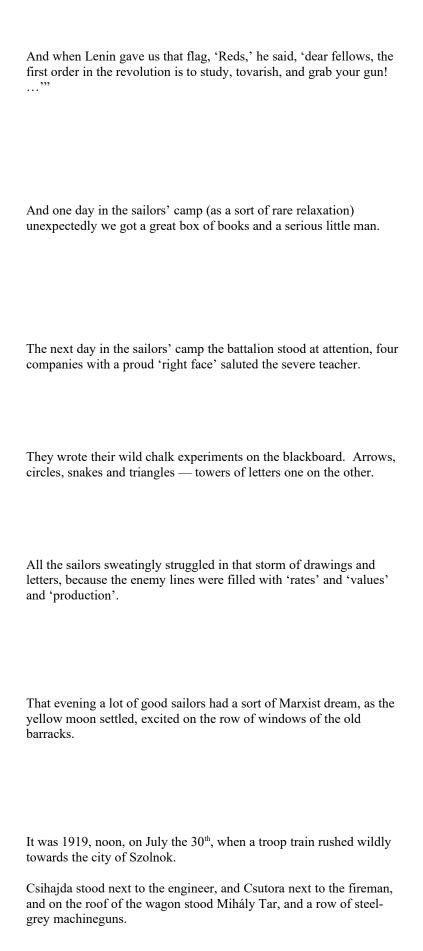


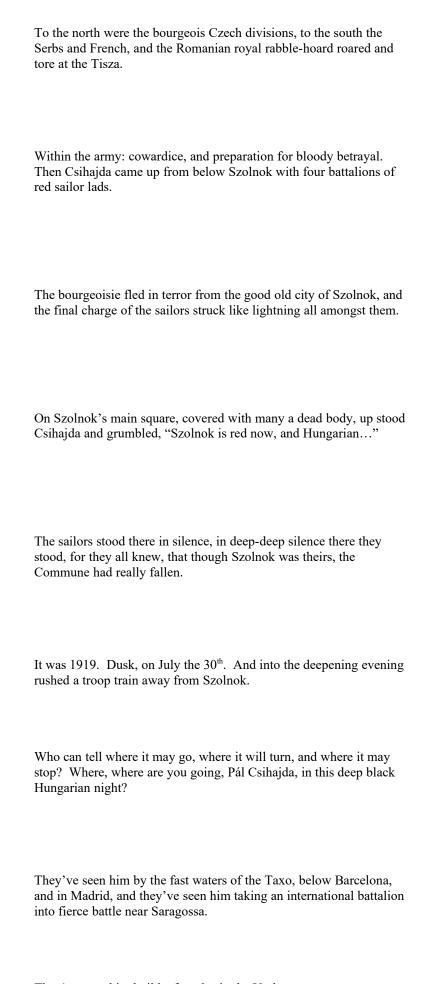
There they were, in a lavish hall with mirrors on the wall, there the officers conspired amongst priests and wine bottles.

"Good evening," I say, and pretend that I'm terribly, horribly mad, "Your communion feast is over, it's over alright, so stand up officer gentlemen!" But one didn't stand up, and said while sitting: "I'm Zichy. The Count. A captain of the Hussars. Chisel this into your skulls: Count Zichys have never stood to attention, not ever – in front of a stupid wild peasant!..." "A commissar," he said, "who was once an estate guard? A sowherd's bastard in charge of a battalion? Give me two weeks, and I'll slice a belt out of the middle of your back, red sailor sir." "Enough, my lords, of your impertinence. Time is running out, and running out fast!" And as I touched him with my gentle palm, the great count came along too.

"These days," I said, "one or two battalion commanders arise from the ranks of peasants. These days the sons of starving coachmen will become the Red Army's generals. Ministers will come from the ranks of servants, the descendants of wild peasants, blacksmiths and carpenters. And one day we'll see Hussar captains made of the most lonely of orphaned swineherds." This is how I answered softly, moderately, so this white trash could see what an officer is made of, and what a sailor, what a count is, and who the stupid people are. "But... and I swear it, red sailor heroes, battle is beautiful, and beautiful is the attack, beautiful the rush, and the mannlicher, but dictatorship doesn't mean just milk and honey!"

"Of course," said Mihály Tar, who had fought in Lenin's army across the border. "When we fought, I mean in Russia, the first order was: 'Clean your rifle and study!'





They've seen him build a foundry in the Urals...

and antennas in the north
and they've seen Csihajda rushing in the blind night, and at dawn, they've seen him in the subway in Pest, and walking by the black walls of factories.
And they even say they've seen Csihajda in Moscow's Kremlin wearing a medal or two.
The End
Drawings by Imre Sebők. Based on the poem by Emil Madarász. Adaptation to slidefilm by Mrs. József Ruzsicska. Hungarian Slidefilm Manufacturing Company. Budapest, 1960.
Hungarian Slidefilm Manufacturing Company