



Pilátus

Reményik Sándor

A pörnek vége. Elvégeztetett...
Véres a kereszt tövében a fű.
A helytartóban forr a néma düh
S egy gondolat tépi a másikat.

“Rongy csőcselék, én unlak titeket,
Unom a vágyatok, a hitetek,
A papjaitok ragyogó ruháját,
A mellükverő messiásokat,
A nap hevét ez átkos ég alatt,
A zagyva szókat, buja színeket,
És magamat és uramat a császárt,
Ki bíróvá tett ilyen nép felett.

“Feszítsd meg!” – üvöltötték a fülembé,
míg unottan odalöktem nékik.

Szegény bolond! Pedig csak álmodott,
Csak álmodott egy létráról az égig.
Csak álmodott, de ezeknél tán szebben.
Már szürkül fenn a Koponyák hegye –
Vajon álmodik-e még a kereszten?
Valamit szólt nékem az igazságról,
Aztán némán vérzett, ragyogott.
Gúnnyal kérdém: az igazság micsoda?
Felelé: “én vagyok”.

Eh, hát kicsoda nékem ez az ember?!

A csőcselék morajlott mint a tenger,
Én untam, untam amazokat, ezt is,
Egy messiással több vagy kevesebb,

Pilátus lelke nem lesz nehezebb,
És könnyebb tán ez istenverte föld,
Untam a dolgot. Odalöktem. Vége.

“De jaj! vajon kire szállott a vére?!”

Az alkony megy, az est, az éj leszáll,
De a helytartó nyugtot nem talál.

“Feszítsd meg!” üvöltötték a fülembé

És nekem nem volt elég fegyverem,
Nem volt elég lándzsásom odakünn,
Vagy – vagy üres volt talán a szívem?
Eh mit bánom én, a bölcs szív üres,
Bús madarak, el a szívemből, hess!

“Feszítsd meg!” üvöltötték a fülembé,
Mi közöm hozzá? feszítétek hát,
Te véreskező szennyes csőcselék,
Feszítsd, feszítsd meg hát a Messiást!
Él-e, meghal-e, egy marad az átok,
Isten se váltja meg ezt a világot.
Mi közöm hozzá? Feszítétek hát!
Vigyétek! – Vitték. A kereszten holt.
Ki tudja, talán mégis király volt!”

Csend most. De hallga! Most az éj kopog.
Pilátus udvarában a papok.
“Uram, mi véled egyet így nem értünk,
Ahogyan írtad, botránkozás nékünk.
Rexnek, Uram, csak ő mondta magát.
Nem készítetted jól a Golgothát!”

Ni, milyen furcsa rőt láng a szemén!
Ím, kővé vált a nádszál: oly kemény.
(Odafenn csendbe hallgat a kereszt.)

Pilátus nő, ahogy beszélni kezd:
“A Messiások megmenteni késtem,
De négy betűt a keresztjébe véstem,
E négy betű az én becsületem,
Hajótöröttségem utolsó roncsa,
Hitetlen hitem, büszke makacsságom,
Egy akarat az akaratlanságon.

E négy betű az én becsületem.
Hadesre! ez a négy betű marad!
Ha alá kéne temetnem e várost,
Rómát, az Imperatort, magamat:
E négy betű az én becsületem!!

Papok, zsidók, hozzátok szólok nyíltan,
Halljátok: amit megírtam, megírtam.”

Benn csönd, de künn az éj zsoldárba kezd
S áll a zsoldáros éjben a kereszt.



Munkácsi Mihály : Ecce Homo

Wallingford Re- membrance of March 15th

A report on the program held in the Wallingford Hungarian House on March 17th.

Based on a Facebook post by Hungarian Bistro.

Idén a wallingfordi magyar közösségi házban emlékeztünk az 1848-as szabadságharc hőseire és eseményeire. A színvonalas műsor a Beodray Ferenc cserkészcsapat bevonulásával kezdődött, majd a Himnusz eléneklése után Nt. Tóbiás Attila imádságával folytattuk megemlékezésünk.

Mikolai Éva tolmácsolásában meghallgathattuk a miniszterelnöki üzenetet, majd Deer Zsuzsanna foglalta össze a szabadságharc és korszaka kulturális jelentőségét. A Nemzeti Dal lejátszása után Papp Szilvia fedte fel előttünk, hogy

éneklésben is tehetséges. (Most indított egy magyar nyelvkurzust Wallingfordban.) Ezt követte Prof. Christopher Ball beszéde mely azért is nagyon tanulságos volt mivel megtudhattuk, hogyan gondolkodik a forradalmunkról egy amerikai professzor.

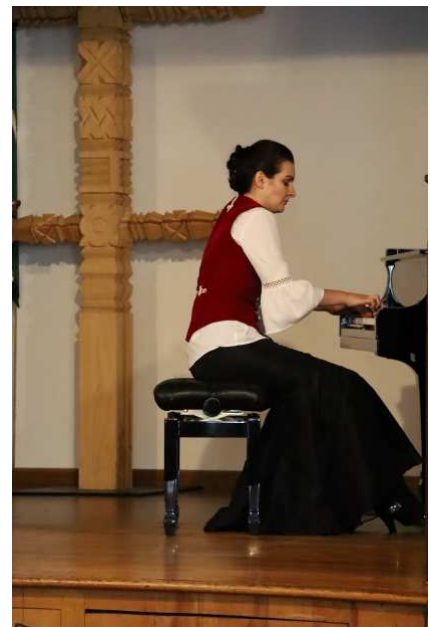
Imre Szófia fuvola szemelvénye után egy magas színvonalú zongoraversenyt élvezhettünk Krasznai-Király Ilona Tünde előadásában. Ezután Fehér Irén adta elő Petőfi Sándor "Magyar vagyok" című költeményét, melyet egy újabb ének követett Papp Szilviától, ezúttal is Nt. Tóbiás Attila gitár kíséretével.

A műsort a Szózat meghallgatása és az amerikai himnusz eléneklése után Nt. Király Tibor imádsága és áldása zárta.

Az ünnepi műsor végétével egy állófogadáson beszélhettük meg a látottakat és hallottakat, ami nagyon jó hangulatban folyt a lélekemelő műsor után. Reméljük a jövőben is sok hasonlóan szép eseményt szervezhetünk

gyülekezetünk, a Pannónia Klub és a wallingfordi magyar közösség együttműködésében.

"Tiszteld a múltat, hogy érthesd a jelent, és munkálkodhass a jövőn."
(Széchenyi István)



Krasznai-Király Ilona Tünde



Top: Wallingford Scout troop, Dr. Balázs Somogyi, MC; 2nd row: Szilvia Papp and Rev. Attila Tóbiás; Irén Fehér; Zsuzsanna Deer; third row: Prof. Christopher Ball; Szófia Imre; Rev. Tibor Király; bottom: the audience.

1848-as beszámoló

Speech given at the March 15th observance in Wallingford, CT. Zsuzsanna Deer pointed out that the time of the 1848 Revolution saw the flowering of the arts - painting, sculpture, poetry, literature, architecture - as an expression of national identity and awareness.

A Wallingford, CT-i március 15.-i ünnepségen hangzott el az alábbi beszéd.

Zsuzsanna Deer

Amikor 1848 március 15.-re emlékezünk, mindenki tudja mi történt azon a napon: Pilvax kávéház, sajtó szabadság, 12 pont, Nemzeti Dal, Nemzeti Múzeum, Táncsics kiszabadítása. Ismerjük történelmét és politikáját.

Most megpróbálom megközelíteni a március 15.-ét irodalmi és kulturális szemszögből.

Ha az 1848-as évek irodalmára és történelmére gondolunk, vissza kell mennünk a 20-as és 30-as évekre, a Reformkorra. Ez az időszak a magyar kultúra virágkora volt. Az alkotók a művészetük értelmét a nemzet ügyének szolgálatában látták. 1825-ben Széchenyi támogatásával megalapították a Magyar Tudományos Akadémiát. Kölcsey Ferenc 1823-ban megírta a Himnuszt, 36-ban Vörösmarty Mihály a Szózatot. Ezek a művek a magyar nemzet azonosítását kifejező nemzeti imádsággá váltak.

1846-ban a Nemzeti színházban bemutatott Berlioz feldolgozásában a Rákóczi indulót. Erkel Ferenc megteremtette a nemzeti operát, Hunyadi Lászlóval és Bánk Bánnal. 1846-ban Petőfi írta meg költői látomását a szent világ szabadságról (pedig ekkor még messze volt az 1848-as forradalom!) az „Egy gondolat bánt engemet”-ben:

Ha majd minden rabszolga-nép
Jármát megunva síkra lép,
Pirosló arccal és piros zászlókkal
És zászlókon eme szent jelszóval:
„Világszabadság!”

S ezt elharsogják,
Elharsogják kelettől nyugatig,
S a zsarnokság velük megütözik:
Ott essem el én,
A harc mezején ...

Nézzük meg a festőinket a romantika és realizmus idejében: Az elbukott szabadságharc utáni évtizedben a nemzeti érzés kifejezésére szolgáló alkotások túlnyomó többsége nem a közelmúlt (a forradalom) eseményeinek ábrázolásával foglalkozott, hanem a cenzúrát elkerülendő, régebbi századok történelmi eseményeit dolgozza fel. Festészetükre jellemző, hogy a történelmi és nemzet jelentős alakjai, eseményei jelentek meg a vásznon. Székely Bertalan: Egri nők, II.Lajos holttestének megtalálása; Madarász Viktor: Hunyadi László siratása, Zrinyi és Frangepán a bécsújhelyi börtönben; Benczúr Gyula: Buda visszafoglalása, Hunyadi László búcsúja; Munkácsy Mihály: Siralomház, Tépéscsinálók. Barabás Miklós sok kiváló ember arcképét festette meg, Vörösmarty Mihály, Wesselényi Miklós, Széchenyi István, Petőfi Sándor, Arany János. Az utókor jórészt az ő munkái alapján ismeri az 1848-49-es szabadságharc hőseit – Batthyány Lajost, Klapka Györgyöt, Bem Józsefet, Táncsics Mihályt.

A képzőművészet nagy erőre kap Ferenczy István szobrán – Pásztor leánya. Ekkor kezdődött a köztéri szobrok elterjedése, hogy emléket állítsanak mindazoknak akik a nemzet polgárosodása és a függetlenség harcosai voltak. A nemzeti eszme fenntartása és terjesztése volt a céljuk. Állítottak szobrokat Katona Józsefnek, Vörösmarty Mihálynak, Petőfi Sándornak, Eötvös Józsefnek és Deák Ferencnek. A polgárisodás következményei voltak nagy díszkertek, palota külsejű lakóházak, csi-

nosodó Városliget, Margitsziget, és kávéházak, amelyek egyre jobban szaporodtak Budapesten és vidéki városokban.

Azt tudnunk kell, hogy a mi forradalmunk Európa egyetlen békés, vértelen megmozdulása volt akkor. Magyarországon erőszak nélkül az országgyűlés közvetítésével békésen alakult meg a független magyar kormány. De mint tudjuk a történelemből, nem így végződött. A megtorlás brutális volt: Kivégezték az Aradi vértanúkat és több ezer tisztet. A külföldre menekülteket távollétükben ítélték halálra. Schwarzenberg miniszterelnök így nyilatkozott. „Ugyan mi az a magyar nemzet! Ezek mindig is lázadók voltak, akiket meg kell semmisíteni és egyszer és mindenkorra ártalmatlanná kell tenni.”

Magyarországon erőszakosan némesítettek. Madách Imre ekkor írta a Civilizátor című satírjában: „Ilyen viszonyokról, mint a miénk más népeknek fogalmuk sincsen. Mi örökös harcban állunk létünkért, mi egy kálitkában vagyunk a fenevaddal, mely minden percben el akar nyelni.”

Ugyanakkor megszakítás nélkül folyt egy földalatti ellenállási mozgalom megszervezése.

Ekkor születnek olyan halhatatlan költemények, mint: Tompa Mihály – A gólyához; Gyulai Pál – Hadnagy uram; Vörösmarty Mihály – A vén cigány; Arany János – Összel prózája; Madách Imre – Az ember tragédiája; Arany János – Walesi bárdok.

Ha összeírjuk és felsoroljuk, hogy mennyi irodalmi, festészeti, szinpad, szobrászati és építészeti remekmű készült, arra kell következtetnünk, hogy ez a korszak a magyar nemzeti öntudat, művészet és tudomány legtermékenyebb időszakává vált. Magyarország a külföld előtt soha sem volt annyira népszerű, mint ekkor. Dickens kijelenti, hogy Eötvös József: Falu jegyzője – kora egyik

legjobb regénye. Egy olasz tanító megtanul magyarul, hogy Petőfit fordítson. A fiatal Nietzsche Petőfi kötetet hord a zsebében. Egy angol lelkész Klapka keresztnevét adja fiának. Kossuth Lajos amerikai beszédeit 1857-ben New York-ban ki-nyomtatják. 1869-ben Brahms befejezi a 21 rész-ből álló magyar táncokat.

Nemeskürty István történészünk mondta: „A múltat nem lehet tőlünk elvenni, DE az CSAK akkor a miénk, ha ismerjük.”

Juhász Gyula: Március idusára írt vers részlettel szeretném befejezni: `

Vannak napok, melyek nem szállnak el,
De az idők végéig megmaradnak.
Mint csillagok ragyognak boldogan
S fényt szórnak minden születő tavasznak.
Valamikor szép tűzes napok voltak,
Most enyhe és derűs fénnel ragyognak.
Ilyen nap volt az, melynek fordulója
Ibolyáit ma a szívünkbe szórja.

Zsuzsanna Deer was trained at the András Pető Institute of Conductive Education in Hungary (see article in September 2010 issue of Magyar News Online). She holds a Masters' degree in Special Education from Lehman College in New York, and works as a self-employed Conductive Education Therapist for children and adults with neurological disorders. She had been President of the Pannonia Hungarian-American Club for seven years.

Good-Bye to Father Emeric Szlezak, OFM (1917 – 2019)



Parishioners of both St. Stephen of Hungary Church in New York and St. Emery Church in Fairfield, CT were saddened by the recent passing of Fr. Emeric Szlezak who had served in both places for a considerable time.

Fr. Emeric Szlezak, OFM, a professed Franciscan friar for 79 years and a priest for 74, died on March 16 in St. Petersburg, FL where he had lived since 2005. Fr. Szlezak was 101 years old and **the longest living friar in the history of Holy Name Province.**

Fr. Szlezak was born on Dec. 17, 1917, in Budapest, Hungary, to Kálmán and Elizabeth (née Beck). He moved with his family to the United States in 1923. Fr. Szlezak attended Catholic grammar school in Brooklyn before enrolling in St. Joseph Seraphic Seminary in Callicoon, NY. He was received into the Order of Friars Minor in 1938 at St. Bonaventure Friary in Paterson, NJ, where he professed his first vows in 1939. Fr. Szlezak made his solemn profession in 1942 and in 1944 was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Amleto Cicognani at the Franciscan Monastery of the Holy Land in Washington, DC.

After completing Theology in 1945, Fr. Szlezak's first assignment was to St. Stephen of Hungary Parish on East 82nd Street in New York City, where he served for 42 years, until 1986. There, he ministered to the Hungarian immigrant community in New York City. After World War II and again after the Hungarian Revolution in the 1950s, he assisted Displaced Persons, refugees and struggling immigrants. For 30 years, Fr. Szlezak gave weekly sermons in his native Hungarian language for a New York radio station that conducted a Hungarian broadcast.

He also served as a Chaplain to Catholic War Veterans on both the State and national levels and to local sheriff departments. In 1986, he was assigned to St. Emery Parish in Fairfield, CT, where he served for 19 years. In 2005, Fr. Szlezak retired to St. Anthony Friary in St. Petersburg, FL from which he traveled to Sarasota and Venice to celebrate Mass and offer pastoral care. He also served as Chaplain to the Knights of Columbus, Council 2105, St. Petersburg.

The funeral Mass was held at St. Mary Our Lady of Grace Catholic Church, followed by burial at Calvary Cemetery on March 22nd.

May he rest in peace!



Happy Birthday, Ali MacGraw!

Charles Balintitt Jr.

Didn't you love the movie "Love Story"? And didn't you think Ali MacGraw was beautiful? Well, who knew!

If you were to ask most people in this country, and maybe in a number of other countries, I am sure that they would tell you that they had seen the movie "Love Story" or at least heard about it. It was a motion picture from 1970 starring Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal. It really doesn't seem like it could have been that long ago.

I probably first saw the movie not too much after its original release and definitely agreed with a large percentage of the population that Ali MacGraw was indeed a very beautiful woman. In fact 21 years after making this movie, she was named one of People Magazine's "50 Most Beautiful People" in the World. She was also included in a 2008 special edition of GQ Magazine as one of the "Sexiest 25 Women in Film Ever".

Somehow films can keep you young forever. But time does seem to march on quite rapidly. If I hadn't looked her up recently, I would have never thought it was possible; but April 1st, 2019 is Ali MacGraw's 80th birthday. Even though the movie was so many years ago, it was still a little shocking to me that she is actually turning 80 this month! But there was also another thing that I didn't know. I just found out recently that Ali MacGraw is actually half Hungarian. Both her maternal grandparents were Hungarian Jews from Budapest. I definitely didn't know about this at the time I saw the movie the first time or even subsequent times. It seems that

Ali's mother kept her background hidden from her husband because he was a little bigoted and she didn't want to have trouble in her marriage. So it may not have been public knowledge when her most famous film was released. But today we know about her Hungarian background and realize once again that it is a small world.



Explorer Sass Flóra – Florence Baker – part 2

Éva Wajda

In the first instalment, we saw Samuel Baker bidding for Sass Flóra at the slave market in Vid-din. It is not known whether he was outbid by the Pasha of Vid-din, but the fact remains that he escaped with her in hired carriages and sped to Bucharest for safety, along with his friend Ma-

haradjah Singh and his three servants. As their planned hunting trip had come to an unexpected end, they parted company and the Maharadja left for Vienna to resume his social life. Here we continue with Flora's story.

Sam accepted a supervisory position in the construction of a railway across the Dobrudja Peninsula connecting the Danube with the Black Sea. Before leaving Bucharest, the English Consul Colquhuan granted a British passport to Flora as she had no identity papers. She became Florence Barbara Maria Finnian, her last name being derived from the sound of the pronunciation of Finjanjian, name of the family who had taken her in.

They moved into the director's house in Constanza, a small fishing village on the Black Sea (now the 4th largest town in Romania) and Florence transformed it into a comfortable home with local carpets and furniture. Sam's china and silver arrived from England, adding a refined air to their dining table. During this time, he would go hunting and horseback riding with Florence. To his shock, she rode astride the horse in trousers when English ladies rode side saddle. The riding outfit he bought her had to be altered. She would dress as a young boy, her hair under a cap, and this way they avoided a scandal.

When the construction job came to an end, they lived in Central Europe for a while, traveled around southeastern Europe and the Balkans, but all the time Baker was reading of the escapades of his friend Speke and his quest to find the source of the Nile. He developed a great yearning to go to Africa, requested maps from the English Geographical Society and began to order items they would

need for the expedition, including firearms, bullets and gunpowder, tools, a medical chest complete with quinine and opium, custom saddles, a selection of sewing and cooking utensils and a portable bath. Since his expedition was self-funded, he arranged money to be available to him through the Bank of Egypt in Alexandria. While awaiting their supplies, they went on an extended trip to Lake Sapanza in Turkey and hunted in the mountains.

Florence and Sam arrived in Cairo in March 1861. It was swelteringly hot, dusty and chaotic. They had much to arrange.

Crossing the Nubian Desert

They set sail from Cairo on April 15th, 1861, in what the tourists called a Nile *diahbiah*, a small steamer with a triangular sail, deck, and cabins below.

days of sailing, they disembarked in Korosko where they hired 16 camels to carry themselves, their cook, a *dragoman* (guide and interpreter), several camel drivers and a huge pile of luggage and supplies to cross the Nubian Desert to Berber, there to rejoin the Nile.

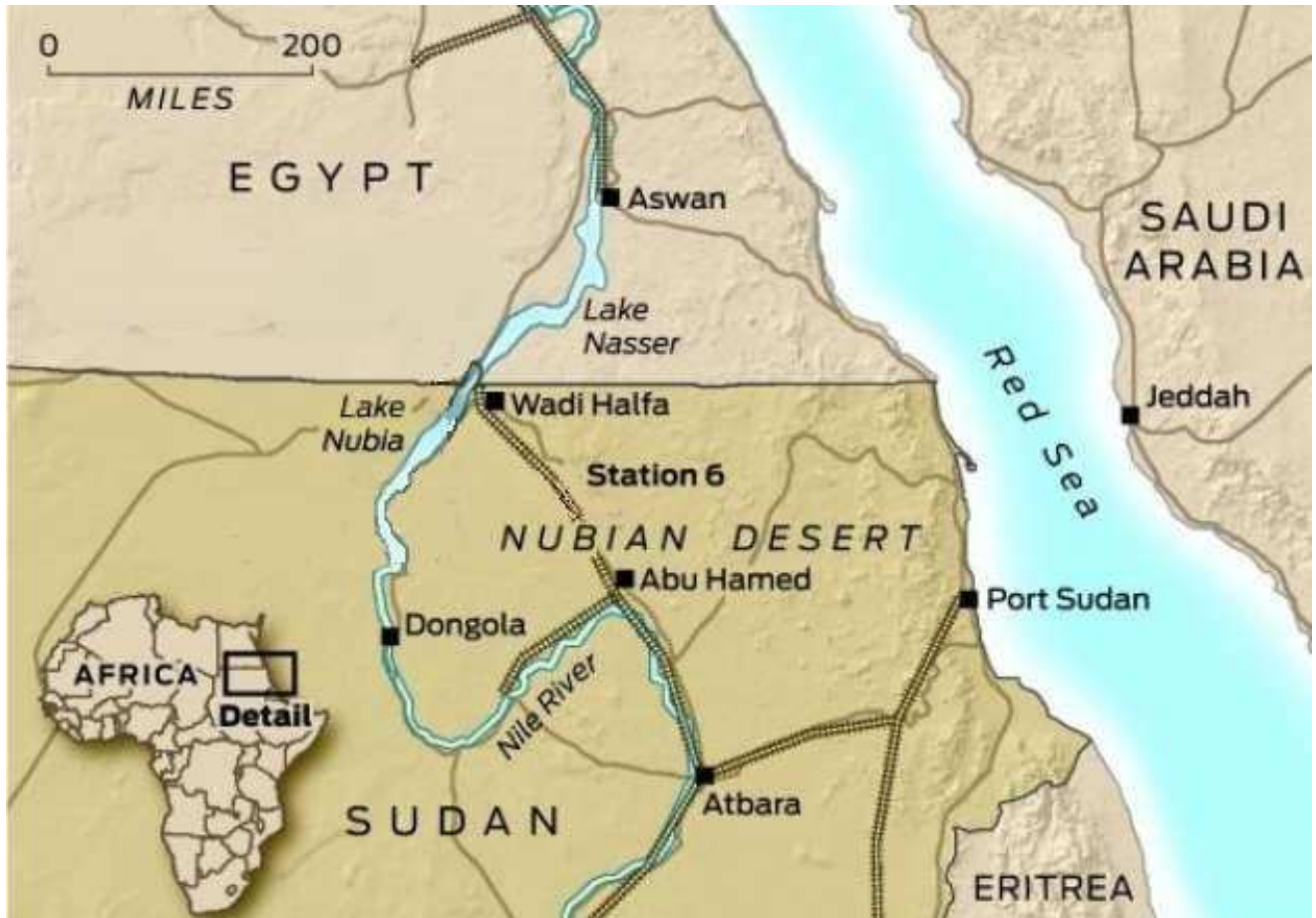
The camels were strong and hardy and functioned well in the 137° F heat, but the humans did not do so well. The desert wind *simoom* sucked all moisture from their bodies. Water in goatskin bags and in two large barrels was to last until they reached the only water source, an extinct crater that collected salt and acrid water in its bowl. They traveled at night as the temperature fell to 78°F and the camel drivers shivered. Florence was ill with dehydration and heat stroke, but they had to push on to the well. A day's rest meant a day's extra water consumption and a day's delay in reaching the next

water source. A day could kill, as evidenced by innumerable skeletons of camels that lay in the endless stretch of hot sand in all directions, the heaps of dried skin and bone in the distinct forms in which the camels had died. There were no flies here, thus no worms to devour the carcasses.

After two days of actual marching from Korosko, the caravan reached the water hole Moorahd, the bitter well. The air was hotter here in the valley because the high rock formations radiated heat like an oven.

Within smelling distance of the water hole, the camels ran frantically toward the water, collapsing onto their knees and drinking their fill of the salty, acrid water; the others followed suit. No sooner had their overworked camels lain down exhausted on the sand, crows perched on cliffs descended and walked around the exhausted cam-

After
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els and paid particular attention to a camel in very weak condition. After six hours of rest, with their water bags refilled, the expedition continued on the last leg of their trek to Abou Hammad. They rarely spotted a sign of life, only a few gazelles here and there and stunted acacia trees.

They arrived early morning on May 23rd at Abou Hammad, almost two-thirds of the way to Berber.

Two days later they set off early in the morning. The heat and the *simoom* was as unbearable as before. After a few days Florence

warped and twisted. The dry air induced a large amount of electricity in the hair and all woolen materials. Florence's face was like crinkled parchment paper and her eyes gritty like a river bed. On May 31st, after marching another 143 miles, they reached Berber, a large town along the Nile, and spent a week resting.

"On arrival at Korosko, twenty-six days from Cairo, we started across the Nubian Desert. During the cool months, from November until February, the desert journey is not disagreeable; but the vast area of

Sam felt convinced that the Nile expedition would be impossible without a knowledge of Arabic and resolved to become independent of all interpreters. Even though Flora spoke Arabic, Sam thought he would be able to deal better with the Arabs if he did not have to rely on Flora - a woman! - to interpret for him. He therefore decided to learn the language. He also planned to explore for a year the rivers that flow into the Nile from the Abyssinian mountain ranges and follow up the Atbara River from its junction with the Nile.



was so ill that they stopped for half a day on May 27th to allow her to rest. Sam shot some gazelles and the fresh meat helped revive her. The extreme dryness attacked everything. The leather covers of the gun cases shrank so badly they had to be cut open to extract the guns.

Crumpled paper in the hand broke into pieces. The ivory knife handles split and wooden items

glowing sand exposed to the scorching sun of summer, in addition to the withering breath of the *simoom*, renders the forced march of two hundred and thirty miles in seven days, at two and a half miles per hour, one of the most fatiguing journeys that can be endured." (Source: "In the Heart of Africa" by Samuel White Baker)

The rainy season was approaching and they had no time to lose. They left Berber and the following evening reached the junction of the Nile and Atbara.

(to be continued)

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

Flower Power – Hungarian style

Karolina Tima Szabo

If you never have been to see the Philadelphia Flower Show, make sure you will in 2020. Every year the PHS sponsors the show where not just local or U.S. horticultural enthusiasts' but international florists' masterpieces can also be seen.

On March 2nd I visited the Philadelphia Flower Show for the fourth time. This year, it was called "Flower Power", and I went with two good friends. It was the first day of the exhibit, and the place was full of visitors, one could hardly move. Slowly I was able to advance to see those gorgeous creations; some take your breath away. It makes you wonder how someone can dream up those exquisite, beautiful, "out of this world" compositions.

You can imagine that my heart skipped a beat when I was moving along and saw a Hungarian flag, and then a sign with a handsome face that belongs to Mezőffy Tamás.

As I was reading further, I found that he grew up in the area that is so dear to me, by Lake Balaton in Hungary. He admits he always loved nature, which I can understand, since even his name "Mezőffy" (based on the word for "field") suggests that. He has been doing flower composition since he was a child. His inspirations come from nature. He entered his first competition when he was only 15 years old. He attended a horticultural school and within the first few weeks he knew that he wanted to be a florist. During his school years he was allowed to enter adults' competitions. That tells me that his talent was way ahead of his age.

He spent some time in Finland in an exchange program and arrived

home with lots of experience which shows in the many awards he won since the age of 15. He has competed not only in his native country but all over the world – in Korea, Japan, Netherlands, Italy, Czech Republic and many other countries. He is a current European Cup Champion which he won when he introduced his masterpiece "Symphony in Bloom" three years ago.

Mezőffy Tamás represented Hungary in the 2019 Interflora World Cup, at which he won third place during the first weekend of March.

I regret that I did not meet Tamás in Philadelphia, but I'm very happy to show you his floral compositions on exhibit.

He is a very talented and hard-

working young man and we wish him much more success in the future.



"Symphony in Bloom"



The Kodály Method in Brazil

István Arato

Music is one of the main cords that connects Hungarians, wherever they may be in the world. On a visit to his native land earlier this year, our Editorial Board member István discovered that Hungarian music also connects us to other cultures.

On February 14th we celebrated the Day of Hungarian Culture at the Casa Húngara de São Paulo (*Magyar Ház*) in Brazil. It happened that day since the location was closed for vacation on January 22nd when the date is actually observed. It was a great pleasure for me to have the opportunity to go to the *Magyar Ház* in São Paulo since I had never been there. The place was established in 1926 and it offers Hungarian language classes, dance groups and singing among other choices of learning and amusement.

The event started when the speakers, professors of the Hungarian language at the University of São Paulo, Anita Demkó and Fanni Szalai discoursed about the Hungarian Anthem and the history of the country's music. They gave us the first stanza of the National anthem with all the lines cut up and we needed to place them in correct order, after which we all sang it.

The event had a very interesting mixture of generations, giving us the opportunity to learn with each



Anita Demkó

other's life experiences. There were some older people who immigrated to Brazil decades ago and also their descendants, some very young, who are interested in the Hungarian culture. I even met a couple of them who are living and studying in Budapest. We also had the presence of Consul Teleki Szilárd.

The special guest was Professor Marli Batista Avila, founder of the Kodály Association in Brazil who gave us a lecture about the great

method of musical learning developed by the Hungarian composer and educator, Kodály Zoltán. The technique is a main musical teaching approach in many places in the world, having started in Hungary more than 70 years ago. I particularly enjoyed the lecture – it was really great and gave us plenty of information about the Kodály concept.

The event ended with a quiz of 12 questions about what we learned that evening and the winners could choose between a taste of *pálinka* and Unicum. Afterwards, we enjoyed listening to the Hungarian Chorus of São Paulo; and even if I did not answer all the questions correctly, I managed to have some taste of the liquor. It was a very interesting and pleasant evening.

István Arato, son of Hungarian immigrant parents, was born in São Paulo, Brazil where he was a journalist. He came to the US in 1996 and now works in the hospitality/restaurant business. He attends the Hungarian School sponsored by Magyar Studies of America in Fairfield, CT.



Consul Teleki Szilárd, first row on the left

Songs to Celebrate Spring

EPF

Here is a selection of folksongs in celebration of spring, including a couple that were collected by Kodály Zoltán and one collected by Bartók Béla.

For an agricultural people, the coming of spring is an important time, marking the beginning of plowing and sowing. It is also the time to look for a sweetheart. The first folksong, "Esik eső, szép csendesen esik" (It's raining, raining quietly) was collected by Bartók Béla in 1906, and written down in two variations. The first version that he recorded in Békés-Gyula, County Békés, mentions the Viennese barracks, while the version he recorded several months later in Vesztő, also County Békés, mentions the Budapest barracks. Here is the text:

*Esik eső, szép csendesen esik,
tavasz akar lenni.
De szeretnék kis kertedbe' rózsabimbó lenni.
Nem lehetek én rózsa,
elhervaszt Ferenc Jóska,
a nagy bécsi/budapesti három emeletes
magas kaszárnyába'.*

The rain is falling, it's raining nice and quiet, spring is on the way (lit. it wants to be spring). How I would like, in your little garden, to be a rosebud. I cannot be a rose, Francis Joe (the popular name for the emperor Francis Joseph) will wither me in the large Viennese three-story high barracks.

It is in the style of the "flower songs" sung during the Middle Ages, when the clergy frowned on love songs as immoral. To circumvent that, people started singing about flowers, so there could be no objection.

As for "withering away", military duty could last three to 8 years, depending on the era. One historian (Baráthosi-Balogh Benedek) maintained that, as part of the long-term Habsburg policy to take over Hungary, they lengthened military service to remove young men in their prime from their wives, in order to prevent them from begetting young Hungarians, and thus reduce the Hungarian population.

A comic folksong – in dialect – collected by Kodály Zoltán in Vágfarkasd, Upper Hungary, in 1906 refers to the need to plow, but all the necessary implements are scattered in different towns and areas. Toward the end of the song we find out why, when the singer asks his wife what happened to the price of his plough oxen.

She retorts that he had eaten and drunk it, and given it to pretty girls, and suggests that he use his father's donkey to do the plowing!

*Szántani kék, tavasz vagyon,
A szerszámom széjjel vagyon.
Ekém szarva Szarvason van,
Göröndölöm Gödöllőn van.*

*Szántóvasam Vasadon van,
Az alfaja Albáron van,
A bifaja Békésen van,
Csoroszlám a kovácsnál van.*

*A béresem a Bánátba',
A baltája a Bácskába',
Szép hat ökröm a vásárba'.
Mondd meg, asszony, hol az ára?*

*Kit megettél, kit megittál,
Kit a szép lányoknak adtál,
Kit a szép lányoknak adtál.
Szántogass apád szamarán.*

Another song about spring was collected by Kodály in Istensegíts (lit. God help us), Bukovina. It was one of the Hungarian villages east of the Carpathians, where their ancestors had fled following the Austrian massacre of Madéfalva in 1764 (see separate article elsewhere in this issue). The song laments that spring renews everything, bringing bloom to the trees, but bringing the singer only sorrow. Kodály wrote down two versions, in the local dialect:

*Tavasz, tavasz, gyenge tavasz
/or szép ződ tavasz/
Aki mindent megújítasz.
/or: Ki mindenöket/
Fákot virágba borítasz,
Csak ingemet szomorítasz.*

Perhaps the best known spring song is "Tavaszi szél vizet áraszt". It comes from the Csángós of Moldova, and was collected by Veress Sándor in 1930, in Bogdánfalva. Spring winds bring flood waters, and every bird chooses a mate. Whom should I choose, my flower? I choose you, you choose me. Ribbons (referring to what unmarried girls wear) are light, because the wind blows them; but the veil (of the married woman) is heavy, because sorrow tears it down.

*Tavaszi szél vizet áraszt,
virágom, virágom.
Minden madár társat választ,
virágom, virágom.*

The Story of 5 Villages

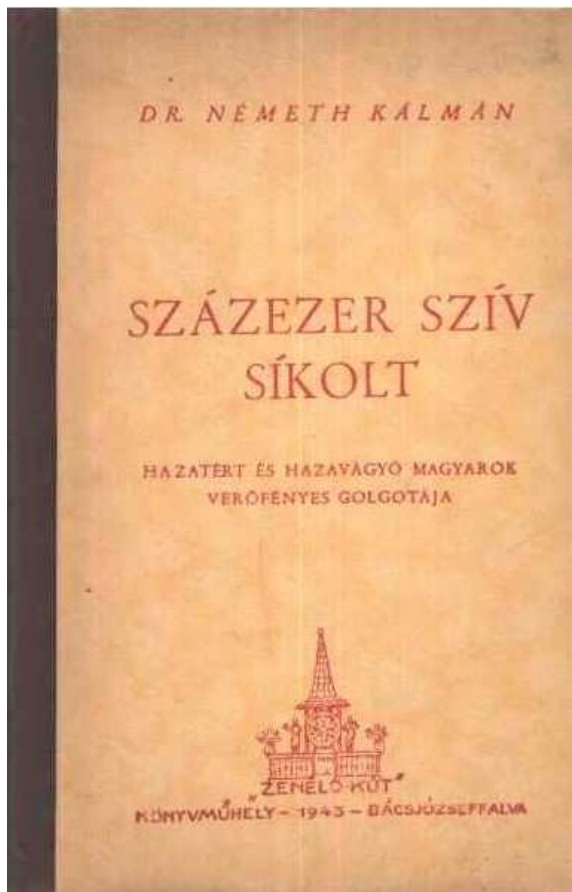
Erika Papp Faber

Established in the Bukovina, north of Moldavia by Székely villagers fleeing from Austrian persecution in the 18th century, the inhabitants of five villages were resettled in Bácska (southern Hungary) in 1941, in places abandoned by the Serbs when that area was returned to Hungary. Once the Yugoslav troops advanced in 1944, they fled from there and were resettled after the war once again, this time in Tolna and Baranya Counties.

Not all people living in Transylvania are Székelys. Strictly speaking, that term refers only to the ancient inhabitants of southeastern Transylvania, believed to be descendents of the Huns. They lived in the three Counties of Csík, Háromszék and Udvarhely. Historically, they were border guards, with their own officers, and were exempt from further military duty elsewhere.

The Austrian Empress Maria Theresa wanted to do away with these centuries-old traditions of the Székelys and reorganize the border guard under Austrian rule, with Austrian officers. The Székelys protested, pleading their constitutionally guaranteed rights. Their resistance was met by force, most notably at Madéfalva, a village some six miles north of Csíkszereda. On January 7th, 1764, the village was surrounded by Austrian cannon and leveled, while the people who tried to flee – young and old – were hacked to death by soldiers. The slaughter with some 200 victims became known as the *Siculicidium* – the “Killing of the Székelys”.

Consequently, many Székelys fled across the Carpathians into the Bukovina section of Moldavia. Their descendents called themselves Bukovina Székelys. Here we will deal with five villages which the refugee people established following the Madéfalva massacre: Hadikfalva, Andrásfalva, Istensegits, Fogadjisten and Józseffalva, all located in Suceava County, Romania.



Hadikfalva, originally settled by 40 Székely families, was named for Count Hadik András, Chief Military Commander of Transylvania, who helped the refugees to resettle in Bukovina. Another village, Andrásfalva, was also named in his honor. According to reports, this latter seems to have preserved best the original village structure.

Fogadjisten was settled by 20 families who had fled from Transylvania. Istensegits (where Kodály

Zoltán was recording old folk-songs) was settled by 80 families. Józseffalva had the distinction of being visited, twice, by Emperor Joseph II, who helped the settlers with donations.

At the turn of the 19th century, when the great wave of Hungarian emigration began, many Bukovina Székelys too emigrated from these villages, some to Canada and the US, others to Brazil where they were enticed with promises of land and stone houses. (Most of these promises never materialized.)

Then in the 1930s, a Franciscan friar, Dr. Németh Kálmán, was sent to minister to Józseffalva. He found that the people there spoke the Hungarian language of the 18th century, since they had been isolated and did not have contact with the mother country.

Recognizing their deep-rooted desire to return to Hungary, Rev. Németh worked tirelessly to bring about their resettlement. He described his undaunted struggle with different levels of bureaucracies in his book "*Százezer szív síkolt*" (A hundred thousand hearts are shrieking).

He also related the total destruction, by fire, of the village of Józseffalva on Holy Thursday of 1939. Hungarians throughout the Carpathian basin sent assistance. With a view to resettling in Hungary, the villagers rebuilt their houses, but in such a way that they could be taken apart and reassembled again. In 1941, they were resettled in Bács-Bodrog County, south of Szabadka, a region of former Hungary, which after 1920 became a part of Yugoslavia. The settlers called their new village Bácsjózseffalva, but because of the war, they had to flee

from there in the summer of 1944, when they were moved to the Dunántúl area (west of the Danube). They replaced people of German extraction who had been evacuated from there.

The same thing happened to the villagers of Istensegíts, whose 900 families were resettled in eight places in the Bácska in 1941. (In seven of those places, they included the word "Isten" in the name of their new settlement.) But they too had to flee to the Dunántúl area after three years.

Some of the inhabitants of Andrásfalva were resettled in Tolna County, at Mucsfa and Izmény, others in Baranya County and around Budapest.

The population of Fogadjisten was also resettled in Bácska, in what is known as Velebit today, and they kept the name of their original vil-

lage. In 1944, they too had to flee, and most of them settled at Vaskút, south of Baja.

The population of Hadikfalva had suffered the same fate as the people in the other villages. They were settled into places formerly inhabited by Germans. Since 1945, there is no significant number of Bukovina Székelys in Bukovina.

The story of these five villages has been forgotten in the turbulence of the 20th century. Yet their admirable tenacity in maintaining their native language and culture is an example that deserves to be told, and should be imitated!



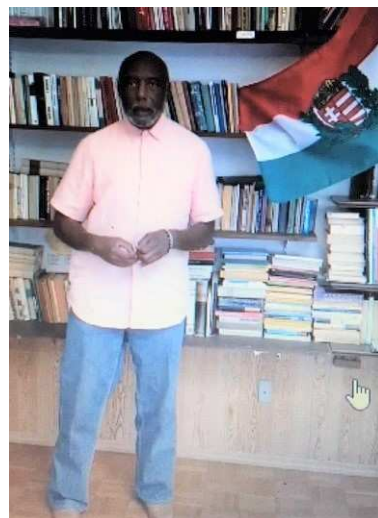
It's a Small World

By: Marosán Csaba

Meet a very unusual member of the Hungarian Reformed congregation of Hollywood, CA. Put in the link address in your browser to listen.

Szeretett facebookon bolyongó virtuális barátaim! Utazásaim során nagyon sok rendkívül értékes emberrel hoz össze a sors.

Reed Jimet a hollywoodi református gyülekezetben ismertem meg. 2001-ben elhunyt az egyik legjobb barátja, aki magyar volt. Ő ápolta barátját az utolsó pillanatig. Majd a barátja halála után feltett szándéka lett, hogy megtanul magyarul. Felkereste a hollywoodi gyülekezetet ahová most már 17 éve jár rendszerességgel. Ugyanakkor a gyülekezet egyik fő mecénás támogatója. Vallja, hogy ebben a közösségben találta meg az Istennel való kapcsolatát. Rendkívüli módon szereti a magyarokat. A hollywoodi gyülekezetben az a szokás, hogy minden Istentisztelet végén eléneklik a magyar és a székely himnuszt.



Isten áldjon meg minden magyart és azokat az embereket akik szeretik a magyarokat!

<https://www.facebook.com/marosancsaba/videos/1862220634086292/>

Marosán Csaba is a young member of the Hungarian State Theater of Kolozsvár.

Did You Know...

...**that** we have more sports accomplishments by young athletes to crow about? Which may be celebrated with a - shall we say expensive? - wine!

...**that** 130 years after the first 2 people (Hans Meyer & Ludwig Purtscheller in 1889) climbed to the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, the tallest mountain in Africa, an 11 year-old Hungarian girl accomplished the same feat? In February of this year, Happ Anna became the youngest girl to make the climb to Uhuru peak at a height of 19,341 feet above sea level. She was accompanied by her father and a group of 20 climbers. Oh, by the way, the youngest boy to make this climb was 10 year-old Szemeti Laborc Gellért, another Hungarian, who did it in 2013. We also shouldn't fail to mention 11 year-old Szabó Márk, who only made it to Stella Point at a mere height of 18,885 feet. Let's applaud them all!

...**that** the just recently released 2008 vintage Royal Tokaji Essencia, is now the world's most expensive wine, according to Fortune Magazine? The price tag is \$40,000 a bottle. This tremendous cost is based on 400 pounds of grapes being harvested by hand to create a single bottle and the lengthy 8 year fermentation process. As a result, only 18 bottles were produced that year. The good thing is that according to wine experts this kind of wine can age for at least 100 years. So the price of each of these bottles will probably keep going up as they are passed along among the world's top wine collectors.



Charles Bálintt, Jr

...**that** a 14-year old is being recognized by the International Fair Play Committee? Last July, when Gosztonyi László Péter was only 13 years old, he took part in a 1000 m Hungarian rowing championship contest. He was announced as the winner, but insisted that he was not and that the judges should look at the photo-finish. They did, and realized Péter was right. Thus he made second place in the Youth category.

The purpose of the Fair Play Committee is "to preserve and promote respect for the spirit of fair play and the values it represents."

The first World Fair Play awards were given out in 1965. Since then, another Hungarian, the boxer Papp László was also honored by the Committee, in 1992, for his devotion to training young people and his fight against doping.

Since 2000, the President of the International Committee for Fair Play is Kamuti Jenő, winner of silver medals in foil fencing in both the 1968 and 1972 Olympics.



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