

WE REMEMBER!

The Revolution and Freedom Fight of October 1956 was a glorious as well as a tragic moment in Hungary's 1,000-year history. Spearheaded by college students, it soon spread to every age group of society. Even grammar school children took their share in the fight for freedom, and many of them too were killed on the streets of Budapest and other cities. When the totalitarian regime was reestablished with Russian backing, many of the young leaders were hunted down and imprisoned until they were of age to be executed. The Hungarian poem deals with one of these, from Szeged.

Szegedi ballada

Tollas Tibor verse

*Kovács József orvostanhallgató, az
1956-os Szegedi Forradalmi Bizottság
elnöke kivégzésének 30. évfordulójára*

Húszéves múlt csak Ötvenhatban,
anyjának egyetlen fia.
Legenda őrzi, halhatatlan,
miért kellett meghalnia?

A Csillagbörtönben kínozták
s kivégezték egy hajnalon.
Titokban tömegsírba dobták,
ne maradjon utána nyom.

Anyja azóta eszét vesztve
– így mondják – egész Szegeden
keresi fiát nappal, este,
utcákon át és tereken.

Könyörtelen, élő kísértet
kiált, torkából kín fakad:
– Hová tettétek? Megöltétek?
Adjátok vissza fiamat! –

Az emberek mind elkerülük,
ezüst koszorú ősz haja,
lármás utcákon fel-feltűnik,
zajon is átsikolt szava.

Tiszapart fái továbbadják,
százados falak és kövek
keresik fiát, vigasztalják,
jajra csak az ember süket.

Feledve fényes forradalmat,
csak élék a sivár jelent,
– Kovács Józsefek miért haltak?
– nem kérdik, hasznosabb a csend.

Szeged utcáin Kovács néni
harminc éve így jár ma is.
Csak fiát vesztett anya érzi;
a csönd hazug, a szó hamis.

Tudja: tékozló ezer évnek
pörében mennyi szív szakadt.
– Hová tettétek? Megöltétek?
Adjátok vissza fiamat! –

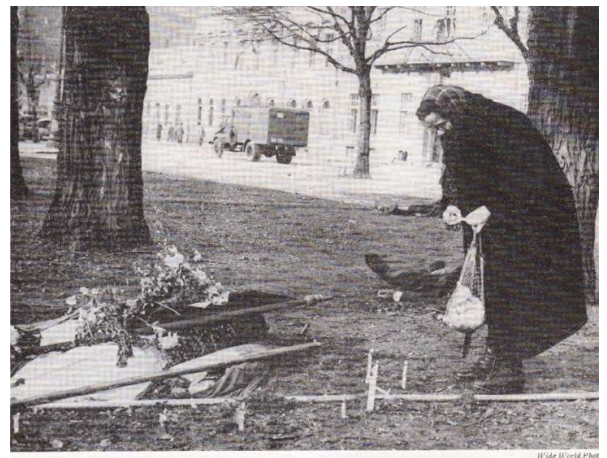
Feledhet ország gazdag múltat?
Épülhet homokra jelen? –
Telt gyomrát hívja csak tanúnak,
kidől a fa gyökértelen.

Vádolnak az eltitkolt sírok,
és jövőnktől megfosztanak.
Az élőket hiába hívod,
követeld hát a holtakat!

Ki tegnap gyáván elfutottál,
most gyilkosokkal fogsz kezét.
Cinkos mosolyod nekik szolgál,
– társaid földben fekszenek.

Nem érdem, hogy túlélted őket,
várd a végső ítéletet.
A meggyalázott temetőket
járják majd új kísértetek.

Vallató anyák választ kérnek
tőled is, - jaj, ha nincs szavad!
– Hová tettétek? Megöltétek?
Adjátok vissza fiamat!



Tollas Tibor (1920-1997) was imprisoned on trumped-up charges in 1947, and survived various prisons, including Vác. There he initiated the editing of poems written by the prisoners on toilet paper. He was released 3 months before October 23rd, 1956, and took part in the Uprising. He then fled to the West, and became editor of NEMZETŐR, a literary and political monthly, in Munich, Germany. He published the prison poems which survived and traveled around the globe, informing the Western world about 1956 and the plight of Hungary under Communism. He died in Germany, and his remains were interred in Hungary.



1987. július

Széna Tér-Buda

Budapest, 1956: Caption for a Wire-photo

by Robert Bagg

Terror, that week, occurred in the open.
For once, no obscene feet on the stairway,
Then overlapping knocking by two men,
Capture, dragging off to a long delay.

No cells of petty questions and bed bugs
Before being shot, no chronic nervousness.
Instead, rapid excitement: machine-gun slugs
Knocked at his jacket and spat at her dress.

Exposed while springing for a safe position,
The boredom and dead weight of the regime
Shrugged off their shoulders like a stupid question,
Their drab lives shed like details from a dream.

They clicked a neutral camera and a hostile rifle,
Felt a shrill heaviness, and are forever still.

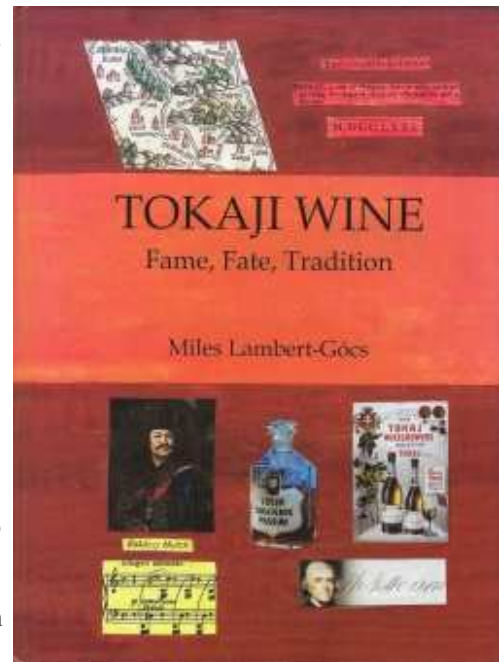
(In: *"From the Hungarian Revolution – a collection of poems"* edited by David Ray. Cornell University Press, 1966).

Robert Bagg is an American poet and translator. He was born in New Jersey in 1935, and studied at Amherst, The University of Connecticut, and at the American Academy in Rome. He taught English at the University of Massachusetts, and has published several volumes of poetry. He has translated works of



Now I had the answer. Like the potato famine in 1840's Ireland which caused mass migration to America, the phylloxera blight wiped out the chief livelihood of many Tokaji. The stark choice for them, as for the Irish, was to emigrate or starve.

Another interesting fact I discovered how heterogeneous the Tokaji region always has been. There is probably little unadulterated Magyar DNA in our ancestors. People migrated there from Greece, Italy (the town "Bari" reflects the Italians who settled there), Germany, Walloons (Protestant French-Belgians), Poles, Russians, Croats (hence Erdő Horváti), Jews from Cracow, Slovaks and Bohemians etc. The wine trade was a very lucrative one, since the Tokaji wine was prized by the aristocracy from many lands, who owned many of the choicest vineyards and therefore attracted international interest. It was even said that the medieval alchemist Paracelsus traveled to the Hegyalja because he thought the grapes had pure gold in them which he intended to distill with his philosopher's stone.



Even though the book is not easy reading, it provided me with the answer as to why my grandfather, who died before I was born, kept a huge wine cask in his cellar on Bostwick Avenue from which my dad would draw a sample whenever he went to collect the rents from the six-family house he inherited from his father. Now I understand the importance of this little ritual to my father. He was savoring a taste of our golden past.

Copies of *Tokaji Wines* can be obtained from Amazon.com, barnes&noble.com or ordered from any book store. Signed copies can be purchased by sending \$22 (which includes shipping) to Miles Lambert-Göcs
1008 Settlement Dr.
Williamsburg, VA 23188
Email: miles.lambert@att.net

TOKAJI WINE— a book review

Martha Schipul

Tokaji Wine is a comprehensive encyclopedia of the history, techniques, geography and the individuals involved in the production of "Magyar gold," the sweet, rich, amber after-dinner wine prized all over the world.

The "Hegyalja" or foothill region was not confined to the modern borders of Hungary but extended well into Slovakia as part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The history as a wine region goes way back in time before the Middle Ages, and the early entry of Greek winegrowers made the grapes grown more of a southern Greek rather than Rhenish German or French varieties.

Because the book is organized as an encyclopedia in alphabetical order, the history and viniculture is initially presented in a fragmented manner. It isn't until page fifty that we have a historical overview. This is not a book for light reading, but more of a reference for terms, places, or historical figures involved in Magyar viniculture. Only a confirmed oenologist would be interested in reading it from cover to cover.

However several interesting facts emerged as I read it. One is that the development of this wine was influenced by two types of microorganisms. One was the botrytis, a beneficial fungus that attacks the grape right before the autumn harvest, which gives the grapes, left to dry to raisins on the vine, their prized heavy sweetness; the other, malignant, bacteria was the phylloxera which decimated the vines in the mid 1880's.

I had always wondered why the Hungarians whose families had come to Fairfield County in the 1880's were almost always from the Tokaj region. Indeed my entire family had come from what I learned to be prime winegrowing towns of Erdőbene, Erdő Horváti, Sátoraljaujhely and Kassa, starting in 1887.

Franz Liszt and His Lasting Influence

By Tony Procaccini

On October 22nd, the musical world commemorates the 200th anniversary of the birth of Liszt Ferenc. To aid our observance, "honorary Hungarian" Tony Procaccini presents a concise view of the life and legacy of Liszt. (It may be worthy of note that the Budapest airport, formerly known as "Ferihegy", has this spring been renamed "Liszt Ferenc repülőtér".)

During his long and fascinating career, the multi-faceted Franz Liszt - Liszt Ferenc to Hungarians - became a true Renaissance man, as well as one of the most important influences on Western music. He lived from 1811 to 1886, a period which commenced with the arrival of contemporary titans such as Verdi, Wagner, Schubert and Chopin.

The adjective multi-faceted, in a sense, understates Liszt. In addition to being a prolific composer, pianist, conductor and teacher, he was a major benefactor to other composers, including Wagner, Hector Berlioz, Camille Saint-Saens, Edvard Grieg and Alexander Borodin. He also gave much of his proceeds to charity and humanitarian causes, including the Hungarian National School of Music. He earned so much money from his concerts that virtually all his performing proceeds after 1857 went to charity.

Liszt was born in the village of Doborján (now known as Raiding) in Sopron County. His place of birth is now part of Austria. His father was an accomplished musician who, in addition to being employed in the court of Miklós the Great (Nagy Miklós) at Eszterházy, met the likes of Haydn, Beethoven and others. At a young age, Franz became a student of Carl Czerny of Vienna, a pianist who had studied with Beethoven. At the age of 11, the young Liszt began a dazzling career as a virtuoso concert artist that lasted until 1848. He lived in Paris most of this time.

Liszt's contemporaries considered him to be the most technically advanced pianist of his time and, although recorded sound came into being long after his death, he is still often considered the greatest pianist of all time. (Fans of Sergei Rachmaninoff and Vladimir Horowitz may disagree, having both film and the advantage of LPs in their favor, but the early consensus still points in favor of Liszt.) After his stint in Paris, Liszt continued his multi-national odyssey in Germany, as Court Music Director at Weimar. There he conducted important works of the Romantic Period, including Wagner's "Lohengrin" in 1850. His life was also highlighted by affairs with ladies of high position and honors bestowed on him by cities and kings from all over Europe.

From 1861 to 1870, while residing principally in Rome, Liszt added to his allure and mystique by taking minor orders in the Church. The last years of his life were split among Rome, Weimar and Budapest.

Liszt's musical eclecticism was influenced by many factors: Hungarian origin, German training in his early years, Parisian literary Romanticism, program music (best represented by the French composer Hector Berlioz), the piano music of the Polish-born Frederic Chopin, and the influence of the ultra-virtuoso Italian violinist Niccolò Paganini.

Liszt's music for piano, certainly among the most difficult ever composed, was not written for mere technical brilliance. A large part of Liszt's piano output consists of transcriptions, i.e., his own arrangements of operatic arias, songs by Schubert, Bach organ fugues, music by Wagner, and symphonies by Berlioz and Beethoven.

One finds great musicality in these pieces, and their historical importance should not be understated: they made important music known to many people who had little or no opportunity to become familiar with the original works.

In addition to two concertos for piano and orchestra, etudes for piano and collections of tone poems (program music at its best and his own creation), Liszt's Sonata for Piano in B Minor (1853) is an often-played work in concert halls, and a favorite of this writer's.

Liszt also wrote compositions which make free use of national tunes. The most well-known are the nineteen Hungarian Rhapsodies, whose melodies - Rhapsody #2 can be heard on "Bugs Bunny" and "Tom and Jerry" episodes - are a well-known part of Western music. Critics and scholars downplay their importance, citing the lack of true Hungarian folk tunes, but rather the use of gypsy (or multi-ethnic) music which traveled around Europe. They aver that Liszt's Hungarian music does not represent true "folk music" in the way that Bartók's research showed many years later. Whatever one's stance, Liszt's music, folk or otherwise, has stood the test of time.

In his later years, Liszt added the role of teacher to his compendium, and he had a significant influence on a myriad of students. Many of the harmonic elements found in Liszt's music anticipated and influenced 20th century music such as that of Debussy, Ravel and Bartók, which means he still reaches us today, directly and indirectly.

This writer strongly suggests that readers visit the Liszt Ferenc Museum in Budapest, which is close to the famous music academy which also bears his name.

Tony Procaccini last wrote for "Magyar News" (print version) in 2003, after contributing roughly 16 articles, going back to 1997. He was organist at St. Ladislaus Church in Norwalk, CT from 1978-1982, and at St. Stephen of Hungary Church in New York City from 1998-2003, and has visited Hungary four times. He presently is Music Director of St. Patrick Church in Bridgeport, CT, an Italian-English interpreter/translator, and a Frank Sinatra Historian.



Portrait of Liszt Ferenc by Barabás Miklós



House where Liszt Ferenc was born in Doborján (today, Raiding, Austria)

The Terror Háza Evoked My Tears

Judit Vasmatics Paolini

As we once again observe October 23rd, the latest Hungarian national holiday, we present a personal recollection of those days, and of the building that symbolized all that the Freedom Fighters were fighting against.

The Terror Háza (House of Terror) on Andrásy út in Budapest commands attention. Its grim and gray façade with a soffit containing the letters T-E-R-R-O-R cut out is most peculiar. However, they are not mere ornamentation. When the sun shines through the cut outs the word TERROR appears on the building for any passerby to see. This, structure is visibly shrouded in terror exposing the fear and brutality this small nation endured when it was governed under Nazi German domination and ruled by Communism under Soviet occupation.

During their reign, the building served as the headquarters for both the secret police of the Arrow Cross as well as the Communist secret police. At their hands, vicious cruelty was inflicted upon innocent victims and many died here. Today it is a museum and sheds light on the atrocious events which occurred under both these oppressive regimes. More importantly, it also serves as a memorial to the victims.

Recently, I visited the museum. I no sooner entered when I stopped cold in my tracks. To my utter surprise, I came face to face with a Soviet tank! Oh, my gosh! The tank, perched in a courtyard, immediately brought back memories of my childhood. Enormous walls flanking the tank are covered with pictures of victims who had been incarcerated, tormented, and even killed here.

After my initial shock, I observed it closely. I tried to spy the faces of the Soviets ready to shoot as they had been in 1956 when they patrolled the streets of Budapest in massive numbers. The Hungarian Freedom Fight had been squelched. It was horrifyingly unsafe for anyone to be outside even if their mission was simple like my mom's. Her goal was to buy loaves of bread for her family. My sister and I accompanied her; Rose was only six, and I was eight. I only saw women and very old men as we stood in line at the bakery. This did not surprise me for it was especially unsafe for young men and men in their prime to be on the streets. Suddenly, we heard this terrible clanking noise as

metal was hitting the pavement. Everyone knew it was surely a Russian tank. Then the noise became menacingly loud, and the massive steel dragon appeared! Oh, my gosh! We were sitting ducks! There was no place to run or hide! It hovered like a giant monster ready to strike. My mom urgently warned Rose and me not to talk or look at the tank which had come to a dead stop. We could not see the Soviets sitting inside as they sat observing, studying, the petrified crowd. Time stood still, and we all stood alert in complete silence for what seemed like an eternity. Our humble group posed no threat. Eventually, it slowly rolled away, clanking down the street.



This killing machine on display provided no answers to my questions. Once the Freedom Fighters managed to drive the Soviets out of Budapest, why did they return with such overwhelming force and continue leveling such cruelty? Who were the men sitting in that tank which so dreadfully scared the meek: women, elderly men, my mother, sister, and me? Our task that fall day should have been

something ordinary and uneventful, not horrifying and life threatening. After all, we were just trying to buy loaves of bread! Then my husband's voice beckoned me to move on for visitors were trying to get by. I didn't linger any longer; instead, I followed George.

The exhibit about life at a gulag labor camp was very disturbing. Numerous videos throughout this room showed horrific images of the harsh physical conditions people were forced to endure. They performed arduous, manual labor which included working in mines without any sophisticated tools. Everyone confined in a gulag was deprived of basic needs. They were malnourished and lacked adequate medical attention. Conditions were dire and appalling. The number of lives lost at labor camps is astounding. The video images were gruesome. Abruptly, I stopped viewing those agonizing scenes, but I did not exit.

Instead, I walked slowly, studying the colossal map on the floor which covered the entire room. I was fascinated. Surveying the map, I tried to discern the towns where labor camps had once existed. Somewhere in my childhood recollection, I believe I had heard of people sent far away (Siberia)—a very cold place where the Russians had labor camps. I had heard of people disappearing, never to return, or returning broken after many years. I was unaware of labor camps in Hungary. Astonishingly, some of the dreaded camps were not far away at all!

At one venue I studied a picture of Stalin. News of his death in 1953 caused children like me great turmoil. I was in daycare when Stalin died. My classmates and I (and who knows how many others?), were falsely and grievously informed that our father died! No, we didn't understand how "our" father died, for many of us were not even related! Yet, the teacher successfully convinced most of us that our father was dead! Distracted by such news, we cried as we waited for our moms to pick us up. I know the anger mother(s) and father(s)

felt realizing their precious little ones were so purposefully and grievously anguished. Parents understood that complaining to school administrators was not only pointless but could have detrimental effects.

Soviet propaganda showcased vibrant, colorful images of people having a pleasant life under Communism, with plenty of work and food for EVERYONE! Sadly, I know firsthand that far too many had virtually nothing—not even enough food to eat.

A huge, illuminated cross embedded in the floor of one room represented the Church. I perceived that under Communism the government tried to bury religion and crush people's faith. However, the illuminated cross clearly symbolized that people's religious faith stood strong. Nevertheless, I am aware that one's spiritual belief was not something discussed casually, and people practiced their faith tempered with caution.

In the basement we viewed reconstructed prison cells and torture chambers where once innocent victims were incarcerated, tortured, and killed. Conditions here were most alarming. The basement was cold even on the hot, August day of our visit. The prison cells and torture chambers were below ground without any windows. The smell down there was unbearable. However, I pressed on slowly observing; others hurried by.

Essentially, a prison cell was almost bare and completely void of any comforts. A prisoner had a very small wooden bench on which to sleep. I saw no mattress. The cells generally lacked a toilet and a sink. Looking around, I noted very thick concrete walls. Any hope of escape was futile. The torture chambers were very poignant. One was a small room filled with cold water where a prisoner was forced to sit for who knows how long! We viewed a cell where the air flow entering could be controlled; by restricting the flow of air, a prisoner was easily suffocated without any warning. Another contained a noose for hanging. Viewing the prison cells and torture chambers made me shudder for they were absolutely heart-wrenching.

Finally, we reached the Hall of the 1956 Revolution. There were numerous video screens which showed newsreels of the events which took place. My own recollections were spurred. People were jubilant at the early successes of the Freedom Fighters. I vividly recall the excitement

in our own apartment complex; adults were very optimistic and exuberant. Hungarians were hopeful of attaining a better life—one without Communism. The populace was hoping to rise above their miserable circumstance.

Newsreels were ample, but artifacts were very few. From a distance I spied graphite painted on a brick wall. Once it was clearly within view I was able to read it—RUSZKÍK HAZA! This short sentiment explicitly expressed the will of the people—RUSSIANS GO HOME! The few items on display included the Hungarian flag which had a gaping hole in its center where a brave person had dared to remove the despised Communist symbol! Seeing this flag in person caused me to pause and appreciate its significance. Yes, for a brief fleeting moment, Hungarians believed a democratic society was within their reach. However, military aid from the West never came. The Soviets swiftly crushed the forradalom, Freedom Fight!

Eventually, we made our way to the exhibit featuring emigrants. My family was among the 200,000 refugees who escaped that fall before Hungary's borders were completely sealed off by the Soviets. Videos showed refugees in Austria receiving help from the Red Cross. A collage consisting of colorful postcards was on display. They had been sent by refugees from faraway places—America, Canada, Australia and other places which offered a safe haven.

Suddenly, I heard a song from my childhood—Oly távol, messze van hazám (My Native Land, So Far Away). It was very popular in 1957; I heard it often at our refugee camp in Salzburg, Austria. The words conveyed a deep longing for one's homeland and all that was familiar. Upon hearing it, some refugees found the words heart-breaking and became teary-eyed. Very little at the camp was familiar! Everyone left families and friends behind; many traveled alone and dearly missed loved ones. Though people had great expectations, everybody knew all too well that they might never have the opportunity to see their precious family and friends again! Then a plethora of emotions emerged, evoking my tears. I was caught in the past crying. I exited this room a couple of times. However, I was nostalgic and longed for my own Mom and Dad, so I returned.

My husband gently urged, "Judit, your family is fine. You're safe. You made it. Come on! Let's go!" He was right. And I

was ready to bid good-bye to the past. My family did make it. Mom and Dad did provide a better life for us in America—one which was free from wanting the most basic needs...one which enabled us to flourish!

We entered the Hall of Tears which is a memorial to the innocent victims who died in this building. The hall was beautiful, quiet, and serene. Many candles glowed softly. Solemnly, we remembered the valiant Freedom Fighters and all those who died here. We assured those who lost their life fighting for a democratic society that their heroic efforts were not in vain!

We know the Soviets had no legitimate reason for staying beyond '56, but they did. Their grand exodus began in 1989, with the last group departing in 1991.

On our way toward the exit, we passed walls covered with pictures of the perpetrators. I was astonished to learn that many are still alive and have yet to pay for their vicious, inhumane deeds!

When we stepped outside a beautiful, sunny day greeted us once again. We headed for a respite at a McCafé where a nice cup of cappuccino was surely waiting for us. George was also looking forward to savoring an Eszterházy torta; and I was anticipating a yummy Linzer cookie. Yes, we were ready to enjoy the sweet pleasures one finds on this vivacious boulevard in Budapest!

Judit Paolini is a member of the Magyar News Online editorial board.



More photo on next page >



“Although you may forgive the murderers, do not forget the terror’s horror, and remember the victims.”

The 2011 St. Stephen’s School Reunion

by Robert Kranyik

Several times a week, after I finish swimming my mile at the University of Bridgeport pool, I drive through the West End of Bridgeport, once the location of one of America’s most vibrant Hungarian communities, and now an area of modern industrial and business buildings. As I drive, I am reminded of what was once there, a thriving community where Hungarian was spoken on the streets, the location of several churches and a synagogue, all attended by our ancestors. It was the first community in America where my great-grandparents and grandparents lived, and where my parents were born. I did not grow up there, but attended church there, and had relatives who lived in the midst of this wonderful community, known to many as “Hunktown”, but to others as “The West End”.

Running through the heart of the area is a street called “Wordin Avenue”, now somewhat truncated, but 60 years ago, the main artery through the Hungarian neighborhood. The Sacred Heart University documentary film “Searching for Wordin Avenue” focuses on that street and the people who lived there in the Hungarian community. Today, virtually no one lives on Wordin Avenue, or the adjoining streets, for that matter, since

the construction of I-95. It is truly an industrial neighborhood. There is almost no evidence left that the Hungarians lived there. There is however, one structure remaining on the western end of Wordin Avenue. It is a yellow brick warehouse building now owned by the City, but it was once the Saint Stephen’s Parochial School, attended by many of the then young Hungarian-Americans who lived in the West End and some who lived in nearby communities, but commuted to the school.

Saint Stephen’s Roman Catholic Church, once the mother church of Hungarian Catholics in Bridgeport, no longer exists. It survives in spirit in Saint Emery’s Church, a few miles away in Fairfield, where the Hungarian speaking parishioners, a small but hardy group, remember Saint Stephen’s Church and School with fond affection. For those who know their Hungarian history, it makes great sense that Saint Stephen’s Church would be supplanted by a church named Saint Emery’s, for Emery was the son of the first Hungarian Christian king, Saint Stephen.

Saint Stephen’s School as an educational institution is no more. But its graduates hold fond memories and bring back those memories each time they hold a reunion. I became aware of the 2011 reunion through Barbara Moroson, a retired researcher at Yale University. Some of our readers may recall a short article in the May 2010 issue of

Magyar News Online, entitled “Agnes and Friend”. The photo was bequeathed to me by my Grandmother, Agnes Tobis Kranyik, and shows her with another young woman, who she told me personally, was her best friend in here early years in America. The friend’s name was Anna Kish Spisak, who happened to be the grandmother of Barbara Moroson, and who called me to tell me so. It was through her invitation and the effort of Reunion Chairman, Nancy Kali, that I was able to attend this happy and heart felt event.

More than 80 people had dinner together at Cinzano’s Restaurant in Fairfield, Connecticut, sadly, there being no surviving Hungarian restaurant in the area, with the closing a few years ago of “Pearl of Budapest” and “The Kosuth Club”. Attendees ranged, in terms of date of graduation, from Bill Fabri, class of 1932 (actually a year after I was born) to Joan Trvardek Lasprogato, class of 1960.

The school actually closed in 1971. Scattered in among the guests were Joseph Krotki and his wife, Margaret Lengen Krotki, friends and neighbors of my daughter, Mary Louise. The Palko brothers, Robert and Nicholas Palko, friends from Fayerweather Yacht Club, were there, as was Joe Pavlicsak, a classmate at the Fairfield Hungarian School, and a helpful contributor to the article “The Johnson Street Hungarians” which also appeared in The Magyar

News Online. Father Stephen Balint gave the benediction. He says the Hungarian Mass at Saint Emery's these days. Steve Jakab, retired Vice President of Fairfield University was there with his wife Carol. Steve will be helping out on the Steering Committee for the development of the Hungarian Archive at the Fairfield Museum and History Center, along with Magyar News founder Joseph Balogh and wife Claudia, and Joseph Ull, long time friend, Hungarian School classmate, and swimming and boating buddy. I even met a former graduate student of mine, Sandra Rinko Richeimer, whose father I knew in earlier days at the Yacht Club.

Ruben, Edith Lucas Szabo and Al Zsabo, John (Jack) Zotack and Phyllis Zotack, Nancy Pipa Legar, Michael Petro, Nancy Sabol, Anthony Stankiewicz, Joseph Ull, Bill Borosky, Barbara Hellmann O'Neill, Doroth Stodolski Rouleau, Barbara Moroson, Sandra Rinko Richeimer, Carloyn Gulyas Ramirez, Barbara Hasslemann, Frank Camerano, and John Lucas Hasslemann. The attendees comprised a great cross section of our Hungarian community. They enjoyed a fine meal, complete with Hungarian cakes and cookies. That second anthem of the local Hungarians, including me, arose spontaneously – "Az a szép! Az a szép! Akinek a szeme kék!" - and virtually rang from one end of the hall

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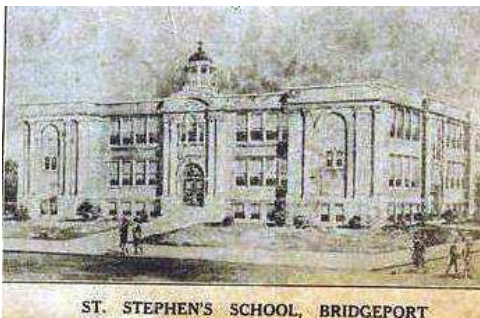
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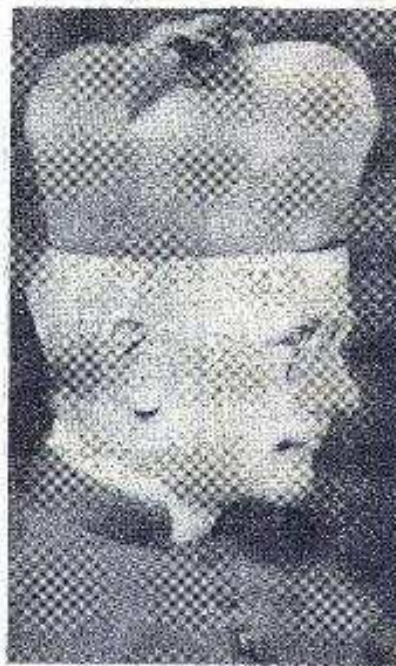


ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL, BRIDGEPORT

Harvey Paulin was busy taking photos of those in attendance, something he does at every reunion of the Saint Stephen's alumni. According to Nancy Kali, Harvey started the reunion years ago. He was an overseas teacher and taught in Spain for 40 years. When he returned to Connecticut, he started getting together with some of his classmates from Saint Stephen's (class of 1950). The first reunion was held at the Red Lobster and 12 people showed up. Since then the attendance has grown.

Among those who attended included Bill Fabri, Joseph Krotki, Margaret Langan Krotki, Magdalene Freiler Gagy, Kathy Sherwood, Beatrice Horvath, Helen Garber Norton, Nicholas Palko, Lou Freiler, Theresa Paviliscsak Sharp, Robert and Irma Palko, Helen Rohaly Durkin, Kim Bichetti, Gertrude Preg Mygodney, Irene Menhart Petrevic, Michael Petrovic, Yolanda Varga Sokolski, Jane Ann Rinko Cole, Albert Kavalecz, Jeannine Paulin Piccinino, Annie Morosa Chatlos, Helen Petrinovich Catterson, John and Gertrude Turk, Ethel Ray Wuennemann, Lawrence and Irene Murphy, Ann Maier Provolo, Pauline Paulin Lucas, Carman Viadero, Mary Resonya Pintek, Barbara Swarney Chuga and Greg Chuga, Nancy Durica Kali, Paul Lesko, Ethel Boczan Miano, Ronald and Peggy Naveken, Harvey and Maria Paulin, Robert Paulin and Marily

West End Hungarians scattered by turnpike, time and renewal



ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH — The Rev. Stephen F. Chernitzky, left, served as pastor of St. Stephen's church for 34 years, the longest in the history of the parish. At left is St. Stephen's church built in 1859 at 300 Spruce street to serve Hungarian Catholics and torn down in 1974 for an industrial development project. St. Stephen's Parochial School, was used for educating grammar school children from 1926 to 1974 and is now a city of Bridgeport Health and Recreation Center. (Photos courtesy of Diocese of Bridgeport and John Lesko)



A Szegedi Papucs

Szabo Karolina

Oláh Éva hívta fel figyelmem arra, hogy 2011 március 8-án hunyt el a 98-éves Rátkai Sándor, a szegedi papucs mestere.

A szegedi Rátkai Sándor sok évi inaszkodás, az 1943-ban letett mestervizsga és a II. világháború után nyitotta meg saját papucs készítő műhelyét. Munkájáért több kitüntetést kapott: Kiváló Iparos, Az Ipar Kiváló Mestere, és a Kiváló Kisiparos Arany fokozatát.

A papucs viselete a török megszállás korára vezethető vissza. Szegeden, az 1800-es évek végén, amikor az utak kikövezése megtörtént, indult meg nagyobb mértékben a papucs készítés. Előtte a sáros utcákon ugyanis az asszonyok is csizmában jártak. A kedves kis cipellőhöz a szegényebb asszonynép is hozzájutott, és büszkén hordta kékfestő szoknyájával.

Először a forgató, vagy is az *egy lábas* papucsot készítették, ami azt jelenti, hogy jobb és bal lábon lehetett viselni, és csak az 1850-es években kezdték készíteni a *kétlábas* papucsot. Korai készítői a környék országos vásárait, de még messzebbre (Arad, Budapest, Eger) is kocsival vitték a kapós papucsokat.

A papucs kézzel készített, varrott, hímzett; bőr, bársony és selyemből készül. Több típusa van, de három a legismertebb. Az első a török időkből származó alacsony sarku, pettyes, főleg fekete alapon. A második a „magyar papucs”, 3 cm magas sarku, talpa bőr, felső része bársony, de bőrrrel megerősítve. Az első két típus egy lábas. A harmadik típus a „piros bojtos”: búzakalász, búzavirág, pipacs és rózsával hímzett, szalaggal díszített bársony felső résszel, és bőr talppal készült.

A Szegedi Papucs gyermek és felnőtt méretekben készül. Nagyszerű minősége által éveken át tartó lábbeli; a színes, hímzett, magasabb sarku csinosítja a női lábat. Nagyon sok menyasszony járja benne a menyasszonyi táncot. A mai népi táncsoportok kedvenc viselete.

Rátkai Sándor tanítványa, Ormándi László folytatja a hagyomány megőrzését. Három évig tanult mestere mellett, majd vizsgái után Kiskúnfélegyházán telepedett le, ahol továbbra is kézzel készíti a papucsokat. Ormándi is több kitüntetést kapott munkájáért.

Ormándi László papucsai megrendelhetőek az U.S.A.-ból az alanti címen:

Email: ormandi.papucs@gmail.com
P ó s t a c í m :
Kiskúnfélegyháza, Zrinyi Miklós út 11.
2 / 2 2 , H u n g a r y
Tel : 011-36-76-465-406 011-36-20-244-5449



*Rátkai Sándor és tanítványa,
Ormándi László*

The Slippers of Szeged

by Karolina Szabo

Following many years as an apprentice, and his Mastery exam in 1943, and after WWII, Rátkai Sándor of Szeged opened his own slipper-making workshop. He received many awards for his work: *Kiváló Iparos, Az Ipar Kiváló Mestere, Kiváló Kisiparos Arany fokozat.*

Use of slippers goes back to the Turkish occupation of Hungary. When the streets of Szeged were finally paved with stones, at the end of the 1800's, slipper production increased. Before that time, even the women wore boots on the muddy streets. Women with less money were able to purchase fairly priced little slippers, and proudly wore them with their also fairly priced "kékfestő" skirts.

In the beginning, the slippers were made to fit either feet, called the 'forgató' or 'egylábas' (no left or right); only in the 1850's did they start to make 'kétlábas' slippers. The earlier makers

took the slippers with their horse-drawn wagons to the area country fairs, but sometime even further – to *Arad, Budapest, and Eger.*

The slippers are hand-sewn, embroidered, and made from leather, corduroy, velvet or silk. They come in many styles; of these, three styles are best known. The first one goes back to the Turkish era. It is low heeled, and has polkadots on a dark, mostly black background. The second is a 'Magyar papucs' (Hungarian slipper), made with 3 cm heels, leather sole and corduroy uppers. The third style is a 'piros bojtos' (red pompoms), with leather sole, velvet uppers, lined with leather, and embroidered with ears of wheat, cornflowers, poppies and roses.

The slippers are made in children's or adult sizes, and the good quality guarantees years of wear. The colorfully embroidered higher heeled slippers make women's legs look elegant. Many brides dance their 'menyasszonyi tánc' (bridal dance) in them. The slippers are the favorite "shoe" of today's folk dance groups.

Ormándi László was a student of Rátkai Sándor for three years. After his final exams, he settled in *Kiskúnfélegyháza*, where he continues to make the slippers of Szeged by hand. For his work he too received many awards. His pledge is to produce good quality slippers and keep up the tradition at the same time.

His "Szeged Slippers" can be ordered from the US the address below:

Email: ormandi.papucs@gmail.com
Address: *Kiskúnfélegyháza, Zrinyi Miklós út 11. 2/22*
Tel: 011-36-76-465-406
011-36-20-244-5449



Rajkó Gypsy Ensemble Concert in Norwalk, CT

Debbie Soos



An 8-member Ensemble of the highly acclaimed Rajkó Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra from Budapest is doing an American tour. One of their performances was at the Crystal Theater in Norwalk, CT on Friday evening, September 16th. What a wonderful, enjoyable evening of a mixture of classical and Hungarian music in one performance!

The Rajkó Gypsy Orchestra is one of the most respected and important presenters and preservers of this national musical tradition. The four violinists of the ensemble took turns at being the “*primás*”, or leader of the group. Each musician is a highly skilled master of his instrument. Traditional instruments – violins, a clarinet, viola, bass and *cimbalom* – blend together to produce the authentic Gypsy music sound of the 19th and 20th centuries’ Hungarian music.

The *cimbalom* mesmerized composers such as Liszt and Strauss. The form of the instrument was the invention of the Hungarian instrument maker, Schunda József in Budapest, in 1874. The *cimbalom* used by the Rajkó Ensemble today was made by Bohák Sándor in Hungary, and is about 100 years old. It was completely rebuilt recently, and is on its first tour in the USA. Special guest artist, Kuti Sándor, who is featured in this American tour, is one of the best *cimbalom* players in the world today.

The first part of the program included classical masterpieces based on compositions by Liszt Ferenc, in memory of the 200th anniversary of his birth. As stated on the program, “*A European tradition in folk and classical music at its best, ‘Ferenc Liszt and his beloved gypsy music’.*” Liszt lived in Budapest several months every year, loved the music of Gypsy orchestras and searched out the best ones. He incorporated in his compositions many tunes he heard.

The second part of the performance included traditional folk music, plus audience requests which were given to the group during intermission. It was more light-

hearted, with some comic antics by the musicians that caused laughter among the audience.

In the tradition of true Gypsy orchestras, the Rajkó alters their programs every night to suit the specific concert audience and the musicians’ own creative mood.

This is the essence of Roma music: spontaneity, improvisation and drawing a smile or a tear from the listeners. Hundreds of years of tradition in Hungary by Gypsy musicians formed and shaped the Hungarian spirit and provided great support to Hungary in times of trouble as well as in times of triumph. It has been said that Hungarian Gypsy music, as was heard at this concert, provided one of the foundations for Hungarian culture.

The Gypsy musicians have been rigorously trained at its legendary music school in Budapest. The school, together with the orchestra, was established in 1952. It specifically recruits talented young persons with Roma backgrounds and trains them in the traditions of Central European Gypsy style music. However, the students are also offered a classical musical education, shaping them to be exceptional performers. “*Rajkó*” means “young Roma” which is, in fact, an appropriate name for the students at the school. The artistic standards of the “*Rajkós*” are unique in that they preserve a musical tradition which is rooted in improvisation – an essential ingredient to their virtuosity.

The *Rajkó Orchestra* has had highly successful tours throughout Europe, North and South America, Australia, and the Far East. Recently, they were invited twice to perform in the Vatican, first for the Pope, and then at the European Congress of the Pastoral Care for Gypsies. They have frequently appeared on national and international television and radio, and also have a number of critically acclaimed recordings to their name.

The concert was presented by the Hungarian Cultural Society of Connecticut, the Pannonia American-Hungarian Club and the Hungarian Community Club of Wallingford, with support from the Balassi Bálint Institute of Budapest, the William Penn Association and the Hungarian Cultural Center of New York.

Debbie Soos is married to Paul Soos, an Assistant Webmaster for Magyar News Online. Although she has no Hungarian background, she has been attending the

Hungarian School run by Magyar Studies of America, together with her husband, for several years.

Kicsi a világ – Even on the Water!

One day during the latter part of August, I went down to the dock at our club and came upon a beautiful twenty-foot long sailboat. Blue in color, and known as a “Flicka”, the sloop-rigged craft is well known as perhaps the smallest practical sailboat for cruising the inland waters and living aboard for short periods of time.

The captain of the vessel was in the cockpit, and so I went over to say “hello” and to welcome him to Fayerweather Yacht Club, something we do as a matter of course for our guests.

After a few preliminaries, he told me that his name was Ivan Kadar, and he was an engineer from the Long Island area of New York. He spoke with an accent that I immediately recognized, having been exposed to it virtually all of my life. With a name like Kadar, he was obviously of Hungarian background, and so, we began a conversation in our ancestral tongue.

He told me that he cruised alone around Long Island Sound each year as a vacation. I told him that he was tied up at a yacht club that comes as close as any to being a Hungarian yacht club. Throughout much of its history, Fayerweather Yacht Club has had a large percentage of members of Hungarian ancestry, including a few who were born in Hungary itself.

This is because the West End of Bridgeport once contained one of the largest settlements of Hungarian immigrants in the country, and they came here for the jobs which existed in the many factories. As the Hungarians prospered, many of them moved out to the suburbs or to other places across the United States. Yet, a few of us remain at the yacht club where we occasionally entertain our friends by demonstrating our Hungarian language skills, many of which were taught to us by our grandparents.

I hope that Ivan felt at home here during his stay. *Kicsi a világ!*

Sertéskaraj egybesütve

Karolina Szabo

Édesanyám vasárnaponként gyakran készített finom mártásokat húshoz. Az egybesült karaj, rántott vagy sült oldalas mellé mi, gyermekek meguntuk a paradicsom mártást és néha meglepett bennünket az ő 'speciális' mártásával.

-5 lbs csont nélküli disznókaraj
¼ pohár olvasztott zsír vagy olaj
1-2 gerezd fokhagyma
1 kiskanál só
½ kiskanál fekete bors
½ kiskanál fehér bors
Szárított és apróra tört rozsmaring (izléstől függ)

Egy kis tálba összekeverjük a sót, borsokat és rozsmaringot. A fokhagymát hosszúkás csíkokra vágjuk. A húst megmossuk, papír törülkövel megtörölgetjük. Késsel megszurkáljuk és a lyukakba belenyomjuk a fokhagyma cikkeket. A bors és só keverékével bedörzsöljük. Tepsibe tesszük és fél óráig állni hagyjuk. Mielőtt a sütőbe tesszük, az olvasztott zsiradékkal leöntjük. Alumínium fóliával betakarjuk és az előmelegített sütőbe tesszük. Egy óra után levesszük a fóliát és gyakori öntözgetéssel szép pirosra sütjük. A hús belső hőmérséklete kell hogy elérje a 180°-t.

15 percig hűlni hagyjuk; felszeleteljük és rizzsel, burgonyával és párolt káposztával tálaljuk.

Finom szószot vagy mártást is készíthetünk mellé.

Nekünk édesanyám savanyú uborka vagy szőlőmártása volt a kedvencünk.

Szőlő mártás

1 lb mag nélküli piros szőlő
½ evőkanál cukor (izlés szerint)
1-2 evőkanál vörös bor (tetszés szerint)
½ evőkanál liszt
½ pohár tejfel
¼ pohár víz
½ citrom leve (Én citromlé helyett 1-2 evőkanál vörös bort teszek bele)
½ kiskanál só

A megmosott szőlőt a vízzel, cukorral, sóval, citrom lével és borral felfőzzük. A lisztet a tejfellel simára keverjük. Ha túl sűrű, kicsi tejet keverhetünk bele. Csipetnyi sót is tegyünk hozzá, majd hozzáöntjük a főtt szőlőhöz és újra felfőzzük.

Pork roast

4-5 lbs boneless pork loin
¼ cup oil

1-2 cloves garlic
1 tsp salt
½ tsp ground black pepper
½ tsp ground white pepper
Rosemary (optional)

In a small bowl mix salt, peppers and rosemary. Cut garlic into slivers. Rinse pork with cold water, pat dry with a paper towel. With a knife poke holes and push garlic slivers into holes. Rub meat with the salt and pepper mixture. Put in baking dish and let it stand for a half hour.

Sprinkle with oil and cover with aluminum foil and put into oven. After 1 hour, take off the foil and roast it until meat temperature is 180°. Brush often during the second part of roasting.

Let it stand for 15 minutes before slicing it. Serve roast with rice, potato, sautéed cabbage and delicious grape sauce.



Grape sauce

1 lb seedless red grapes
½ Tbsp sugar (optional)
1-2 Tbsp red wine (optional)
½ Tbsp flour
½ cup sour cream
¼ cup water
½ lemon's juice or 1-2 Tbsp red wine
½ tsp salt

Remove grapes from stems and wash. Cook in water, add sugar, wine, salt and juice of a lemon.

Mix flour with sour cream until smooth. Add small amount of water if too thick. Mix in a dash of salt and add to grapes. Bring to boil.



*Ed Sullivan and Elvis Presley
Jan 6, 1957*

Did you know...

...that there is a square, or rather an intersection in Budapest that is named after Elvis Presley, and he was made an honorary citizen. This spring, Mayor Tarlós István announced that of the 12 unnamed public squares they had the vote to change the intersection of Ferenc körút and Üllői út to Presley Elvis Tér.

Tarlós István spoke about how he wanted to preserve the singer's memory in the country's capitol because Elvis Presley supported the Hungarians during the 1956 Revolution and Freedom fight. In January 1957, on Ed Sullivan's TV show, the superstar singer dedicated the song "Peace in the Valley" (Béke a völgyben) to the Hungarians. As Elvis was singing, the backdrop showed a video montage of the struggle in Hungary.

In introducing the song, Sullivan announced that Presley would be doing a benefit concert for the cause in Los Angeles in a month, but the Hungarians needed help now; so, Elvis asked the viewers to immediately send their contributions and packages.

The Budapest leadership also suggested that because of Elvis' sincere sympathy toward the Revolution and his taking a prominent role in obtaining assistance from the American people, they confer upon him the title 'honorary citizen'.

In today's American dollars, Elvis' plea resulted in contributions of over \$44 million!

The following link is to the clip of Elvis Presley on the Ed Sullivan Show on January 6, 1957:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=paeOBN5e7iM&feature=related>



Presley Elvis Tér



During the 1980's Claudia and Joseph Balogh wrote, edited and presented an informative radio series in the Bridgeport, Connecticut area as part of the weekly program featuring Rózsi és László, very well known and respected Hungarian musicians. The Hungarian Mosaic focused on a variety of topics of interest to Hungarian Americans and we are pleased to present another of these topics.

Tokaji aszú

The Tokay wine gained recognition in 1551, when Pope Julius III, at the Council of Trent, endorsed this wine by stating that it belongs to the papal table. When Pope Benedict XIV received a treat from Empress Maria Theresa, he made a pun with his name "Benedict" – meaning "blessed". He said this: "Blessed be the land which grew you, blessed be the lady who sent you, and I am blessed too, who drinks you." With all this blessing from this high source, the Tokay wine lived up to its expectations through the centuries, including our time as well. Maybe the price of the royal drink went down a bit (N.B. this piece was aired in the 1980's!!! Ed.), because in 1852 a pint size bottle of Tokay wine sold for over \$50. in London.

Different wine regions have their special grapes for wine making. Some have the *riesling*, others the *cabernet*, and the Tokay mountains have the *szamorodni*. This *szamorodni* grape grows on the rich volcanic soil, on the gentle slopes

facing the midday sun and the vast flat lands. Its high sugar content as well as help from Mother Nature make it possible in good vintage years to ripen and shrink the grapes into raisins in great proportion. This raisin is the key to the special Tokay wines.

The grape harvest starts on October 28th and goes into

December. During the harvest, the grape pickers leave the shivering clusters on the vine and only gather them at a later time when the berries have dried to perfection, sometimes even waiting till the snow sets in. The dried – so-called *aszú* – grapes are gathered in portable casks, the *puttony*. These are poured, measured into barrels where, it is smashed into a pulp with some must. Then they pour some more must in with it and let it stay for a day or two, stirring it several times.

The number of *puttonys* with the *aszú* grapes added to the barrel of must determines the number marked on the bottle: the bottle may be marked "3 *puttonyos*", or "5 *puttonyos*". The fermentation of this sweet wine takes a long time, it could go as long as five years, and at the end we get the *Tokaji aszú*.

Aszú was made for the first time in 1650 in the vineyards of Zsuzsanna Lorántffy, the widow of George Rákóczi. It has been proven that the *Tokaji aszú* could hold up for hundreds of years without spoiling.

Another application of the *aszú* grapes is to make an essence. Contrary to the *aszú wine*, the winemakers do not crush or mash the *aszú* grapes, but place them very gently into a vat that has a very small hole, the size of a straw, at the bottom. By their own weight the grapes slowly lose their juice, dripping through the tiny hole into a basin. No must is mixed into this process.

The syrupy liquid has about 50% sugar content and when it turns into wine, the alcohol content is first low, and slowly builds up to six to eight percent.

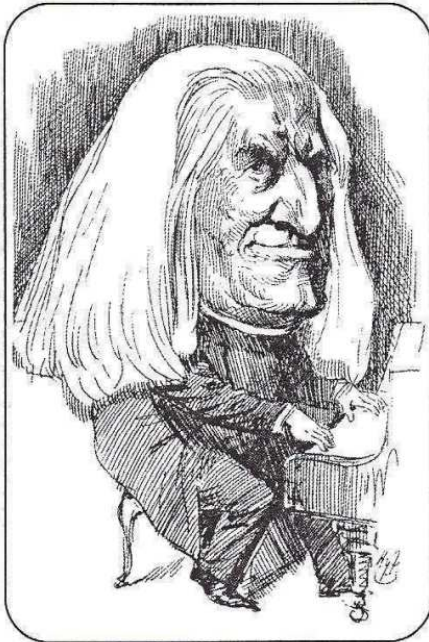
The process requires about 25 years to complete fermentation, but the long wait is worth every minute.

This wine, the Essence of Tokay, not only pleased the palate of royalty but helped restore their health too. King Edward VII postponed his coronation because of ill health, but finally made it to the throne just by drinking Tokay wine. They say that pope Leo XIII lingered on to a great age because of the famous essence.

Tokay wine deserves everybody's blessing because it was used in the curing of all kinds of people. During and after the First World War, those hit by typhoid and other epidemics had a better chance to pull through if they were lucky enough to have wine from Tokay to drink.

This is Claudia Margitay-Balogh pouring this chip of delicious medicine into the Great Hungarian Mosaic.





Tea with Liszt

tends to have heard false notes in his bold harmonies. However, the whole audience becomes electrified and enthused on hearing him. People rave, call out loud, almost lose their mind, and the voice of the scorners is lost like the hum of a mosquito at the roar of a waterfall. I don't imagine there is anything extreme in the show of enthusiasm; no seemingly excited action shows the true greatness of the emotions, and only the unfeeling can regard as extreme what flows from the riotous heat of feelings. On the other hand, the calm, sober mind also has its own truths; and although being able to hear Liszt is a totally surprising, new delight for me, it will be good if he doesn't stay here for too long, because the purse suffers great mutilation on his account."

"Although we Hungarians are all on fire for Liszt, the Saxons are snappishly against him. Liszt had previously gone to Szeben and given a concert there, for which he had printed Hungarian posters and Hungarian tickets. At the end of the concert, the Saxons yelled 'Erlkönig', and some Hungarians who were present yelled 'Rákóczy', and he started in on the Rákóczy March. There was and still is trouble on that account. Some delegates from Szász-szeben, Schmidt foremost, started to hiss. The following day, the musical society of Szeben sent a delegation to apologize to Liszt, because this impropriety occurred only out of political antipathy. They asked him to give another concert, and guaranteed him 600 pengő forint in proceeds. To which he drily replied: 'Even once was enough to make him sorry that he had ever played in Szeben!' The newspapers too were up in arms."

"I do not wish to go into details of this, suffice it to say that, on his way to Bucharest over Veres Torony, Liszt will not give any more concerts in Szeben, but rather in Enyed,

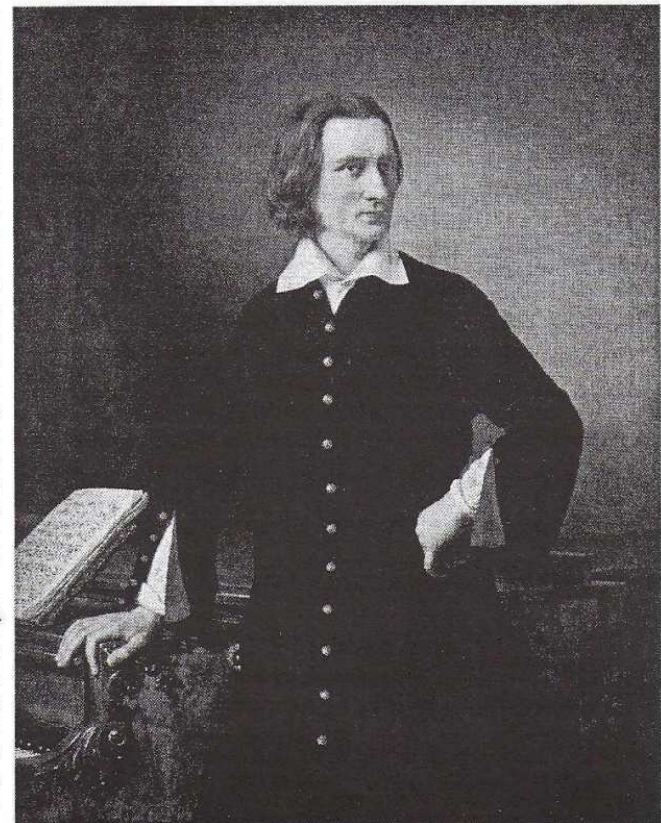
and for the delegate, who is such a great connoisseur of art, a wonderful mock serenade ("macskazene") is in preparation, for which I too have offered a great resounding mortar."

And a few days later, she wrote: "My dear Uncle! What joy I had yesterday. Brassai, that brave man, brought Liszt home to us! He was here for some two hours, and I took great delight in his witty conversation. Upon leaving, he expressed his regret at having made our acquaintance only so late, and promised that if he returns -perhaps in the spring -he will come to see us more often. Today this famous compatriot of ours left Kolozsvár, and I praise the year 1846 for having brought to our house such famous individuals as Döbrentei, Neugebauer, Liszt, as well as some lesser lights."

(Translated from the Hungarian by Erika Papp Faber)

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The pen-and-ink drawing of Liszt was done by Harry Furniss, the renowned Victorian caricaturist and illustrator in the early 1880s. Dr Louis Szathmary donated the original to the library of Boston University in 1986 along with his Liszt collection.

Portrait of Franz Liszt



In November-December of 1846, the Hungarian musical genius Franz Liszt gave a series of concerts in Kolozsvár, at the time the capital of Transylvania, and then still part of Hungary. A young woman writer, Lujza malomvizi Malom was present at Liszt's performances, and even had him as an honored guest in her home. This is her description of these events, taken from her letter dated December 4th, 1846, addressed to Gábor Döbrentei, a close family friend, and first director of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences:

"AND NOW LET ME TELL YOU about Liszt -Liszt, who is currently making history in Kolozsvár; who is the topic of every conversation and is on everyone's mind; for whom luncheons and parties are constantly given in the highest circles, to whom people are constantly paying their respects and in whose honor there are torchlight musical evenings and poetry recitals. He has already given three concerts in two weeks. The fourth one will be on Sunday. The concert hall and the theater are always jammed full when he plays. He is a really great artist."

"For me, who so passionately love music, and have never been able to hear such perfection in our isolated little home, the first effect of his playing was like a storm. I was lost in wonder, I was downcast, I was as tired as if I had walked a long, long way. I couldn't speak, what's more, I barely breathed."

"The second and third time, I enjoyed his playing with delight, and no matter how often I might still hear him, it would always enchant me. I'm angry at those who like to find fault in something which, in grandeur, surpasses every carping tendency. One doesn't like the style of his hair, another regards his enthusiasm as a caricature, a third --already an art critic! --pre-