

"Yes, this is Adalboden, the I.R.C.'s Children's Home. No, I am not my brother, I mean to say that although I am also [REDACTED], I am, thanks ^God, not the director of this Institute. I am a musician, a pianist, and ^{am} playing tonight with the Symphony Orchestra in Interlaken. - Are you sure that you don't want to come to the concert? We are great, believe me. - If you insist, I suppose you could come out (you'll regret it, though); take a train and a bus, and we'll be waiting for you at the station, we won't roll out the red carpet, but you can count on at least three to four people waiting for you and, meanwhile, I will prepare the kids (sarokot) psychologically. - I shouldn't bother? Thank, I won't - are you as young as you sound? Even younger? Wow, I'll be at the station myself."

I arrived. Not a soul at the station. I found the Children's Home, though. Would have been rather difficult not to find it - tremendous letters were "advertising" it (I later found out why), plus an enormous Hungarian flag. The more one approached it, the more one had the impression of approaching a not too solid construction which any minute could be lifted from within. There was such a milling going on that, for miles, one had the definite impression that the 'poor' house ^{held} exactly triple the number of people it could possibly manage. This turned out to be an illusion, the house actually could have held triple the number

of people, if every single person had been at a particular moment in one single place and not in *ten* ! I suppose that is what milling really means, doesn't it?

I stepped in and - out. I was taken out by a horde of undressed boys - they did have a figleaf on. I suppose - who were running like being shot out from a cannon. Where to? I tried to look around, after the dust cloud had settled. About five hundred yards from the house was a swimming pool, and the young Tarsans were jumping in and out - not from the border of the pool though; they were jumping off from a considerably high trambouline, as if every single one had been a future candidate for the world championship in ~~jumping~~^{diving}. I don't mean to say that all of them were that good, all I want to emphasize is the eagerness they were pursuing this noble aim with. I picked out one - around 13 years of age, not particularly athletic looking, actually rather skinny with seemingly no muscles on his bones, - and clocked him for five minutes. During that interval, he managed to jump into the water 15 times! Don't ask me how he did it, ask him! What particularly impressed me was the fact that they used their lungs for swimming and shouting purposes at once and, while they were running up the stairs of the trambouline, they always managed to give a push to those "idle" ones who took, or would have liked to take, one fraction of a second for breathing. Now, I have seen American children "at work" and I always thought that that was the non plus ultra in

spending energy at hundred miles per second. Apparently, I had
 forgotten the accomplishments of Hungarian children, or are these
 different animals than the ones I was used to, or ~~then~~ we our-
 selves were?! I remember our governesses throwing up their hands
 in despair, invoking God and, at the same, giving notice to ^{our}
 parents, ^[Madame + Monsieur, this is a case for the police!] "Gnädige Frau und gnädiger Herr, da braucht man ^{polizei,}
^{[By God,} was the stereotype reason for their leaving. "Herr Gott im
^{one needs the police here!]} Himmel, da braucht man Polizei!" I said now. And looked around:
 any armed help coming? Somebody should sound the sirens, be-
 fore they demolish the pool and topple the houses of Adelboden one
 or another! Nobody around? I looked more closely - most of the
 shutters of the neighboring houses were drawn and some of them
 were being drawn right now, and the faces behind them were so
 scared that I suddenly had to smile and feel very sorry for these
 peace loving Swiss people. "We opened our doors to this Barbarian
 horde, ^{notia} culpa," was written in each pair of those terrified
 eyes.

I ran back to the house and - managed to squeeze in, in spite of
 the pressures from inside - out. Every second somebody was run-
 ning out, as if he had heard an SOS signal. But there were too
 many running out. After all, ^{there} they are "only" ^{here,} "forty-five children,"
 and I met at least 200 in a couple of seconds - unless they some-
 how run backstage again, just for the pleasure of dashing out,
 like in the triumphal march of Aida, where, invariably, the same

twenty soldiers are marching in front of the public twenty times and to give the unsuspecting onlooker the impression of having seen the defiling of a whole regiment!

Regiment. Discipline. Did anybody try? Or did one give up before trying? Let's see.

I entered the living room.

" My name is ... , what is yours?" I asked a very cute little girl with pigtails who was mending a pullover in a remote corner of the big room.

"You are Hungarian! When did you leave?" - "Long ago, in '49. - ~~"Why was it so late?" - "Why?" - "You don't need to find out the answer. I'll find out for you. You must have known it yourself."~~
~~What is your name?" - "Erzsebet."~~ - "You seem strange to you. - ~~What is your name?" - "Erzsebet."~~ - "You have no last name?" - "This is none of your business!" - "I suppose not, I gave you mine, though." - "You could have lied." - "Why should I?" - "Why shouldn't you?" - "You'll find out that, as a general rule, people don't lie." - "When I'll find out, I'll give you my name." - "Do you want to make a bet: you'll give me your name within one hour -" "You must think I am dumb." - "No, I know you are smart, that's why it will take you so very little time to realize that I'm not your enemy." ~~"I wanted to tell you that I didn't give you my name because I saw you were a police station with me. I didn't know you were already a member of my parents' group. Very smart, indeed."~~ **"My father sits in jail, now. He tried to smuggle us (the family - my mother, two daughters and a son) over the border. He succeeded in taking me and my brother safely over, but when he got back to Szombathely, where my mother and 2 other sister were waiting, he was caught and condemned to five and a half years of prison. And my mother has no trade - my father made pretty good money, he was a technical clerk in (Gödszaki**


tis^Pviselõ). I wonder what she's living from? - ~~Why do you~~
~~have a car? - If you wanted to a foreign car - What nation~~
~~do you want? - I don't know - You certainly can't find a car in~~
~~London either" - "I don't know you another way of saying things. Perhaps don't,~~
~~again, pick out the person they are all to do with me, according~~
~~to what interests I have or not?" - "What work are you doing in the~~
~~is a difference from your's. I don't know what you say" - "Would you do me~~
a favor?" - "Why?" - "Because that's what makes life liv^able -
people, unless they absolutely ~~don't~~ have to, don't hurt each
other, on the contrary." - "People - where?" - "Decent people, all
over the world." - "People are not decent." - "Did you meet the
whole world?" - "I have met Hungarians, and do you know that
every second person in Hungary was an AVO?" - "Whom else did you
meet?" - "Austrians and Swiss." - "Anything wrong with them?" -
Definitely.
They don't understand Hungarians." - "You, yourself,
criticized them, can't others do the same?" - "I have the
right to, it's my nation. See, I don't dislike my own nation, I
see its faults, but the Swiss hate the Hungarians." - "You are
sitting in a comfortable living room, from the windows of which
you see beautiful mountains, there is peace around you, you may
be able to study if that's what you want to do, who provided this
for you?" - "The Swiss who didn't know that they eventually will
grow to hate the Hungarians." - "Whose fault is this?" - "This
yoghurt ^{people} cannot understand ^{nations} people who are temperamentally
different from ^{opposed to} them - they are just as placid as their ^{cows}. You know

that they don't even see that this mountain is beautiful - for them the mountains are only places where their cows eat grass - and they think that food is everything. Each Sunday we are invited to a Swiss family and all they can do is stuff us and themselves - at the end, everybody is so full, that even if we knew ^{horrible} this/dialect, we wouldn't be able to talk - they don't talk to each other either - they just sit and ruminate like their cows."

"Didn't you wish, while in Hungary, to be able to eat once chocolate to your heart's content?" - "Yes, but not in Switzerland." - "You must get used to ^{the idea that} life only partially grants ~~the~~ wishes, if at all."

- "Seems that I have to get used to so many new things." - "Is that painful?" - "Because after you got used to it, you find out that it wasn't worth all the trouble." - "Would you rather be in Hungary?" - "I would rather my father be not in jail and the whole family be together." - "Where?" - "In Hungary." - "Where every second man is an AVO?" - "No." - "In which Hungary?" - "In a Hungary where every tenth man is an AVO." - "While you wait for that, what are you doing?" - "Talking to you." - "Besides?" - "Talking to others." - "Do you find out anything interesting?" - "No." - "What do you call interesting?" - "I don't know." - "Do you find out anything worthwhile?" - "What do I call worthwhile?" - she asks. Well, I want answers to questions like when and where am I going to meet my family and whether I'll be able to become a doctor." - "There are no ready answers to your questions. They will be given to you as they happen." - "Yes, I know; it's hard to

just sit and wait, though." - "I am sure you don't just sit idly." -
"Oh, yes, we do. We are wasting time, we should be studying." -
"What?" - "Languages first. Actually, I have the feeling that
our English teacher, who is Dutch, does not know English very well!" -
"What makes you say that?" - "He never learned a word of Hungarian
and he has been living with us for months." - "Hungarian is a
very difficult language." - "So is English. The only
language which is related to Hungarian is the Finnish
language." - "I don't know anything about Finland." - "Which
country are you most interested in?" - "My own." - "Do you know
much about it?" - "No, we were not taught the right way -
the teachers had to lie about literature, about history - teachers!
We felt sorry for them - especially for our old history professor -
he told us: 'children, not half of what ^{I'm} telling you is true.'
You are teaching, too?" - "What?" - "About Hungary to Americans?
Are they interested? - How interested are they? I have heard that
they have shown the Hungarian Revolution on television in America -
must have given the American public a thrill - it must have
looked like a movie - the type of movie they like to look at - plus,
it had an added attraction: it was real, real blood was flowing.
What a thrill - to the whole world!"



The Dutch teacher stepped in - a very friendly person - He asked me what my plans for the day were - meet children - one or two, at a time, I suppose - yes, I mean in groups of six - boys and girls (there are only six girls - one works in the kitchen - a peasant girl," he said, "the others don't like to be with her, and she herself prefers to be ^{then} in the kitchen ") and the forty five ^{together} ~~at once~~. - "You can't do that to yourself; step into the arena barehanded, not even a popgun!" - "I don't think I need one." - "Did you see the boys? Do you hear them?" (Yes, I had almost gotten used to the infernal noise going on above our heads.) And you still want them? ~~Hungarians have lots of courage. It is not a fear that is why they are so brave. I warned you. Too bad the director is not here, he is in Vienna (has business to attend to and at the same time took two children back, who are going to be escorted to the border. They decided to go back to their families) should be back tonight, though. You should definitely wait for his arrival, and then talk to the children (?) in his presence." - "I'm impatient." - "Well, I warned you."~~

At this moment, Erzsebet stepped in, she had rounded up the four remaining girls, with the exception of the little peasant girl who was working in the kitchen.

"May I introduce: [redacted], [redacted], [redacted], [redacted] and my name is [redacted]," she added smilingly.

"Very happy to meet/you. And let's start." - "Where are we going?" - "Where ever you want to go. I would like to find out why you are here, what you liked and disliked at home, what you like and dislike here, etc."

[redacted], 16: My father is a streetcar conductor and my mother is a ticket distributor, she was a party member, but we had no advantages from her party membership. On the contrary, many of our former friends turned from us, and even my father turned from my mother - she had joined without asking for his permission to do so. Due to her "stupidity," they constantly quarreled, life was no fun either for them or for us, three children, (I have a brother and a sister). Life in school wasn't happier either, three/a week Russian! And there were schools where every single day there was a Russian class! And yet it is also true that starting from October 1, 1956, there were schools where they gave . . . German and English courses - but the pupils had to pay 30 forints extra. Everybody paid it gladly - the poorest children did. History teaching was sheer politics, - the history of Hungary practically . . . with the "liberation" by the Red

Army. Usually the principal would teach law (constitutional rights), everybody enjoyed this subject, we would learn about the rights (on paper, of course) and duties (more than they cared to put on paper!) of the citizens, and the rights and duties of the state toward the citizens, about how the national income had to be protected (that the Russians should get the bulk of it); then we would learn practical things like how to apply for apartments and trade licenses; we got a glimpse into the functioning of the state machinery, about the jurisdiction of each ministry, about elections, the role of the Parliament; what we were mostly amazed about was the fact that we would learn about freedom of religion! (meanwhile the teachers themselves were losing their jobs, if they were caught attending church services!)

My favorite subject was literature, but ^{the teachers} it just seemed to ^{skinned} through Hungarian writers and the emphasis was put on Russian writers, although this greatly varied from school to school - there were some excellent teachers who persisted in teaching the history of the Hungarian literature during the whole school year and through the whole Russian literature in two weeks. Those lucky pupils only had to learn Russian names, while others were plagued ^{with} by reading excerpts. In Hungarian literature, and that means the one and only literature, as far as she is concerned, her favorites were: Bálint Balassa, Petőfi's JANÓŠ VITÉZ, Arany's TOLDI TRILOGY, Vörösmartás - especially the poem - A MERENGŐ ^{hó} as far as the Hungarian language was concerned, they learned phonetics, morphology,

syntax and ~~many~~ times had to write ^{many} compositions as home work. She once wrote that if Petöfi were alive, he wouldn't be happy about being considered a Communist poet - the teacher never once mentioned anything about it, but she felt that she had won the teacher's respect and - fear. They didn't like the teachers who were afraid of them - they despised them and, in a way, pitied them.

As far as sciences were concerned, they learned in the fifth grade Geology; sixth, Botany, seven, Zoology, eight, Hygiene - the newly acquired knowledge about how to give first aid as practically used during the Revolution.

The way the teacher described the Neanderthal Man fitted the Russian man perfectly - everybody saw the connection, and everybody enjoyed it in silence.

There weren't many silent moments in Hungary, but there are so many here - can the "life" people lead here be called "life"? She is not even comparing it to the period during the Revolution (even in Hungary, those were exceptional times - and she might even call them beautiful, although there was much bloodshedding, but one can even get used to corpses, especially if they are Russians: they were burning like rubber dolls, and just about as big, too; Hungarians would not bury them, of course. They covered the Freedom Fighters, though, with national flags.- The first corpse she saw was hanging from a ^{second} floor apartment, there was also a blanket hanging and half of a piano there, and it was a horrible

^{sight}, she went closer, couldn't resist it, and there was an inscription on the demolished door which said: 'My comfortable third floor apartment is for rent, can be seen on the ground floor -' (One just had to laugh), but to life prior to it. There in trains one would be amused - people would laugh, cry, talk, quarrel many times, sometimes sing, here people sit like pickled cucumbers -

throughout people, that's what they are! Not so in Italy - what a marvelous time they had - an excursion - it lasted two days. They saw Milano, Lugano, Lago Maggiore! They felt at home - they were sitting in little restaurants until midnight, eat ice cream and listen to music, just three musicians, but ^{live} ~~live~~ music, not juke boxes! And as strange as this may sound, "music" figured on the bill, but they didn't mind at all, they ^{spend} all their savings, but who cared?! They were never so homesick as they were in Milano, and yet, in a way, that also contributed to the pleasure. Here they cannot even feel an honest homesickness - it is such a different world. Such a boring world!

And they treat them as children! They are not allowed to go alone in a konditorei, in a restaurant, into ^{a movie, and} after 8:00 in the evening they can't go in the street! If somebody could explain it to them why, they might be able to understand it, they would try anyhow, but this way they are at a complete loss.

They hear that the Swiss prisons are full with Hungarians - actually they have heard that new prisons will have to be built ^t - and yet they could bet that their imprisoned countrymen are no criminals-

they just get drunk, without even being alcoh^{ic}olics - they are just unhappy.

On top of everything, there is even unemployment in Switzerland - maybe it would be more accurate to say that that is what Hungarians are being told, when they apply for positions commensurate with their skill or learning.

Fact is that life was very hard in Hungary, and it is very hard here; there is a difference though - in Hungary, with the exception of the AVG, everybody suffered more or less - here the Hungarians suffer alone.

She does not complain personally - actually she is even able to help her parents financially - she, and the other girls, manage to send home a hundred forints per month - in letters - this is their biggest joy.

Eating is not so easy as it may sound - they receive even bananas, oranges and chocolate! So much of these! And yet they can't very well send the "surplus" home! Apparently being "rich" alone is not enough, all those one likes should be equally rich. "Do you have relatives behind the Iron Curtain? she asked me. If you do, I don't have to explain anything further."

"We realize more and more," she continued, "that only Hungarians can understand Hungarians, which is sad, because we won't live among Hungarians; whenever we try to tell our Sunday hosts that it hurts to see so much dessert, they invariably get a blank look on their faces - they are stupid alright, but, in this particular

case, the comprehension should not come from the brains, it should come from the stomach. And only Hungarians have Hungarian stomachs, that's it." She burst out laughing: "Now that I've said it, it sounds so funny, but you know how true it is, don't you? Are we always going to live among foreigners, as long as we are going to be outside of Hungary? This is a question we often discuss among ourselves - we girls; the boys are stupid, they have no problems of this type.

"As far as they are concerned, if they swim all day and eat to their stomach's content, they are perfectly satisfied. Do you know what they talk about all day? The Revolution - about how they fought, about how their buddies fought - and they are stupid to the point that they even forget their own lies - their stories change day by day. And then they have their "minds" set on girls. It is hard to be a girl surrounded by so many boys, especially if you don't like any (sic), but we manage, somehow.

"Would be wonderful to leave, though, be adopted by a Hungarian family - I mean Hungarians who have left their homeland long ago, like you, and not do anything else but study. And then when we are ready, go back to our real families, to our real country and really start living. ("Extra Hungariam non est vita", is apparently true even in cases of youngsters). She was so pretty while talking about her plans (dreams) - her big brown eyes reflected her future happiness.

 , 14. Her mother had a trade - she had a flower shop,

and her step-father worked as a skilled worker (*mikösterüs*) in the Danubia factory. She had two brothers who took part in the armed fighting - one is in Canada, and ^{the other} ~~one~~ ^{here} is also in Adelboden. She joined her brothers in leaving their homeland, because she felt that her opportunities ^{at home} to study further were slim. As a Catholic, she was even more oppressed ^{by} the regime than if she had been a Protestant. Of course, if she had been Jewish, she would have just ⁶ "failed" through school and life.

The situation in schools was unbearable - children were not picked out according to their capacities (if she had been dumb, she certainly could have studied further and become ^{an} AVO - the starting salaries for the AVO employees were 2,000 - 3,000 forints, while an engineer made 800-900 forints. The whole budget of the Hungarian state was used to defend it from the inside. Defend it from the real patriots!) but according to their class origins and religions. Furthermore, one was not free to chose the subjects one wanted to study. In her case, English for instance, one had to take Russian instead. She is in ^{Heim} Schöneegg since April and at least she studies German - one hour per day - it's not enough, but exactly one hour a day more than she had at home. She would like to do more homework, actually she did it on her own, but the teacher didn't have time to look it over. Her dream is to have private tutors, who would teach her all they know.

, 16. Her father is an engineer, she has a step-^{Mother} mother, two children in the family: one girl and one boy.

It's such fun learning foreign languages - German and English. For two months they had daily ^{four} classes (one German, one literature, one geography and one history), but now it has been cut to one - they are having summer vacation. She doesn't feel that they are entitled to it, because this whole year has slipped by without real studying. And in their case, that would have been the answer - really occupy them, feel what they are finally doing something; inactivity is killing - the boys are happy to swim all day, but it does not satisfy the girls, they feel that they have responsibilities - toward themselves mainly.

Her favorite subjects in school were chemistry - she thought that remembering the formulae sharpened her memory - and physics; she even learned about atoms and knows what people are saying when they talk about atomic warfare; it seems to her that everybody liked mathematics, it had no politics and ^{besides} her mathematics teacher had an awful lot of patience, and she liked the children, so the children liked her. Actually, the answer to many problems is love - she knows, because she had a step-mother. She never understood why children had problems with their mothers - as long as the basis of each relationship ^{love} was present, there shouldn't have been any problem at all.

 , 15. Her father is a textile worker in Kispest - mother a housewife. She has three sisters, two younger than she is, who were too small to leave - her older sister was afraid.

Her father's salary was just about half of the amount needed to live decently.

What strikes her most in Switzerland is the elegance of the women - elegance is not the right word - the fact that although they have beautiful materials, they are not chic, and the fact that so much costume jewelry is used - what for? Whom are they kidding? Jewelry is beautiful because it represents a value, something rare, which cannot be afforded by everybody. But everybody can afford costume jewelry, so what's the point of having it? It makes the wearers look so cheap. Swiss women wear rhinestones ^{every} in the morning!

Dressing means knowing what to put on when - and the Swiss women have absolutely no idea of this. One just does not put on an afternoon dress in the morning, because no matter how beautiful the dress would be, when not worn at the right occasion, it loses its beauty, and even makes the wearer ridiculous, ^u strangely, in direct proportion with ^{be} beauty. ^{if the garment.} The women in Budapest knew how to dress - no matter how poor, each had a black suit, which was tailored to fit her. And when she put it on, and wore a strand of cultured pearls with it - even her mother had a strand which she had received from her ^{own} mother as a wedding gift - it was a pleasure to look at her.

Eva only wished that everybody in Hungary should be able to wear on more occasions festive clothes, not exclusively on big occasions. But she now realizes ^e that it wouldn't be good to wear

them every day either, because the week days would become holidays and thus wipe out the holidays.

This statement was followed by ^a general discussion, the conclusion reached was that the ideal would be to raise the level of the weekday, but still leave some room for further improvement in the direction of beauty and elegance, which would be taken care of on holidays. But whether weekday or holiday, no place was given to costume jewelry.

Towards the end of ^e that discussion, Iren Kiss stepped in. Iren is 15, was born in Koszeg, father is a laborer, her mother died in 1944. She has one brother and one sister, they are older than she is, and she is the only one who left - she had^s seen them get nowhere in life - this seems to be a chronic disease of her family - complete standstill - ever since she can remember - her father wasn't better off in the Horthy regime ⁶ either. So, she figured that maybe a foreign country would be the answer.

She likes the calm in Switzerland and she also enjoys the fact that the flowers are protected - it's forbidden to pick them. Hungary was such a noisy country - she has^d been in Budapest once - there was so much to see and hear - it was interesting, but the calm of the meadows talks^{ed} more to her than all the radios blasting all at once (the other girls started to laugh at this remark, she blushed and didn't say much more, although I tried to include her in the general conversation. She

was grateful for it, smiled furtively at me a couple of times, but...only entered the conversation when we started to talk about the food in Heim Schönegg.)

She: ^{enumerated} what they would get for breakfast: cocoa, @ coffee or tea, bacon, jam, butter, bread. Lunch: Soup, meat every single day! salad and either fruit or cookies (they receive a birthday cake for their birthdays, but as everyone eats on everybody else's birthday, it's quite a good deal.) In the afternoon, they usually ^{have} tea, coffee or cocoa with honey cookies, ^{butter and} bread and/jam. Supper: Salami, cheese, eggs, tomatoes. Fridays there is always fish and Sundays there is always chicken.

So much amusement is given to them. The American legation gave the Home a movie projector, every week they have a showing of a new film - up to now they have seen many Chaplin films - CITY LIGHTS impressed her most - she liked it that everybody was so sad there - that ^{was} ~~is~~ so true to life (another big laugh stopped her for good).

I guess I should have talked separately to them: forty-five times one hour, let's say - I couldn't have very well done it.

Could it be that the children (workers and middle class progeny) gang up against this lovable little girl because she is a peasant's daughter?! Is it possible, I kept asking myself. The answer I was afraid of ^{a second breakfast which was being served.} came during ~~lunch~~. Unfortunately, I was not sitting close enough to the girls, so I only heard the climax of the conversation, which was shouted in a shrill voice by

██████████: "I'll teach you ^{us! [who are socially superior]} how to talk to ~~your masters!~~"

(Megtanitlak hogy kell ^{szóval} ~~szóval~~ ^{beszélni} ~~beszélni~~) The 'teaching' consisted in throwing a cup right in Irén's face, luckily the cup did not break, but it hit her hard - in the evening she had a big blue mark on her forehead.

(What amazed me most was her and the other girls' attitude; she did not protest, did not try to hit back either with words or physically, she quietly got up and left the room. ^{During} the afternoon, I met her in the corridor; she wanted to avoid me, I stopped her; "Why don't the other girls get along with you?" I asked her, while I put my arms around her shoulders. She could hardly retain her tears: "Some rich Spanish people came, about two months ago, to adopt some of us - they looked us over and I still don't know why, but I made a terrible grimace at them - I've never done anything like it - I still don't know myself why I did it. Fact is that the girls say that I have spoiled their chances of being adopted.")

Mrs. ██████████ did not notice the incident, she saw Irén leave - actually only her back - and asked the other girls what had happened. "She has a terrible headache and she says she will go ⁱⁿ⁻ to her room and be there all afternoon," said Erzsebet in a calm, credible voice. The other faces covered up Erzsebet's lie 100% - ¹ inasmuch as they didn't cover up anything - they looked nonchalantly at the food in front of them and, after a second, Katalin casually asked Erzsebet to hand her the salt shaker. There had been no incident whatsoever! Mrs. ██████████ relaxed and the four girls im-

preceptibly smiled at each other. Then Erzsébet glanced at me and was immediately aware of my having seen their little scene. She smiled a little bit embarrassed - the four faces turned toward me - waiting - "Are you one of us?" I got up, casually, sat down in their midst, and, as if I had talked about the weather & they were not going to out-perform me! - told them my opinion about them.

"It was not worthwhile for us to leave Hungary, if we ^{was} going to hear the same type of nonsense here," said Katalin. This was the sign of attack, they all jumped at once. I made a point of answering each of their insults separately - and during the 10-15 minute discussion, I am sure nobody noticed that we were killing each other - "acting" - thy name is woman. - There are ^{differences} among classes - only Communists say that there are ^{none}. I am a worker's daughter and I hate to live with a peasant's daughter. In whose name are you talking? In America's? Where white people lynch negroes, where the negroes are not allowed in the ^{restaurant,} ^{hotels,} ^{and} ^{businesses!} ^{reserved for the white!} You should talk about the West's democracy! Humanitarianism? 'as it humane to let the Hungarians be massacred?! And on top of it, we are being taught humanitarianism! -

This is where I finally could turn the discussion in my favor. (It was not easy, under my nonchalante expression, I was sweating) "All I'm asking you, for the time being, is to be humane towards your own blood. Don't you realize that you ^{the white are}

lynching the white, not only your own race, but your own nation, your own blood? I'm not asking you to be humanitarian yet (although that will come - I'm sure - am I (?) anyhow, so I said, so I better believe it now.) - I am asking you today, the 13th of August 1957, not to hurt somebody of your own blood - you have millions of things in common with her - I am now talking about the Hungarian past - history, literature - the present - your being refugees, I am talking about the fact that in the evening before you go to sleep you think about the same country, and maybe the same city, maybe even the same street corner. There is a tie so strong ^{among} you that it should erase the social differences." - "You may be right," Katalin said. "I'll try to remember what you said." Eva and Marta nodded. Ilona had been on my side long ago, but there was Erzsébet. (Note to the reader: I'm not trying to take the foreground, I know that I am or should be a recorder, but sometimes only provoking brings out the "material.") Coming back to Erzsébet, she didn't give in so easily. "You are wasting your time in Europe with us. Hungarians in different foreign countries, whether they erase or don't erase the social differences among them, does not constitute one of the major problems of the world." - "It may not be the ~~the~~ world's, but it is certainly ours," Eva interjected. Erzsébet continued undisturbed, "Coming back to you, you should be in America, wherever they want to lynch a negro and hold a speech

right before them doing it. And although I know that you are pretty good at it, I don't think you would stop them." - "Let's assume, per absurdum, that they would want to lynch a negro, wouldn't you think that it would be worth my while to 'hold a speech' even if I had one chance in a million to be heard?!"

(a second note to the reader: the only reason I am putting in a dialogue is to emphasize the "craftsmanship" in intelligence and psychology of my adversary) - "Wouldn't you like an apple - they look good, but Hungarian fruit is better - they say the volcanic soil makes all the difference." - "Answer me!" - "Why do you need my approval? - You would do it anyhow!" - "But it would be good to know that I would have an assistant in you, even if a thousand miles away." - "I don't understand." - I picked her chin up - "Don't you? I'm sorry but you had absolutely no recourse - you simply can't say: excuse me, I am stupid. Everybody here knows that you are smart - including you." - "You mean to say that one should fight for a good cause, whether one has chances to win or not?" - "I told you that you were smart." - "Well, as long as you know that much, I may go further and say: that's exactly what the Hungarians did... (I almost said: the apples are good, I guess the volcanic soil...)

sign was given that the ~~lunch~~^{meal} had come to an end and I never enjoyed an infernal noise more - if I had had an answer, it couldn't have been heard anyhow.

Everybody had to retire and sleep. "Did I hear you say sleep? I asked the Dutch teacher.- Do you really assume that these bundles of physical and mental energy will come to a standstill?" - "Nobody assumes that - Actually, I don't think they sleep much during the night ^e either - but they have very strict orders: not a word, not a movement. The Director is most adamant on this particular subject and they know it and - seemingly obey." - "Sleep, you know ~~it~~ it's not such a bad idea, after all." - "Would you like to? I could give you a room." He was most most kind; in a couple of seconds, I was installed in a big clean room which had a dresser and a bed, he even brought me towels and soap. In five minutes, I was in my bed - and in another five minutes we were six in my bed! The girls had sneaked ⁱⁿ - they figured out that I must be in the guest room, and they simply popped in, saying: "Would be a waste for us to sleep while you are here!"

Six women in one bed! What do you think we talked about? But of course, dresses and beauty care.

Questions were put what my expert advice was on home permanents, on different lotions - through cosmetics, the question of medical insurance was touched - they enquired how the situation on ^{his score} was in America - generally the SZTK was thought of ^{as} being a good institution, although, in cases of serious sickness, a private doctor was warranted, ^{especially if} the patient cared to live. But in Hungary, many people died because they didn't want to live - cases were brought up where ^{the} the patient wasn't particularly sick,

the care wasn't particularly bad, and yet he died, at a relatively young age (40-45-50), simply because he or she had enough. The instinct of ^{self-p.} preservation didn't function anymore - many cases of traffic accidents - ^{INDEX} cited - people were hanging on streetcars and didn't much care whether eventually they would get under them - actually coming home 5-10-15 minutes later would not have been a catastrophe, certainly wasn't worth risking ^{one's} life for it, and yet, people invariably did - numerous examples were brought up.

Then they asked me to talk about the American kitchen (being interviewed can be embarrassing, cannot it not?), and American women! Is it true that they all have perfect figures? (American men! Is it?) They told me about Russian women - whenever in the streets a horrible perfume would be noticeable, then they knew that a Russian woman must be in the neighborhood. Their dresses! Covered with pearls from bottom (!) to top! Anyone ^{of them} could ^{have} easily ^{be} in the world ^{heavy} weight championship! As far as ~~as~~ drinking was concerned, they could certainly outdo the men - and that's quite an accomplishment. They were Hungarian-man-crazy - apparently their own did not satisfy them, because cases were known when they would practically rape Hungarian ^{males}.

Russians have no morals, and human life means nothing to them - during the Revolution they were shooting each other - the Mongolians were shooting at the troops which had been stationed in Hungary. The later, in many cases, were crossing the border ^{toward}

Austria or Yugoslavia.

After November 4th, a frightening number of deportations occurred. The Russians, aided by the agents of Kadar, would hunt people - those unfortunate ones who were caught would be dropping notes out of the railroad cars which were taking them - who knows where? Many persons' acquaintances have disappeared - what was so sad in Hungary was the fact that one was never sure to see one's friends or acquaintances again. ^{when} ^{as} would say: "So long," one could have just as well said: "Good-bye," for good. Well, of course, this wasn't true in every case, but one couldn't help feeling that maybe ^{it was} the last time I ^{saw} this certain person, and even if that particular person didn't mean much, it was a very depressing feeling to think: maybe I won't see him or her again. And inutile to add that the people one was sure to meet again were the ones one could have done easily without: the Communists.

The AVO's who were responsible for the constant disappearances of ten thousands of innocent people were such cowards - during the Revolution, one AVO defended himself by holding in front of him a three-year old child! The Freedom Fighters were altogether different. They performed acts of courage, and although poor, they were honest to the utmost - they could have easily robbed pastry (sic), television and radio shops, but they didn't ^{touch} anything. If ever in world history there was a pure revolution, this certainly was it. No robbings, no atrocities - not even Jews were killed!

Talking about killing, it was a known fact that the AVO's drowned their victims - prisoners were never buried. And talking about killing, people practically killed Stalin over and over again, when his statue was torn down - an old man hit the hated tyrant so hard with a big cane that he died of apoplexy - he fell on the statue and died on the spot. A woman said: "Don't let him die on Stalin, remove him quickly," but it was too late. It's a shame - he would have deserved a better place to die on, but then, these days, one cannot be very choosy, can one?

The grandfather of a girl their age, when dying, thanked God, for one week^{straight}, for the big favor of being able to do it ⁱ conveniently in his own bed, ^{was} like many of his former friends who had not been^{able} to afford this luxury.

At ^{lunch} I was told to pick out the seat I wanted. So, I sat next to the eldest gentleman of the group - nine years old. He had eaten his first course, when he realized that there was somebody next to him he had not met before. He ate as if this were his very last meal - actually he needed it badly. He was the skinniest thing I ever saw - barely looked seven years old. After he had gulped down about two pounds of meat and potatoes, I figured I could strike up a conversation with slight chances of receiving answers.

He was exactly nine years old - so, at the time of the Revolution when he, and his older brother, (twelve) fled, he was eight. Actually, their parents had taken them to the border. They were separated in Austria, he was pushed off the bus ^{his} brother was on. His brother is now in America and "I myself have registered at the American consulate." (The Director told me that he is corresponding with the child's mother and that my lunch partner will be put in a Pestalozzi Institute in Switzerland.) He was attired with feathers. I never found out whether he had a shirt or, for that matter, pants underneath. As far as I could see, there were only feathers.

"Why do you want to go to America?" I asked him, I must admit, the / ^{stereotype} question, but the answer was not quite stereotype: "To kill Indians." - "Why would you kill Indians, they never hurt you." - "Russians didn't either." Another big chunk of meat disappeared. "And..!" (the pause was not psychological on his part, he

just had to chew some of the enormous bite he took in on top of the one he had taken in previously and absentmindedly ^{etc} forgot to take care of.) "I killed them." - There still were layers of food in his mouth, so I addressed a big boy - thirteen years of age: "Is this midget with the giant appetite telling the truth?" - "Yah," came the laconic answer. I was so flabbergasted that I asked: "When?" - "During the Revolution." (Stupid questions...) "I threw bottles of gasoline," the hero who managed to get some air in, interjected, "see, the big boys used me, because I was so small - I could hide behind a small tree, the Russians thought the street was deserted, so when they came real close, puff-I threw my bottles and ran." - "Why did you do it?" - "I told you," he said impatiently, "because I was so small." (I guess this explanation is as good as any.)

His turn came to question: "Are there many Indians in America?" - "I suppose." - "As many as there were Russians in Budapest?" - "I suppose." (He and the "big boy" exchanged significant glances: "womenfolk", but he didn't let go.) "Hundred or ten thousand?" Statistics was never my strong point, so I quickly asked ^{back}: "How many would you like to kill?" - "All of them." - "But Americans, I mean the white people, don't kill the Indians anymore." - "Did they forget how to fight? I'll teach them. You just take gasoline bottles and puff..." - The older one said sardonically: "Indians are not in tanks - they are on horses." - "You can throw bottles of gasoline also on horses," the young military expert ^{replied} lied.

- "Horses are faster than tanks, they won't wait for you." -
 "Well, then I'll stop them with my arrows and then throw the
 gasoline bottles on them." This strategy floored the elder one -
 he ruminated for a while and then said: "That could be done." -
 "And if they managed to get away, I'll shoot the arrows in their
 bottoms and then from behind will throw my bottles on them."
 This tactic also met with the approval of the older strategist -
 /It seems ^{at} that, in the beginning, I was in on ^{at} this conversation,
 and now I ^{was} sitting in on a general staff conference, like if
 I were in a coma, I must recuperate quickly.]

"Did you hate the Russians?" - "I don't hate anybody. My
 mother ^{has} taught us not to hate anybody. She ^{often} told my father
 that even the Communists were human and he shouldn't hate them so
 much." - "Then why did you kill them?" He lost his patience: "Be-
 cause the friends of my brother decided that I ^{was} the smallest
 and yet ^{could} run pretty fast; so, I was chosen to throw the bottles."
 - "But nobody decided for you to kill the Indians and yet you
 want to kill them. Why?" - "Because I like to throw gasoline
 bottles, sometimes a big detonation follows and I have to run,
 just run..."

Did Pestalozzi ever foresee what could be done for a child who
 becomes involved in a life and death game and wants to play it
 from then on? I hope he did. Or must a new pedagogue be born
 to take care of this youngest generation of participants of the
 Hungarian Revolution?

I looked around for future interviewees - my eyes first stopped at a young gentleman (gentleman, in this case is not to be put in quotation marks) who, contrarily to the majority, had perfect table manners, which started out by him having clean hands and fingernails. And the "rest" was also spotless. ^T The way he held his fork and knife, but mostly the tempo and the moderation with which he ate, ^{unmistakably} showed that he was a peasant.

(We all have our prejudices, don't we, and I might just as well admit one of mine, namely: I deeply like the Hungarian peasant.)



The Hungarian peasant - one cannot talk five minutes to one without hearing an ironical expression with which he lashes ^s himself or the world. He mocks the darkness for being so dark, the light for being so light; if the candle goes out, he says it must be ^s light enough to see without it. If he can't see an object at close range, he is not far-sighted, it is simply that his arms are too short. The freshness with which he moves things from their habitual places and matches them up to each other is disarming. The Hungarian peasant ^{does} not ^{want} to be clever, but he only understands and makes understood the small through the large and the large through the small - he only emphasizes the ^{relativity} of things which is the basis of all humor. This rustic imagination which takes enormous leaps but always lands on earth, this smiling nihilism manifested as a painful indifference toward the irremediable lack of

purpose of life, dwells in the Hungarian peasant.

Now that I have explained the origin of my prejudices, I can, with a clear conscience, say that I humbly asked my future interviewee whether he would condescend to see me at such and such time, in such and such room; he deliberated for a very long time - didn't put a single question in between (not even why I wanted to see him, - that would have interrupted the deliberating process) and finally said: "I'll be there." - "And I'll be happy." - He quietly bowed.

I picked out five more boys, at random. I asked some to join me and to some I gave orders - to the former I gave some explanations, to the latter none whatsoever. - I wanted them to be there, ^{there} and ^{there} they were, on the dot.

 , 13. Father is warehouseman at Galsⁿ electrical factory. There are four children, and they are Catholic. Two elder sisters left in November and now are in Australia, his elder brother, 22 years old, stayed at home with his wife and baby.

He came alone in January, ^{a freight as far as y} by train, ~~with~~ ^{former} Heggeshalom, in the brake car. When a railroad man discovered him, the ^{former} letter gave him something to eat and then directions what road to take. It was nine o'clock in the evening, when he arrived in Austria. He entered a small restaurant and said: "Jóestet"- The answer was "Guten ^{at it} Abend," He started to cry ^{at it} sheer happiness. The

innkeeper, who knew Hungarian, notified the Red Cross. he was picked up and taken to Eisenstadt.

As in 1948, he has^d been in Switzerland, he wanted to come back and hoped that a family will eventually adopt him. He is in Heim Schonegg, but nobody seems to be in a hurry to adopt him.

His favorite subjects in school: mathematics, literature, music. He loved his physics professor, - for his attitude - he put his legs on the table and said that's the way people do it in America and they are real smart.

He liked to go to the opera, to theaters - HAMLET was scattering. One definitely had the impression that many illusions were made to the present system, especially when it was repeatedly said ^{that} Denmark ^{was} a prison, Hungary was a prison. He left it, but he would love to go back, in case he would not feel imprisoned anymore, in case the Communists would leave. He corrected himself and said: "In case the Russians would leave, there would be no Communists in Hungary."

[REDACTED], 16, Catholic. Father streetcar conductor, mother working as a telephone receptionist at the SZTK. He has been blessed with three sisters - he is the oldest child - so it wasn't too difficult for him to leave home, girls are a pain in the neck, always privileged, too, for no reason whatsoever. Boys are much more responsible, while girls, - while girls! He only wishes he could understand why

all that fuss is made about them - maybe he shouldn't wish it, because if he would understand one day, he might become like everybody else and even - horrible dictu-get married, although he feels that he'll never get over the shock of having lived in the same household with four women, - so, he is safe.

In February, they decided to make a demonstration^{ra} in school - no particular reason - just to show the Communist principal that they, the boys^{s,} had guts - they started to shout that Kádár^{was} a traitor - police surrounded the school, but many of them managed^{to} escape and - here he is.

He came through the swamps, crossed at Szombathely - it was great fun, just like in the movies.

In school he liked each subject, with the exception of Russian.

His parents were both party members - but no more than 5% of the workers were convinced Communists - his parents joined because they had four children, but none of them ever paid the fees.

 , 15, Catholic, lived in Vác. His father had died in 1942, in Russian captivity, the same year he was born. His mother is a housewife and his stepfather works for the railroad company. He did not announce his leaving, did it elegantly, unobtrusively, no tears, no goodbyes. "fog ahead of me, fog after me," (kőd ^{előttem}, köd utánam))

He hated the school he was going to, because the principal was a Communist - what can one learn from a man like that? Sole licking? (Talpnyalás). It was^{not} worth wasting his precious time, - ~~no~~.

happened to be a functionary of the Party, the son could sleep in class on the "paternal laurels".

 , 15, Reformed. Father lathe operator. He himself has been working since July, 1956. Has one brother or maybe had one brother. Both of them had ~~x~~ taken an active part in the fighting, but his brother was wounded, so he couldn't leave ~~x~~ when crossing the border was easy - tried it later, but was caught, and probably courtmartialed - he had been in the army - who knows if he is alive? - "Please don't cry, I can't see a fifteen year old boy cry," I kept saying to myself - And there he was with tears streaming down his face - "If you were a girl, I could embrace you, kiss you, what can one do with a crying fifteen year old boy?!" I just don't have any imagination, I suppose - I kissed him. And to my great surprise, he didn't mind a bit. He kissed me. Oh, I don't dare look at the others - they must be laughing. What do you suppose they were doing? They were also crying. But I can't make a kissing session out of this! Why not, after all?! These boys are less mature than the girls were and they look as if nobody had ever kissed them - I know, I know I'm interviewing for Columbia University, but these big clumsy oafs are crying and one cannot talk sense to a person who says his brother probably has been shot. What can one say: "Never mind, another brother will grow up, or one brother more or less, so what?" What can one say? What can one

do? I just don't have any imagination whatsoever, I suppose.

He had been in Geró's villa, as a member of the popular police and his group shot a helicopter which landed close to Geró's house.

He crossed the border alone, was trapped by Russian patrols, but had his DISZ identification card on which was a ^{great red} star - that touched the Russian commander, so he let him go.

He liked to go to school, but he couldn't stand the Russian language and under the ^{heading:} "Hungarian literature," Russian literature was taught; ^{to} Tihonov, Soloviev, Sokolov, Mayakovsky, Pushkin, Gorky, he definitely preferred Balassa, Zrinyi, Csokonai, Vörösmarty, Arany. It was revolting that everything was invented by the Russians - including Aladdin's ^{and his} Lamp. Gym was excellently taught - and the equipment was also ^{first} rate.

His father, as a lathe operator, had to join the party, but he always said that his fellow-Communists hated the Party even more than he did, and that was quite something!

Everybody had to pay peace loans - actually, in school, there was a Communist teacher who offered his one month salary! Originally, the boys wanted to beat him for it, but the majority voted against it - @: if he is so dumb that he voluntarily offers his salary for a whole month, then God has beaten him already!

 , 16. Father is an agricultural worker; ^{he} has three

brothers - they all stayed with the land which has been taken away from them - but it's there - they look at it every day - they look at how it's being destroyed and curse. He didn't want to have anything to do with land, he was a pupil of a vocational high school. He loved to go to school. He noticed though that the professors did not agree on many subjects - he was often sent to the teachers' room and whenever he would step in, there was an embarrassed silence and some of the teachers' faces were red, so red that he figured there must have been something wrong with their blood pressure. *presidents of the Collective Farms,*

All peasants, with the sole exception of the *presidents of the Collective Farms,* hated the regime - the compulsory deliveries were set up to destroy the peasantry. And the regime succeeded.

I took a deep breath. And now I'd like to talk to the noisy inhabitants of this house - forty-five, I believe is the number of all the children - "You don't mean it," my six friends asked incredulously.

With the help of the teachers and my *presidents of the Collective Farms,* twelve (six plus six) "shepherd dogs," the flock was rounded up. A young man of about twenty years of age also offered his services - he was the substitute instructor and supervisor.

"Well, good luck, and I'm in a nearby room, don't hesitate to call SOS. If they stay twenty minutes, you'll be lucky "

They stayed three hours. Meanwhile dinner was served, the Director arrived and, after dinner, a special delegation went to him to ask for permission that another hour of discussion be granted. Permission was reluctantly given. Finally the Director, the Supervisor, and the teachers, had to turn the lights off in order for the "audience" to leave the premises.

Many of the subjects discussed en masse have been done more thoroughly during the interviews of the two groups of six. I will not bring up those subjects again.

I believe more than an hour went by with military discussions - it was [✓] martial meeting, indeed - the ex-combatants ^{or rather} potentia] ex-combatants were called upon to relate their exploits - if I had counted all the Russians who were killed by my captive audience, an ⁿastrophic figure would have come out. The number of the arms used was also astounding: from Molotov cocktails to bombers!

I felt all the time that the proper medium to register this interview would be a movie camera. It was not what they were saying which was so exciting, it was the way they were saying it.

Boys from nine to sixteen years of age, having gone through a real revolution with a real enemy to kill and having, on top of it, the approval and the admiration of a whole nation! There was one person though they couldn't convince of the seriousness of their mission: their own mothers. They all admitted that

after the days of tough fighting, they were scared to death to go home, because they would invariably get a horrible beating from a tougher adversary ^{than} all the Russians put together: their own mothers.

The Russian soldiers - the occupation army was not composed of bad eggs. They were constantly hungry - they asked people who were standing in line to give them some bread. These Russians were killed by the Mongolians, and in order to erase the traces, the Mongolians smashed them to become like jam with their own tanks!

The military ^{here} of the Revolution was Maletov/who ^[the son of the people'] ^(a nép fia) declared that he is not going to shoot at his own nation. But the writers ^{and} the Petöfi Circle were the ones who started the ball rolling.

The tearing down of the Stalin monument was another subject they liked to dwell upon - they all had pieces of it - their most valued possession - which they considered selling, for a couple millions of francs or lire or dollars, at a later stage of their lives. They said that after ^{Stalin was} toppled, he had been dragged on his own road to the National Theater and ^{left} in front over night; in the morning, it looked like it had snowed upon ^{him} ^{he} - ~~it~~ was covered with spitting. The divinization of Stalin and of the Soviet Union was most aggravating - whatever they did had to be admired and the rest was always wrong.

None of them (two or three were of peasant origin and the rest

were sons of workers) thought that land or factories be restored to their former owners.

The hatred toward the peasant class was so dense that one could cut it with a knife:- they were the ones who lived well, they were black marketeers, while the ~~poor~~^{poor} workers were starving.

Generally speaking, those who were working hard, were not making any money at all. While on the other hand, if one worked for the party, one did not have to be a skilled worker to make big money. Those who were driving the others to work, the Communists, were the ones who earned high wages. And if somebody opened his mouth, then the "dreamcar" (AVO car) would stop in front of his house and he was whisked away for good. ("Szólás ^{egy} szót, betörök a fejed.") ("If you open your mouth, you'll have your head smashed.") One recognized informers by their smell - they stank for miles (kilometerekre büzlöttek).

I asked them to name their pet hates, as far as the upper ^{was carried} echelon: Rakosi, Geró, Hegedűs András, Farkas Vladimir, Farkas Mihály, Révai, Péter Gábor, Marosán, Kádár got the majority of the votes. These people ~~did~~ not dare move freely among the population - they circulated in underground corridors - from the Party House to the Erkel Theater, ~~the~~ the center of the Trade Unions, was the largest underground corridor; there also was one leading to the Stalin monument.

My next question was: "What was wrong with them?"

"They all had Jewish noses." - I have witnessed meetings during Nazi times where the speaker would entice the audience into a frenzy against the Jewish race - this meeting in Adelboden ^{sic} pass^d them in as much as the audience (ten-twelve-fourteen-sixteen year'old children) enticed each other: who could harm them more, was the burning ⁱ question. The playful phantasy I so much like in the Hungarian race, was turned to invent tortures and - imaginary ^r programs were taking place in front of my horrified eyes. These, ten minutes ago, likable children, outdid each other in cruelty, indeed.

"Let's talk about America" - it did take some time to divert their attention from their favorite pas^stime. "Okay," they finally agreed.

Why are the negroes not considered human beings - what about the Klu Klux Klan - where is the famous American democracy, tell us?!

Is America the land of plenty, indeed? What is the price of cars, washing machines, nylon underwear, shirts, suits, television sets, radios, etc.?

What are the minimum wages for workers?

Does America have anything comparable to the SZK?

How is the military service? How is the army food?

Do cowboys and Indians still exist? What about sheriffs?

Does America have the hydrogen bomb? If yes, what the hell is she waiting for? The war is unavoidable so, let's get it over with, eins, zwei, drei! [one, two, three!]

Is it true that Hungarian refugees receive family homes?
 And can one receive ^{unlike} permits, even if one is only
 thirteen-fourteen years old?

What are the criteria to be accepted at universities?

If they went to America, and if another revolution were to
 break out in Hungary, which will happen in the very near future,
 is America going to parachute them onto Hungarian soil?! Be-
 cause no matter how good life were in America, they still couldn't
 miss the second, and at that time permanently victorious,
 revolution.

What was so sad about these children, I tried to analyze. The
 answer or the partial answer may lie in the fact that they were
 not children - not adolescents - with a few exceptions, they did
 not show the symptoms of adolescence - in whose brain the known
 elements of reality ^{have} ^{yet} not taken permanent, unchangeable root,
~~have~~ not yet been tagged with conventional names, are still mov-
 able like chessmen; they somehow respect reality too much - the
 conventional conceptions of reality are not stepping stones to a
 higher reality - they don't search God - they don't even deny
 him - he does not exist.

They want to know the price of everything - essence escapes
 them. They are so prosaic - they are so grown-up.

They have to look out for themselves, that makes them shrewd,
 that made them shrewd already in Hungary. The very fact that they
 are here, shows that they have initiative, courage, will-power,

determination, and good instincts, and yet in contact with them, one feels that they lack some basic qualities: the willingness to help each other, the capacity to like each other. I don't mean to say that many of them were not likable - on the contrary, it's just that they didn't know it.

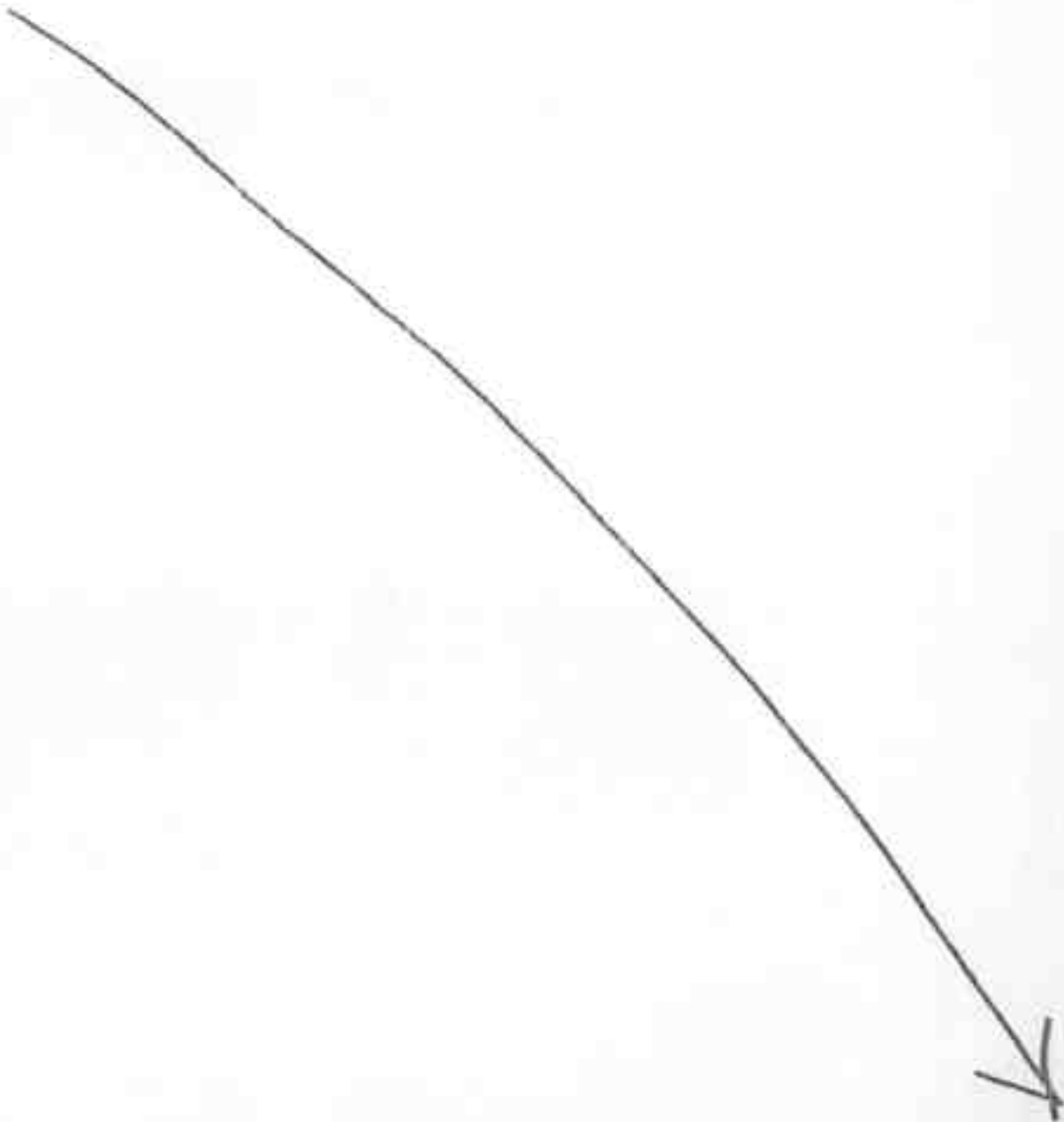
After our three-hour session, I talked to the Director for more than two hours, but may I be excused for not recording the conversation? Thank you.

It was past eleven, when I said, "Good-night" to my hosts and retired to my "chambers".

I was very tired. One day of interviewing, one day of heartbreak... How am I going to summarize this one day?... I was falling into a confused, nightmarish sleep. Knocks at my door mingled first with my dream, until they brought me back to reality.

It was the instructor knocking at my door. He insisted that he has to speak to me. There was such urgency in his voice that, despite my tiredness and the absurdity of the hour, I finally consented to hear him out. There was something he had said, while pleading in front of my door, which decided me. He said: "I know what killing is, because I have killed." - "Russians, during the Revolution?" - I asked. "During the Revolution, yes - but not Russians."

I told him to lead me to the recreation room. We sat down. Finally, I looked at my Respondent. He



was extremely handsome - but somehow one did not expect the profile to have the face it had; this is very difficult to explain, but I definitely had the feeling that there were two people sitting in front of me, depending on whether I looked at the profile or at the full face. Both "views" were equally attractive and yet one somehow contradicted the other.

"I am 22 years of age, I come from a wine producing region, from Tokay. This region "was occupied" (megszállták) by Jews (he talked about it as if a foreign army had descended on this particular spot and taken over the command), and we, boys, (ten-eighteen years of age) suffered because they constantly complained about the damages inflicted by us on their vineyards; and we were constantly harrassed by the police. - My father had died long ago, he had been a watchmaker, my mother had two acres of vineyard and she tried to make a living out of it - I saw her work hard and not get anywhere and then I saw the Jews accomplish whatever they wanted because they had pull - there was no compulsory delivery for them, only for us, poor Hungarians, and they were always right and we were always wrong.

"In 1944, a rich Jewish family entrusted its valuables to my mother and after a year some of its members did come back and simply didn't believe that all those valuables were taken away by the Russians and denounced my mother; she was "stamped" as a thief, my poor mother who ^{was} is so religious and she was so miserable for years and so alone and I was so helpless because I was too small to protect her. I went out and committed acts of van-

dalism - so, it was my turn to be stamped as a juvenile delinquent, fit to be sent to a correctional institute - but my mother begged the authorities to forgive me once more, and, amazingly, they did.

"So, I did no wrong anymore - nothing they could pin on me, I was so afraid that they would separate me from my mother. But for nights, I lay awake and killed in my imagination those dirty Jews one after the other: one bullet for having^s called my mother a thief, one bullet for having made a juvenile delinquent out of me, one bullet for what they were doing to my nation, four-^s five- six...bullet^s - I couldn't figure out more reasons and yet I couldn't let the trigger go!" (His deep blue eyes were glowing^a and his fingers were automatically loading an imaginary revolver -)

~~I became a very good pupil and was mostly interested in Sciences, in all the manifestations of life which I learned to respect, and yet, in the back of my mind, there was always a reservation: with the exception of that of the Jews. I wanted to study biology, and I had strong hopes to be accepted at the university, because my grades were good and my class origin wouldn't have been an obstacle either. And the principal of the school to which I was going called me in before graduation and made advances - I was so pure at the time, unlike my classmates, I had never touched a girl - and he soiled me - it took me a long time to~~

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realize what was happenin^g, but suddenly the light came. I picked up a heavy object and hit him - he fell down - I wish he had died; he didn't, though, and, due to his dirty manipulations, I could not enter college - I tried for three consecutive years - Medicine and law in Szeged, and in Budapest, but no success. He took care of my kadar for good. There was no recourse. My career was finished I wished I could have said that he was a Jew - then my hatred could have been even more dense, if possible - this way, it was only spreading, encompassing also the Christians, encompassing mankind.

"I was disgusted by men and women alike. I, who liked life, started to hate its ^{sexual} aspects. I tried to discover beauty in the sexual act, but at the most unexpected moment, the face of the girl I was with, took the features of my principal - I felt like hitting her - I left everyone in the midst of the act." ~~(The interviewee is definitely not interested in any of the present year in the middle of your sentence, but could you, please, open the window and I don't know what is covered by the window about anything anymore, I want to know for a breathing purpose, I don't want to breathe deeply, I thank you, that is better)~~

"I went into the military service in 1956, the Revolution broke out and two buddies and I left our unit and joined the Freedom Fighters. We were surrounded at the Gizella Mill; previously, we had been holding the fort in a liquor factory!" ~~(The interviewee mentioned the name, but what is the name of the liquor factory?)~~

~~identification of the man, who just said in a minute ago, and I said, "I don't know who he is, of course, but I know his name, repeat it, please, what would be his name, please, what is his name?"~~

"And for three days straight we were drinking - only liquor, no water, no food. We were completely drunk when captured, the Russians locked us into a pigpen and said that they would be back, at least we later figured that that's what they must have said. And the sobering came - and with each minute that went by, we realized more and more the horror of our situation. We stayed in that pigpen for approximately three hours - objective time - and in eternity - subjective time.

"The Russians did come back, some Russians came would be the correct way of saying it, because I don't even know if they were the same Russians who had captured us and - freed us.

It was late in the evening, we went to our headquarters, asked for arms - there was an ample supply, we took ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~what we needed?~~

~~I had the spirit of learning what was going on, and I was a~~
~~master gunner and I know what I should do, I was a~~
~~gunner, I was on a base, and I~~

and (I ^{didn't} like his expression, it ^{was} frightening. Yes, I ^{was} afraid, not of what he'll do to me, but to hear what he has ^{done}.) "Neither of us could sleep, we roamed the streets and around eight o'clock in the morning, on the 28th of October, on the József Körút, at the corner of -- Street, six Jews were standing and one pointed at us and said: "Nezzétek, itt meggy a csúrho" (Look, there go the hoodlums)" and I fired and

my buddies fired. All in all we had twenty-one bullets and none was left, and the six Jews were lying in front of us, stone dead."

Why did he rip open this most intimate wound, why did he reveal this long stagnating dirt, why did he reveal the horror of his existence and make this frightening confession, I don't really know. Maybe he did not kill those Jews, maybe he is only a psych^opath...

In the morning I was awakened early by a delegation composed of boys and girls - they brought me flowers. They looked so happy when they handed them over.

Several asked me to give them my address - they will write, they promised - tell me about what's happening to them, especially if something good happens, "We don't like to complain," the peasant boy added very seriously, "and we don't know correct spelling" the peasant girl said, "making errors of spelling is ugly, I would rather not write."

They did not write.



Erzsébet, my first acquaintance in Heim Schöneegg stayed with me to the very last minute. She said: "You may know me, but bet you anything that I know you, too. I ^{new} exactly what your reaction was when our Director told us about that thirteen year old girl who ^{will} join us in our "home" and who got drunk in Vienna and was taken back unconscious by two boys to the camp and God only knows what happened to her on the way! He should not have told it to us, that's what you thought - I watched you closely." ~~(I did not watch myself closely, and I'm not used to such good psychol-~~
~~ogy, I suppose, I'm not used to being with children, respect-~~
~~ing them as individuals.)~~ "You tell me why not?" - "Because you like to give equal chances to people and you figured that that girl, after having her past revealed, ~~is~~ does not have much of a chance with some of these boys around here. It's hard to be a girl, and especially it's hard to be a girl almost alone in a camp - my brother is not mature enough to understand," she added. She wanted me to put questions, I felt it and - didn't. Finally she said: "I'll tell you what happened to me." - "Did you tell anybody at all?" - "No." - "Don't tell me either. It never happened." - "You mean..?" - "You have to behave as if it never happened." - I'll never forget how joy inundated her face. "Do you think it can be done?" - "It has to be done - do you hear me?" ~~(These words came in a different inflection and tone than I've heard it before, and I suddenly remember your words from July, 1971, we discussed~~

What did you ask me? Oh, you want to know my first name. —
Ilona stepped in. She would like to have five minutes alone
with me. We went up to her room, rather bed. She would like to
show me something - it's a secret, (one more?! there should be
a limit to the secrets entrusted ^{one} to ^{from} day?) Underneath her pillow,
a doll appeared. It's not the most beautiful doll in the world, she
apologized, but she had it for so long. The problem is: she's
afraid, one of these days, the other girls will discover it and
make fun of her. She really should throw it away, but she doesn't
have the heart, although she does realize that it doesn't make ^W much
sense to keep an old doll at her age, but... well, I suppose,
everybody knows what my answer was. But nobody suspects the out-
come. When we left the room, the doll was on the pillow, be-
cause we don't want to hide our perfectly legitimate attach-
ments, etc.

An hour later, a crying Ilona stepped in - would I please
come in and see for myself: the "Indian" has gotten the doll -
he scalped her and, on top of it put a big E ^{away} right in the midst
of her heart!