

REVOLUTION.

It started with Pirandello's (six parts are looking for an author) ~~was~~ public dress rehearsal - the performance was mature, he was exhausted and satisfied with himself and went to an espresso, vis-à-vis the theater, to have a double coffee. The car to take him to the film studio of the Pasaréti Street was waiting for him, ~~that~~ ^{but} he had told the driver; "look ^{kid} ~~body~~, don't rush me, I have to unwind, two seconds ago I was on stage". While sipping his coffee in the espresso and congratulating himself for his new great performance, a lady came in and said; "Revolution broke out in the streets". He did not ~~know anything~~ st ~~penetrate~~. He was still breezing ~~in~~ ^{with} the air of the theater and the play had more reality for him than what the woman was referring to. So, he finished his double coffee quietly and then, around 3 o'clock, started out from the Nagymező Street toward the Andrassy Street. He saw the crowd and did not know what was going on. He ~~dazedly~~ stepped out ~~of~~ ^{from} the car of the filmstudio, ^{dozed} and suddenly the crowd started to cheer and shout " , come in our midst." He was flattered and said; "Children, I have no time, I have to go to the studio".

A good acquaintance of his, , was leading a group (was a Jew, his parents had been killed in Germany). Next to him was , an ex-Communist,

who did not become a Communist out of careerism and did not stop to be one out of opportunism. They told him that his colleagues Jenő Pataky, Bessenyei and Sinkovits were reciting patriotic poems ~~at Beráres Square, at the statues~~ and at the statues of Bem and Petöfi and he still did not suspect anything but suddenly started to ~~think~~ ^{really look around, take everything in.} there was something in the air which reminded him of ^{the} sprouting of spring; the earth suddenly had a smell. Boys and girls were passing him by ⁱⁿ at the Bajcsi-Zsilönszky Street. He sat on the fender of his car and asked the crowds to let his car go by. They did. He suddenly felt that they were not celebrating ^{him} personally, ~~him~~ but somehow, what he was standing for, for so many years. Marosár's car came and ~~as~~ the crowd did not let the car go by and now he liked ^{more} these children ~~more~~ than before and, in addition, suddenly started to hate Marosán. He was always liked by these "pets" of the regime, they were raised by it and yet, whenever they would meet him, unknown people would pay a beer for him; and, with his heart grown big from the love he felt toward the youngsters, he arrived at the studio, and — never in his life is he going to forgive himself for having gone to the studio that day. But he could not help it. The actor was more powerful than the man, the actor who knew that ~~many~~ colleagues and at least 20 technicians were waiting for him.

He couldn't concentrate on his work and, as soon as they were finished, he proposed to go back to the city. They stopped at the parliament. The crowd there was indeed impressive. What is Gerö going to say, was the attitude, and his colleague Sinkovits again recited a poem. The claims started to roll. It was announced that the leaders of the students, of the workers, and of the intelligentsia should enter the parliament. They did, and their claims ^{were} ~~was~~ spread by loudspeakers and he suddenly felt extremely happy. Foreign diplomatic cars were coming and going, revolutionary groups were being organized and he met two of his colleagues, Feri Kállay and Laci Ungváry, who had absolutely no idea of what was going on. They did not "blossom out" ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ (nem szakadtak föl együtt vele) at the same time he did.

He heard that at the Radio shootings were going on, and he already saw in his imagination the unarmed crowd, the first wounded ~~ones~~, "our" wounded ~~ones~~. He did not know whether tomorrow opening night will be held and suddenly, for the first time in long years, the theater did not interest him - he had the feeling that something horrible will happen, which, at the moment, ^{is} ~~is~~ beautiful. (he added that it is a shame that he can only describe the feeling he had with the inflections of his voice, with the glow of his eyes. Too bad he is not a writer, but maybe that will also come, at a later stage of his life).

The workers came armed, joined by the students, and, during that night, the armed part of the Revolution was born.



He knew the tricks of the street fighting very well. He had been a reserve ensign. During his wanderings, he met a couple of ex-Horthy officers. One of them was Ivan Pompe. They were all heated, their soldier's blood was boiling - "what about you, didn't you get a machine gun!?" "don't you talk ~~about~~ ^{about} this" was the answer, "This is not our Revolution, this Revolution is done by the Communists, let's keep their Revolution clean" and although the fighting was in their blood, they did not take part actively, they would only teach the boys what to do with the newly acquired arms, but they forced themselves ^s in the background. Whenever he would go home, his little girl would ask "father, why are they shooting in the streets?" -

cause there is a Revolution". - Next time he would go home, they would tell him; "father, you know why they are shooting?! There is a Revolution and the Hungarians are shooting the dirty Russians" (he does not know who taught them this. ~~IKKIKIKIKI~~ lesson).

At home, a telephone message waited for him; he is expected at the Pészek Club^s, the headquarters of the Theaters and Film Union (Színház és Filmművészeti Szövetség).

He called up the director of the Pirandello play, Gyula Kamarás, a Party member; "what about the last rehearsal, what about the opening night," he asked? "The ball is also going on in my neighborhood", was the answer, and suddenly Gyula Kamarás ^{who did used to be a} ~~was~~ not ^a very friendly "character", became anxious that his principle^a actor should stay alive, he

begged him to stay home and look out for his precious life.

"So, the Revolution seemed ^S to be gaining ground," was his answer. Kamarás hung the receiver up.

The next scenes are in the streets, constantly ⁱⁿ on the streets.

A young soldier jumped out of an armored car and cursed; "I have no more ammunition left, how should I shoot them?!"

This curse, respondent added, sounded like a prayer. ~~Another~~

A private and ^a ~~sergeant~~ sergeant were in the same predicament.

They wanted to "spit" at the Russians and did not have anything to "spit" with. They were pitiful ~~and so~~ ^{in their flight,}

In the History of the Hungarian theatrical ^{life} ~~life~~, a magnificent ^{chapter}

chapter was opened on October 25th. "Was it the 25th?" respondent asked me, he does not know it now and didn't know it

at the time. The nights were meeting the days, they were

flowing one into the other, ^{invariably} ~~interceptibly~~ ~~every day~~ he would ask

^{every day} asked, "what date is today"? We, Hungarian actors, knew

that this Revolution would be the crowning of a heroic

attitude, attitude comparably only to that during the Bach

period. Yes, we were ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ conscious standard bearers

during the last 12 years, there is no doubt about it.

It is to be admired what writers like Gyula Illyés, Tibor

Déry, Zek Zoltán, György Faludi, Tamás Aczél, and that

young gifted generation of Osepeli Szabó and Sándor

Csori did. It was under their guidance that the youth

grabbed ^{arms.} They, and more directly the actors, ~~who~~, by

using ~~these media of~~ ^{as a medium,} literature are responsible for

this Revolution. Yes, they are responsible and yet he

does not feel that he is guilty. Although, for this bloodshed somebody is guilty.

At the headquarters of the Fészek Club, the Revolutionary Council of the Theater and Film was created; it joined the Revolutionary Council of the Writers, artists, and manual laborers and kept in constant touch ~~especially~~ with the Revolutionary Councils of the University Youth, primarily with the Law, ^{and} Philosophy Faculties, and with the Engineering School.

Each sector (opera, ballet) was represented. Its members were chosen from each theater - two from each, and its leadership consisted of Gyula Kárpáti, writer; Ferenc Bessenyei, Miklós Szakács, Iván Darvas, Éva Szórényi, Imre Sinkovits, Sándor Pécsi, Rudolf Somogyvári, Sándor Szabó, Tibor Molnár, actors.

~~A later~~ statements arrived from the provincial theaters, stating that they ^{have} ~~had~~ ^{their} founded there a Revolutionary Councils and that they adhere to the decisions of the Budapest Center (36 Kertész Street). The most active was Gábor Földes, the director from Győr - since ^{then} ~~the~~ ^{KADAR} regime has hanged him; ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{members} ^{of the Revolutionary Councils} who stayed at home are now condemned to ^{silence} ~~silence~~. Who knows for how long?

The Revolutionary Council's first activity was to demand, in a public meeting, the immediate intervention of ^{the} ~~the~~ United Nations ~~groups~~. The declaration was said by Iván Darvas, everybody accepted it with the exception of Zoltán Várkonyi, Communist member, who protested. He said that Hungary ~~does~~

✓ ~~not~~ ^{neither} needs the support of the United Nations, ~~just as it does~~
 ✓ ~~not need~~ ^{not} the one of the Soviet Union.

✓ The performance of the Revolutionary Council was first
 ✓ class. Within 2 days, actors, chorus members, directors,
 ✓ ~~physicians~~ from different provincial towns came up to Buda-
 ✓ pest and asked; "what can we do to help". A deep gratitude
 ✓ is due to Károly Bicskey, actor from Szeged, who, together
 ✓ with his colleagues, brought food from Transdanubia and from
 ✓ the southern parts of the country in ~~enormous~~ enormous
 ✓ quantities. Respondent was responsible for the distribution
 ✓ of the food supply. He had it stored in the entrance hall
 ✓ of the Petöfi Theater. The process of distributing was
 ✓ smooth and everybody paid ^{every moral} for ~~the quantities brought~~.

✓ Vera Sennyei, Sándor Szabó, Tivadar Bilicsi, Violetta
 ✓ Ferrari put their cars at the disposal of the Revolutionary
 ✓ Council - everybody worked feverishly day and night and
 ✓ meanwhile shootings were going on.


✓ And the time came when they asked the population through
 ✓ the free Kossuth Radio to go on strike. They were care-
 ✓ ful, though, that ^{it} should be done by ~~XXXXXX~~ actors, whom
 ✓ the public loved, and responded. ^{to} " ~~XXXXXX~~ " *choose me, of course!*

✓ And they gave programs on the Free Kossuth Radio. He was
 ✓ the one who uttered the first three words. He asked the
 ✓ Hungarian people to fight, to stay united and pointed
 ✓ out how sacred the cause of the Revolution was. He assured
 ✓ them that the Hungarian actors, under any circumstances,
 ✓ will side with the Revolution and ~~XXXXXX~~ ^{by} him and ~~XXXX~~ his

fellow actors were uttered those words, which cannot be wiped out from World History anymore, namely that ~~until~~ ^{while}

the Soviet Army is stationed in Hungary, no Hungarian

(It is possible, respondent



The Radio was housed in the buildings of the parliament and the actors tried to take part in the "going ^s on". They tried to ~~XXXXXXXX~~ influence with their brains and hearts the *fight* for independence and tried to impress ^{up} on the director of the Radio to ~~give his resignation~~, because they felt that the tone of the Radio was still not pure and "they wanted ~~him~~ to give place to the new voice of the epoch." *The director* He asked them, when they stormed into his room, "who gave you the power to act as ~~they~~ ^{you} do," "The Revolution" was our proud answer. Our little ^{group} respondent added, was composed of Imre Sinkovits, János Varga.

the "unfortunate" director of the Radio said, that as long as they don't have ^{an order} ~~the~~ from Imre Nagy, "in whom you gentlemen ^{believe} ~~do~~" he is not willing to step aside. They immediately telephoned to Imre Nagy, but could not get in touch with him. He was protected by Erzsébet Andics, from the ^{clique} ~~"clique"~~ of Kádár. But later on, he and his colleagues ~~MANNA~~ managed to get in touch with Imre Nagy, personally and through his delegates. As a matter of fact, they were asked once, in the name of Imre Nagy, to call the strike off. ^{Respondent} He asked the delegate what ^{was on the subject} ~~is~~ Imre's opinion on it. The delegate's answer was: "rather *clik standing up than live on bent knees!*" -- "inkább állva meghalmi, mint térden állva élni".

Later they gave programs in the radio, Hungarian National programs with deep contents. They would read short-stories, poems, literary works, written at the spur of the moment. Gábor Agárdi, Miklós Szakács, Ferenc Bessenyei, Imre Sinkovits and himself, would be the ones ^S who would stand

in front of the microphone, under bad circumstances, but happy ^{that} at their voice, with a heavy content, was heard. And Agi Mészáros, the winner of numerous Kossuth prizes, read her statement that she is not willing to perform until the Russians leave the "territory of her homeland." "Do you know, that simplicity is ~~the trend~~ ^{the trend} in the middle of the 20th century?" I asked candidly. "Heroic times demand heroic language," ~~simplicity~~ "was the IAKM laconic answer). (I promised myself not to interrupt anymore and let him tell me how he directed the Hungarian Revolution. So he did). As a member of the executive committee of the Revolutionary Council, ^{of} the Theater, ^{and} Film Arts, and as an advisor of the Revolutionary Council of the University Youth, he ~~was~~ ^{kept in} constantly ~~keeping~~ touch with the Ministry of Defense. One night Lt. Col. Szabó (It's strange, that respondent wouldn't give the first name - just is as common in the Hungarian language as ~~it~~ ^a is in English), ~~from our~~ ^a commander of the Military Technical Institute, called him up, asked him what his opinion was about whom one should appoint as the highest military commander. While discussing this matter back and forth, he got the impression that Szabó's opinion was, ^{an} ^a opinion which he took as an order, that the actors should immediately take steps ^{to} ~~about~~ ~~appointing~~ the appointment ~~of~~ two members of the ^{General} ~~staff~~ staff, namely Pál Maleter and Béla Király (

~~and~~ asked him to rush to ^{his} ~~the~~ apartment because Ferenc ^{does} did not say one single word but goes up and down ~~the~~ apartment as a locked-in lion. None of the actors would go down in the streets anymore, not due to cowardness but due to the fact that they were "smashed" psychologically. He would in vain tell them that the Revolution was not lost, but only "choked in blood". The last Mohicans were Gyula Kárpáti, Miklós Szakács and himself. He, too, felt the psychological weight of the speech addressed by the Prime Minister to the world. The circle was tightening more and more wounded were visible and no help came either from ~~the~~ hell nor from heaven. They ^{were left} ~~stayed there~~ alone - and now everything is all over ~~again~~.

("Do you want to give an epilog^{ue}?")

I want to thank ~~XXXXXXXX~~ ^{to all those} (during the whole interview, he had the feeling that he was ^{talking} giving an interview to a journalist and ^{thus was under the impression that} ~~that~~ the whole world, meaning all of his fans, will read his famous words) who had helped this way or that way. Whether they helped because they were moved by their feeling of justice or whether they helped because they wanted to make a business. At the same time, ~~ME~~ it was rather peculiar that some of our helpers simultaneously shook the hands of Khrushchev. It is strange that they don't give credit to the Hungarian Nation, as far as intelligence is concerned - the Hungarian race is ^{without any doubt} definitely very intelligent and ^{can} see ~~it~~ through the actions of many "great Nations.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

And as far as he was concerned, the wanderings in the streets went on, but now he would hide in front of the armored Russian cars, because, for the Russians, everybody who breathed was suspicious - only the coward, primitive man, the ~~is~~ one who is ^{deliberately kept unformed} ~~consciously made stupid~~, can be as cruel as the Russians were; and with every passing minute, he saw more and more that there is no life left for him, in this country, under the present forms, and the Völkerwanderung started toward the West.

But the Freedom Fighters, who ~~are~~ now ^{lie awake} ~~consciously~~ during the nights on ^{he} straw bags, wonder "why did we fight?" They don't feel that they are free. With the daily 12 Shillings, barely being able to keep body and soul together, they keep awake at night and wonder. And please believe, you people of the Free World, that this is not a good recommendation. When these lines will see the daylight, (I mentioned, a couple of paragraphs back, that he ^{thinks that he} is talking to a reporter, and addressing himself to the whole wide world) many, many people will have left Austria and gone home. He personally did not expect more. He did not want to make a ~~career~~ career. He left because he wanted to keep a promise, given to the Hungarian people, that, while the Russians are on Hungarian soil, he will not play. He will not break his oath.

"Curving backwards," he wants to note that each theater in Budapest had a special Revolutionary Committee and,

~~that they~~

~~As a matter of fact, it also~~ happened that many of the old leaders would get into the Revolutionary Committees. Those, who ~~up till now~~ ^{until then} had faithfully blown the program of the Communist Party, those who up till then ^{had} made a living ~~by~~ ^{by} misleading the other people, in other words, the aristocracy of the Party, Miklós Gábor, Ferenc Ladányi, Tamás Major, Zoltán Vaskonyi, ~~these members of the respective theaters, sitting in the front rows, shared out the above mentioned aristocracy.~~ Although everyone loudly chanted "mea culpa". "Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, (no more comrades) I had good intentions, I couldn't do anything but what I have done." The technicians were the most adamant, didn't let them talk and practically ~~through~~ ^{sent} them out. They limpingly disappeared in the gutter and today, unfortunately, the Red Flag is again in their hands. He is puzzled by these colleagues of his, who can so easily "trample over the blood" of ¹⁰35,000 people.

And here again he addresses ~~IM~~ himself to everyone who counts ~~MEMBERS~~ in this world, as far as cultural relations are concerned and demands that the above mentioned people should not receive the right to play abroad. He, himself, did everything within his power in Austria to silence them whenever they would venture outside the borders of Hungary. In the name of his sacrifice and the sacrifice of all the other actors, who, knowing that silentium

is the death of the actor ~~and~~ ^{and} still left the ⁱⁿ country, he asks everybody not to give ^{an even} ~~the~~ greater stab^bing in their hearts by letting these actors live, and by "live" ~~names~~ ^{of course,} ~~names~~, he means acting. Everybody knows ~~now~~ who has been condemned to silentium; ⁱⁿ Hungary, everybody knows the name of those who voluntarily condemned themselves to silentium, by leaving the place where their "ego could blossom". Let's stop for a minute in front of the ⁱⁿ Cross and take our hats off.

Some of us live in Austria at the present. The ~~idea~~ ^{of} founding Thalia Hungarica was unfortunate. The idea behind it was that this little troop should constitute the ^{nucleus} of the future national theater. He personally did not think that the idea was health because he knows ^{all too} well that one cannot let tigers, lions, ^{or} a^ustriches, lambs, and ^{know} bears to be together without ^{an} ~~the~~ extremely powerful tamer. And the tamer, ^{or} Josef Juhász, is not the right person for this circus. He ~~personally~~ ^{he} does not feel that ~~he~~ he wants to eat cherries from the same plate with him. ^{And} But now he does not want to talk ^{let's abandon} more about the chapter of the Hungarian theater in emigration. The ^{present} situation; ^{of the ex-} now ~~is~~ that some members try ~~alone~~ ^{there} to create their own small life and ~~they~~ undoubtedly will be some who

will break the great dams and will save themselves for the good of humanity in order to teach it with their talent.

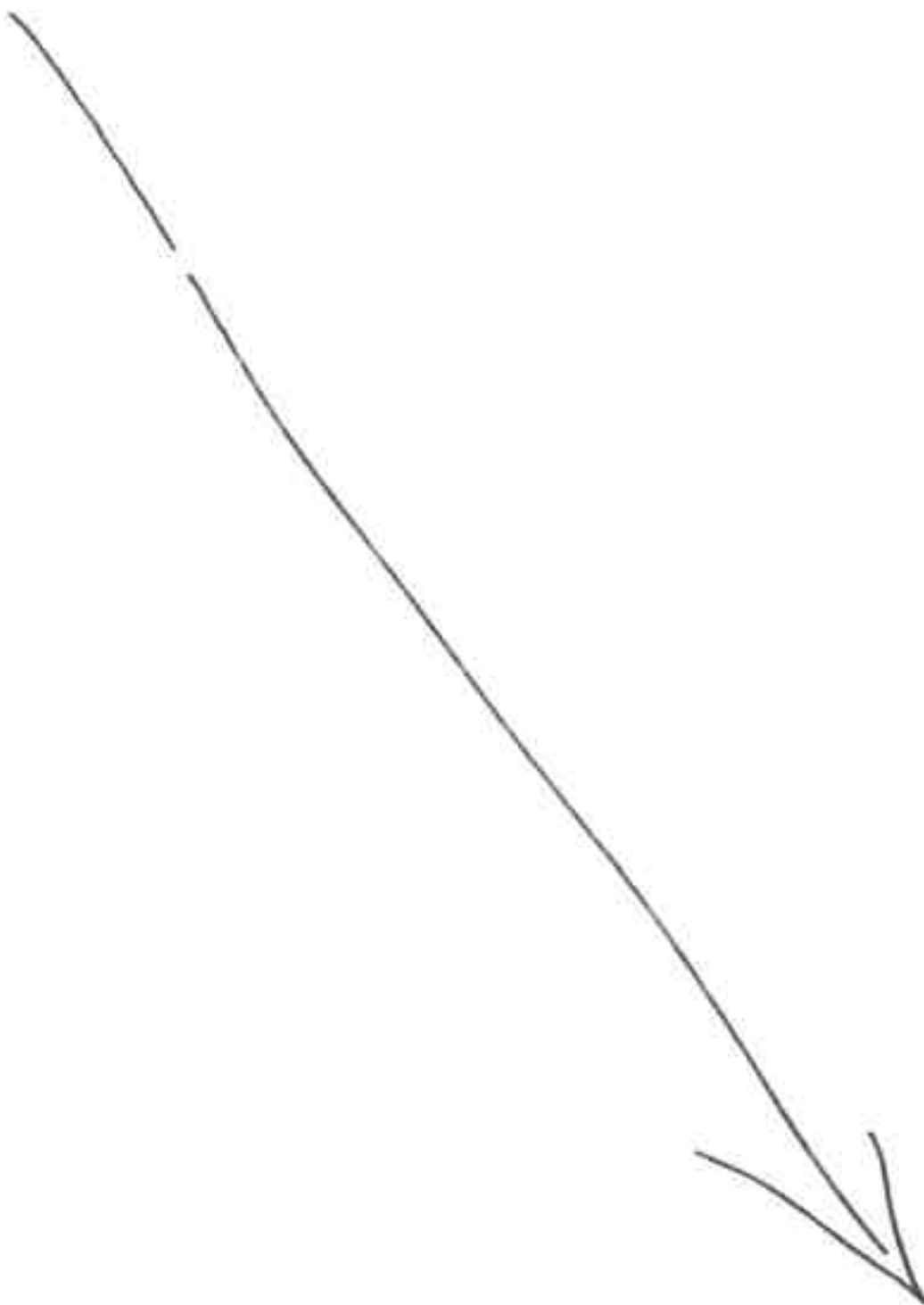
The same situation is true of the writers, ^A and now, he added, he would like to be Jiminy Cricket from "Pinocchio" and whisper into the ears of ^{the} capitalists ^{the names of those who deserve to be} ~~when they should~~ help ~~it~~.

(How clever of me, ^{to have} that I ~~made~~ ^{was} clear, from the beginning of our conversation, that I ~~am~~ ^{have been} completely out of money - this would ^{be} the appropriate moment when he would ^{have} ~~tried~~ to "yoke" me).

The Hungarian affair is over. In the arena of world politics other shows are brought in and nobody ^{any more} cares about ~~the in~~ ^{the fate of the Hungarian nation or about the fate of the} ~~individuals, although the~~ ^{Hungarian refugees} ~~paye for the capital invested~~. Gratitude to the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, although the money given - 50,000 Dollars - was used stupidly by the actors and ~~by the~~ musicians. ("Look at my jacket," he said, "it's not well cut, The same thing happened with the new ^{dinner jacket} ~~one~~, I had made, and, believe me, I was hungry under the eiderdown quilts ~~at~~ the Hotel Esplanade, were we were put up to "represent".)

And in Austria his individual life got started - after many labors ~~it took, at the moment, that~~ he has to stand the greatest trial in every direction, without any psychological ^{whichever} ~~crutches~~. He is alone, his children were taken over, ~~thanks~~ ^{to} God, by an Italian aristocrat. His wife has left him and it seems that she will never return, and no engagement for the coming year, months, weeks. (The tone was bitterly sincere at this moment). He does

not want the "baked pigeon to fly in ^{to} his mouth". Many horrible surprises slap him every day, and yet he thanks Fate for them because they are all experiences he will use up sometime in the creation of a character in a film or play.



While at the Esplanade, the telephone rings; "I want to talk to you in the name of the Hungarian Government.

My name is Dr. Sillo (?), where could I see you?" —

At the Kohlmarkt, in the afternoon at 2 o'clock, in the Arabia Espresso."

"Wouldn't the Hungarian Legation be better?" -

"No, I will not put my foot there." -

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ "Maybe the Collegium Hungaricum."

"No, I won't go there either. Let's stay with the Espresso.

But I am warning you that I can concentrate amazingly and my eyes are like ~~those~~ of an eagle. I don't want to see around the Espresso one single diplomatic car". -

"We do not work with such means" -

"Alright, make believe I didn't say it" -

"Of course, ~~we~~ know you." -

"Of course you ~~do~~." -

He immediately announced ^{the above} ~~that~~ conversation at the Kriminal Polizei and asked a friend of his, a medical student, to be in the espresso at the same time, at another table. That's what he thought, he should do.

As an actor, he was ^{punctual} on the dot.

~~No transparent paper -~~

~~I am sorry, but it is not my fault.~~

~~Re-type?~~ - DW

Around 2.05 ~~at the table~~ a man of about 35 years of age, rather bold ^{stopped at} ~~got to~~ his table; he was extremely well dressed, introduced himself, and again the respondent could not hear ^{the} name clearly. "I am very happy", respondent started the conversation, "that you came along, ~~because~~ ^{te} (during the ^{te} conversation ~~on the telephone~~ ~~with~~ ~~me~~ ~~Mr.~~ Sillo (?) said that he might bring another gentleman with him - at this, respondent declared firmly that he is not willing to talk with more than one person. ~~at the table~~. His "partner" ~~is~~ wanted him to talk, but respondent very skillfully made ~~the~~ ^{his} "partner" do a whole monologue. So, the unfortunate man started to talk. He said something about mass hysteria ^{is} which caused the exodus and the government is dumbfounded by it and, as far as respondent's case is concerned, he should ^{not} believe ~~what people say~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~government~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~country~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~people~~ ~~are~~ ~~waiting~~ ~~for~~ ~~him~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~government~~ ~~is~~ ~~dumbfounded~~ ~~by~~ ~~it~~ ~~and~~ ~~as~~ ~~far~~ ~~as~~ ~~respondent's~~ ~~case~~ ~~is~~ ~~concerned~~, he should ^{not} believe ~~anything but~~ ^{and} ~~that~~ ~~his~~ ~~public~~, ~~his~~ ~~country~~, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~people~~ ~~are~~ ~~waiting~~ ~~for~~ ~~him~~. If you are afraid, he continued, that you ^{will} get in trouble, we can assure you that no trouble will be waiting for you. We also know, ~~he continued~~, that in your apartment others have moved in, but you can get an apartment where you ^{choose to live it} wanted it. You can live with your children ~~and~~ ^{and} your mother ~~and~~ - anyhow, what on earth is an ~~actor~~ ^{actor}, who is so bound to ~~his~~ ^{his} mother tongue, doing in a foreign country?! And then he had to stop because he did not remember what to say, anymore.

^{SILENCE}
Long ~~called~~. Long, ~~a~~ ^a nerve-wracking ~~silence~~ ^{silence} (I am great in

playing pauses, ^{my} actor modestly added⁶)

"What else can you say?" ~~and~~

What can I say? Maybe if Minister Kállay would write you a letter... "Let him write, by all means, I say what I want to say and he writes what he is dictated."

"Don't look at it this way, the mush is not as hot as it looks," (A kasa nem olyan forró ^h akogy kinéz) - and then he could not say anything more.

In connection with having ~~mentioned~~ ^{mentioned} his mother, respondent wanted ^s to say that although she is alone at ^e home and a widow he knows ~~though~~ precisely that she would rather be imprisoned than have her son return ~~back to the~~ ~~country~~ for her sake. In each of her letters she writes: "Go - study - don't care about me - you are young and I have not much ~~more~~ more to live for."

After ~~his~~ ^{he had} brought up each of his phony arguments, ~~and~~, he finally said: "Violetta Ferrari will be home soon!" - "Isn't that strange, I talked to her last night and she did not mention it with one single ^d word." Later, in the course of the conversation ^{MR. Silver (?)} he stupidly asked: "Say, by the way, do you happen to know the address of Violetta ^g Ferrari in Western Germany?"

Then, he saw that the time ~~was~~ fit to tell his partner

the following: "If I were to go home, what guarantee ^{would} you give me that ^{they} ~~you~~ would not imprison me?" - "Why on earth would we imprison you, don't be so pessimistic." "I am telling you, that your government would imprison me". "What a silly idea ... ~~the interviewer said~~, At this I interrupted him with a crescendo in my voice: "You listen to me now. First, I forbid you to call either me or my colleagues at home counterrevolutionaries (please don't go into any definition now. I know just as well as you do that, according to your ideology, I am a Revolutionary), I am and have been a Revolutionary during the last 12 years, in my private life and on stage. Second, why did you imprison Gyula Háy?" - "Because, ^{for} ~~through~~ some strange reasons, he did not revise his attitude". "You see, I am not willing either to revise mine." My "partner" lost his temper and said: "One cannot discuss with you anything. You are not in a normal condition." - "Don't get excited, may I say in a free country what I want to say?" "If I were to go home, I would fight just like I did during the last 12 years with my spiritual arms for the liberation of my country and I may add to this, respondent continued, (I must admit that this scene was played with artistic perfection - the timing was excellent and the 2 portraits - that of the hero who does not give in under any circumstances and that of the stupid intelligence man-were played *masterfully*.) that I am not afraid - that are you going to imprison me - do imprison me - I am not even worried about what would happen to my

children - good people would certainly take care of them or maybe the state would, although I am horrified at this second ~~idea~~ ^{thought} - but what really worries me is the fact that I took an oath ^{that} ~~while~~ ^{while} ~~the~~ Soviet army is stationed on Hungarian soil, no Hungarian theatre will open its doors, and I am not going to ~~forget~~ ^{take} my oath and I will not trample into mud, the blood of ⁵ 30 000 people (a little while ago respondent talked about 30 000 people's blood being trampled into mud) because I like to look in the mirror ^{every} every day." Quatsch, this is not a question of looking into the mirror" - "maybe not for you but it is definitely for me".


At the end of the one-hour's conversation, the Kádár Stooze ^{asked whether he should come back.} ~~said~~. "This would be completely superfluous, but as far as I am concerned, you may come back." Then he asked the waiter for the bill. He paid his double-coffee. The Stooze did not dare offer to pay his bill.

"If you meet people who love me and who deserve to be loved by me, please give them my heartiest regards," was my closing sentence.

"They have not bothered me since, the actor continued and ^{got} they did not annul my Kossuth Prize. They simply cannot believe it that I am gone. This is a tremendous bloodletting, a venesection for the Hungarian theatre - I am not flattering myself in believing this, this is the honest truth," respondent added ~~in~~ in a deeper voice.

~~that actually, when he would usually talk in his faith~~

His faith is unbroken in his future. He believes in his talent. (For a minute he stopped, he wanted to say genius, but then, after thinking it over, swallowed it.) His only desire is to study, to know, and for him the most important thing in life is, to give to those who deserve it—that what is ^{deep} inside ⁱⁿ one's soul.



And now let's roll the film backwards.

His father was ~~an architect~~ chief electrician, came from the provinces to Budapest. During the Horthy regime, he was the proud possessor of a car. Later, his father worked in an office. The ancestors of his mother were mainly landowners, "middle-size landowners". He is an interesting mixture of the soil which gave birth to him, respondent commented. One of his grandmothers did not know how to read and write and the other was a teacher and he became a seismograph.

His father taught him to hate the Germans. This is the atmosphere he grew up in; ~~and he should~~ it is ^{not strange} that ~~his fate~~ ^{should} direct his steps towards Western Germany? That is why his generation was very difficult to reeducate. An officer of the ~~people's~~ ^{people's} democracy told him once, around 1948, that the 1919-23 ^(born) generation is the most difficult to indoctrinate. These people were not brought up to become Fascists and/or Communists. But they definitely had a national conscience. They were taught to respect Western culture. Their parents' ambition was to raise "Europeans".

He went to the gymnasium, from '31 to '38, when he graduated at the Georgicon secondary school. From '39 to '42, he went to the ^c Academy of agriculture in Magyaróvár. From '42 to '43, he studied at the ~~Academy of Art~~ ^{Dramatic} Academy of Art in Budapest. From '43 to '46, he was a soldier and from '46, he took up his ^{interrupted} studies at the Academy of Arts ⁱⁿ ~~which had~~

~~was interrupted in 1943~~ and ^{received} got his diploma in '49. In June ~~of~~ 1945, he ^{had} the ~~assign~~ assignment of a courier between Pozsony and Berlin and in July he was made prisoner of war by the Russians. He tried to escape and his escape is ^{now in} being taught at the Soviet Military Academy. As a matter of fact, they are teaching three escapes. One was accomplished in Finland and is the so-called Flux-Reflux escape. The other one was done in Berlin and it takes swingings Tarzan would be proud of. And the third one is the Hungarian escape which he had invented. It necessitated crawling in a sewer 40 centimeters high and about 30 centimeters wide. After having crawled for hours, one of his buddies (they were three to perform this delicate operation) had to come up for air and ^{when} he opened the lid of the sewer ~~and~~ a Russian ^{stood} in front of them. ("Did you like to read Dumas?" I asked. "I adored him.") They were all pulled out and he was asked whether he knew Russian. He said "no"; but this "no" was killing. The Russian ~~and~~ started to beat him and he was beaten for hours. He thought that one of his eyes was kicked out. (Respondent does have a big scar around one of his ~~eyes~~ eyes.) But what hurt more than physical pain was the humiliation. Then bricks were put in a bag and he had to run around the yard with it. Finally they put him in jail and from ^{there} ~~the jail~~ he could see the clouds. "These are Slovak clouds now, within half an hour they will be Hungarian clouds" and he would have liked to have gone with them. During the night, a

Hungarian doctor slipped into his cell, bandaged his eye. He was lying there like a sick animal.

~~at the Military Academy of Pecsany~~ and he was imprisoned with ~~the~~ Germans and they were put in wagons and the Germans were told that if the Hungarian would flee, they ^{if} would be held ^{reasonable} ~~them~~. And the wagon arrived in Focsani. He somehow managed to get out, crawl under it and was considering escaping again. Just when he started ^{towards} ~~to~~ run ~~to~~ the woods, he heard shooting and instinctively ~~he~~ crawled back under the wagon. The Russian ~~s~~ guards were shooting at 5 other Hungarian prisoners who had escaped from other wagons and they killed them instantaneously, although this was not necessary ^{because} they were cornered anyhow, but, suddenly, the realization came that ~~there are~~ ^{are not} new international laws ^{any more} to be applied. These are really staccato experiences, the way they are now ^{laid} in his heart and brain. From Focsani he again tried to escape, ~~he again tried to escape~~, but using his brain this time. The Russians were ^{counting} ~~numbering~~ the people. They wanted to ^{count} ~~number~~ 250 and put them in 5 wagons. He was among them. ~~It took the Russians~~ ^{to count} they ~~for~~ about 2 hours, these 250 men and during 2 hours he ~~intended to~~ ^{liberating} was ~~thinking~~. "Should I or should I ^{try to} not escape? The Carpathian mountains are there, and there is Zagon." He stepped into a Red Cross barrack which was nearby and begged the Austrian doctor to put him on the sick list. And here is ^{where} ~~his~~ acting came in. ^{handy} He started to suddenly look like a sick fall fly. He did

not want to go ^{to} Russia, he wanted to go home. ^{And} ~~at~~ the only means at his disposal ^{was} ~~were~~ his acting abilities and he used ~~it~~ ^{it} and played a great scene. He went into the colonel's office, put his valuables down with great noise, he had saved them by ^{pulling his pants} as low as he could possibly manage without them falling off, so when his pockets ^{were} ~~would be~~ "rounded" nothing "rang". Coming back to the scene, he put with a tremendous aplomb his valuables, (his watch and wallet) on the table and accused the interpreter for having tried to steal them. This was half way true. The interpreter noticed his watch and tried to take it from him, but he did not give it, of course; so as ^a climax he told the Russian colonel: "Why does the interpreter steal, when the Russians ^{made} ~~made~~ a point of being decent?" The colonel who looked like ^{Max} ~~Max~~ ^{Say} ~~Smelting~~ and probably had ^{just as} much brains, immediately started to sympathize with the "victim." He punished the interpreter by putting him in a jail where he had to sit naked in water and put respondent into a barrack where people scheduled to go home were placed. ^T ~~At~~ the Jews in Dachau and Auschwitz could have looked like these people did. They were young, 20-25 years of age, and only the skin was on their bones. The urine would leave their body without them noticing it and suddenly he stopped ^{to feel sorry, for himself} and was ^{filled with} ~~all~~ pity for mankind. Why do all these innocent people have to pay for the crimes of a few? Who could

answer this question, he asked himself, and God, day and night.

Together with these living corpses, he arrived on October 13th 1945, in Budapest. He had been a prisoner for a couple of months, ^{and} ~~at~~ those couple of months weigh more heavily on his soul, mind and heart than anything which had happened before or maybe even after. Whenever he needs a tear on stage, he draws ~~on~~ ^{up} his experiences in Focsani. Focsani for him is an ever-ready reservoir for tears and ever since his having been a prisoner, his soul is an ever-ready reservoir for sorrow, pity, and comprehension.

And since 1945, when as an ensign, he was told, together with the other officers to drop his arms into a basket he hates the Russians. Not only does he hate them, he is repulsed by them. For him, they are rats. What is most disgusting in their psychology is that they consider themselves Übermenschen. They came from the aboriginal fog and produced the socialist man.

When he arrived home, his parents were at the neighbours. A friend of theirs called his father over. He did not tell him who is waiting for him. His father was a ~~middle-~~ ^{rather} ~~shot~~ sized man with a neck like a bull and strangely reminded him of his favorite stage figure, Bánk Bán, the way Géza Apponyi had played him. He came home and started to eat a ^{leaf} of meat. His friend asked him: "What would you say, if your son would suddenly come home. Would you give

him a morsel of food? ^{up} I would give him whatever I have -
 "Well, father, please give me a morsel." His father
 took the plate and handed it and did not dare look at
 his son, who had ^{approached him} ~~come~~ from behind. His father did not
 turn his face towards him, he turned his hands towards
 where he suspected his son's face to be and checked with
 his hands as if he were blind whether his son ^{was} ~~was~~ not
 a cripple.

And now it was up to him to fit in to this new life. He
 went back to the academy and studied day and night.
 Mostly during the nights, because during the day he would
 go to rehearsals, in the evening be an extra, and study
 after the curtain had gone down. He had to put ⁱⁿ double
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~than~~ ~~those~~ ~~energy~~ ~~of~~ ~~those~~ who ^{had to put in.} decided to become Communists, ~~and~~
 He had to make up for not having left the army, he was
 accused of having been a Fascist and he had to swallow
 and study, because he knew that those in whom there is
 a spark of faith and originality, ^{eventually} will get ahead. In '47
 his father died, he was in a car accident. That ~~was~~ ^{bull}
 neck of his was smashed to pieces. His son had to piece
 him together, so to speak, and ^{due} ~~xxx~~ to his tremendous
^{will} mentality, he managed to live while he had practically
 no body to live with for a couple of hours. His father
 had ^{to play} his last scene and, although no
 words were spoken, son and father did understand each
 other. Ever since, he knows that mute scenes are more
 effective than the loudest crying or the softest, scarcely

audible voice.

"Let's talk about parts", he said. "~~That's perfectly~~
~~about parts~~, ^{although} ~~because~~ underneath all of this, we are not
talking about anything else, but parts, arn't we?" What
he meant was that ^{for an artist,} everything, every single happening is
material ~~to assimilate~~, to assimilate and to render one
day on stage. He had gone with this attitude through
his prisonership and that was the attitude ^{with which} he ~~watched~~
his father ^{die}, ~~while he was dying~~.

"You mean, let's talk about the parts you have actually
played on stage?" - "I guess, that is the way to put it."
He played so-called episode parts and he played main
parts, but the episode parts were no less important.
For instance: In a Russian play, he forgets the author,
"Enemies" is the title, 2 social classes are opposed. And
the representative ^{of one camp} ~~of one~~ kills somebody from the other
camp. It is due to hatred instigated in him, he does
not really mean to become a killer, he is made a killer
by the circumstances. During the whole play, the con-
ditions which eventually ^{will} ~~would~~ lead to crime are presented.
But the criminal himself is not. One talks about him,
one tries to imagine somebody who, due to ^{instigated} tension, has
done an act he ^{would have} ~~has~~ not done under normal circumstances.
At the very end the criminal appears. There is big
silence preceding him and one only hears the steps of
somebody approaching. Steps which lie ^{heavily} ~~heavily~~ on the
conscience of everybody. And then an old man appears

and says simply: "I am the killer, do with me whatever you want to." Big pause and then quick curtain. XH The way I played it? I figured that I, as an old man, am stepping out of life. That's why I was in no hurry. With each step I took, I made the distance between me and life greater, and I was going to have a private conversation with God. And I had to make the public realize that justice, in this case, is not up to humans but up to God, and I only had this one sentence: "I am the killer, do with me whatever you want to."

Another episode part I played was the messenger in Macbeth, the messenger who tells Macbeth that the forest of Birningham is alive. "And I brought in the forest" -- he said.

Respondent said that he had traveled much in time. He had played Sophocles (Creon in Antigone), Molière (Les Fourberies de Scapin, L'Etourdi), and Pirandello. From alpha to omega, in other words, he said. One of the important stages of his life would have been Peer Gynt by Ibsen. He was preparing it when the Revolution broke out.

The movie part which made him an overnight star was 'Talpalatnyi föld' ("A foot's length of ground"). The scenario was written by Pál Szabó and the leading parts were played by Ági Mészáros, Ádám Szirtes, and himself.

When shown in Rio de Janeiro there was a great demonstration and although Italy had bought the film, it did not dare show it immediately.

The story: A poor peasant forces his daughter to marry a rich peasant from whom the daughter is disgusted. ^{Two} young poor peasants love the girl and decide to kidnap her from her wedding. The rich peasant goes to the house of the young peasants where he knows his bride is hidden and asks them with an open knife to give him the girl, because the priest has given her to him. The young peasant says: "But God has given her to me." One of the 2 (the part he played) will step into the background and let his good friend and the girl he loves be happy. And life is extremely difficult for the young couple, life made more difficult by the terrific draught. The director of the film, Frigyes Bán, was great, especially in showing how the soil thirsts for water, and by contrast, showing that the land of the rich peasant is watered through irrigation. And when the young husband and father (a baby was born to them meanwhile) cannot stand this injustice any longer, he opens the dam and water is streaming on his fields and the fields of all the poor peasants. The farm manager realizes what is happening and in his anger wants to kill the "criminal", but the peasant is quicker and he is the one who kills the farm manager, while his good friend knowing ^{his} ~~the~~ temper which will lead to catastrophe wants to save him. While running ^{on} ~~from~~ the dike, he slips, ~~and~~

falls and is instantaneously killed. His face receives a great halo at this moment and so does the one of his best friend who now stands arrested and only asks for permission to give ^{to his wife} the medicine he has bought for ^{their} ~~his~~ baby, ~~to his child.~~

He might add, at this point, as a "ggod" colleague, that it was extremely difficult to play with Adám Szirtes, "a Sztaniszlavszky pupil" - more by instinct than by culture though. ~~His~~ Szirtes would invariably change the place he would be found at a certain scene, due to his desire to renew himself constantly. The tragedy of it was that everybody else had *shift* ~~to~~ himself constantly around Szirtes, and everybody was mortally afraid that somehow the backbone of the film would suffer, just because one could not count on ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Szirtes; the concentration had to be doubled, while playing with him. ^{Szirtes}

Talking about Sztaniszlavszky, he was always quoted in the newspapers and the biggest praise for years in Hungary was ^{when} ~~that~~ a newspaper man would ^{announce} say, his actor is a Sztaniszlavszky actor." Andor Ajtay who had more backbone than usually expected from actors and who did not give in one iota to the regime and ^{yet} ~~was~~ was too great a name to *be* dispense ^d with, was invariably ^{as} called ^{as} great Sztaniszlavszky actor." Ajtay would always make remarks at the right places that he has never read Sztaniszlavszky and does not intend to do so ^{even} ~~either~~.

As far as respondent and many other actors are concerned

he did read excerpts from Sztaniszlavszky, but then realized that he did not learn anything new and did not waste ~~any~~ ^{any more} time with reading. He had too much studying to do and by studying he means ^t taking his bicycle and travelling all over the country. Coming back to the bicycle, although he has made 21 movies and does not recall the number of plays he has played in, he still did not have enough money to buy himself a car.

On one of his ~~kikk~~ biking tours, he stopped in front of a Christ. There were some flowers put in a tin can below it. It was spring and he loved the country, he loved the person who had put the flowers for Christ on that road, and he loved the *old* peasant who drove *by* on a horse carriage. "May God give you a good day", he greeted him. ("Adjon Isten jó napot") - "What about you?" ("hát maga?") "I go where my eyes take me". ("Megyek amerre a ^z szemem lát) So he ~~was~~ ^{sat} near the peasant, threw his bike on the carriage and off they went. After a long pause, he asked his man whether certain fields they had ~~gone~~ passed by were abandoned. "Yes", was the answer and an infinite hatred set out on the honest face. Respondent said that although he had seen many times ^{manifestations of} hatred ~~and~~ and he himself ^{had} tried to express it, he had never seen such a sculpture of a man being torn inside. One could see that his soul was killed. After another long pause, the ^{old} man decided to voice this profound disgust and said: ("Ide²hallgasson, elvtárs - mert hogy most ez a divat - én nem tudom, hogy ki ül a

DISZ who said: "I don't love you, if you ^{plough} ^{stintely} ~~clandestinely~~."

This was the pseudo-problem. Coming back to the old peasant, at the crucial scene ^{the actor} he put in his words and mainly in ^{to} his silence, the mute hatred of the man he was picked up by on that beautiful day. His tears were flowing because he was so alone, so helpless in not being able to fight this administration. He starts to go towards the door, a terrific pause and then the official of the tractor stations ^{decides} ~~decided~~ to help him although he is not a member. The actors knew that they were playing on ^a ~~the~~ razor's edge with this scene and they were told by the Ministry and by the director not to emphasize it, glide over it. They did ~~not~~ ^{so} during the first 3 performances, ^{until} ~~one day~~ ^{reviews} the ~~news~~ came out and the play was ^{accepted. Then} They changed the scene without changing the words, but they changed the pauses. ~~So~~ ^{They} let the old man go ^{until} ~~until~~ the silence was almost unbearable and then he was called back. During ^{these} ~~these~~ moments, the whole public lived through the terrible injustice ~~committed~~ committed to this old peasant and these moments on stage thrown at the public, seemed an eternity and ^{they were an eternity}, the actors talked it over among themselves to prolong ~~it~~ it as long as they possibly could. It happened many times that the public could not bear the tension and voices were heard: "This is not just, this is horrible, one has to do something, look at the old man his tears are flowing, nobody helps him, he is

alone." There he was ^{facing slowly} ~~going~~ and being ^{immensely} happy inside while his tears were flowing, because he knew that he was fighting the regime, he knew that he was revenging the old man he had met on that spring day and he knew he was revenging every peasant dear to his heart. So at the end of the play, it is decided that the land of the poor peasant ^{should} ~~have~~ be ploughed, that he ^{should} ~~be~~ be helped. But the ^{actor} ~~man~~ who said these words in the name of the tractor stations ^{made} ~~it~~ sound very, very phony so ^{that} it was ^{made} apparent that the writer had to say ^{them} ~~it~~ in order for the play to be performed. But the actors ^{did make} ~~made~~ the public realize that the man is alone, and that he is not helped, ~~no~~ matter what the officials say. During the big scene, voices among the public were heard: "You are a coward, you should also do it, don't you see that it ~~cannot~~ be done." And the actors were the one, ~~who~~ showed the public that the discontentment, the dissatisfaction ^{can be shown by the attitude adopted and that it} can be voiced. Once it was heard publicly, a psychological basis was given to the Hungarian nation to dare utter ^{its} deep dissatisfaction.

And the ^{figures} ~~heads~~ of Lenin, of Marx, of Stalin on the Hungarian stage appeared suddenly so foreign. The ^{figures} ~~heads~~, familiar to the nation, were the ones of Petöfi and Kossuth and the public demanded them. The playwrights turned towards ~~the~~ Hungarian history and plays were performed where the heroes were national heroes and the Hungarian genius would be twinkling. István Dobó,

(Egri Csillagok), Gyula Illyés, (Fáklyaláng Dózsa); fairy-tales with a national taste were performed. József Babay (Háron Stlegény ^{Szűzleány} Szabólegény) Géza Hegedüs; (Mátyás Király Debrecenben) Tamás Török (Eltusszentelt birodalom) Aron Tamási; (Énekes madár) Jenő Heltai: (A néma levente). And they would play Jókai's "A köszöntő ember fia". Finally they did not have to say "Seminovics" or "Samumovics" or any type of " ". They could say Gergő and Bornemisza, ^{SE} ~~and they could put~~ It was such a liberation that the actors and the public were "bathing" in it. In the movie "Szakadék" the peasants ^{were} ~~were~~ talking among themselves, ~~the~~ peasants who had been forced to enter the collective farms; a stranger comes around ^{he is being asked} ~~and~~ "Where are you from?" "I am from Szentmárton". "Is that where you belong to a collective farm?" "I don't belong to any collective farm, I am a free worker." "Look here, that would be the right thing."

"Look here, that would be the right thing" - it's a simple sentence, it has only a couple of words, but in these couple of words one can squeeze in the tremendous desire of the Hungarian peasant to be free, to own his land and the actors did squeeze it in and the public reacted to it. During the film as it was dark, ^{the showing of} voices were heard repeating: "Look here, that would be the right thing." Small revolutions were going on in every movie theatre and in every theatre of Budapest.

People got used first in the dark to hear their own voices ^{utter} say what they would not have said otherwise. And then the lights went on and they continued to say it.

For years, one could cut the dissatisfaction with a knife and this ~~density~~ ^{of the hatred} of ^{the} masses was sensed by the writers and the actors. The ^{actors} ~~actors~~ ^{later} shouted ~~it~~ ^{it} on top of their voices and these ^S shrill tones were caught by the public who, at this point, was only an echo, an echo which repeated itself endlessly. It was a great feeling to command this regiment of volunteers.

The cultural life after the war started to function under the direction of the Communist Party, but as the years went on ~~the~~ life became more and more stagnant.

the public disapproved of the chosen plays. In order to ^{live} ~~live~~ ^{the people} in, one had to dust ^{off} the old ~~plays of~~ ^{plays of} Shakespeare; Schiller, Lope de Vega, Molière, Shaw, Ben Jonson, Pirandello were played again and, from the Russian writers mostly ~~Gorkij~~ ^{Gorkij} and Gorkij, the eternal values of world literature.

A new public was educated, the old intelligentsia did not come anymore and the new one was not born yet, and one ^{the progeny of workers & peasants} ~~had to teach this youth~~ ^{to the theater wearing} who would come in tennis shoes

and who would munch loudly during the plays that there is ^{something sacred} ~~something~~ going on ^{ON STAGE} ~~stage~~. This youth which in the beginning would behave like the public of the Commedia dell'Arte - taking loudly part in the action - ~~and which~~ around '54 - '55 ^{became} ~~was~~ educated as a public. It did not

disturb the actors anymore. It listened to them because it realized that they were its real educators. They were the ones who showed the way towards liberation.

How can one twist ^{of the} the message plays was the biggest problem of the actors. How can one double-play while saying one thing and making the public realize that the contrary is true? These attempts were embryonic in '48. They were subtle and not many people caught on, but the public started to learn the secret code of the actors more and more. Those who did this were Sinkovits, Zente Feri, Rudolf Somogyvári, Csákány László and himself. - The list is much longer. He should have said ^{all} those ^{great & small} who ^{actors} stayed ^{long} nights awake to discuss what could be done within a given text. And these "path-cutters" ~~but they~~ had many followers among the younger actors who simply took the tone over. ^{thus} And the fruit was maturing slowly *ripening*.

In a Russian play he portrayed Antal Apró whom he had seen address the workers. He ~~would~~ portray ^{ed} this ~~his~~ ^{ed} ~~cameleon~~ life of the Hungarian official who lives in a false ideology, those who did not want more than ^{to} keep up their dirty life. ~~in one of their hands they were holding stupidity and in the other one~~ They were relying upon ^{stupidity and} the Soviet bayonets. This is how they built Communism, ~~and~~

In portraying this official, he made realize the public that the jacket ^{he} put on to talk to ^{them} ~~them~~ ^{He} was not his usual jacket, and that the tone he would address them ⁱⁿ was not the tone he would use with officials. He, ^{the actor,}

~~showed~~ ^{even} that, the pipe he was smoking was a prop for the occasion just to show that he also lives ^d like other workers ^{did} ~~do~~, but looking at him, one could see that all these props are lies, that they are made up for a special occasion, that he is at home going around in a silk house robe, that he smokes good cigarettes, that he hates the pipe he is obliged to use. And the real officials were powerless against him because after all what could they point out. He did not change the text, he just underlined the contrary of it with his gestures, with his attitude. There is no doubt about ^{the fact} ~~it~~ that warmth, humanitarianism ^m ~~feelings~~ radiated from all his performances and ^{thus} ~~the~~ cultural officials thought that it might be a good idea to label him as "the Communist man." That's how he looks, they said, that's the picture of an honest socialistic man. And yearly he would get delegations which would ask him to honor the Communist party by entering it. And he would invariably reply that he is a queer sort of ^a being, that he sometimes had ^s inner compulsions to look ~~at~~ the rain-drops falling from the leaves in the Hűvösvölgy. What about attending the Party meetings? He could not possibly do it, while watching leaves, and watching of leaves is more important for an actor than a Party meeting, he pointed out, with all due respect to the *Almighty Party*. And the Communist officials did not know what to answer and for 3 months he was left alone to watch the rain-drops falling from the leaves and meditate about how

to turn the regime's words against itself. And the movie "Ward No. 9" was made. The scenario was written by Tibor Méray^W and Károly Makk was the director. He play^ed the main part, the part of a Party secretary of an enterprise who becomes sick for having worked day and night, is hospitalized and makes the acquaintance of good and bad doctors and nurses. He has to be operated on and after the operations he leaves the hospital. In other words, the story is the story of a hospital and it showed that the country is sick, ^{that} but it has good functionaries and bad ones. That there are ^{some} those who work themselves to death and ^{there are those} those who profit ^{from} by the work of the conscientious ones. And it shows ^{bad} that sometimes technical knowledge is being pushed aside by those who have nothing else but Party membership. The Party secretary of the hospital is a young doctor who has been in Korea and the old doctor who is not a Party member tells him: "You ^{may} ~~are going to~~ become ^a the good ~~minister~~ and minister, but never a good surgeon." "But uncle John, a minister is no dog," ^{is} but he is not a surgeon either."

At the end of the film a voice is heard and one sees the sun ~~which is~~ piercing through. "We don't want to say that with the case of Gáspár Tóth everything ^{has been} ~~was~~ straightened out, but ~~is that~~ we have shown the truth from which one cannot get away ~~from~~ anymore, just like ^{after} having thrown a stone into a lake one cannot possibly stop the rings around it, - ^{and} ~~because~~ we don't want anything more than ^{to} improve this world in which we live."

In the movie theatres where the film was shown meetings were held where doctors and leading Party functionaries attacked the film. But the way these ^{attacks} were "burnt" was the following: The director of the film, ~~and~~ the writer and the leading actors would read letters which came from different parts of the country, letters on which the scenario was based. And every mosaic of the movie was explained with these letters, written by real people about real happenings.

And the last words of the movie were engrained in each heart: ~~because~~ "we don't want anything ^{more than it's} ~~else~~ improve the world in which we live.

"And now", the actor continued "I'd like to talk about a movie I did not make, a movie there was some talk about." But somehow it did not materialize. ~~The talks were held in Vienna and~~ ^{I would have been} ~~it is~~ about the Hungarian refugees, and it might have shown how the refugees were brought under a common denominator, ~~just~~ by the fact of being refugees and ~~it shows~~ in the last scene how Hungarianism is being lost in ^a foreign country, no matter how helpful they seem to have been in the beginning. It is the life of 3 refugees. One is a schizophrenic. The Revolution had completely torn him apart inside. He cannot stand other people laugh and when he sees ~~and~~ ^{fears} laughter, he slaps the person who is capable of doing an act which he anymore is not capable of. And the slapped man and the one who slapped him become friends.

A woman joins them. She is ~~been~~ killed, while crossing the border, and the picture widens and it shows the road the refugees take towards the West. And they are being treated friendly, but what they have done for the West is no more interesting. The film ends ~~by~~ ^{with} the sounds of a fate symphony, a Hungarian symphony which fades. The writer is Endre Kovacs, but the scenario is still in the making. Neither the writer nor the actors feel that what they wanted to express is expressed. It is difficult to write about ~~the~~ general fate when one's own fate is so uncertain. Is the writer and ~~he~~ the actor going to disappear as creators? Could that happen?

~~(The scene is the same as in the previous film, but the scene is a close-up shot.)~~ Then I asked him who his masters were. Spencer Tracy and Jean Gabin. He respects Lawrence Olivier, but the latter is a little bit outside ^{of} the character he creates. He has not gone through the agonies he so masterfully portrays. ^{Raymond is} He feels that Spencer Tracy is preparing ^{for a part} the same way he does, and it is *comforting* to know that similar if not identical processes happen in this large world.

America is cruel from the view point of culture - I am making reference to all those actors who don't act. Don't people ~~know~~ know that talents can break, don't they know that the gong is for ^{the} actors ^{what} ~~is for the actors like~~ ~~the~~ trumpet ^{is} for a circus horse? Theatres should be ^{subsidized} ~~given~~ ~~help~~ ~~from~~ the state and one or ^{two} theatres should be

^{the latter}
 private. But ~~these~~ should be also under the supervision
 of the Ministry of Culture, from the view point of the
 cultural value ^{of the products} not from the viewpoint of politics. As
 far as he is concerned, if a striptease is done artistic^{ally}
 ly he accepts it. But America should realize that there
 is ^{a definite} the need for theatrical culture and that is why the
 state should take this problem over. Meanwhile he would
 like to embrace his fellow actors in their sleep. He
 would like to protect them that they should ^{not} break ~~less~~
 inside. And how close one actor to the other is was
 always a source of amazement for him. Russian actors
 would come to Budapest or Czechoslovakian ~~actors would~~
~~come~~ and they did not need interpreters. They would talk
 to each other without words. They would understand. And
 he feels that that's the way he could ^{talk also} to an American
 actor without needing the tool of the language.

Salary and Categories of Actors.

The first category was composed of leading actors, whether Party members or not. The non-^mmembers were such excellent actors that they had to be accepted on their own terms. First category included Maklary, Szörényi, Mestáros, Bessenyei, Juhász, Básty, Ajtay, Major, Gellért, Gózon, Apáthy. ~~As~~ The top salary was 5000 forints a month.

Second category, mediocre actors, Party functionaries. *also*

~~All~~ ungifted actors Party functionaries and gifted actors (non-members). Average salary 3000 to 4000 forints.

The following names belong to this ^{latter} group: Miklós Gábor, Miklós Szakács, Tibor Molnár, Zsuzsa Bánky, Katalin

ye Mosvay, Klár ^{vi}Tolnay, Lajos Rajz ^{gy}zy, Margit Dayka, Rudolf Somogyvári, Mária Mezei, Mária ^{zse}László, Sándor Szabó, Tivadar ^{uray} ~~uray~~, ^{Jozsef Timár} ~~Jozsef Timár~~, Lili Berky.

Third category:- 2000 to 3000 forints: Feri Kállay, Gyula Benkó, Éva Ruttkay, László Dékány, Ferenc Sinkovits,

~~and~~ ⁴fourth category were the big-part players from 400 ~~forints per month~~ to 1200 forints per month.

The wages of the technical personnel were *extremely* low 800 - 2400 forints.

The distribution of the Kossuth ~~Prize~~ Prize.

As far as the actors were concerned, there was a committee to establish who should get the Kossuth Prize. ~~in the~~ ~~committee~~ The members of the committee were: Tamás Major

Kisfaludy-Strobl Miklós (sculptor), Sándor Ek (painter), István Csók, Kodály.

His name was brought up each year and each year there was somebody else who got the prize. Finally, and he cannot recall at ^{this} the moment ^{the} what year, ~~he finally got it~~, he did receive it. His Kossuth Prize was justified and he knew that the country, his public, was just as happy as he was.

He was notified by the Council of Ministers where the big reception will take place and ~~that he should wear~~ ^{he was told to wear} a dark suit ~~on~~. Inside the building, AVOs were standing in white gloves and a civilian would notify the entire row of AVOs ^{who} ^{happy} was the winner who was just arriving. Refreshments ^{and} ^{champagne} from Gerbeaud and Gundl, ^{were served} and the waiters would also ^{have} white gloves on and - ^{apparently} ~~so~~ ~~that~~ the Communists did learn an awful lot, but they did not learn how to behave, because many of the high functionaries would get drunk from the unexpected free liquor and would have to be taken home forcefully by their wives or by their good friends who did not want them to talk and get everybody in trouble. Sándor Szabó took István Dobi home in his car, he was as drunk as only Khrushchev can get. Apparently in this the Hungarians also imitated the Russians.

While talking ^{Respondent} ~~he~~ was feverishly figuring and finally came up with the answer. It was on March 15th, 1955 that he got this big prize. The previous year, he has ^{received} ~~gotten~~ the Jászai Mari Prize ^{plus} ~~and~~ 6 decorations! When-

ever his films would make good money for the state, ^{while shown} in the other ~~the~~ satellites, he would get a decoration for socialistic work.

~~These were the~~ - in other words, those actors who were ^{prominent &} Party members would receive sooner or later the Kossuth Prize, although much effort was displayed about not showing these manipulations - there were cases when actors, non-members, would receive the Kossuth Prize, but somehow had to join the Party immediately afterwards.

He also was cornered after receiving the Prize and the money (!) but his technique of ^{declining "the honor"} ~~the officials~~ was so highly developed at that time that it did not take him more than 2 minutes ^{to detour the officials, they left} ~~and they would leave~~ speechless.

At the time, if he remembers correctly, he played a Hamlet scene ~~and, meaning that he played~~ the neurotic ^{man} actor who has great difficulties ~~keeping~~ keeping his balance. He ^{told the baffled officials} ~~would tell them~~ that he would not mean good business for the Party because he is too dumb to really understand what it stands for. He would utterly confuse them with his "bla-bla" - when they ^{left} ~~laughed~~, they were not sure whether he was ^{insane or whether} ~~in vain or they were~~. ^{their mind had departed.}

In the middle of each season, the manager, together with the dramaturgist and directors would prepare the list of the plays he intended to present the following year. The Ministry had ^{also} some ideas, of course, ^{about} what they

wanted the theatres to play - and it depended upon the skill of the manager how ^{far} he could talk the Ministry into approving the plays he intended to have performed.

It was not allowed to "switch actors" during the season. And even ^{at the end of the season, the actors} ~~back~~ they were not allowed to leave by ~~their~~ ^{manager} ~~own accord~~ the theatre they were engaged to. It was within the rights of the ~~director~~ ^{manager} to ~~or not to~~ renew the engagement of ~~anybody~~ ^{his personnel}.

The theatres of Budapest were: The Nemzeti (National) Madách, Néphadsereg, Petöfi,

The "intimate" theatres (kamara színházak) of the National Theatre was the Katona József Theatre, of the Madách the Madách Kamara Theatre, of the Néphadsereg the József Attila Theatre, of the Petöfi or Ifjúsági Theatre the Jókai Theatre. The József Attila and the Déryné theatres played in the suburbs. The "Stagione" companies were the Falú Theatre and the Magyar Játékok. The Falú Theatre also had performances in Budapest.

And there was a permanent marionette theatre The Babe-Színház Theatre. The operetta theatres were the Fővárosi Operetta Theatre, which also had an "intimate" (kamara) theatre.

There were 2 cabaret theatres, the Kamara Variété and the Vidám Színpad.

And there was one "local" where there was a theatrical program, the old Moulin Rouge - now called Budapest. The cities of Szeged, Miskolc, Debrecen, Békéscsaba,

Kecskemét, Győr, Pécs had permanent theatres, with state subvention, with permanent company, ~~permanent~~ orchestra, ~~permanent~~ *chorus* and ballet. These theatres would play operas, *prosz*, *e plays* and operettas.

And it was true of each of these theatres and, of course, *of* the ones in Budapest, that they would have an individual tailoring shop, individual costume designers; and for civilian plays, the actors did not have to use their own clothes - the theatre had these made to the extent that even Renaissance shoes or any types of boots would be made after measure, not talking about modern shoes. The same would be true about film studios.

Generally speaking, the technical aspects were beautifully taken care of and there was always enough money to take care of the lightning, of the costumes, *and* of the different props.

The actors had to work daily 8 hours, 4 hours rehearsal and 4 hours performance. If on top of these 8 hours ~~there~~ *there* night rehearsals, *or* scheduled or matinees then ~~he~~ *they* would be paid ~~more~~ separately for those. But on Sundays, ~~they were~~ *they were* obliged to play also a matinee. Of course, when there were no rehearsals, *actually they* ~~so he~~ did not have to work more than 8 hours and there was one free day during the week.

The same actors who would be playing leading parts, *on stage and in movies,* were the ones who were *also* used by the radio. *The way* Maximum, 7 broadcasts per month and the wage paid by the radio was

10% of the wage ^{received} ~~got~~ at the theatre, ~~plus~~ if the actor had to stay till after midnight, then he was sent home by taxi ~~and the same actors were busy at the Szinkron and in Hunia Film Studio.~~

The same so-called theatrical actors would also be the movie actors in Hungary. A certain top salary was established, as far as the movies were concerned, but this top was usually broken through and only limited by the moral considerations of the actor. In other works ^{as good} everybody would get an engagement as he could possibly manage it.

The daily wage was maximum 800-900 forints for 15 days. Above 15 days one could only be engaged for a lump sum, maximum 25 000 forints.

The minimum lump sum was about 1000 forints, which meant 80 forints per day. ~~The daily wages would go down as far as 150 forints, only big actors would exert this~~ salary. His own was 20 000 forints, lump sum and, if he ^{they} had worked on a daily basis then he would receive about 250 forints. Very few actors had cars, ~~and only the 2~~ last years. The list of those who did have a car: Bessenyei, Ferrari, Banky, Várkonyi, Sennyei, Kazal, Latabár, Falaky, Horvay, T. Náray.

The Pager and the Kiss Affair.

Pager and Kiss were leading actors during Fascist time and "exposed" themselves politically. Kiss was the one who advocated ~~numerous~~ ^{wife, Pastera and Moros} ~~millions~~ and due to him each Jewish actor lost his job. He was imprisoned for about 10 years and now the regime decided to use him. Pager was not imprisoned. He fled to South America and lived there as an actor., but before the Revolution ^{he broke out} decided to come home and play. In Budapest the public received these 2 old ^{parts} of the Fascists with mixed reactions. There is no doubt that they are excellent actors — especially Pager ~~is~~ and ^{there is} ~~is~~ no doubt that both have suffered for their past ^{actions} ~~since~~. And it is also true that one should not waste ~~time~~ talent. As far as he is concerned, he feels that opportunities should be given to them. He has had long talks with Pager who lives retired in a hotel and he understands when Pager said ^{10/2} that he has not so many years ^{left} to live and ~~yet~~ ^{yet} he has so much to give ^{yet}. He would like to be given an opportunity to be able to ^{future} ~~give~~ and teach the generations of actors.

As far as the regime is concerned, everybody realizes that at the basis of their letting these ^{two} actors return is ~~a~~ propaganda.

The fact ^{is} ~~is~~ that in the Hungary of Kádár the real liberal artists are being silenced, some of them are imprisoned, one of them has died (Iván Darvas), one

excellent actor has committed suicide in Canada (Rajczy) and that the two Fascist actors, Payer and Kiss, are the stars again. As an actor, he feels that everyone of his colleagues should be given an equal opportunity, and yet... This is a difficult problem to solve.