
Did it happen in Degersheim, Switzerland? I wonder. Aristocrats, in the true sense of the word. They not only aped the outmoded ideals of knighthood but actually were some of the last real representatives of chivalry: boldly courageous, deeply polite, always ready to fight for the suppressed, generous, self-sacrificing, gracious in their words and gestures. And besides, the newer and more humanitarian ideals of knighthood were also living in them - you'll see.

He was born in Transylvania, she in Bácska Zombor (two regions which no longer belong to the territory of Hungary); they were married in Budapest and went to live in Transylvania, where he had 5,000 acres (3,000 in Koltó and 2,000 in Szamosszéplak). ~~It~~ A Rumanian agrarian reform took his lands, the Yugoslav^{er} heres. (Her father was the greatest landowner in the Bácska Zombor region.) She and her husband had learned from early childhood to adore the wheat-giving earth. Since she was fifteen, until she got married at the age of nineteen, she used to get up at three o'clock in the morning and, together with her father, she made "inspection tours" on horseback at dawn. There were no boys in her family - just two girls and her father had often told her that in a perfect woman also lives a man - a woman has to bear up under any circumstances, just like a man. And the latter in his turn, has to have the soul of a woman occasionally in order to achieve within

himself the complete human being.

During the early years of their marriage, they would often talk about her father's teachings and laughingly accept his theories. A time came when these theories had to be put into practice. There were times when she was immobilized in bed and her husband had to cook and launder and iron and clean, there were years in her life which she was able to support only due to the fact that she told herself: I must get through this, otherwise my father would be very ashamed if I proved to be a mere weak woman. During those early morning rides, her father would look over their thousands and thousands of acres of land and say: "It is not too difficult to live from a fortune, is it? But would you be able to live if you had nothing? If you'd have to rely on your work?"

Times did come when she had to live on nothing, but what was worse: even her work was not accepted. ~~And~~ And yet nobody from their circle collapsed. Everyone learned a lesson: nothing else matters but the stripped man and the work. Yes, she's definitely grateful to the Communists: they gave her a purified conception of life, she who had ^{had} so much wealth learned to do without it - learned to rely upon herself uniquely and find out that happiness can be achieved in a small room. Even a small room is big enough to live an intensive life and to help others. ~~To~~ help and being helped - this is what the last twelve years have ^utaught her - that

she would be so much poorer without this knowledge.

They could have stayed in Switzerland in '45 - their livelihood was assured ~~and~~ and yet they went home. And they never regretted it for a second. Not even while they were deported. These twelve years mean a turning point in her country's history and she was deeply happy to have been given the privilege to watch the springing forth of ~~unsuspected~~ unsuspected qualities. She had the occasion to live among peasants and workers - it was a far cry from the castles she ^{had been} ~~was~~ living in and yet she couldn't help being furious in the ~~beginning~~ beginning and happier and happier later about this, queer in the beginning and later on natural, association. Workers were her blood - Peasants were her blood - she suddenly found herself in the midst of an enlarged family. ~~On~~ On the whole, without exception, they accepted her and her husband. They were ~~part~~ part of the pulsating bloodstream of the Hungarian nation. And being in it, she felt its tremendous strength. It's going to flow on. She is sure of it and this assurance made her smile in front of the Russian tanks. They will not be victorious - they weren't. Her home is so great now - it used to end at the ~~boundaries~~ boundaries of their thousands and thousands of acres of land - now it embraces the collective farms. They also were formed from land taken away - she and the peasant were in the same predicament. The number of acres didn't matter much. She lost everything and so did the peasants. They had a common fate. The discovery of

being of one with every oppressed soul is due to the Communist rule. This union came out during the Revolution - Hungary, the feudal Hungary, where there was so much hatred among social classes, became finally one!

They can hardly wait to go back. (Actually, they have qualms of conscience for having left - a ~~relative~~ friend of theirs sent them the necessary papers and, armed with them, they applied for a passport and, to their greatest surprise, permission was granted for them to ~~leave~~ leave - it's true that in the application form, her ~~husband~~ husband wrote that he was an unskilled worker^r which, at the time, was not a lie. Maybe the authorities didn't realize who he was or maybe they did and that was the reason for them granting him an exit visa.)

They'll go back and prepare the terrain for their grandchildren. Two of their four grandchildren had lived with them in Hungary and they now joined their parents who had left in '44 and are in Australia. But both of them are convinced that those children who grew up in Hungary in their house will never become Australians - they'll be back one day and they, the old ones, are going to ~~assist~~ ^{precede} ~~assist~~ them and try to prepare the terrain for them. Another reason for them wanting to go back ~~is~~ is to be ultimately ~~buried~~ buried in Hungarian soil. They ~~love~~ love the earth of Hungary to the point where they could not rest if it did not cover them.

I don't want to sound gloomy, though, she laughingly added. There

is so much ~~with~~ optimism in me, in us - one had to have a tremendous dose of it if one one wanted to survive the last ten years. We worked on it consciously every single day - we knew that if a new regime came it needed people with strong nerves and we got shots in ~~the~~ ^{our} arms, so to speak, by ~~the~~ watching the behavior and attitude of the poor people. By watching the Hungary^{ian} peasantry and workers.

In the beginning, I must admit, we were ill informed about what Communism brought to the proletarians. We felt and actually received some consolation out of the fact that the fate of the workers was ^m improved - if Communism did nothing else but turn the wheel, at least those who were crushed before are on the upper side now, we thought. But this consolation turned out to be false - to the complete surprise of everybody. The workers were worse off then ever and this was clearly shown during the Revolution when the majority of the Freedom Fighters came out from their midst. They were the ones who knew where the arms were. They had manufactured them for the Russians in the great iron and steel factory of Csepel. It had been no secret that this tremendous factory manufactured baby carriages, pots and pans, bicycles, garden tools, etc., only on paper - the workers themselves spread the news, long before the Revolution broke out, that they had to register everything under false names - in reality the most modern arms came out of Csepel under the direct surveillance of Russian experts and in the hour

of national emergency - ~~because this was the only time when~~
~~was possessed~~ - it was the uprising of a whole nation, that's
 why even convinced Communists fought the Russians - it was the
 workers who distributed the arms to be used against the enemies
 of the nation.

^{schools}
 In ~~schools~~ the learning of the military art was stressed more
 than any other subject. The skillful use by the children of
 the Molotov Cocktails is on record, the fact that they would ~~join~~ ^{join}
 with a ^{captured} ~~conquered~~ tank ~~to~~ ^{of Russian tanks} a row ~~of other tanks~~ and suddenly
 start to shoot at their "comrades" - their methods were primitive,
 juvenile, but extremely effective.

Modern education, under the strong influence of Communist
 Russia, stressed that children should behave as grown-ups starting
 from the age of twelve - that was the age when the voluntary ^{sh} shooting
^{were} practices started in schools for girls and boys alike. Every Sun-
 day, instead of letting children accompany their parents to church,
 shooting practices were held and, naturally, the children chose
 the latter. Literature was distributed in which the part ~~played~~
^{played by the} Komsomol (Russian Hitler Jugend) ~~played~~ during the invasions of
 Germans during World War II was emphasized. The most popular
 novel among children was ^{FADEEV} Fagyejev's "Young Guard" in which the
 guerilla methods of the Russian youth during the Second World
 War were ^d exposed. And children were encouraged to spy on their
 parents - the respect due to older generations was ridiculed - be-

cause Communists knew that they were not going to gain approval from them at home - that's why they discredited them. So, if during the Revolution, a mother would beg her 14 year-~~old~~ old son to stay home, he didn't listen to her ~~because~~ because he was so used ~~to~~ ^{not} listening.

Why did decent children turn their newly-acquired craft against their ~~masters~~ ^{children} Hungarians/who had in their veins, so to speak, a desire for laughter saw only gloom - and they often would hear their parents talk about the good old times when people used to get together, drink, dance and laugh. The new generation grew up without seeing smiling faces and they missed this more than the daily bread which they didn't have.

~~The~~This Revolution was not accomplished under the aegis of 'panis' although people were constantly hungry - but they were more hungry for spiritual food than for anything else.

For them personally, the sight of those seven days was well worth the twelve years ~~preceding~~ ^{preceding} them - what they enjoyed most was the fact that it was not a counter-revolution - the old Hungary was ~~not~~ ^{never} so dead as ~~it was~~ during the Revolution. If the spirit prevailing there could have matured, it would have given issue to a new form of socialistic state the achievements of which could have and should have been welcomed by Western countries. On October 23rd, they both were in the streets all day long and they were both crying from joy - the demonstration was staged by mature

people - maturity which had nothing to do with age (ten year-old children were mature) - their nation had grown up. It was ready to fight for humanitarian ideals - have an advanced form of democracy. All day long they knew that blood would flow, during the night, maybe sooner; they were heartbroken by it and yet they couldn't help feeling happy. Each fight has its wounded, each fight has its dead. The question is: was it done for a good cause? They could answer this question 100 percent, without self-deception: it is again a good cause our nation is giving its blood for.

In the streets of Budapest, diplomacy was ridiculed. They don't need politicians to sit around a round table - our revolutions do not need interpretations. They demand that they be respected in the name of their purity. After a few days, it turned out that it was not the prophecy which was ridiculed.

And yet, the West should retaliate with an axe and not with a sword as the sword of Damaskus - they should realize that Communism is threatening them, South America, the Middle East, Asia, the whole world. And they should realize that the Soviet leadership is extremely clever and the Soviet soldier a coward. How can America, a land where even the worker is not a proletarian but a bourgeois, believe in peaceful co-existence?

During the Horthy era there was a great sympathy for the Germans in Hungary - but when they recognized that the Germans had sold

them, this sympathy was transformed into an adoration for the Anglo-Saxon nations. In 1952, the most popular man in Hungary was Eisenhower. Today nobody expects anything anymore from the Americans and their regards are again turned towards Germany.

Coming back to the Russians, whether civilians or officers, those who had worked for some time in Hungary knew, when transferred, that they would go ~~to~~ "for a long rest" to a concentration camp. People would mention complete cases where their relatives or friends who had been prisoners after World War II met Hungarian-speaking Russians in concentration camps. It turned out that they knew too much about the West and were therefore considered unreliable. Because - and this was a constant source of amusement to Hungarians: ^(the Hungarians') their ^u bad economic conditions, their misery to say it plainly, seemed the non plus ~~us~~ ^u ultra in luxury to the Russians.

At this point ⁱⁿ our discussion, the husband stepped in. He apologized for being late although he had a good excuse, he smilingly added: he works as a clerk in the ^{Rohrschach} ~~R~~ factory and simply couldn't get away before the factory closed. In addition, he had to take a train. These simple sentences were said with such a ~~his~~ disarming charm that I was immediately conquered. I asked him whether all his conquests took such little effort and time on his part. "No, indeed," he continued, "I'm still trying to conquer my wife and have been doing so, rather unsuccessfully, for the last 40 years."

She burst out laughing: "I fell in love with him when I saw him,

although he's not a beauty, as you can see."

"My wife is known for not wanting to hurt anybody's feelings and I'm included in 'anybody'."

Forty years. I had to start now from the very beginning - but I am a clerk, it's a white collar job, it is quite an advancement compared to the last jobs I had in Hungary. Start again. How ~~many~~ many times can one do it? Apparently there is no end to one's energy. I often thought of my ancestors who so ~~conveniently~~ ^{conveniently} died at a relatively young age in battles. All they had to do was to work up enough courage once to be in the front of a regiment and assault ^{only} ~~conveniently~~ the enemy. Still, great moments lasted for moments, and, ~~conveniently~~ death followed. Our great moments lasted for years and we didn't die ~~of~~ heroic death. While in deportation, I often thought that it would be wonderful to be able to insult courageously the Party secretary and be killed for it, on the spot. The only trouble was that one wasn't killed - quickly. One was humiliated. And it took strength to take it. And that's when I realized: "The man is not the one who gives it, but who takes it." And we took it. We, the spoiled aristocrats. And we didn't even have the hope of being mentioned in the annals of Hungarian history for our courageous attitude. All our actions were " ? ", indeed. The part assigned to us, whether played beautifully or badly, was doomed in advance. I knew it, long years before the Revolution, ~~before~~, that the workers are going to play a beautiful part in the ~~new~~ history of our nation.

I envied them for it. I envied them in name of my class which did not take advantage of the time it had at its disposal, during the Horthy regime, to play a beautiful part. Why wait until everything is taken away from you, why not give it voluntarily, I often asked myself? Why not show that we are also human? Why let the peasants and workers go on in the belief that we don't sympathize with their aspirations, why not let them know that we are also Hungarians? I so deeply regretted that relatively few aristocrats stayed in Hungary during the Communist regime - so few of us had ^{to show} occasions that we also can "take it".

When we were deported, and escorted by soldiers to the station, we were laughing. And it was not an empty gesture. Suddenly a picture of an old French movie I had seen during my childhood came to my mind: it was about the French Revolution, and the aristocrats going to be guillotined were laughing. I realized that a strange type of heroism was displayed then and yet I could not capture it with my feelings. Forty years later, I understood the attitude. It was the only ~~attitude~~ attitude one could take under the circumstances. We knew that we were going to be tortured, even if not physically. And we knew that we ~~had~~ wanted to survive it. We knew ~~that~~ that we didn't want to die with the image of a ~~victorious~~ victorious Party secretary. So, we had to teach ourselves how to take it. And the smile was the answer. And the smile was not only external, it came from deep inside. ^{for} Communists felt it and somehow

were helpless against it. One can slap a man, one can wipe his smile away from his face, but one cannot wipe away his inside smile. And this inside smile was the victory of our class during the last decade. And this smile was also addressed to those historians who will be too busy to describe the big social changes and never notice a disappearing class. The disappearing class was not given a part anymore. It couldn't do anything else but smile from inside - a smile no painter will ever paint, a smile no writer will ever write about, a smile no historian will find worthwhile to mention, but it was there. (I looked at them closely. Gray-haired, old people. She probably was never beautiful and he was never handsome. And yet there was beauty shining in their faces. At that moment, I felt sorry that I was not a painter to paint them, a writer to describe them, a historian to mention them. They would have deserved it. Their expression was humane - that's why they radiated beauty.)

Let me give you a sketch of my life history, he continued. And I'm not gallant when I state that it started with my marriage. I'm only telling you the truth. We went to Transylvania and lived in Koltó, on the estate of my father. Our library contained more than 10,000 volumes - we indeed had a fortune in material and spiritual goods. The Rumanian agrarian reform took the land of my family, and my wife and I moved to Budapest. There I studied law and received my Ph.D. in political sciences from the "Oriental

Academy" (Keleti Akadémia). He started out as a clerk at the Farmers' Cooperative (Mezőgazdák Szövetkezete), became its director and was invited to become vice-president and general director of the Cooperative Society of the Hungarian Civil Service Employees (Magyar Köztisztviselők Szövetkezete). ~~Magyar Köztisztviselők Szövetkezete~~ He held this job from 1932, to 1944. Meanwhile, for seven years, he taught economics and ~~an~~ Co-operative Trade at the Veterinary ~~and~~ school. In 1927, his book about "The Fate of the Cooperative Movement in the Soviet Union" (A Szövetkezeti Mozgalom Sorsa Szovjetországon) appeared - it was written with a "poisonous pen" and, in the same year in the ~~same~~ periodical "Szemle", with the same pen, an article about the 10th anniversary of ~~a~~ Communism.

And, during all this time, ~~he~~ his wife and he were ~~thirsty~~ thirsty for land. He carefully studied the Yugoslav, Rumanian, Czechoslovakian agrarian reform laws and decided to buy a vineyard ~~and~~ and an orchard - rather they planted an orchard. The farm was 60 kilometers away from Budapest and they had 50 acres of vineyard and 30 acres of orchard. The equipment was up to date, they had the buildings erected according to the most up to date specifications, its functioning was flawless - it was their greatest pleasure. They did not inherit it - it was the result of their common ~~effort~~ ^{agrarian} efforts. When the ~~system~~ agrarian reform of 1945, took these 80 acres, it hurt much more than the loss of the 5,000 acres in Transylvania and that of several thousand acres in Bácska. What hurt even

more was the destruction of those beautiful modern buildings - even the bricks were carried away - nothing ~~was~~ was left but a great hole. Apparently, in 1945, the line of socialistic development was not clearly discernible by the proper authorities and that is why it was decided that the farm buildings pertaining to medium and big estates should be destroyed - it was a measure of precaution to prevent the eventual forming^{of} medium and great estates in the future.

We tried to stay away from politics as much as this was possible, and he succeeded in avoiding it with the exception of a special mission he did accept during the primeministership of Pál Teleki, his cousin. But he refused Kállay's proposal to become Minister of Public Supply (Közellátásügyi Miniszter). He took active part, though, in the ~~pre~~ preparation of Horthy's proclamation in which he announced, in October of 1944, Hungary's "bailingout". He was in the palace when it was surrounded by the Germans and defended exclusively by its guards; the Germans arrested all those present and handed them over to Szálkasi. He and his wife escaped and after many breathtaking adventures arrived in Germany, where they crossed ~~the~~ ^{the} icy Rhine at night and finally arrived in Switzerland. They decided to return to Hungary the first minute this was possible. The^{is} most expected^{is} moment came after the victory of the Smallholders' Party.

When home, the People's Tribunal decided that he was not entitled to occupy his former position because he had fled toward the West. The verdict was that if he had fled to the East, he would be re-installed. Practically all his former employees testified, and among hundreds of testimonies there was not one which ~~did not state~~ ^{did not state} how socialistically-minded he had been. Much hilarity was produced by a statement of a messenger who almost angrily accused him of ~~not having~~ ^{never letting him} greet him first. "Count Teleki^o greeted me from miles away, I never succeeded in anticipating him," said the angry man. On the basis of the above, the court decided that he was entitled to ^a pension. But in 1950, the decision was revoked by a special ~~the~~ committee which was supposed to revise the cases of those high ~~st~~ functionaries of the past regime who had been pensioned. He ~~was~~ appealed - in vain. During the course of years, his apartment was taken over by the Communist Party, including his precious library. It was transformed into a Communist library - this meant that his rare editions were taken to different book handlers and exchanged for brand new ~~versions~~ ^{editions} of Marx and Engels. For years and years he tried to buy back his rare books and, in many cases, he succeeded. The same fate awaited his Medici faience - the Party secretary who moved in considered it junk and sold it as such on the Teleki market. (Junk market in Budapest). His wife managed to buy back a couple of pieces for 3 forints per piece and sold them to the

National Museum for 3,000 forints per piece.

And in 1951, they were deported and lived for 26 months in Ujfehértó, near Nyíregyháza. During that time, he was a physical laborer. But the salary he was ~~xxx~~ making was not enough to buy the ~~f~~ monthly supply of food and if his former employees - ~~cha~~^viffeurs, cooks, maids - had not regularly sent packages to them, they would have starved. One of his ex-employees of the Co-operative Society of the Hungarian Civil Service Employees, a former clerk, the life of whose little daughter his wife had saved before '44, by giving him money to buy medicine for the ill child, regularly visited them and each month brought an enormous package of food. The president of the local Council had the man's motorcycle searched - actually, they took it completely apart - they wanted to prove that he was the liason man between the Count and Radio Free Europe. The man's employment place was notified of his regularly visiting and helping a deported aristocrat, an enemy of the system, and he was fired. They ~~xxxx~~ suspected that he did not find a job for months and months and yet he continued to come and help them. "Wasn't it worth while to be deported?" she asked. "Where else could we have possibly found out how much we were liked?" There was a whole pilgrimage of our ex-servants - simple, poor people - who were not afraid ~~of associating~~ to associate with us. My former friendships made within my circle started to seem very shallow. I often asked myself whether my

former girl friends, Countess So-and-so or Baroness So-and-so would have done for me what my former cook did. And, as strange as this may sound, I would like to go back to Hungary also for her sake." Mrs. Teleki showed me a ^{le} letter - the writing of which was primitive, full of grammatical errors, in addition, but the content of which was deeply touching: it said that full jars of canned food are awaiting the Countess - the jars you had given me in 1927, and that nobody, not even her grandchildren, are allowed to touch them. Furthermore, ~~the letter~~, the letter announced that adequate preparations had been made to make the Countess' favorite dishes: chocolate and peanuts had been bought and also sardines; and a goose is being fed to become real fat for the time of her homecoming. Mrs. Teleki started to read the letter out loud, but couldn't continue and silently handed it over to me - "Do you see why we have to go back to Hungary? If we didn't, the goose would be fed until it bursts and the ^{would} die of old age and the children of my cook, never be able to taste the canned fruit put aside for us. There are many many reasons why a person feels about a particular spot in the world that that is his or her home. A letter of the sort I have read you is a very strong factor in showing one where one's home really is. There is no more question about peasantry and aristocracy there and not because she is not a peasant anymore and because my title has been erased but because love, stronger than anything in this world, erased the social barriers. There is no greater unifying factor than ^m common suppres-

sion, common suffering. The Hungarian Revolution of October, ~~1956~~ 1956, is a brilliant example to illustrate ^{that} even a feudal society can be humanized if the former suppressors and suppressed need each other. I always strongly believed ⁱⁿ my nation and in my country - my father used to point out their qualities - we learned about them in our history books - we learned about them in our family albums - but the last decade was the one which furnished the ferment for real greatness.

He took over. Let's go back to Ujfehértó, 1951. The deported people, together with their respective house lords - kulaks, were con-oked to the council house in the evening, about 7:00. All of them - a couple of hundred - were locked in a great hall where a loudspeaker was blasting the following: "You dirty ~~s.o.b.'s~~ s.o.b.'s, you gangsters, you murderers, now you are in our hands and we are going to execute you." Immediately afterwards, a waltz was broadcast ^{and} when it came to an ~~end~~ end, new curses were thrown at them through the means of the loudspeaker. All this had to be listened to while turned to the wall. In the beginning, the scene was indeed frightening. About 280 people, turned to the wall, completely at the mercy of the blasting voice and the Party secretary behind it. But they got used to it and when the light music came, they actually enjoyed it and some of them even made a couple of dancing steps. It has been such a long time since they had heard light music. Why not enjoy it? After the above described session, the

women were sent home and the men retained and, in groups of six, taken in front of the president of the Council and Party secretary. The following questions were thrown at them: "How can you imagine that you are going to live?" - "That's easy, if the international situation will ameliorate, ~~if~~ I'll be back in Budapest in no time flat." - "I will have a say, at that time, too," the Party secretary replied. - "Nobody will ask you at such time." The turn of the president of the Council came: "Well, Mr. Major, what would you have done if during the Horthy regime, I would have told you: get off your horse, and let me take your place. Wouldn't you have shot me?" - "The old regime, just like the present one, condemned murder." - "Well, Count István Teleki - " but he interrupted him: "The decree number such and such brought in '36, erased all titles and ranks and the person who uses them subjects himself to punishment." - "Go~~o~~ back into your corner, dirty louse." (The president of the Council had been previously the ~~guy~~ gypsy dog-catcher of the village. What else could one have done but ~~laugh~~?)

The president and the Party secretary often got drunk and at such time the kuláks and the deported people were always called in. The purpose was to provoke them and make them lose their temper. In such case^s, the AVH from the neighboring village was called in, ^{and} horrible physical tortures were administered. He, and

the people of his class had enough discipline ^{never} to ~~ever~~ lose their temper. But the kulaks didn't. They became wild and attacked the Party secretary - physically - and were many times beaten to death for it. He and his wife tried to talk reason to "their" kulák in order to stop him from any rash action. He suffered in silence when he was ordered to pay 5,000 forints for having left ~~at~~ his own bicycle outside in his own courtyard, he paid 3,000 for not having ~~x~~ dried the water spilled ~~it~~ from a pail in his own courtyard, he was silent when his own bed was auctioned from ~~at~~ underneath him; then, when he and his family had to lie on straw in the middle of their empty room, he ~~it~~ drank a ~~liter~~ liter of wine, and went into the council house, spit on the Party secretary ~~x~~ and slapped ^{him}. He never came back ~~back~~.

It is safe to say that with very, very few exceptions, the peasants hated the regime.

During the nights, the police came out to check whether they - the kulaks and their boarders - were at home. The police never knocked at the door, it just kicked it open. In each house was a book where the police registered each of ~~at~~ its visits and occasionally a controlling committee came to check the book.

The deported people and the kulaks were assigned to pay enormous sums for peace loans and in ~~at~~ case they didn't comply, they were threatened with being taken to the Hortóbagy. Terrific bargaining started between the Party secretary and the unfortunate

"capitalists" which lasted for three or four days and nights. He was assigned to pay 3,000 forints and finally managed to get away with 1,200.

Special permission was needed if one wanted to go to a doctor or especially to a hospital. A petition had to be filed and the answer, which usually was negative, came after three-four weeks. It should be noted that the ~~physicians~~ physicians behaved extremely decently and none of them accepted any money either from the kuláks or from the deported class aliens.

Once a physician complained bitterly to them for not being able to ~~support~~ ^{bear} the type of life he had to lead. Their ~~was~~ answer was: there are only two ~~possible~~ solutions, as far as you are concerned. Either you commit suicide, or, if indeed you don't believe that the situation will ever change, as you just stated, then enter the Party. In that case, ~~then~~ nobody will ever hold you responsible for it. They felt that they also gave the physician a good treatment for the free treatment he had given them.

Talking about Party membership, many of his ex-employees came to him to ask for advice whether they should enter the Party. The majority of them were harrassed, tired, actually exhausted people. He invariably told them to enter the Party and thus better their life. And he invariably told himself, after such incidences: I wish that the Party should have many members of this type. As a conclusion, when it comes to asking people to account for their

Party membership, a very careful examination should be given to them. They personally knew and were good friends with many Party members who most sincerely declared: "If I think of my Party membership, I have to take a sleeping pill, I just cannot sleep otherwise." They always tried to comfort them, explain to them that life is capable of putting people into ~~xx~~ very strange situations, that a poor devil is bound to make compromises for which God and the future, better society will certainly forgive him.

Coming back to their individual fate, in '53, they moved to Erd and he was hired as a physical laborer in a warehouse - he worked in a basement and had a good time because the rest of the unskilled workers were all part of the ex-intelligentsia. And those who had been unskilled workers during the previous regime were the leaders now. The chief of the warehouse was a Party member, but he always said that he wasn't worried about his own future because his employees - ex-"méltóságos és kegyelmes urak" (ex-social titles) will defend him. ~~He~~ She worked at home for a doll factory, and, occasionally, did some knitting. Between the two of them they managed to make about ~~km~~ 1,000 forints. Their greatest grief was not being able to afford a ~~xx~~ radio. So, once a week, he went to Budapest (his worker's card entitled him to free passage on the train), met his friends in an espresso and was given a weekly report on foreign politics.

There was ^a story which he had to repeat many many times - it was true from the beginning to the end - and it invariably produced tremendous hilarity: while deported, on a so-called market day, the ^{loud-}speaker which usually did nothing else but blasted the kulaks and their "room-mates" suddenly started to blast the Communist regime. For long minutes people looked at each other silently and the peasants fell into the arms of the "class aliens" and kulaks and started to cry with joy. The Communist regime had come to an end, was written in everybody's eyes. Actually, the speaker was plugged into the radio and, apparently, during the previous night, the members of the Council and the Party secretary had listened to the broadcast of Radio Free Europe and forgot to turn it off. So, the speaker broadcast the news of Radio Free Europe instead of the taped recording.

✧ And now let's talk about the future generations of Hungarians ✧ and the future picture of Hungarian society, under a new regime.

Within the latter, let's examine the problem of the land. It is not to the interest of the country to have very small farms. Of course, great estates are out of the question - their functioning would be unsolvable, also from a technical viewpoint - there is just not enough land for the number of people. And yet, only the great estates could produce with profit; small ~~farm~~ farmers barely produced enough to support their families - thus they did not produce for export and the quality of the products was not ~~emphasized~~ ^{emphasized.}

If a change occurred in Hungary, economically no change should take ~~place~~ place. The film can be rolled back only slowly and to a certain limit. The situation will have to remain as it is until a parliament whose members would have been elected ~~freely~~ freely would ~~now~~ decide upon the problem of the land reform. According to his opinion, the new landowners will have to pay for about 25 years installment into a land reform bank. This bank would issue shares which would be in free circulation. The principle: laugh and cry together, thus, everything should be put into a common bowl and divided proportionately. He doesn't think that many people would claim the return of their former lands, due to the high wages, the social conditions, and ~~the~~ the lack of farm buildings. As a basis for restitution of damages, the German Vergeltungskasse should be taken into consideration. The same principle should be applied with reference to the factories. For the time being, though, the owner should be the state and the ownership should be gradually transferred and only to a certain degree.

The children and their schooling. According to their opinion, the scholastic level was raised during the last years - especially sciences were taken very seriously. Of course, it is a known fact that ~~now~~ ⁱⁿ the teaching of history and Hungarian literature the Communist ideology prevails and under the heading of "law" only Marxist ideology was dashed out. The teaching of music was

greatly improved and generally one could state that the demands were too high for the intellectual level of the average child.

When, after the Revolution, the teaching of the Russian language was again introduced, pupils in many schools started to sing the Hungarian hymn and when the police were called out, girls and boys started to go at them with whatever "arms" they had at their disposal. It was also a known fact that in elementary schools, pupils would be constantly ~~drawing~~ ^{drawing} hangmen on the blackboard and writing with their primitively childish writing: Kádár, Marosán.

In March 15, AVH men were assigned to all schools, AVH men with tommy-guns in schools!

In rural areas, the "celebration" of March 15th was ~~but~~ ^{rhyme} horrible. The peasants were taken into police stations and for no ~~reason~~ reason beaten almost to death.

In newspapers one could read daily reports about people being reinstated who previously, due to their revolutionary activities, had been discharged. Of course, everybody was aware of the fact that in those instances only those were "rehabilitated" who actually had no active part in the Revolution - their "Revolutionary activities" meant nothing more than participate^{ing} in the demonstrations, or, ^{as} silent observers, in Revolutionary meetings. It is a fact that there was no mercy for those who had been members ~~of~~ ^{of} any Revolutionary organization (whether in a factory, municipal, district, regional, etc.) or participated in the removal of a

Red Star or a Red flag or ~~xx~~ in the burning of Communist newspapers; in the case of the latter, as said before, there was no mercy and they became the inmates of the more and more crowded internment camps.

In rural areas, the persecution against those who withdrew from collective farms or participated in the dissolution of them was also a commonly known fact.

The Ministry of the Interior got hold of ~~x~~ the membership list of the about 2,100 Revolutionary organizations and the about 60,000 "counter-revolutionaries" were called upon to ~~XXXXX~~ account for their activities - the Ministry's investigation ⁱⁿ /variably ended with job firings or, in the majority of cases, with internments and imprisonments.

Cold and hot terror.

In 1957, the Hungarian nation invented a new terminology to designate the terroristic measures taken by the Kádér^a government.

"Cold terror" means the constantly widening mail and telephone censorship, the constant raids and especially the firings from jobs in series. Under the paragraph of "cold terror" also belongs the fact that the offices, factories, cooperative farms, and scientific institutions are being filled up with AVH men.

"Hot terror" means home ~~XXXXXXXX~~ searches, internments, imprisonments and the long series of executions of which only a little percentage is made public.

Under the chapter of "hot terror" belongs the case of those tens of thousands who, for no apparent reason, have been taken into the police and AVH quarters and after having been beaten almost to death, were ~~x~~ released.

At the beginning of January, under the aegis of "socialistic lawfulness" the Kádár government issued a decree about the regulation of internment procedures. The domestic press wrote a series of articles about the just and humanitarian principles on the basis of which internments were executed by the government of Kádár, in contradiction with that of Rákosi. It was emphasized that although internment proved to be again necessary in order to hold those elements who want the overthrow of the People's power, yet the necessary reprisals will be accomplished legally. The many times glorified decree contained the statement ^{that} an internment cannot last more than six months, that sick people and those who have past the age of 60 are not to be interned, and that the housing and fortune ^u ~~and~~ of the interned cannot be taken away by the government, and that in case the interned person will be freed, he will have to be re-instated in his job. The decree also emphasized that the interned people will be treated in a humane way, be given adequate food and allowed to communicate with their relatives and ^{best} lawyer.

Both Respondents found out that at the end of July, ~~that~~ a new decree was issued which was not made public, though. According to

the latest decree, the~~xxx~~ terms of internment were prolonged to an indefinite period of time - meaning that the above mentioned six months period could be prolonged again and again for six months respectively, and no appeals can be made against this. The modified decree does not mention the exemption of the sick and of the old people. In principle, the contacts with relatives and lawyers are allowed, but the number of these is to be limited by the commander of the internment camp.

Although the "humane" measures of the first internment decree were not taken into consideration and news about the horrible tortures and starvations the inmates of Recsk, Kistarcsa, etc., were subjected to were widely spread, it is not difficult to figure out what the new decree will mean in practice. It was widely known that the relatives of the interned had to wait for days and days in order to be accorded a two-minute conversation and many of them left without having accomplished the purpose of their visit. Respondents have personal acquaintances who were interned because, as visitors, they protested against their being kept outside in the cold, in front of the internment camp of Recsk. It was also known that lawyers were arrested, after having visited their clients in internment camps. The basis for their arrests, which occurred a couple of days after their visits to various internment camps, was the following: he keeps in contact with counter-revolutionary elements.

The reasons for internment and arrest are in the majority of cases political, but, sometimes economic pretenses are brought up. The government of Kádár exerts a more and more powerful pressure on small industrialists and merchants who, ~~confiding~~ ^{believing} in the promises ~~it~~ made in November and December, took an active part in the work^s of restoration and thus in the establishing of the order. Now, with the accomplishment of the ^{it} mission, they are again looked upon as the remanants of capitalism, and pressure is exerted on them to "voluntarily" give up their work permits.

The persecution against the intelligentsia encompasses ~~all~~ ^{every} profession. Not even those outstanding individuals are spared any more who, during the past, had some type of immunity. Not long ~~ago~~ ago, the rectors of the three universities of Budapest (Budapesti Tudományegyetem, Műszaki Egyetem, Építőipari Egyetem) and those of Debrecen and Pécs were released from their jobs.

It was late at night when the interview came to an end and my Respondents took me to the station. They both kissed me goodbye and she whispered into my ear: "The Hungarian people handed America a big check. Even though America did not cash it, it is still indebted to Hungary. A great power should not be indebted long to a small one. It definitely belittles the former. Tell this to the American people. To those who know nothing about Hungary, to those who think they know about it, and to those who really know it. Tell it to everybody."