



Halotti beszéd

The original "Halotti beszéd és könyörgés" (Funeral Sermon and Prayer) is the oldest known and surviving contiguous Hungarian text that dates back to the late 12th century. Its hand-scribed ancient language carries the air of old scull and bones found among ruins. As a distant echo, here is a memento of a person who has just passed away; a unique individual, Kosztolányi Dezső reminds us, as we all are. Since in November we remember our departed loved ones, this piece of poetry intends to connect it with our current biography of the poet in this issue.

Halotti beszéd

Kosztolányi Dezső

Látjátok feleim, egyszerre meghalt és itt hagyott minket magunkra. Megcsalt. Ismertük őt. Nem volt nagy és kiváló, csak szív, a mi szívünkhöz közel álló. De nincs már. Akár a föld. Jaj, összedőlt a kincstár.

Okuljatok mindannyian e példán. Ilyen az ember. Egyedüli példány. Nem élt belőle több és most sem él s mint fán se nő egyforma két levél, a nagy időn se lesz hozzá hasonló. Nézzétek e főt, ez összeomló, kedves szemet. Nézzétek, itt e kéz, mely a kimondhatatlan ködbe vész kővé meredve, mint egy ereklje, s rá ékirással van karcolva ritka, egyetlen életének ősi titka.

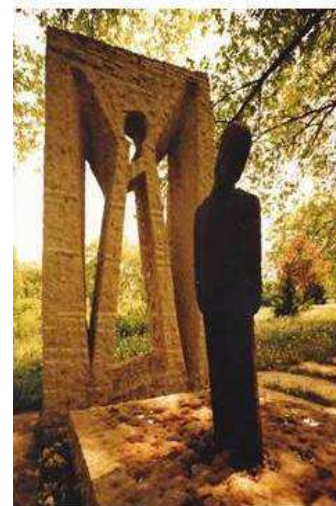
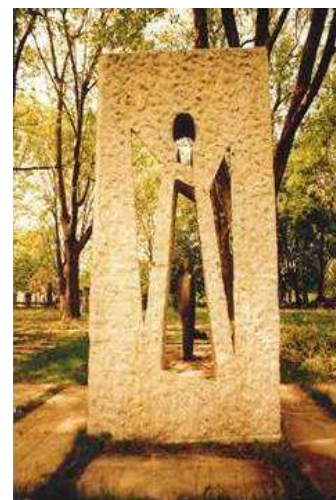
Akárki is volt ő, de fény, de hő volt. Mindenki tudta és hirdette: ő volt. Ahogy szerette ezt vagy azt az ételt, s szólt ajka, melyet mostan lepecsételt a csönd, s ahogy zengett fülünkbe hangja, mint vízbe süllyedt templomok harangja a mélybe lenn, s ahogy azt mondta nem rég: "Édes fiacskám, egy kis sajtot ennék", vagy bort ivott és boldogan meredt a kezében égő, olcsó cigaretta füstjére, és futott, telefonált, és szötte álmát, mint színes fonált: homlokán feltündökölt a jegy, hogy milliók közt az egyetlenegy.

Keresheted őt, nem leled, hiába, se itt, se Fokföldön, se Ázsiába, a múltba sem és a gazdag jövőben akárki megszülethet már, csak ő nem. Többé soha nem gyúl ki halvány-furcsa mosolya. Szegény a forgandó, tündér szerencse, hogy e csodát újólag megteremtse.

Édes barátaim, olyan ez éppen, mint az az ember ottan a mesében. Az élet egyszer csak órája gondolt, mi meg mesélni kezdtünk róla: "Hol volt..." majd rázuhant a mázsás, szörnyű mennybolt, s mi ezt meséljük róla sírva: "Nem volt..." Úgy fekszik ő, ki küzdve tört a jobbra, mint önmagának dermedt-néma szobra. Nem kelti föl se könny, se szó, se egyszer.



Hol volt,
hol nem
volt a
világon
egyszer.



Memorial on Kosztolányi grave in Kerepesi cemetery

Kosztolányi Dezső

Olga Vállay Szokolay

He was born on Palm Sunday and died on All Souls' Day, the Day of the Dead. Almost...

Kosztolányi Dezső, without whom the anthology of 20th century Hungarian literature would not be complete, actually died on November 3rd, but his widow, herself a writer, found it more befitting to take this poetic liberty when she wrote about him.

My teenage years were oddly wrapped in and penetrated with Kosztolányi's poetry. Fortunately, I was surrounded by a circle of friends with whom we lived and shared in the magic of music, fine arts and literature – should I just call it culture?... Oh, we loved parties, dancing till daybreak and had our band consisting of a piano, often with a chain placed on its strings for that special jingly tone, a drum, a string-less banjo for decoration and some combs with tissue paper for the saxophone effect...But we listened to opera, concerts of baroque as well as modern music, visited galleries and exhibits, and we read (well, even wrote...) poetry.

For our age, we were rather well versed (pun just happened...) with the works of a variety of poets in Hungarian, German, English and Latin. But Kosztolányi's works seemed to influence us in particular, to the point that for years we tried to find and used colored inks for writing. As long as we used fountain pens, mine was always filled with green ink. ("Mostan szines tintákról álmodom" – "I Am Dreaming of Colored Inks")

Kosztolányi not just enriched but validated our lives. That often bumpy transition from childhood to adulthood became a meaningfully connected transcendence by the legalization of playing. Playing by imagination, by consciously transforming daily adult rigors into magi-

cal rituals, verbalizing impressions of a child into important events, playing with words, seeking a playmate to make-believe partnership and even into flirting with death. ("Akarsz-e játszani?" – "Would you like to play?")

Of course, poetry also stole its way into my budding romantic life. As we spent an afternoon with my favorite dance partner, brother of one of our "saxophonists", he read Paul Géraldy's "Toi et moi" to me, in Kosztolányi's translation. Nowadays the cherished little volume is in my library in both languages.

Well, enough of me and my connections. Perhaps it's time to get acquainted with the writer, poet, literary translator, critic, essayist, journalist himself.

Kosztolányi Dezső was born at Szabadka (then Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, now Serbia) on Palm Sunday, May 29, 1885, the son of Kosztolányi Árpád, math-physics teacher, school principal, and Brenner Eulália. Dezső's grandfather, nemeskosztolányi Kosztolányi Ágoston, bank teller, participated in the 1848-49 Freedom Fight, serving in Bem's army as captain. He personally knew Kossuth and had even talked to Petőfi. He taught his grandson to read and write Hungarian as well as English. The infant was baptized in a Roman Catholic ceremony and, as was the custom of the day, was named Dezső István Izabella after his godparents, Hofbauer István (later lieutenant general) and his wife Oravec Izabella.

Dezső started high school (gimnázium) at Szabadka but, having made some improper comment about his Hungarian teacher, was expelled and had to complete his high school studies as a private pupil at Szeged.

In 1903, he moved to Budapest and registered at the University of Sciences, majoring in Hungarian-German studies. There he met with

the poets Babits Mihály and Juhász Gyula and made lifelong friends with Karinthy Frigyes.

In 1904, he transferred to the university in Vienna, mostly engaged in philosophy seminars. In 1905, he returned to Budapest but discontinued his studies for good and started journalism. His first articles were published in some country newspapers. But in 1906, he was hired as editorial staff by the prestigious *Budapesti Napló* to replace Ady Endre who was a correspondent in Paris at the time. Hence their lifelong animosity.

Kosztolányi was over 21 years old when he had to face the draft. The 185cm (6'-1") tall, perfectly built, muscular young man was found fit for service.

Yet, the military idea was in dissonance with his poetic soul and he asked his godfather, Lt. Gen. Hofbauer István for help. However, the fair and rigid army man rather supported his godson's due military service with the intention of promoting his learning discipline.

Thus Dezső was placed in the infantry of Szeged. While the recruits were lining up in full army gear at the barracks, he joined them in a well-tailored light gray suit and yellow tie, indicating that he did not belong. Ultimately one Sunday he sent his calling card to the Colonel who received the young rebel, had a conversation with him about his poems and theater life, then dismissed him. He was called for a revised checkup and found unfit.

His first volume of poems, "Négy fal között" ("Between Four Walls") was published in 1907. It was received with unanimous approval except for that of Ady, commencing the unceasing polemic and legendary feud between the two. By 1908, his poems, translations and critiques were regularly published by *Élet*, *Hét* and the freshly starting *Nyugat*.

1910 was an eventful year for Kosztolányi. He traveled to France and Italy and became a member of the Petőfi Society. It was during the winter of that year that he met the actress Harnos Ilona (née Schlesinger) at the opening of a play at the *Vígyszínház*. Although from the very beginning they were attracted to each other and looked as startlingly similar as brother and sister, their relationship presented constant ups and downs, fights and reconciliations. She was also a writer, under the pen name Görög Ilona. In 1909, she had published her first, rather risqué novel, "Madame Chaglon üzletei" ("Mme. Chaglon's Dealings"). They married on May 8, 1913.

Although Kosztolányi himself was an agnostic and a freemason, at his pressure his wife converted to Christianity in 1914, preceding the birth of their only child, Ádám, in 1915. That same year, most likely due to the ongoing World War I, Dezső was drafted again but classified unfit, this time because of a heart valve insufficiency.

Not unlike several artists and literary persons, Kosztolányi initially supported the 1919 Hungarian Soviet Republic (Commune) in the wake of the war. His one-time colleague at the *Budapesti Napló*, Kun Béla, was the commissar of the Commune and Kosztolányi visited him one day at his apartment. Kun gave him the outlines of the severity of the political situation including the merciless fight to come. When the poet asked him what he and his fellow writers could expect, he replied:

"You are not needed in the proletarian state. Poems are not needed. You can learn some trade. If you are pig-headed, we'll execute you."

(During his regime nobody could have suspected that the brutal system would be overthrown in just a

few months, forcing Kun's escape to Moscow. It was historic justice that he himself would be executed in Stalin's bloody "Great Purge" some 20 years later...)

It did not take long for the writer to realize the horrendous cruelty that the Commune meant. He tried to stay non-political, yet he was attacked from both sides. Between 1919 and 1921, he worked for the daily *Új Nemzedék* as one of the editors of the *Pardon* column. He started in the editorial staff of *Pesti Hírlap* where he worked till the end of his life.

His prize winning novel "Nero, a véres költő" ("Nero, the Bloody Poet") was published in 1922. It was translated into 10 foreign languages, first of which was German, with the foreword written by Thomas Mann.

He re-visited Italy in 1924 where Pope Pius XI received him at a private audience.

By 1930, Kosztolányi was elected a member of *Kisfaludy Társaság* and by year's end became president of the *Hungarian PEN Club*.

He visited Thomas Mann in Munich in 1931, delivered a radio lecture in Frankfurt, and was received by Lord Rothermere who pledged 1,000 pounds to the author of the best Hungarian literary work published that year. The prize was divided among Kosztolányi, Krúdy Gyula and Móricz Zsigmond.

In Doorn, central Netherlands, he interviewed the exiled German Emperor, Wilhelm II. And he was awarded the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor distinction in 1932.

The first signs of his cancer surfaced in 1933 as a red spot on his gum, an early installment of the price for his lifelong heavy smoking. His poem "Hajnali részegség" ("Dawn

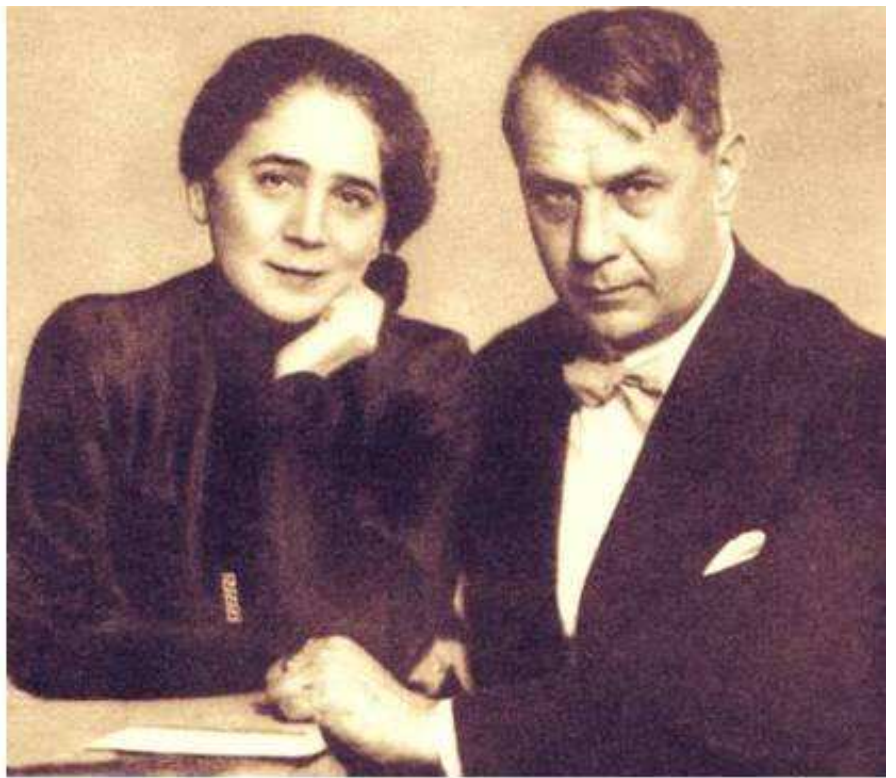
intoxication") that appeared in the November 16th issue of *Nyugat* is a clear testimony to that.

Yet, in April 1934 he held a lecture series in Transylvania. Then he underwent surgery, spent recovery in a convalescent home before traveling to Berlin, and to Stockholm for radiation treatment.

In 1935, after spending a few weeks in Dalmatia, at a Visegrád journalist resort he met and fell in love with a young married woman, Radákovich Mária. Their relationship inspired him to write several poems, including "Szeptemberi áhitat" ("September prayer"). He wanted to divorce Ilona but the gravity of his illness prevented that.

And it was his wife who accompanied him in 1936 to renewed radiation in Stockholm, then further surgeries and recovery at home, before he was re-admitted to the Szent János Hospital in Budapest where, after long suffering on life support, he died on November 3rd, 1936 of pneumonia and complications of his cancer of the palate.

In addition to his own poetry, novels and journalistic contributions throughout his career, Kosztolányi's literary translations acquainted and delighted Hungarian readers with world literature as well. He was fluent in many Western languages and his translations of novels and plays cover English from Shakespeare to Oscar Wilde, from Thornton Wilder to Lewis Carroll; French from Rostand to Molière, from Maupassant to Gáraldy, along with Spanish works of Calderon, and German from Goethe to Rilke. However, he did not stop at his own linguistic abilities: he also published translations of Chinese and Japanese poetry, most likely from successful Western versions.



Top: Kosztolányi Dezső , the Kosztolányi Couple Bottom: Ilona and Adam Kosztolányi, painting by Aba-Novak Vilmos, the Widowed Ilona (Manyika)

Reading his poems and prose makes us feel initiated into his most intimate secrets. His poetry's focus is on beauty, rhythm, it dazzles with picturesque scenes, moods and the music of the words. His stories and articles still seem to talk directly, personally to the reader.

The scope of this article is far too inadequate to deal with all his works and life's details. The former can be found in the ample scrutiny of ubiquitous Internet listings, as well as all his poems. Bits and pieces of his personal life come from various sources.

Kosztolányi Dezső, a mostly kind, somewhat neurotic man was, mostly in his younger years, a rather foppish person who later grew into one of nonchalant elegance with his signature cigarette. He was reported being a heavy drinker. He believed in the sacred uniqueness of the individual, was a sympathetic observer of human frailty with a gentle humor and a penchant for the macabre. In his later years he devoted much effort to the preservation of the purity of the Hungarian language and participated in philological societies.

He and Ilona were soul-mates, probably too similar, equally wanting the limelight. She gave up the stage and resorted to writing only. She often mentions him in her biography of him by his childhood nickname *Dide*, while he joyfully plays with her name in his poem "Ilona".

Their only child, *Ádám*, may have been talented but had an undisclosed mental illness. He, too, dabbled in acting, writing, traveled and drank a lot but was unable to support himself. His mother tried to protect him as much as possible. There is no information about him after Ilona's death in 1967 except that he himself died at age 64, in 1980.

The Kosztolányis were neighbors of my friend's family at Balatonakaratya.

That's how we could invite Manyika (Ilona's familial nickname) to give a speech about her husband at our school, around 1947.

Growing up before automobiles and telephones, Kosztolányi was nostalgic, rather old-fashioned in the burgeoning technology of the 20th century. He would probably be most unhappy with our not just mechanical and electrical but electronic and cyber-ruled world. It was almost 100 years ago, in 1916, that he wrote his "Ének Virág Benedekről" ("Song of Virág Benedek) poem:

Jaj, hogy szerettem volna élni régen,
Vén századok bús mélyein, korábban,
Mikor a lélek nyílt, a jóság, s nem ma
A buta "modern technika" korában...

Oh, how I'd have loved to live in days of yore,
In sad abysses of old times' chronology,
When the soul opened, and charity, not now,
In the age of our stupid
"modern technology"....

In memory of my friend Menga and her Mom, Marcelle, who enriched my life, helping me become who I am.

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Remembering October 23rd in Fairfield, CT

This year, the October 23rd remembrance by Magyar Studies of America was held on Sunday, October 18th. Although windy and chilly, it was a sunny afternoon when we gathered in front of the commemorative plaque next to Town (Independence) Hall. A large basket of flowers was placed in honor of the Freedom Fighters. The Rev. Alexander Havadtoy gave the invocation, recalling the heroic stand of the youth, and the unfortunate Suez crisis which prompted President Eisenhower (just before the election) to declare that America would not interfere. That gave the Russians the green light to crush the Revolution, which thus became a Fight for Freedom.

A program followed in the Fairfield Museum and Historical Society.



top: Invocation; flowers at the plaque; 2nd row: program in the Museum; 3rd row: Fairfield First Selectman Michael Tetreau; Fr. Ivan Csete, Speaker; Zsuzsa Lengyel, President of Magyar Studies of America; 4th row: Olga Vállay Szokolay; Irén Fehér; Oliver Valu; bottom row: Olivia Szabo who sang the National Anthem and Allyson Szabo who played folk songs on the flute; exhibit of poems and photos.

Cardinal Mindszenty: Saint by Acclamation

Imre Beke

"It is an ancient, generally established custom among Catholics that a person honored after his death as a saint by the Catholic community would be proclaimed a saint by common acclamation of the people in the main square or in church." This is what was done at the end of the exceptionally permitted Hungarian Mass at St. Stephen of Hungary Church in New York on October 25th, the day the Revolution and Freedom Fight of 1956 that freed Cardinal Mindszenty from Communist imprisonment was commemorated.

The Acclamation was read by Imre Beke, Scout leader and founder, over 50 years ago, of the Saturday Hungarian School In New York.

Dear Hungarian brothers and sisters in Christ!

First of all, I would like to thank Bishop O'Hara for his cooperation, who made it possible for over a hundred of us to have this celebratory Mass here in our church.

This year we commemorate the 40th anniversary of the death of the Servant of God, Venerable Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary.

It is an ancient, generally established custom among Catholics that a person honored after his death as a saint by the Catholic community would be proclaimed a saint by common acclamation of the people in the main square or in church.

Let us remember that our Father Mindszenty, beloved by all of us, acknowledged as Servant of God even by the Church, was here in New York 41 years ago and celebrated Mass in Hungarian here in our Church of St. Stephen, which had been consecrated 113 years ago, and had blessed us. Did not all of us feel in the depth of our heart that the fire of the Holy Spirit burned in his sermon, when he admonished us to safeguard our churches and bring our children and grandchildren also to the Hungarian church and the Hungarian school?

Let us not forget that in this church we walk in the footsteps of a holy man, that we guard his memory, who was not only a true Hungarian patriot, but for 16 years lived at the American embassy, that is, on American territory. On that account, the entire Archdiocese of New York may regard him as their own saint, and we hope that all of us Catholic faithful and Church dignitaries of New York may pay him the respect due to him as the saint of two nations, the Servant of God who had been tortured in prison. Let us appreciate the Church of St. Stephen, which for us American-Hungarians, is truly a shrine where the faithful may freely express their respect and honor.

Taking this special Catholic history into consideration, we American Hungarians, declare with one accord, and publicly acclaim that we consider Venerable Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, Servant of God, a SAINT, and through our humble prayers ask his intercession with Our Lord Jesus Christ, that we might keep our lawful national heritage, our American Hungarian churches for our children and grandchildren, and be able to proclaim the glory of God in the language of our ancestors, in Hungarian.

Amen! So be it!

Krisztusban kedves magyar testvéreink!

Először is köszönetet szeretnék mondani O'Hara püspök atyának együttműködéséért, hogy ezen Ünnepi Szent Misét itt tarthatjuk meg több mint százan a mi templomunkban.

Idén emlékezünk meg Tiszteletreméltó Mindszenty József bíboros–hercegprímás, Isten szolgája, halálának 40.-ik évfordulójára.

Katolikusok által ősi elismert szokás, hogy a katolikus közösség által szentnek tisztelt személyt, halála után a város főterén vagy a templomban a nép közfelkiáltással, acclamation-al szentnek kiáltja ki.

Emlékezzünk arra, hogy a mindnyájunk által szeretett Mindszenty Atya, Szent Egyházunk által is elismert Isten szolgája, 41 évvel ezelőtt itt járt New York városában és a mi 113 éve felszentelt Szt. István Templomunkban mondott

magyar nyelvű Szent Misét, áldott meg bennünket. Úgye mindnyájan szívünkben éreztük, hogy a Szent Lélek tüze lángolt szentbeszédében, mikor intett bennünket, hogy őrizzük meg templomainkat s hozzuk gyermekeinket és unokáinkat is a magyar templomba és magyar iskolába!

Ne felejtjük el, hogy e templomban egy szent ember nyomdokaiban járunk, az Ő emlékét őrizzük, aki nem csak igaz magyar hazafi volt, hanem 16 éven keresztül amerikai követségen, tehát amerikai területen élt. Ezáltal az egész new yoroki Érsekség szentjének tekintheti és reméljük, hogy mindnyájan new yoroki katolikus hívek egyházi méltóságok, két nemzet közös szentjének, börtönben megkínzott Isten szolgájának kijáró méltó tisztelettel adózunk emlékének és a nekünk, amerikai-magyaroknak kegyhelynek számító Szent István templomot megbecsüljük, ahol Szent Egyházunk hűségesei szabadon leróhatják tiszteletüket.

Mi, amerikai magyar katolikusok, minden különleges katolikus történelmet figyelembe véve, egységes felállással és közfelkiáltással kijelentjük, hogy Tiszteletreméltó Mindszenty József bíboros–hercegprímást, Isten szolgáját SZENT-nek tekintjük és alázatos imánkkal közbenjárását kérjük Mi Urunk Jézus Krisztusnál, hogy jogos nemzeti örökségünket, amerikai magyar templomainkat gyermekeink és unokáink számára megtarthassuk, az Úr Isten dicsőségét őseink nyelvén, magyarul hirdethessük!
Ámen,

Úgy Legyen!

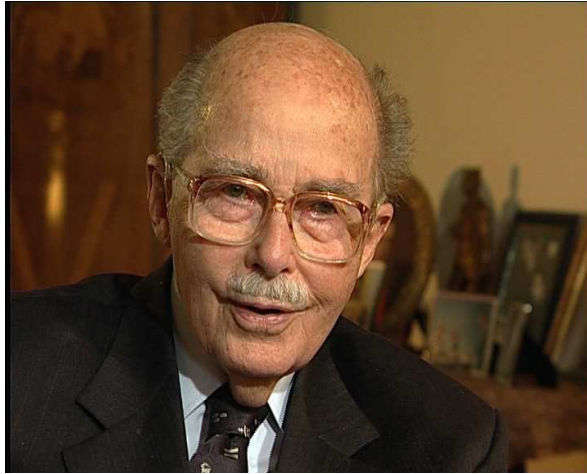


A Short Story about Ottó Von Habsburg

Charles Bálintt, Jr.

When I realized that Ottó von Habsburg would have turned 103 on November 20th, it reminded me of a couple of his visits to New York many years ago.

Since he was the last heir to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, many Hungarians considered him as their king. In Hungarian, there are many very specific ways of addressing individuals. Using the wrong wording can at times be found to be insulting or offensive to someone. When I was about to meet Otto von Habsburg for the first time, I remember my father (who passed away at age 103 early this year) telling me to be very careful if I had the chance to say something; to address him properly in Hungarian



Ottó Von Habsburg

or in English (e.g. "Your Royal Highness", "Your Imperial Highness", "Your Majesty", etc.)

About 33 years ago, I was asked to drive him and his nephew Christian and Christian's wife (Princess Marie Astrid of Luxembourg), from St. Stephen of Hungary Church to the Metropolitan Club in Manhattan. So

even for this short trip I was a little nervous speaking with the potential King of Hungary. However, this was not the case with a friend of my parents.

Also about three decades ago, His Royal Highness was in New York about to deliver a speech at some event in Manhattan. As he entered the elevator, another gentleman was already in the elevator. The gentleman reached out his hand and said: "*Én Gyimesi-Kásás Ernő, festő művész vagyok, és hát te, öcsém, ki vagy?*" (I am Gyimesi-Kásás Ernő, renowned artist, and who are you, my son?). To this the simple response was: "Habsburg Ottó, az előadó." ("Habsburg Ottó, the speaker").

Charles Bálintt Jr. is a working Customs Broker in Lawrence, NY and a member of the Magyar News Online Editorial Board.

Prokop Péter: Priest-Artist

Erika Papp Faber

When my husband and I went to Rome in the late 1970's, we stayed at the Hungarian pilgrimage house (Szent István zárandokház), a beautiful, 100-bed hostel built by a Hungarian woman who had inherited a fortune from a British lord she had taken care of for years. We were struck by the large paintings created by Fr. Prokop Péter (who was a resident there at the time) which lined the wide corridors and adorned the spacious rooms. One had the impression of being in an art gallery.

Fr. Prokop died on November 11th, 2003, and so we thought it appropriate to introduce him in this issue.

Prokop Péter was born in Kalocsa in 1919, the fifth child of a master tailor. His first childish drawings were done in his father's shop, on the paper used by his dad for patterns. Péter's school teachers noticed the boy's aptitude for drawing and encouraged him. His art teacher supported him in furthering his art studies.

In 1937, he entered the seminary in Kalocsa, and was ordained a priest in 1942. His first assignment was in the parish at Dunapataj, a village six miles north of Kalocsa. Then for three years (1945-48) he studied at the Academy of Arts (*Képzőművészeti Főiskola*). Aba Novák Vilmos (1894 – 1941), an original representative of modern painting and producer of monumental works, inspired Prokop's art, as did Csontváry Kosztka Tivadar (1853-1919), a painter of the avant-garde movement of the early 20th century in Hungary.

He was recalled to serve as a priest in his diocese, and was thus unable to finish his last year at the Academy. This dichotomy, this pull of both vocations followed him all his life, and he once declared that he was never fully accepted in either: among the clergy, he was considered too much of an artist, and among artists he was thought to be too clerical.

After several commissions to provide paintings for chapels (a school chapel in Kecel-Ujfalu, the Blessed Sacrament Chapel on Vörösmarty u. in Budapest, etc.), he was commissioned in 1950 to do a fresco for the sanctuary at Sükösd (north of Baja), a monumental work of 100 square meters (c. 94 sq. yds.) This was followed by a fresco in the church at Szend (southwest of Tatabánya), which he carried out at the request of the pastor Tűz Tamás (who later became well-known as a poet in Canada).

After the defeat of the Revolution of 1956, Fr. Prokop was urged to leave the country. He arrived in Rome in 1957, and finished his painting studies at the Accademia di Belle Arti.

In Rome, he was overwhelmed by the atmosphere, the quality of the light, writing in his diary: "In Rome I discovered light, and my flaming colors were transformed, matured. My flaming colors, however, belong to my native land. Because colors are born with us... The theme of the true painter is color..."

In 1962, Fr. Prokop was a member of the team working on a large-scale Michelangelo film's stage scenery, including a reconstruction of the Sistine Chapel.

He created frescoes, paintings and stained glass windows for numerous Church institutions in Rome, including the Papal Hungarian Institute (*Pápai Magyar Intézet*), which is observing the 75th anniversary of its foundation this year, and the Prima Porta convent, for which he also created the furnishings. He had boundless energy and was able to work fast. He rarely painted portraits.

There are Hungarian Stations of the Cross at the Marian shrine of Fatima in Portugal, with a chapel at the end. For this, Fr. Prokop created the stained glass windows which depict 13 Hungarian saints, and later added the mosaics decorating the ceiling.

Although he exercised most of his creativity abroad, he intended to enrich his native land with the fruits of his talent. In 1962, he sent, by mail, his first donation, a triptych of St. Elizabeth, to the newly constructed church at Mélykút, where he had taught religion. To Kaskantyú, east of Kiskőrös, he sent the altar piece. These were, so to

speak, his introduction to the wider Hungarian public. His strongly stylized, angular style, his vivid colors were surprising and were not understood in some quarters. His first solo exhibit of paintings on canvas and wood fiber was made possible by Belon Gellért, then pastor of Jánoshalma and later bishop.

In 1979, he had an exhibit in the *Keresztény Múzeum* at Esztergom, at which time he made his first donation of 270 paintings to the Museum. From then on, he had regular annual exhibits throughout the country. Between 1989 and his death in 2003, he had 80 one-man shows.



He considered his work "visual preaching" that he wished to bequeath to his native land. He made donations of hundreds of his works to churches, museums, Church schools, religious orders, bishoprics. In the U.S., Fr. Prokop was asked to decorate Our Lady of Hungary Church (*Magyarok Nagyasszonya templom*) in South Bend, IN, with frescoes of Our Lady, St. Imre and other Hungarian saints, as well as St. Stephen Church in Toledo, OH, where he added mosaics to the side altars. He was also asked to create a larger than life-size painting of the Madonna for the Marian High School in South Bend.

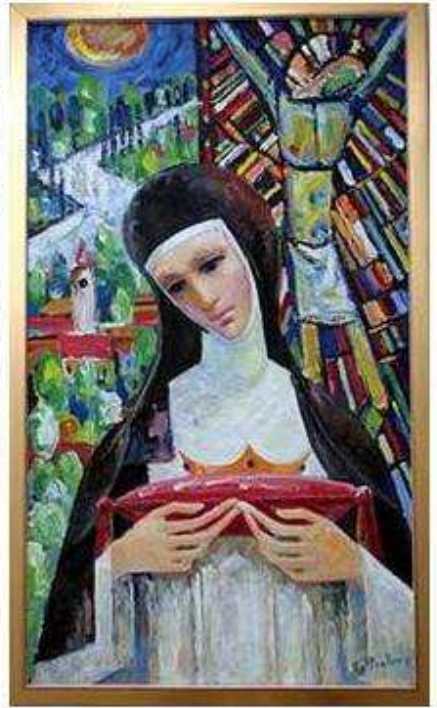
The School Sisters of Our Lady of Kalocsa (*Miasszonyunkról Nevezett*

Kalocsai Iskolanővérek Társulata) had a nursing home in Csepel designed by a well-known Hungarian architect. Before dedication of the chapel, Fr. Prokop, with the architect, placed some of his Roman paintings throughout the halls, stairwells and refectory. They formed an organic composition with the architecture of the home. In 1993, he completed the decoration of the chapel with 14 Stations of the Cross specifically painted in Rome for this location.

Following the political change in 1989, Fr. Prokop divided his time between Rome and Budapest, but eventually moved back to Hungary in 1999. Storage of his close to a thousand unframed paintings was a major problem, even though he had a whole suite of rooms in the home. From then on, he occupied himself mostly with framing these himself.

Increasing bouts of sickness resulted in frequent hospitalization. He died in Szent Ferenc Kórház, on November 11th, 2003, and was interred in Kalocsa. Unfortunately, he had never made a formal will, and so disposal of his estate dragged on for years. The paintings finally reached the destinations intended by Fr. Prokop, such as the Franciscan friary at Szombathely. Disposal of the remaining 700 paintings, graphics and sketches was eventually shared by the *Szent József Otthon* of Csepel and the *Keresztény Múzeum* of Esztergom.

Fr. Prokop was a prolific artist: his output of paintings alone numbers 7,000! Most of them have deeply spiritual, biblical themes, reinterpreting ancient iconic topics in 20th century artistic expression. Some of them are monumental creations. His style is modern expressionistic, saturated by personal religious experience.



top: Fresco, Sükösd church; mosaic, pilgrimage house garden, Rome; St. Margaret (Margit). center: Altarpiece, pilgrimage house chapel; stained glass window, Fatima, Portugal; O.L. of Hungary. bottom : Papal Hungarian Institute; corridor, pilgrimage house

His art extended to other forms as well, including a cross made of driftwood that we saw in the garden of the pilgrimage house in Rome. In addition, he was also a poet, and published many volumes (*Keresztúton; Kavicsdobáló; Pukkanó buborék; Vén ág is hoz virágot; Igaz ember módra; etc.*)

He had received many awards, including the *Pro Cultura Hungarica* award in 1989, and an award has been named after him. In 2010, a commemorative plaque was placed on the nursing home in Csepel where he lived and worked after his return to Hungary.



Carnegie Hall Concert by Havasi Balázs

Kinga Krammer

As always, Magyar News Online is right on top of current events! Here we have a review of a recent concert given by world-famous Havasi Balázs, a graduate of the Franz Liszt Academy of Music, who has been billed "the fastest pianist in the world" by the Guinness Book of Records, and has established the Cultural Bridge Project between Hungary and China. At the end of the concert, the audience gave him a standing ovation.

Bartók Béla, the famous composer was the first Hungarian artist who had the opportunity to present his own compositions at Carnegie Hall in 1943. Seventy years later, on October 26th, Havasi Balázs, a famous Hungarian pianist and composer, and his 150-piece orchestra enter-

tained the audience on the same stage.

Havasi was born in Budapest. He is a serious composer, virtuoso pianist and showman. He has created his own unique musical style, seamlessly blending the inheritance of classical music, the dazzling diversity of world music and the sheer power of rock.

The concert was a musically enthralling and visually spectacular experience. Solo piano, symphony orchestra, instrumental soloists and singers all came together on the same stage to move and entertain the audience.

The audience was mesmerized with the composer's unique style. Havasi played many of his famous compositions, such as "Trinity River", "The Storm", and "Dusty Road". Among his famous compositions, Havasi played his variations on "Spring Wind" (*Tavaszi szél*), Hungary's best known and best loved folk song, as well as variations on music by Liszt. Also, during the show, canvases by Hungary's greatest painter,

Munkácsy, were projected in the background.

One of his guest singers was Lisa Gerrard, composer and singer, who composed the music of "The Gladiator".

The concert was one of the many performances that have taken place in the United States in celebration of Hungarian culture.

Kinga Krammer grew up in Transylvania and arrived in Norwalk, CT in 2004. She finished her accounting studies here and works at a consulting firm in Rye, NY. She teaches the Advanced class at the Fairfield Hungarian School that is sponsored by Magyar Studies of America.



Dénes Szabadhegy de Csallóközmegyercsi (January 2, 1927 – August 14, 2015)

Charles Bálintt Jr.

Remembering a dear family friend who leaves a great legacy.

A very dear friend of my family, Szabadhegy Dénes, passed away suddenly in the early morning hours of August 14th, 2015 in Budapest, Hungary at the age of 88.

Dénes (Dini to all his friends) escaped from Hungary in 1956 and eventually decided to settle in Staten Island, NY, where he spent over 45 years. He married his first wife, Baroness Butler Ilma, within a couple of years of his arrival. They raised their two sons, Péter and Kristóf, together until Ilma's death from leukemia at the young age of 40, in 1972. Not long after, Dénes asked a good friend of his, Hussy Mária, to move down from Canada to help raise his two young boys. After a year or so, Dénes and Mária were married. The marriage lasted for about 20 years, until Mária's death.

From 1963 until his retirement, Dénes was a CPA in his own one-man firm. He was a member of the Hungarian Knights of Malta. He was a very good tennis player, which may have inspired Péter to excel at tennis himself. Dénes was not only a wonderful friend, but my parents and I would go to him to do our tax returns for many years. He would go over our documents at his home, while we all enjoyed some wine with him, toasting to the possibility of a refund.

Sometime close to the age of 70, Dénes had heart bypass surgery. To help him recover, he asked a family friend, Bobrovniczky Eszter, to come from Hungary to Staten Island. She must have been an amazing nurse to him because once he had fully recovered, he married her.

In 1991, not long after the fall of Communism in Hungary, Dénes' son Péter decided to move to Budapest. He was a senior manager for Deloitte & Touche in Hungary and then covered the area of Central Europe for over a decade. In 2004, he started his own private equity firm, working with his younger brother, Kristóf, who followed him to Budapest. After retirement, about a decade ago, Dénes and Eszter joined them.

Dénes leaves a tremendous legacy behind. He raised two wonderful sons, in spite of the tremendous hardship of losing his wife while the

boys were still so young. Péter graduated with high honors from Binghamton University, followed by the London School of Economics and an MBA from the University of Chicago. While Kristóf earned his undergraduate degree from the University of Pennsylvania, followed by an MBA from Duke University. They also are each happily married with 5 children. A tremendous legacy indeed.

Something else that I am sure made Dénes very proud is the fact that Péter has been the Hungarian Ambassador to the United Kingdom since April of 2014.

After speaking with Eszter the other day, I found out this was not so unusual for her. It turns out that both of her sons are career diplomats. Szalay-Bobrovniczky Vince is the Hungarian Ambassador to Austria, and her son Kristóf (she has two by that name, a son and a stepson) is an Ambassador at large. So Péter had some very good advice on how to transition from the world of business to the world of diplomacy.

One of my oldest memories of Dénes, Ilma, Péter and Kristóf was seeing them on the SS United States in 1965 in New York Harbor, while seeing our friends the Gáspár's off as they went to live in Munich. Péter was not yet four years old and Kristóf was less than two, while I was a much older seven.

I wish them all well, while hoping that Dénes is sitting at my father's table in heaven enjoying a little cabernet, of course!



The new Hungarian Ambassador, Szabadhegy Péter presenting his credentials to Queen Elizabeth

KOMONDOR

Eva Wajda

Of the various breeds of Hungarian dogs, we now present the Komondor, a great (in every sense of the word!) sheepdog.



The Komondor (in Hungarian, the plural for Komondor is Komondorok), also known as the Hungarian sheepdog, sometimes referred to as a mop dog, is a large, muscular, white-colored, powerful, long established Hungarian dog breed that has a natural instinct to guard livestock and property. An adult Komondor is able to protect a herd or flock of 100 - 120 animals by itself. He does not require human assistance. If a problem should arise, he will run with incredible speed, low to the ground like a huge rabbit, to alert his master who will know there is trouble. He sleeps with the flock for months in all kinds of weather, and if a predator attacks, he does not bark or growl, but with one leap grabs and breaks the attacker's neck, and by this action scares away the other would-be predators.

The Komondor's body is totally covered with an extraordinary felted and corded coat which is 8 - 10 inches long, the heaviest amount of fur could weigh as much as 60 pounds. This thick, corded, white coat helps the dog blend in well with sheep and also helps protect it from any prey that it might fight in his role as a flock guardian, because the bite could not penetrate the thick coat. The outer coat fuses with the under-

coat to form long cords that hang alongside the dog. A puppy's coat is relatively soft but shows signs of corded-like curls. It can take up to two years for the cords to form completely, and 5 years to reach the desired length. The hair must never be brushed or combed, nor the hair above the eyes cut, since this protects his eyes from the sun and from snowblindness. It needs frequent bathing, and the coat could take 2 1/2 days to dry naturally. A Hungarian male Komondor weighs between 150-180 pounds, a female 100-120 pounds.

The lips and nose are black on all Komondors. Their eyes are almond shaped.

Komondors were brought to Hungary by Cumans (Kunok in Hungarian), the Turkic speaking, nomadic people fleeing from the Mongols. Having been granted asylum, they settled in Hungary in 1239 under Köten (Kötöny) Khan. (The son of King Béla IV, István, married Kötöny's daughter Erzsébet.)

The name Komondor derives from Komandor, meaning "Cuman Dog". Komondors have been found in Cuman gravesites. The name "quman-dur" means belonging to the Cumans or "the dog of the Cumans", thus distinguishing it from similar Hungarian sheepdog breeds. The name Komondor is found written for the first time in 1544 in the "History of King Astiagis" by Kákonyi Péter, in Hungarian. Later, in 1673, Amos Comenius mentions the Komondor in one of his works. Today it is a fairly common breed in Hungary, its country of origin.

Due to the Komondor's size, power, speed and temperament, a lack of obedience training can result in danger to others. They need complete and firm leadership with clear rules they must follow, as they can be very willful if they are stronger-minded than the humans around

them. Komondors can be good family dogs if their owners know how to display a natural, firm authority over the dog. The humans must be making the decisions, not the dogs. This is the only way your relationship with your dog can be a success. If this is not established, the Komondor, very territorial, can be aggressive with both dogs and people if they enter the property, as it takes over the home, treating all strangers as the predators coming after their flock. Humans, not the dog, need to be the leaders in the home. Puppies should be handled a lot by strangers. They should be taught to heel on a lead right from the start and learn to enter and exit all doors after the humans.

The Komondor breed has been declared one of Hungary's national treasures, a "Hungarikum", to be preserved and protected from modification.

The breed was recognized by the American Kennel Club (AKC) in 1937.

Sources: Wikipedia; AKC; "Magyarok vagyunk mi is" by Aboczkyiné Rózsahegyi Marika.

Eva Wajda is a member of the Magyar News Online Editorial Board.



Komondorok can grow to be quite massive.

Shepherds' Festival: A Thousand-Year Tradition

EPF

On October 24th this year, the *racka* sheep (a Hungarian breed), the grey oxen (another Hungarian breed) and the Nonius horses (also a Hungarian stock) were driven across the "nine-holed bridge" on the Hortobágy to start the feast of St. Dömötör and the Crane Festival. St. Dömötör was the patron of shepherds, and it's been a tradition since the Conquest (over a thousand years ago) that shepherds gave an accounting of the animals entrusted to them by the owners on this feast day.

According to the Érdy Codex (an illuminated manuscript dating back to 1527), Dömötör was born in the Szerémség, the southern area between the Száva and the Dráva Rivers, which later became part of Hungary. He was a soldier and was martyred for the faith. He is one of two saints whose enameled images are found on the Holy Crown of St. Stephen.

This is also the time of year when the

cranes start their annual migration south, from the *puszta*. They have been called "birds of loyalty", since they always return to their temporary homes. Cranes were always held in high esteem, as evidenced by the fact that in olden times, a crane feather was worth a cow with calf! Today, there are an estimated 80,000 cranes on the puszta in Hungary today, and for the first time in a century, they are also beginning to nest again.

The Crane Festival included an exhibit, a conference, and various watching tours (in absolute quiet!), from a boat, or from a horse-drawn cart or a narrow-gauge railroad.



KICSI A VILÁG – IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Olga Vállay Szokolay

In November, 1956, the city of Vienna, and Kärtnerstrasse in particular, was about the surest place to run into your friends. All of Hungary seemed to converge just there and it was no real surprise bumping into fellow architect and sailor Jankovich Pista (Pufi) and family: his wife and two daughters, 8 and 6, respectively. We had known each other for years. The unexpected twist was: they had a third "daughter", a tiny three-year-old with them. Answering our question about her, they explained that on the highway heading westward in their Fiat Topolino, they spotted a family on a motorcycle with a little girl in the sidecar. It started raining. Since everyone was obviously aiming for Austria, they sig-

naled and offered to take the toddler in their car. The parents gladly agreed.

At a hill they lost sight of the motorcycle behind them. They waited for some time, but were anxious to get across the border. In hopes that the couple would catch up with them on the other side, they continued and successfully arrived in Austria. But the couple disappeared. The little one would only say that her name was Ági and that she was three years old.

From Vienna the Jankovich's contacted the Red Cross and Radio Free Europe, in search for Ági's family. When we had talked at Kärtnerstrasse, Pufi said they would keep her as long as necessary, until her folks could be found. They settled in Switzerland, we came to the U.S. Months later they wrote that Ági's grandmother, who was living in

Munich, Germany, heard about the search and picked her up.

In the early 1960's, we invited a circle of Hungarian friends to our Stamford, CT house and the main topic was sharing everyone's story of escape from Hungary. Péter and Klári Szilágyi told us about their adventurous journey on a motorcycle with their three-year-old in the sidecar, the Topolino that took her in, their bike malfunctioning and how they lost them, and thinking they couldn't even get across the border, turned back to Budapest....And how Péter's mother finally let them know that their little daughter Ági, her only grandchild whom she had never met before, was safely with her!...

I said to Klári: "We had met your little girl before we ever knew you..." and told her our end of the Small World story.

Réten, réten, keresztúri sötét réten

It is fascinating to look into the setting and background of folksongs. They often give us a glimpse of the history of a place and of customs.

Réten, réten, keresztúri* sötét réten
elvesztettem a zsebbe való késem,
késem után a karikagyűrűmet,
galambom, azt sajnálom,
nem a régi szeretőmet.

In the field, in the field, in the dark field of Keresztúr,
I lost my pocket knife,
after my knife, my wedding (or engagement) ring,
my darling, that's what I'm sorry for,
not my old flame.

*another version has it as „sej a nagybugaci”

Keresztúr - a village in Nyitra County. It was inhabited already in Roman times, as attested by a gold coin from the time of Emperor Theodosius. It was mentioned in the papal tithing records as early as 1332, as „Ecclesia Sancte Crucis”, i.e., „Church of the Holy Cross”. (In olden parlance, the cross was sometimes called „úr”.) The church was destroyed in the 16th century, during Turkish times, but was rebuilt in the 17th century. The inhabitants worked as sawyers, and made shingles and wood products. In WWII, they took part in the Slovak uprising, which brought about bloody battles in the area between the Germans and the guerrillas in 1944-45.

There are 33 other settlements in Hungary with the suffix „-keresztúr”.

Nagybugac - Bugac is mentioned in a document dating back to 1451, and is located south of Kecskemét, in Kiskúnság. In the kún language, „buga” means „bull”, and a „bugac” is a person who works with the bull. **Bugac** had long been rented to the city of Kecskemét; then in 1642, Eszterházi Pál donated 6 kún *puszta* to the city. This gave a great boost to shepherding, farming and the breeding of livestock. In 1928, the coming of the narrow-gauge railroad connecting Kecskemét with Kiskúnmajsa brought about the discovery and development of the **tourist aspect of Bugac**. To this day, tourists come by the thousands to see re-enactments of shepherd life, watch coach-and-five demonstrations and see some ancient artifacts used by shepherds in days gone by. They can see the ancient Hungarian breeds of gray cattle (*szürkemarha*), sheep (called *rackajúh*), as well as a stud farm.

In 1950, Bugac became independent from Kecskemét. Today, it is the sixth largest settlement – in area – in Bács-Kiskún County.

rét – meadow, field

zsebbe való kés – lit. belonging in the pocket knife - pocket knife

sajnálom – I regret, I'm sorry (for)

sajnálni

régi szerető – old flame – szerető: lover, sweetheart



Keresztúri rét



Bugaci rét

Did you know ...

... **that** the first monastic brewery was set up at the Cistercian abbey of Zirc this past summer? It is intended to provide financial support for the abbey. Three types of beer are produced: a Pilsen-type lager, an unfiltered beer made from wheat, and a Belgian type specialty ale.



Actually, the abbey of Zirc has a centuries-old beer brewing tradition, beginning after the Turks were driven out of the country in the early 18th century. First they used water from a lake, which since then has been called "Seres-tó", and later they had a well dug specifically for brewing purposes. Beer production stopped sometime during the second half of the 19th century.

... **that** gray oxen (*szürkemarha*), the *racka* and the *cigája* sheep, different types of *mangalica* pig, and a variety of hens, ducks and geese, may be seen in a park for native Hungarian domestic animals? Located at Alsóújlak, in the western part of the country (serving the Őrség-Rábaköz area), several dozen Hungarian domestic animals are on display. Exhibits also introduce the viewer to some of the trades associated with animal husbandry.

... **that** Budapest Liszt Ferenc International Airport has just been named "Airport of the Year" by the CAPA Centre for Aviation, an aviation market research and data supply company? It is an award for excellence "bestowed upon airlines and airports that are not only successful, but have also managed to adapt to the rapidly changing business environment in an exemplary manner, and have explored new directions and strategies which can be utilized by others as well."



Zirc Abbey, szürke marha and Liszt Ferenc International Airport, Budapest

... **that** November 25th is observed as the Hungarian Day of Soccer? On that day in 1953, the Hungarian "Golden Team" beat the British (unbeaten for 90 years on their home turf) in London's Wembley

Stadium, with a score of 6:3, in 1953. A poem catches the excitement of the populace, as they rushed to listen to the radio broadcast of that historic match:

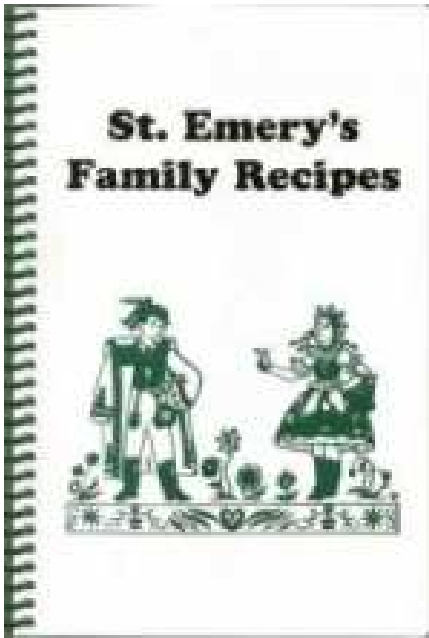
A nagy futball-győzelmek idején

Csanádi Imre

Á, nem légiveszély, nem ugat jajgatva sziréna,
vágat mégis a nép, áll le a taxi, a busz,
ugrik szét az utas, valahány, szalad ám a sofőr is,
srácok üvöltenek és szatyros, ezüst nagyanak.
Aztán csend: megakad gyárakban a munka, - takarmányt
vet barmának a pór, s iszkiri, házba siet.
Már az egész ország fülel, egy ember kiabál csak,
egyszál ember a brit ködfalon át, *Szepesi*.
Mondja is, aprítván-szaporázván, dördül az éter
hullámán: *Öcsi, most! vidd, Öcsi! vágd, Öcsi, rá!*
Aztán – *Gól! Gól! Gól!!!* Recseg attól mikrofon, ablak.
Tombol öreg, fiatal. – *Most bele!* – bög, aki él.
Gól! Gól! Gól!!! szilajon csattog szét. Végtire: *Győztünk!*
GYŐZ-TÜNK! tárul a kar, csók ide, csók oda, csók.
Mámort habzik tar medrében a póre November,
partról partra riog: EGY A MA-! EGY A MAGYAAAR!

Quick vegetable soup / (Beccinált leves)

The following recipe for a delicious soup is taken from *St. Emery's Family Recipes*, published by St. Emery's Church, Fairfield, CT. A potato biscuit will go very well with this.



Chicken giblets (gizzard, liver)
1 ½ quarts water
2 tsp salt
2 carrots
1 medium onion
1 parsley root and greens
2 stalks celery
1 fresh tomato
½ tsp paprika
¼ tsp black pepper

Take neck, gizzard and liver of chicken and wash; put in soup pot with water. Add the salt and cook slowly while you clean the carrots, onion, parsley root and greens, celery stalks and tomato. Cut all up fine and add to soup. Add black pepper and paprika; cook until vegetables are tender.

Take 1/3 cup of freshly grated noodles (see recipe below) and brown lightly in butter. Add to soup and boil for 10 minutes.

Grated Noodles (Reszelt tészta)

1 cup flour
1 large egg
1/8 pound of butter
Mix flour and egg by hand and form a hard roll. Grate on the large side of potato grater; spread out on waxed paper to dry. Melt butter; add grated noodles, stirring constantly until light brown and add to soup.

Krumplis pogácsa – Potato Biscuit

Hozzávalók:
3 közepes nagyságú burgonya
50 dkg liszt
2 evőkanál zsír
2 dkg élesztő
1 dl tej
1 kávéskanál cukor
1 ½ kávéskanál só
1 tojás sárgája
1 egész tojás a tetejét megkenni

Elkészítés:

A tejet a cukorral meglangyosítjuk, belemorzsoljuk az élesztőt és kelni hagyjuk. A burgonyát kockára vágjuk és sós vízben puhára főzzük. A lisztben elmorzsoljuk a zsírt, sót.

Krumplinyomón áttörjük a krumplit, és a liszttel jól összekeverjük. Végezetül hozzáadjuk a megkelt élesztőt, és a tojás sárgát és jól összegyúrjuk. Tálban addig kelesztjük, míg duplájára dagad.

2 cm vastagra nyújtjuk, pogácsaszaggatóval kiszaggatjuk, a tetejét tojással megkenjük. Előmelegített sütőben 375 fokon szép barnára sütjük.

Potato Biscuit

Ingredients:
3 medium size potatoes
3 cups flour
2 Tbsp lard or butter
1 Tbsp powdered yeast, or 1 cube
1/3 cup of milk



1 tsp sugar
1 ½ tsp salt
1 egg yolk
1 egg to brush top

Instructions:

Warm up milk and mix in sugar, add yeast and let it rise. Peel and cube potatoes, a cook it in salt water. Mix butter and salt into flour. Press potatoes through potato ricer and mix well with flour. Add yeast and egg yolk to flour. Work dough until smooth. Put it in bowl and let it rise until doubled in size.

Roll dough on floured board to ½", and cut it with biscuit cutter. Brush top with egg. Preheat oven and bake on 375 until golden brown.