued to acquire an education at home.

The food technicum was a part-time affair and I worked half a day in a nationalised restaurant, which was officially called a "food industry enterprise". My job in the restaurant was that of a price calculator. ~~Not~~ that my job determined the difference between profit and loss ^{FOR} ~~me~~ I flatly took the price of the raw material and added 100% to get the restaurant price. There was only this one price, and if we couldn't sell it at this price, we either returned the food to the central distributorship or else we just let it rot. The main problem of supply was that we had to guarantee to take so much from a food processing plant daily. This, of course, was hard to balance out and it was hardest to do with ice cream shipments. They still insisted on set quotas in order to keep their factories going, but of course the consumption varied a great deal with the weather and we couldn't sell re-frozen ice cream which tasted very bad. On the whole, my restaurant work was both valuable as experience and also it gave me a quite satisfactory income, which I could not have had in gymnasium. In addition I had a much better opportunity to get a job in much shorter time as a technicum graduate than as a gymnasium graduate. At the same time my chances of admission to the university would have been the same, or just about the same, as those of a gymnasium graduate.

The position of the technicum graduates has now been somewhat changed and the graduate today is a bit handicapped in his application to the university, if for no other reason because the aim of his technical education was to prepare him for a job, and not for university studies, thus the regime sees some of its aims defeated when a technicum graduate continues to study. The technicum was a most useful and very well organized institution and our teachers were top industrial experts in their field. There is no doubt that the regime did everything to educate the best possible experts in a given field.

After the technicum I went to work for various canning plants to do my practicum. First, in 1953, I worked at Szeged; later at Kecskemet for a shorter period, and finally in Nagykörös. The significant difference between Szeged and the other places was that after the Tito difficulties the town was declared a border town. There, and in every other border town, this meant that no additional investments will ever be made in the factories in that area, because it was exposed to military invasion and destruction. There was no such problem in more centrally located plants and as a result, production and working conditions were much better ~~there~~ ^{elsewhere.}

In a border town the most modest suggestions were rejected. The work of a canning plant never stops in the summer, and three shifts work around the clock to provide initial preservation of the produce, while during the winter the half-finished products were being finished ~~ready~~ for sale. I was employed as a technical section leader, making 1,100 ft. a month, and I was responsible for the work of one shift, about 180 workers. My salary was set on the basis of my being a practicum, regardless of my actual sphere of work. While canning plants never paid very well, some of my workers earned more than I. The plant manager in the same plant made 2,000 ft., and after my practicum I would have made 1,300 ft. In Nagykőrös I was chief of the quality control team, and after a while I was made head of the complaints department. I spent 8 months in that town.

I should like to sum up my general impressions in a few words. In the different plants I found no rule as to who actually is in charge. It can be either the chief engineer, or the director, or the Party secretary. The chief accountant would be rarely in a position. However, the main criterium for this would be the need for real leadership personality, and in addition the man would have to have an inside track in the Party.

The relative power of each man alternated in plants. Since there was continual personal enmity and jealousy, one never did anything without ample documentary proof. I recall, once I could not get hold of *preserve* jars in Sverdlov and production fell drastically as a result. My first worry was to get every possible proof that the decline in production was not due to our negligence or incompetence and every phases of the glass shortage was documentarily proved. As I found, the West is interested mainly in production and profit. We in the Soviet orbit needed proof for our shortcomings, and in addition we had to face jealousy and enmity of those who ^{WERE READY TO} profit by one's misfortune. One learned to be very cautious and I know of instances when a director refused to budget unless he was given instructions in form of a written order to back up any action he disapproved of. Thus, a smart man would not assume the risk of a step he considers false, but he would put the blame squarely on those who ordered him to begin with. All this did not appear in a vacuum, but the atmosphere reports, prepared by young officials, were proof enough of the dissatisfaction. I knew that the peasants' position was as bad or worse than the workers'.

Political authority also involved opportunity for graft and illegal profiteering. Before ¹⁹⁴⁵ members of a certain class above a certain line were given every benefit of the doubt and usually any charges *against* ^{them} were squashed. Now the same sort of thing exists along a vertical line, covering the Party members of every description from the rest of the population. I was alerted on the Army paper when a routine inspection in a lot of the commercial bakeries which also made bread and rolls for the Army in Bestergom, revealed considerable quantities of jam, which nobody could account for. As the story came out by and by, it appeared that the soldiers' Sunday roll contained only 1/3 of the jam prescribed by regulations. Theft from the Armed Forces is not only criminal but also political, and as such is always judged much more severely than an ordinary theft. It seemed that a big show trial was going to develop, since the stealing went on for several years. An investigation was actually started, but when subsequently the Party secretary of the bakery, who was a rather influential person, turned out to be involved in this, the whole matter was gradually dropped and forgotten. Soon thereafter, however, the Party secretary was transferred to some other organization. Besides the graft, people in influential positions also had opportunities to earn extra money quite legally, by taking advantage of travel allowances, compensation for various reasons.

With a little influence, one had oneself sent out on countless missions, an opportunity which was even open to me, in visiting other troop units of our division, and in civilian life by being assigned to various practical training jobs. According to the law the plant to which I was assigned, would have to pay my hotel bills until they found an apartment for me, whenever such transfer was to the benefit of the people's economy. The per diem on a routine mission ranged from 35 ft. + 37 ft. in addition to hotel bill and travel expenses. A further version of profiteering through one's political position was when one was made a Stakhanovite. Frequently, apart from the obvious discrimination in earnings, the man was also moved to a soft supervisory job without work, but with higher pay. To be fair, some Stakhanovites did work and produce more, but the frequent 3-4-5,000 % over-fulfillment of norms is an absurdity which was built with the help of minor cheating and stacking all the cards in favor of the man. Sometimes a Stakhanovite was pushed ahead by having him sponsor and introduce an innovation, which was actually discovered or copied by some research institute. He was simply given the opportunity to introduce a new method under his name. In many instances, when the innovation consisted of copying Western methods, the idea had to come from above, since the use of Western technical magazines was limited to a few very highly placed research organizations and laboratories.

I think I ought to mention the system of premiums existing in the various canning plants where I worked. If the plan was met in a given month, a 20% premium was assured for the plant management. Of this, they received 10% immediately, and if the quarterly plan was met, they received the other 10% at the end of the quarter. Thus, failure to meet the quota in any one month meant loss of the quarterly premium. It should be noted that premium was only paid to the plant management and the average worker gets nothing when the norms are met. The worker's turn comes if he steadily overfills his norm, in which case bonuses are paid out at some festive occasion. Aside from production efforts, one was also exposed to social labor, a supposedly voluntary obligation. This could mean anything from helping^a collective bring in the harvest to building community projects or working during floods. Whenever the labor benefited an organization, the wages had to be accounted for by it, but instead of being paid out the money was donated for some welfare project.

To wind up my comments on the economy as I have seen it, I should like to note that great efforts were made in Hungary to introduce extensive deep-freeze systems, and food was frozen providing several months' supply in every major city, to cover possible war-time shortages.

Near Budapest the Köbanya beer-cellars were holding tremendous quantities of food which occasionally was exchanged for fresh supplies, when the population suddenly received large amounts of frozen food in the stores. In some ways we were quite advanced, although in details we were quite backward. To give one example: the mold count in our tomato-puree was between 15 - 20, sometimes just a fraction under the legal maximum. The count in Italian tomatoes was 11, and I read with amazement in an American magazine that American mold count is 0. Such figures are very upsetting for someone working in this field.

I would like to close by a few general comments on the Hungarian situation as I have seen it. As noted above, my father was jailed with 18 others, the entire tax collecting staff, for not taxing the MASZEKs severely enough. They got sentences ranging from 6 months to 4 years, with my father in the latter group. They were accused of sabotaging the economic system. My father was in jail for a year in Budapest, and later transferred to Balaton Penyves, where a tremendous prison camp was built. Everyone was working there and my father became chief of the transportation section, making 1,400 ft. a month. His job permitted him to leave the compound and he was quite lucky.

However, after countless deductions, not only for room and board in the jail, but also for guard salary etc., he received 80 ft. a month clear. My parents were separated legally as well, and my mother worked as a tobacconist, running a newspaper pavilion. By and by my mother and I sold all our better things to stay alive. Actually, if a former large land-owner was deported from his Budapest apartment, that sort of thing I can understand and accept, but not when people working are being punished. Late in '53 my father got out of jail and he went to work as a laborer in a transportation company, where he maintains and manages an electric battery and charging unit. He is happy now in his job and wants no more to go any place further, he feels he had burnt his hand once and enjoys having no responsibilities or worries.

The Communists operate under two basic rules, I have come to believe. One is the essence of a Hungarian proverb "You will never make bacon out of a dog". That means that basically the Communists do not trust the Hungarian people. The second rule is, if someone was ever defeated or punished by the Communist system, he will never be their friend. I see the role of Imre Nagy in this light also, and I don't think that after his defeat in '53 he was ever trusted again by Moscow.

He was not an enemy, because in the Communist world an individual becomes an enemy (aside from his kader) when he generalizes his criticism of the regime. Generalizations are permitted only to the Party. The individual can only point to single instances of abuses, but he can never conclude anything damaging to the Party from that. The technique of generalizations vs. single instances is a wide-spread technique to meet or explain any criticism: if one were to question the poor living conditions and sinking standards of living, the Party member would point out specific instances for which money had to be allocated and pointing out that over-all conditions were actually improving, although single instances of deterioration may appear to be true. To point out the needed investments in particular fields they take excessive credit for their own achievements, and for this purpose blacken the past even more than it was.

CHARACTERIZATION OF RESPONDENT:

Since his youth respondent was willing, heart and soul, ^(TO ADOPT) much, if not all, of the regime's dogma, but due to his inadequate kader he was rebuffed. He is a smart young man, but not bright enough to create his own world view. Instead, he became callously cynical, waiting and living from one opportunity to the next. He showed no comprehension whatsoever of idealism of any sort, certainly none for those of last year's Revolution. He seems to be the type who may be impressed with success and with force, but not convinced concerning anything. *HIS SHREWD INSIGHTS PROVE A FINE GRASP OF DETAIL.*